

On the lonesome mountain road of Yellow Moss Path, a horse drawn carriage crunches and crushes over dead leaves fallen from the gnarled, bony trees. A lonesome, worrying howl of wind whispered through the quiet roads. The coachman was a typical worker, bundled up in warm clothes to best the chillier winds. His occupant was something special, something he didn't get to see often. One could tell she was a woman of status just by the way she dressed; rich garments that obscured her feet, long, braided blonde strands that made it past her plump breasts easily, a belly with two rolls that hugged her dress, and two gold hoops around her wrists. The woman's striking red gloves gripped a dignified note that had been delivered to her not more than a month ago, something she's used as a bookmark for a tale she'd grown tired of within her book. Her brown eyes dashed through the request, the messenger was an entrepreneur who pressed for one of the most successful business women from the west coast of Carrago, that being Neptune Nebula. Striking a deal with someone much further out was ambitious, but it could lead to potential business expansion, especially with someone who controlled an important dock and trade center. Neptune's curiosity had her flip the page over to find a juvenile, yet intriguing sketch of the abode she was to visit. All those jagged edges had to be an exaggeration, right?

Yet Neptune was proven wrong, the trees soon let out to show an unobscured look upon the castle itself. Atop a large, isolated mountaintop, only connected by an old bridge. Deep below was a moat that went for a hundred feet or more before actually hitting the river below. The guest of the hour presented the note to the view of the castle, only to find those nasty, wicked edges were less an exaggeration and more an example. The castle stood tall among the gray skies, its spire points like spike ends, towers that swirled upward and looped about, an entryway that resembled the maw of a beast rather than a door. Most would flee just at the sight of this dwelling, but Neptune was no scaredy cat. She braved far worse. A horse's whispered whinny brought back the aristocrat's focus, she finally realized the cart had decelerated and parked right by the edge of the bridge. Back the note went in her book, and the book itself was to be stored in her personal belongings. Her sack came with all the necessities, extra clothes, makeup, toiletries, and an old, scratched warhammer shaped like a star. Was it necessary for a dwelling like this? More than likely not, but it was always a wonderful conversation starter.

"Crack of dawn tomorrow, correct?" the coachman clarified. He looked up to the grayish purple skies with some concerned squinting. "I'll have to pull back around and go back to town. You can never tell what time it is up here..."

Neptune nodded with approval and thrust her items out of the carriage. She slung the heavy bag over her shoulders, barely impacted by the weight. "I think that

works.” The chubby lady put away her hammer into her sack, shaft first, so the hammerhead didn’t break anything. “I’ll simply hike on foot if you’re held up.”

“Stay safe now.” Warned the coachman. “I hear that there’s ghosts in that castle. Gorgantum’s not that safe of a place if rumors are true.”

A chuckle left Neptune, while she brushed her braids out of the way. “Ghosts don’t deter me.” bragged the business woman, “If anything, they excite me.”

“They do now, do they?” the coachman chuckled. “That’s something you don’t hear often.”

With a smile, Neptune flashed her warhammer briefly. “A woman who praises the stars and winds of change isn’t deterred by specters and ghouls.” she remarked. “Now then, I’ll be seeing you tomorrow!” Neptune marched onward, and braved the new winds.

She felt her long ponytail and cape swish lightly in the wind, the chilly atmosphere was enough to rosy up her cheeks after a short jaunt on the rickety, bleached rope-and-plank bridge. Each *creeeak* and *crumbleeee* echoed with the howling winds on top of the mountain. Neptune was careful to test the board she was about to step on if it looked particularly damaged, barely affected by the vertigo of looking down through the boards’ cracks.. The ominous castle grew closer by the second, it created a bold silhouette atop the enormous mountain side, as if it was a blackstone monument. The host of the hour stalked from the top floor, her shadowy visage blocked out by the dim lighting. Within the stone cobbled room, she whipped her head around to a bored assistant.

“It seems our guest has finally arrived.” the hostess remarked.

Her voice was a high nasally noise, almost comical in how she spoke. She rubbed her hands sinisterly, with a cock of her brow. It was almost comical how evil she tried to portray herself. Meanwhile, her maid had taken a load off her shoulders. Her dusty brown locks were pushed to her right side, the left had a portion shaved from her ear up close to her forehead. A similar cut was on the backside of her head. Those darker, brown eyes glanced away, her gloved hands pulled on a red stringy bowtie around her pink collar. Garbed in typical maid attire, such as an over-the-shoulder apron, long white stockings, and black dress shoes, her pink maid’s dress struck out as the most peculiar part about her outfit. She’d engrossed herself in a book about high

fantasy and romance, something even the arrival of the woman of the hour didn't pry her away from.

"This is ridiculous..." grumbled the woman. "Why can't you get someone else to go and greet her?"

"Because everyone else is busy!" the hostess barked back. "You, on the other hand? All you do is sit here and read your tomes. Go out there and prove your maidliness! Unless you'd rather become one of the more unfortunate ones...?"

