

A Royal Fix

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Commission for ChocEnd

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Female weight gain, rapid pregnancy, mild personality change

Read at your own discretion.



Nothing makes a person awake and alert like an ominous series of crashing noises in the distance. The kitchen staff was just putting the finishing touches on a platter of crepes for breakfast when the tranquility of their work got shattered. Given the direction of the noises was towards the royal chambers part of the castle, they didn't need to guess that another day of labor and strife had started.

A notion confirmed when a mouse servant rushed through the door, slamming it behind him.

"Her royal highness is awake!" His announcement cracked into panicked squeaks in a failed attempt to sound professional.

Not a second later the door was kicked open again, smacking the mouse hard in his rear. As he scuttled to one side the true source of terror stormed in.

"Someone get me a freakin pickle!"

For carrying such an ethereal tone, the power behind it rang far down the stone corridors. Queen Cordelia's voice had a wide reputation for being a sweet song that could serenade the most rebellious of nobles. Being projected at this volume right out of bed, however, only caused her subjects to steel themselves for the rough work day ahead. It was shocking how this had become their routine in only eight weeks.

"Right here, your majesty!" A mole woman in the standard chef's uniform ran up to present the regal fox with a bowl full of brined vegetables.

Cordelia wrinkled her pointed nose at the offerings. Day three after this ordeal had started had been the worst since cucumbers weren't in season. That didn't stop the staff from preserving a wide variety of other plants, but cravings rarely wanted to compromise. Eventually, her black furred hand snatched an onion out of the vinegar broth, bringing it to her muzzle for a large bite like it was an apple.

"Thank you. What's for breakfast today?"

The red fox didn't bother waiting for an answer as she strode into the kitchen. Flustered men in waiting hurried behind but did nothing to correct the pickling liquid that dripped onto the silk nightgown covering her modest bust. Entertaining high society as a gentle queen was one thing. When it came to moving about her own home in private, etiquette and protocol had been thrown out the window a long time ago.

A mole serving as head chef today bowed when she sauntered over to the table holding several loaded dishes set for the dining hall. "Fruit compote wrapped in crepes, m'lady. Along with the usual assortment of meats, biscuits, and a fruit salad we'd been

keeping fresh with cold magic. Everything you need to provide nourishment for your upcoming heir.”

One look at the delicate pastries smothered in whipped cream had Cordelia’s mouth salivating waterfalls. A loud rumble from her midsection could be clearly heard over the silence of all the servants awaiting her next whim. That was enough to snap her out of the gluttonous daze and she tried to hide a blush by chomping into her pickled onion again. Her free hand absently went to rub at the white fur of her stomach. The bump pushing out behind her belly button felt even bigger than yesterday but was still easily hidden under the expensive nightwear.

“All this fat and carbs is supposed to be a nutritious meal for my baby?!” Cordelia let out an indigent snort. The rest of her onion vanished within three more rapid bites. Granted, most of it spilled back out from her overloaded cheeks when she continued. “Or are you expecting to bloat me up into some kind of whale by the time I become a proper mother? Make my royal ass the laughing stock that can’t fit through doors? I bet you all are taking bets just how many tons I take on when full to term.”

The chef’s drastic flinch was more from the flying bits of chewed food and garlic scent on the queen’s breath. This was one of her more tamer ranting accusations for a morning meal. He had been accused of trying to assassinate her last week for daring to serve shrimp that still had their legs, after all.

Still, he chose his next words as carefully as he could with her fanged muzzle exuding her pickled stench.

“Highness. Please. Carbohydrates provide a lot of needed energy and sweets are a great way to comfort the soul. Both of which you’ll need with so much of your efforts going towards growing the little one. Besides, you’ve been avoiding a decent meal for days after Cadence commented your hips were looking fuller.”

“CALL ME FAT AGAIN AND I WILL DROP KICK YOU INTO A RIVER!”