A glimmer of copper shimmered when the woman turned around, namely around her neck. The maid simply looked up at her, slipped a bookmark in, and shut the book tight. She'd stomp out of the room with a grumble, clearly not enjoying her role.

Finally, Neptune had made it to the front of the castle. The ornate maw of a door loomed above her, its teeth made of thick stone that dug inward. The bronze plating at the front door's seams were speckled with nicks, the huge wooden planks rose up to the maw's top jaw. It was even more incredible to see the door finally creaaaaak open, the whirs of gears from behind the walls made it clear no human hands could pry these slabs apart. Neptune couldn't help but marvel at the technical ingenuity! The host herself stood out of range of where the doors slid open, and greeted Neptune with a warm smile. There before her was a slightly tall brunette woman, adorned by jewelry and trinkets. Her chubby frame was contained in a slightly yellow lace dress, trimmed at the ends with frills. One could see freckles dotted across her cheeks, her arms, even parts of her cleavage that were exposed. The woman's shape mirrored how Neptune's was. Both had breasts bigger than their heads, bellies that rested comfortably on their plump hips, and chubby cheeks that made smiles feel much more genuine.

"I'm glad you finally made it..." cooed the hostess herself, revealed to Neptune in the well lit hallway.

The aristocrat stepped inside, her dress shoes clacked beneath her on the polished stone floor, while she eyed up the castle. There were pink drapes, a carpet near the doorway, statues of odd gargoyle-like creatures perched up on pedestals. She couldn't help but engross herself in the scenery, with a smile on her face.

"Everything looks so spotless, Ma'am." she compliments, and walks toward a statue. Feeling safe, she placed down her belongings right beside it. "Might I ask what

brought you here? From all the local legends, this castle seemed to be abandoned. You're not here without permission, are you?"

"Oh, I'm no squatter." promised the hostess, an awkward chuckle escaped her, "You may call me Matilda Gorgantum, owner of Castle Gorgantum itself."

Madam Gorgantum's assumption seemed rather offputting to Neptune. A woman her age couldn't have bought such a marvelous home without making a name for herself...it was then that the possibility hit her. "Oh, did you inherit it, Ms. Gorgantum?" Neptune questioned, perhaps a bit too nosey.

"You could say that." She handwaved away and stepped up beside the chubby, slightly taller woman. Her finger poked the statue Neptune glanced on, and slid along it. "I'll be quite honest, I put some thought into giving this place a grand makeover. I haven't changed it at all when I moved in some months back...but I digress." With a swift turn, her hair swooshed some to her front a bit, her own heels cracked along the floor some. "I assume you're hungry, Ms. Nebula?"

Neptune weighed how she felt, on one hand breakfast filled her up decently well. On the other, she couldn't be rude to her host by denying her offer. "It takes a long time to get here, I wouldn't mind some food. Apologies if I'm pressing, but what might dinner consist of?"

"Oh, whatever Beverly decides to make." Matilda chuckled. "She's a free minded chef after all. I tend not to be picky with my meals, so I usually let her be in charge of dinner."

*'Sounds more like a caretaker than a chef...'* Neptune thought to herself. This host seemed so strange to her, but if there's anything she of all people should know, it's that the wealthier you are, the stranger you get..

While they transitioned from the foyer to the dining hall, Neptune had to get swiped up by the scenery some more. The hall stretched far beyond their heads like a cathedral in a pristine city. The stained glass window to her left obscured the dreary landscape with a prismatic filter. An exquisite portrait of a woman with pink hair, and a rotund figure dressed in an attire similar to that of desserts marked for the centerpiece of the dining room. Outside of that, the carpets were ornate and blue, the chandeliers hung down a good twenty feet above the table, while said table stretched on with no intent to stop. Neptune placed herself near Matilda's seat, the very end of that endless horizon. The guest's belongings were gently sat by her side, and propped up by the

chair. Out from a nearby doorway came the maid Matilda conversed with before. In her hand was a platter, which delicately balanced a glass bottle and set of glass goblets.

“Would you like a drink?” Matilda offered, “I made sure to import chardonnay from Crystiltin. I’m sure your crew was made aware of the large order?”

Flattered by the offer, Neptune politely chuckled. “You’re trying to get on my good side, huh?” She joked, “Fine, I guess I’ll have one drink then. You can hardly ever turn down a Crystiltin brew!” The maid gently placed down the drink, and filled up the shot glass for ‘tune. With a gentle clasp of her drink, she took a sip of the chardonnay. “Weird how you put chardonnay in a small glass like this...”

“Our fancier glasses are being washed.” Matilda reasoned, “How does it taste?”

“Kinda...funny.” Neptune’s answer came with a sway of her head. “Are Crystiltin drinks supposed to taste more hot than normal drinks?” Neptune wasn’t given an answer right away. Before she could process it, the maid began to place down platters of food for their dinner. “Oh, uh...I guess food’s on?”