The entire kitchen took a collective sigh that Cordelia was too irate to care about. Memories of the nightmare that occurred during the Queens dress refitting still sat freshly in all their minds. She wasn’t even out of the first trimester yet but half an inch was enough to break most of the seamstress’s equipment.

“Lady Cordelia?” one of the fox butlers stepped up to place a hand on her heaving shoulder. “We are simply acting to the best of our abilities for your comfort.”

“Well, you guys suck at this!” She smacked the hand away, fluffy tail raising with her challenging snarl. “How am I supposed to be relaxed with all these cramps, aches, and fat building up? This kid has barely been conceived and is already putting me through hell.”

“You’re barely showing, ma’am. It’s just breakfast.” The chef thought his grumble had been incoherent enough, but like many a political opponent, he’d underestimated

those large pointed ears. They whipped in his direction a second before the rest of Cordelia's savaged glare followed.

"And you have a problem if I'm picky about the most important meal of the day?!"

"Not at all. A lesser queen would have imprisoned us all for even suggesting the two dozen doughnuts your highness gorge on yesterday was an impressively unorthodox meal."

"Damn straight!" Cordelia straightened up with a show of pride, only to wonder if she'd actually won any kind of verbal battle with these people. A pang of guilt found its way through enough for her to sigh. Although she tried not to let her tail droop too much. "Look, I know you guys are trying. It's still hard to believe no one in this blasted keep could help me prepare for having a child. Has anyone shown even remote interest in all the summons I've sent out these two months?"

The kitchen door flew open for the third time in ten minutes. This time it was one of the horse messengers from the courtyard running in with loud hoof clops.

"Majesty! A...oh..."

The sight of his queen standing in the middle of a kitchen in nothing but a silk nighty caught even a professional off guard. Especially with all the brine stains making the thin material transparent enough to outline her breasts.

"You will forget everything you are seeing right now and state your business," Cordelia said in that commanding voice anyone that visited the throne room was familiar with.

That was more than enough for the stallion to break his trance. "Understood! A message arrived from the mountain region for you."

Cordelia took an envelope and waved the man to leave with all haste. The wax seal did not belong to any noble family she recognized. However, when the surrounding servants watched her break it to read the contents it was impossible to ignore the rapid wag developing in her tail.

"Ready my carriage for an afternoon trip," she said before a butler could inquire. "A claimed professional wishes to meet with me about these matters immediately. Send a messenger to the mountain home about my arrival. I must get dressed."

"Of course, highness!" One of the men in waiting bowed and exited after the horse man.

Cordelia turned and the remaining butler opened the doorway that led to her royal chambers. She almost got halfway out when a sudden rumbling made her stop mid-step. Putting more effort into keeping her ears and tail perked, she slowly turned back towards the chef.

"Also, pack up as much of those crepes and bacon as you can for the ride over. My growing child is being very demanding today."

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The trip towards the south mountains went by surprisingly fast for Cordelia. Granted, she had spent most of it scarfing down one creamy morsal after another. She absolutely loved her cook's ability to make so many different flavors with something as simple as thin pancakes. One of her butlers had even thought to bring along plenty of mead to wash the bacon down with. Such a feast was exactly what she needed after the handmaidens had loosened her boddice to make room for an increased breast size during dressing.

Wearing her favorite blue dress for the trip made the fox a bit weary of the near future. She was going to look like a ridiculous blueberry once the child inside her had grown enough. Just picturing those upstart nobles snickering at her figures expense made her want to reach over and punch all of them in the nose.

But the only other person in the carriage with her was the male fox butler. And he was wise enough to keep a wide distance on the far seat across from her. Maybe the hormone mood swings were getting a bit much if servants were showing as much fear as that had patient irritation with her episodes.

She was about to ask as much of the loyal retainer when there came a shout from the driver that brought their ride a sharp halt. A moment later her other fox keeper unlocked the door and lowered the steps for her exit.

"We've arrived at the requested residence, highness," he announced, stepping aside the doorway with a bow. "The envoy has gone ahead to announce you."

"Thank you," she said. Chomping down the last three strips of bacon in one go, Cordelia scooted off her seat and out onto the dirt road.

What she saw caught the impending burp in her throat. When someone claiming to be a professional of anything came calling a queen, it tends to hold some level of standards. She'd expected a facility loaded with designated treatment rooms and equipment, or at least a manor befitting someone with the wealth special skills bring.

"Why are we at a flipping rock?"

The pursed lips on her butler's muzzle made it clear he'd been expecting such a question before opening the door for her. Technically they were at the cave entrance into one of the many surrounding mountains, which happened to be smack in the middle of nowhere. Glancing around the carriage, she couldn't spot a single hermits hut, much less fires in the distance as a sign of civilizations. The vixen queen couldn't remember the last time she'd been this far detached from her kingdom.

"This is the location given from the message our scouts confirmed on the way over." The man couldn't seem to help grumbling his answer. "Since m'lady insisted we come with all haste, we didn't have time to properly investigate."

"Careful! You're almost making me sound like an idiot." Cordelia waved a sharpened claw at him in warning.

Thankfully their envoy came jogging out of the cave seconds before a true queen's tangent could occur.

"Majesty!" The armored kangaroo knight gave a bow. "Your host has made preparations and eagerly awaits your visit, but, uh, she insists you come inside by yourself."

Their queen blinked in a rare moment of uncertainty. "Well, that was fast. I swear if there's nothing but a clown in there waiting to scare me, someone is spending tonight in the dungeon."

The butler quirked an eyebrow. "Why would you expect a...?"

Cordelia was already strolling her way inside the cave, leaving her servants to ponder if there were better career options to pursue. She wasn't clicking high heels alone in the stone tunnel for long when blooming light blasted across her facial fur, opening into an expansive chamber. To her surprise, the cave was neither messy, nor dark. If anything, the lighting from a mix of lanterns and glowing magic stones coupled with the decorative furniture to create a living chamber that could rival her own. Everything seemed to have been sectioned off between seating arrangements for guests and dining, a kitchen, and lots of display fixtures like a gallery. She could only assume the large curtain covering a branching passage led to somewhere personal like bedchambers and the bathroom.

At least, it better since there was nothing in this space waiting to greet her.

"Hello!" her angry shout didn't carry as much reverberation as she expected in such a place. Still, it felt loud enough to be heard through cloth. "It doesn't say much for professionalism when you flake on your own guest!"

"Ah! So sorry, highness!" The curtain was flung back so suddenly the new presence rushing in made Cordelia flinch in surprise. "I was just done talking to your envoy when I realized I hadn't prepared any refreshments for our session."

Given the location, Cordelia shouldn't have been surprised to be introduced to a damn dragon. The majestic beast towered more than a foot over the queen's petite five-foot figure, brown scales on their narrow figure shimmered in the ample cave lighting as she strode towards a coffee table with a plate of cakes in hand. Her golden mane was especially thick and luxurious enough to make the queen a tiny bit jealous.

Then there was the rather unceremonious way she dressed. For someone expecting to meet with royalty, a tank top and jean shorts didn't even reach the bare

minimum standards. The hem of her shirt was cut so low it showed off most of the light blond scales of her belly. Something that was probably intentional with the heart shaped beauty mark drawing attention to her belly button.

Cordelia was just starting to ponder the concept of a creature that came from eggs having a belly button when they'd finished arranging cups of tea and turned to address her again.

"Forgive the late introduction," the dragon said as she gave a polite bow due Cordelia's status. "I'm Endra and welcome to my humble little magic...I guess hoard is a good enough word for it. We got all sorts of magic oddities and inventions that I'm sure can solve any person's problems. It's sort of a specialty that I can guarantee you've never seen before."

"Uh huh." Cordelia was having no trouble turning her nose up at someone much bigger than herself. This was feeling a lot less like a set up for a kidnapping and more like one of those charlatans that traveled around peddling water as gold. A rather fitting role for stories around dragon types. "You sure...present yourself well, at least. I certainly don't see a lot of people organize their trash so cleanly."

"Mmh! Mmh!" Endra clapped her hands together, nodding her cheerful understanding of something. "To be praised by the queen herself is a true gift. Thank you Lady Cordelia. I look forward to working with you on this."

"Um. Okay?" The dragon's response sounded so genuinely innocent that Cordelia couldn't tell if they'd noticed her slight insult. "Tea can wait for later. I'm very interested in what you intend to do about helping with my little maternity problem. Assuming there is anything of value to be gained here. I assumed from the urgency of your note that I'd been called over by someone of exceptional skills in the matter."

"Once again, I am unworthy of such high praise from royalty."

"By all means, you can say it again, if you like."

"Hmmm!" Endra beamed a smile of many sharp fangs down at Cordelia, but the vixen could see she must have finally hit something. The spark of cheer was gone from the dragoness eyes, turning this into a more 'business' form of politeness. "I'm not a midwife or anything, if that's what your majesty might have been expecting, but what I can offer is some magical wares that are sure to make you feel a lot better about your upcoming motherhood."

Cordelia's nose wrinkled, though she refrained from the knee jerk reaction of another snide remark. "Go on!"

Endra spun on her bare heels into the section of the cave that displayed all her various collections. "Now I know I put it somewhere between the wands and cursed dolls."

The idle musing caused Cordelia to reconsider following the dragon over. "Why do you have cursed objects?"

"Cause they looked cool," Endra said, tossing a pirate's hat over one shoulder while rummaging. "A lot of curses can also be reworked into something beneficial for someone. Magic is an engineer's toy when you understand it."

"That's sounding more like the kind of logic I'd expect from a psychopath."

"Good thing we're all sane here than, right?!" Endra shot Cordelia a wink and went back to rummaging. The queen raised a manicured claw to offer conjecture only to cut off when Endra roared in triumph. "Here we go! This should take care of all your problems!"

Silence blanketed the cave. Cordelia's eyes shot to the object Endra had turned to present her and then back at the dragons grinning mug.

"That's a clock."

Indeed, the small wooden structure resembled a miniaturized grandfather clock. All its hands seemed left stuck at noon with no sign of functionality left in it. Aside from the face and a sharp golden needle at its pyramid roof, there wasn't even anything detailed about it.

Still, the obvious statement got a laugh from Endra. "Good to know the education system for royals is up to par on object identification."

"Excuse me? Hey! Ow!"

Endra used her sizes longer strides to capitalize on Cordelia's moment of stunned indignation. She crossed the room and grabbed the vixen's hand before they could react, pressing the tip of her middle finger into the needle.

"You treacherous wench!" Cordelia made to slap back with her free hand but Endra had already released her to make for the coffee table. That didn't stop her from fuming after them. "So, this was all a sham for some scheme you got! What do you want from me? Gold? My child?"

Endra didn't falter as she set the clock down and turned back to her queen. The look of absolute pity she gave was enough to stop Cordelia in her tracks.

Though only for a moment. Rage came back harder at the idea of being looked down on figuratively and literally, even by a dragon.

"You really are letting this pregnancy stress you out too much," Endra said. Two fingers began twisting the base of her clock's needle, now stained in fresh blood. "You might want to sit down for this."

"Like I'm going to continue playing along to your devilish trap! I brought a whole group of dragon slayers as my escort and they...will...what the?"

A cold chill pricked at Cordelia's finger, draining the momentum out of her latest fit. She lifted her hand to stare at the finger that'd been jabbed, surprised to find no signs of a wound. There wasn't even blood staining her fur.

Another twist of the knob sent the cold shooting up the vixen's arm. Cordelia let out a gasp, catching on a recliner chair at the sensation sweeping over her body in a blanket of ice. Even her tail was left stuck straight up in a stiff position for several seconds.

"What's happening?" She demanded. "What did you do to me!?"

Endra smiled, playful, yet void of malice, and twisted the knob again. With a loud click, the clock's big hand moved to the one position.

"Whoah!" Something rocked Cordelia's insides so hard it took her breath away. One hand shot to her stomach on reflex while she braced against the recliner dry heaving. Her front rapidly expanded with each lung full and deflated with the release of steamy groans. On the third deep intake she felt things settle down, but couldn't be calm when she realized her belly hadn't deflated all the way.

It might have been a good thing she couldn't speak at that moment, otherwise the cave would have been full of a lot of screaming and curses for Endra and her entire lineage. Straightening back up onto her feet, the vixen gawked down at herself with both hands rubbing along her front. The little bump that'd been barely visible even when naked was now a bulge sizable enough that it pushed out her dress enough to catch a keen eye. Her muzzle flapped in a hollow clicking of teeth as her hands pushed gently at the firm area of her stomach, unable to find words.

Endra chuckled, catching the queen's attention just in time to witness her twist the clock's hand over to two o'clock.

"What kind of wild magic is this!?" Cordelia squealed as her hands promptly began being pushed away. Pressure mounted inside the vixen, making her ears fold under from the strain of growing mass pushing around her organs. Its hefty weight started to noticeably fall onto her hips with the aid of gravity. Something bumped hard into her back from the inside, making her gasp with the realization it was a kick.

"As requested, I'm helping her royal grumpy pants with her issues." The dragon's fingers turned again, clicking the hand to three o'clock.

"Gods almighty!" Cordelia struggled her changing weight from one foot to the other. This all seemed impossible to be happening to her, but it was obvious from the downward view her belly was well past the first trimester already, and marching quickly through the second. The inward curve of her waist was filling outwards with her swelling stomachs need for more space, destroying her sexy figure in the process.

Another click. Four o'clock.

"Haaah! Haaah! Hnnngggh!! N-no more!"

This surged her pregnancy forward weeks at a time, adding an increasing roundness to Cordelia's midsection that really was starting to make her feel like a blueberry under that taut blue silk. Too taut. With every extra inch Cordelia pushed forward and outwards the vixens dress was pinching too tight against her tender furry hide. Much as she didn't want to, her hands reluctantly left the growing sphere of her gut for the middle of her back.

Click! Five o'clock.

"Arrrgh! You bitch!" Cordelia snarled, her attempts getting desperate as her belly became a sizable cannon ball straining her bodice into a tight squeeze against her spine. Finally, she just resorted to snapping the restraining laces with her claws until the whole thing came undone. Unfortunately, that meant letting her belly fall out with a few more inches of extra room. Enough that its mass caused her dress to split open in a large gash from breasts to her crotch. "Aaaaah! This cost me five hundred gold pieces!"

"Clearly, your tailor ripped you off. I think green is more your color, anyway."

The queen wanted to make so many threats in Endra's direction but the white fur of her belly continued bulging outwards, emerging from the ragged window of her dress in a slow reveal. She was easily starting to resemble the thick balls she'd witnessed servants going through when they'd carried a child.

With another click the dragon girl took her hand off the clock, leaving both hands to rest in line with each other at six.

"Oh no!"

Cordelia gulped, feeling the pressure of her developing child sink hard against her pelvic bone as it inched toward the tail end of its final trimester. There was a sudden give that forced her to readjust her stance, followed by several more tears. Maternity was catching up with the rest of the vixen's lithe body; forcing her hips to spread several inches in preparation for passing her load. One slender hand groped at her backside, finding a lot more fat thickened out her butt enough the copper fur on her cheeks was bulging through several fresh tears in the tight skirt.

Giving out a grunt of displeasure when a fresh tension gathered in her chest, the vixen shed her broke bodice to allow her breasts to expand freely. Rushing hormones sent her milk glands into overdrive, filling out her perky cream furred apples into ripened melons within seconds. Even after their obvious growth stopped, the pressure inside them reached uncomfortable levels until their tender flesh rose to be incredibly firm. Simply cupping them with her palms through the remains of her dress was enough of a shift that she felt a small twinge of release. Damp spots in the material around her nipples quickly developed and spread outward with the steadily leak she'd caused.

"Now doesn't that feel a lot better?" Endra asked, reminding the gravid queen of their presence. While Cordelia had gotten distracted lamenting her added fatness, her dragon host had gone to a shelf to retrieve a band of measuring tape. "Your cute little

tush puffed out better than the angel food cake I cooked last week. That's rather impressive."

"H-how dare you!" The vixen's indignation had lost any of her usual vitriol when upset. In fact, just getting the words out in any degree of anger felt like a ton of extra work. Cordelia was struggling just to keep balanced on her heels. Knees were already starting to complain from all the extra weight she was suddenly have to carry. There wasn't much she could do but heave for breath while Endra wrapped the tape around her belly for measurements.

Damn. This kid got huge.

"Oh my!" Endra said in a tone that was obviously overdramatized surprise. The tape tightened around Cordelia's waist hard around her ass, eliciting a startled yelp. "I take it back. You've packed a whole bakery back here."

"I...I'll have your head for this," Cordelia said, glad to find some spark of her normal ire again. That was snuffed back out when the tape clamped around her breasts in another squeeze.

"And that's a good three extra cup sizes. Guess that's to be expected of royalty. The cows certainly won't have to worry about providing your pup with adequate nourishment."

String of incomprehensible noises that might have been attempts at speech erupted from Cordelia. She was visibly blushing so hard it was turning her ears a lovely shade of tomato. All of which Endra ignored on her way back to the coffee table.

"You absolute beast!" Cordelia said once she'd salvaged enough of her wits. "You're hide if going to be a throw rug for my baby shower after this. Um. What are you doing?"

Endra had set down her measuring tape and moved the hand back atop the clocks rotating needle top. Red eyes glowed brighter than the magical sources around them atop her devious smile.

"Oh, we've only finished accelerating your gestation part of the pregnancy, Queen Bubble Butt. Now I have to see what happens when we let the rest of you catch up."

"What in the nine hells does that even mean?! What is that thing doing to me?"

The questions almost looked like they were going to go ignored again, but then Endra's smile dropped into a bored scoff.

"I think the easiest way to explain is that this neat little invention of mine is a time displacer. Now that it's attuned with your blood, it can look into the near future or past and apply any changes to your body accordingly. So, we saved you a good seven more months of tantrums and property destruction."

"I do not throw tantrums!" Cordelia's hackles rose slightly, but that wasn't the worst thought on her mind. "So how is all this only the first part? I look ready to pop in a week, at longest."

Endra's muzzle slowly twisted upward, showing the tips of fangs with her predatory glee. The small black spade on her tail thumped eagerly against the cave floor behind her. "Well, that should be obvious to a chunky gal like you."

"I'm not chunky!"

"But you have been feasting on a surprising amount of sweets these past couple weeks, haven't you? I'm surprise you don't devour the floral arrangements in such ravenous gluttony."

Cordelia bit her lower lip. "There's no way you can be aware of that."

"You came into my home smelling of bacon and whipped cream. I bet there's some bakers in town putting their kids through college with how many doughnuts you order daily."

"You...I...that hardly explains what it has to do with any of this magic time nonsense."

"I suppose you're right. A live demonstration gets the point across better."

Endra twisted the clock's needle, making Cordelia's heart stop.

"Wait a sec..."

Tightness returned to the queen's increased bosom, prompting both hands to slap over her enlarged breasts. Most alarming in that this was subtly different to the rapid expansion of her milk glands. When the ample mounds began expanding once again, Cordelia let out a high squeal and clamped onto them as hard as she could.

It did nothing besides make the experience slightly more uncomfortable. Firm taut flesh puffed out with increasing softness, overflowing her regal palms with an unrelenting flow of mass. Excess bulged between the cracks of her fingers, drawing more weight into her front with each passing second. Seams began to pop along the front of her dress's intricate patterns.

"That is such an adorable scream you got there," Endra said amid her giggling. "You make a great impression of a startled squirrel for someone so huge."

"T-this is madness!" Cordelia gasped, unable to hide the pleased moan when a loud tear opened a gash in material straining over her inflating tits. Just the small amount of extra space was enough to send them jiggling out of her hands in a sharp drop onto her belly. "I have actual cows in the castle smaller than these things!"

"Oh? I guess you're about to become the envy of the court then!"

Another twist of the dial.

"Aaah! No!" Cordelia's hands flew to her backside, which had just as much luck stopping it from growing. Her ass was actually pulsing against her fingers in rapid, hard, surges, rising her skirt further from the ground with every extra inch of shelf added on.

She bit her lower lip trying to stifle more moans. Despite the increasing tension of her panties driving into the billowing cheeks, they and her fingers squishing into thickening fox fat sent waves of pleasure rocking through her core. There was a soft snap followed by sudden released that made her ears fold with another blush. Endra could see under the rising hem of the royal dress that a pair of torn silk undergarments had fallen between the vixen's feet.

"Wow. I didn't think her majesty was into black. That's pretty kinky."

"O-oh shut up!" Cordelia could barely get the words out with her animalistic moans. Some of the magical fat piling into her derriere seemed to be getting impatient and decided to allocate into her hips instead. Her sash lasted only a few inches before it too broke onto the floor.

Another twist of the needle brought the hand to nine o'clock, sending the queen ballooning out in every direction. what little elegant figure she had left was turning into a very rounded gourd shape. Cordelia couldn't fight the pure ecstasy that came with her pelt stretching thin with her skin in the process. The way clothes rubbed tight against her as they ran out of room until they finally gave out with loud tears for a rush of release was such a unique experience. It was making her forget why she was even angry at this amazing dragoness in the first place.

Pushing the hands to ten o'clock sent a jolt in Cordelia's stomach, making her gasp. A moment later her face puffed slightly, trying and failing to stop a loud burp from ringing throughout the cave.

"Heh. Nice," Endra said with a nod of approval. "You really are a noble that enjoys her snack times."

"D-damn straight," Cordelia snapped with a pleased grin. She reached forward to rub along the wide girth of her belly. Despite the heavy load within, her fingers were sinking into the gentle plush of sagging love handles. A few more extra inches of flab made its round shape a lot less smooth and a bit saggier, making it hard to tell she was even pregnant under there. "GAH!"

The vixen was shaking out of her dreamy self-roaming with a sudden stagger. Her feet had fallen out of their expressive tailored high heels with a loud clunk once the fat started trickling down her legs. Juicy, curved thighs of someone that got plenty of steps in walking around a palace bloated into meaty chunks. Streams of tearing nylon through her stockings traveled down as the space between her legs closed with their spreading girth, flowing into thighs that lost their sinew definition.

"Careful, jiggle queen. Gravity is always your worst enemy."

"Hah! I know right?" Cordelia straightened up, grasping the recliner again for helping keep balance as the mounting size of her hips and legs forced her into a much wider stance. The furniture itself groaned in loud protests that made Endra worry for a second if it was going to break.

"Ooooo!" The queen wasn't all too concerned with that as much as the hands holding the chair starting to bubble under their flesh. Holding up one, she turned it back and forth in awe at how her thin, elegant fingers plumped into thick digits in a way that made her reminiscent of carnival sausages. Granted, they paled to the extra thick hanging off her biceps. So much loose softness hung off her arms they were subtly waving about with her every motion.

Click. Click. Endra licked her upper lip as she twisted the needle its last two spaces, bringing clock hands back around to twelve.

"Hurp!?"

A force almost like a burp shot up Cordelia's wind pipe only to get stuck halfway. Her muzzle snapped shut, cheeks bulging in an adorable wide-eyed alarm. Once the shock passed, she dared to part her lips to slowly release her held breath.

The effect was the exact reverse of a balloon deflating, in that her neck spilled out across her shoulders in a rush. A double chin formed, followed by a triple fold until it was hard to tell where the queen's shoulders and head separated. A once narrow, pointed muzzle fit for turning up at annoying people thickened and rounded into something comforting.

"Now that's the look of a woman who enjoy her treats." Endra had strolled over, rocking Cordelia back to reality by cupping the vixen's cheeks in her hands.

"Bworp?! W-what are you...oooohhh...my goodness!"

Cordelia's head rolled back with her eyes. The dragon had begun moving her palms in little circles, kneading her face like a baker. Every little push or pull puffed out her cheeks, filling out the sharp edges with a rounded softness.

Before long Endra was able to squeeze little handfuls of fox pudge on the drunken queen's face. The queen's facial features sank into doughy blobs that flowed right into her neck, adding another fold or two in the process. She hefted Cordelia's jowls as high as they could go and let them drop, enjoying the ripple that sent down the jiggling mass that used to be a neck.

"Oh....my...." Cordelia blinked out of the pleasant state the massive growth had put her in. Now meaty hands roamed across the expansive girth of her thickened form; poking at the deep give in her boobs, the rich padding that softened her rounded belly, and the absolute couch her ass had blimped into.

The parts she could reach, at any rate. There was so much royal fluff going around her hammy arms could only reach so far. Bending had certainly become little more than a dream

All the excess fat slowed down her movements and with it most of her thoughts. Time seemed so much more plentiful. Cordelia looked around the cave as if through a whole new set of eyes. Gentle air brushing against the exposed fluff through her destroyed dress was oddly soothing. She couldn't even remember why she'd been upset about being a mother in the first place.

"Oh, this is just lovely!" she said in a joyful squeal. The hard pivot she did in place to face Endra rocked her sloshing hips so hard that the last bits of skirt threads tore off onto the floor, leaving her essentially naked. "Thank you, Landy Endra! Can't believe I was acting like such a brat. So, unbecoming of a queen."

Endra just shrugged, smiling as the massive vixen waddled towards her. "I wouldn't worry about it. We all have our bad da-HMMPH!!"

Endra had a second to feel Cordelia grab her shoulders before a surprising amount of strength pulled her down for a hug. Giving the limited reach of Cordelia's thickened arms, the pull got overshot enough that it shoved the dragons muzzle deep into the vixen's cleavage. She'd have been flustered if there'd been any room to speak. The massive cannon ball globes threatened to envelope her head as arms sank between many love handles trying to return the gesture.

They managed to hold the embrace for a while before Endra's lungs started to burn. Even then she had to slap Cordelia's tits several times to get them to notice what she was signaling for. The vixen got a bit lost in the sensation of her mammaries wobbling like waves in the ocean.

Oops!" The queen blushed, releasing the dragoness amid huge gasping for air. "Sorry. I'm not used to having so much...yeah."

"Happens all the time," Endra said with a dismissive wave. Once she'd recovered, they draped an arm around the mound of Cordelia's neck, poking at the queen's cheek with her other hand. "Now what's say we extend another service and get you into a more fitting dress before you head back home?"

Cordelia giggled, looking down at the bits of ripped bodice that barely clung around her shoulders. Her tail began wagging against Endra's. A rather miniscule looking flag resting atop mountains of squishy glutes.

"That sounds so like a very generous service. Thank you. I need to get back and start preparations quickly with my child coming any day now. We're going to have such a fun life ahead of us."

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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