To Neptune, it was a blink and a miss type thing, the world had gone blurry and hazy around her. She began to suspect something was amiss. Was she poisoned? No, her subtle magic didn’t detect a single trace of venom in her. At first, it started with a giant ham, glazed by honey and surrounded by greens, then next on the table were bowls of salads with home made ranch dressing set aside in a bowl. Further was a roasted turkey, a greasy grilled chicken, even proper glasses of wine were introduced. Massive discs of pumpkin pie, plentiful buttered dinner rolls, comically outstretched loaves of bread, it was hard to identify it all when the food was so plentiful! Neptune watched her arms reach over to a dinner roll, her hands popped it right into her maw. She was flabbergasted by her own actions! Her body moving involuntarily? It was absurd! She couldn’t do or say much about it, everything but her taste had gone dim. All her arms let her do was eat, her neck was too stiff to even swivel her head away from the oncoming grub.

A slow chortle came from the hostess. The food had distracted Neptune long enough to where she didn’t notice her host slip on a wafflecone crown, atop her head. “How do you like my trap?” She bragged, then shot up from her chair. “Bev and I planned your doom from the moment we laid eyes on your story! A grand dock and trade center like your’s sounds like the *perfect* place to set up a secondary base! We’ll have the Republic of Veni under our wraps! Isn’t that right?!”

Her head swiveled to the maid, who'd grown disinterested in the plot by this point, and engrossed in a different one. 'Phylis and the Dragon's Dream Pearl', a classic from the raving reviews. "If you say so, your highness."

Neptune's hands went faster, whatever her affliction was determined to pack food down her gullet. The nasally voice of her host died down just long enough for her to try and think of what caused this. That hot, burning sensation of the chardonnay must have been a potion mixed in with the brew! Her thoughts were interrupted when a small pain shot through her stomach.

'*Oh stars...*' Neptune's thoughts were her only comfort now. Even if the food was delectable, it started to hurt to cram so much in her belly.. '*Have I really eaten that much...?*'

Without even realizing it, she had. Platters of rolls were already gone! The bread had been chomped right into! A good portion of the meal laid out had disappeared into the gut of Matilda's guest, all without her paying much attention. All Neptune could think of now was a way to stop her affliction. It'd require precise timing, something that can't be done with bread scarfs and dinner rolls. Her plump belly began to slowly creep forward on her lap and push down in between her legs. She'd gotten crumbs on her face from how fast she'd eaten! Glunks and slurshes were audible from her belly, which only threw her train of thought off further.

A confident laugh erupted from the hostess, her clothes had begun to illuminate. A glisten of pink and white enveloped her body, that brown shoulder-length hair glowed a pinkish color and stretched far past her back to her butt, the dress shortened with great haste, her heels turned to knee high boots with chocolate bar indents in the middle. No more sleeves, they were replaced by lacy off-white gloves with cake-shaped wristguards. . A choker with a cowbell on it clicked its way around her neck To top it off, that outfit started to smell sweet...no longer had it been a fancy dress, but a mockery of fashion! A cherry materialized in the crown and gave a light shimmer from the light. From the top of her bust to the end of her love handles, her dress resembled more an overstacked glob of ice cream, while the portion of her rump showed off a waffle cone design similar to her crown! Her choker had garnered those same coney textures, while her boots seemed to be derived from chocolate itself. The change might have been elaborate, but it went by in the blink of an eye!

The cackles and chortles continued from the hostess, whilst Neptune was helpless to do anything other than eat. "Neptune Nebula!" Matilda boomed out, back slightly leaned back, hands twisted in the air in a menacing fashion, "You might think

you've been poisoned, when in fact, I've made a potion that bends the blood in your body to shove the nearest meal down your throat! Once you're done with that, I'll ring my dinner bell, and you'll be cast as my servant forever! Your port will be more than useful for a woman such as myself!" She stomped her foot down, and cackled toward the sky. "The whole world will know about the dastardly, dangerous, maniacal Queen Cream Cake!" She laughed a little, then cleared her throat. "Queen Cream or Queen Cake is fine too." That sudden abrupt change was enough for her to laugh a little more, in that same, cheesy-manic fashion. "Beverly! To my side!"

With a groan, Bev would bookmark her story, and walk around the stuffed silly Neptune. She'd gotten to the point where her gut hung off her lap, and slorshed around with all of those contents. Her gut was like a funeral drum by that point, yet whatever was in the potion had kept her from the horrible, splotchy demise of an overfed victim. Pumpkin pies were obliterated, the ham had disappeared only part way, glasses of wine were hastily rolled away from her. This was so humiliating, she was like an oaf at this point...but her mind was still in there, trapped in a body hellbent on a gorg-a-thon!

"What." Bev whispered to Matilda, nay, Queen Cream herself.

"Wasn't my monologue cool?!" Giddy, Cream would whisper back to her servant with glistening eyes. "The evil laugh practice really paid off! Thanks for the pointers!"

The maid just groaned, and rolled her eyes. "Is that seriously all?"

"Well no. I need three things, one, more food. Even with a chubby belly like her's, Neptune's far too puny to be a TRUE servant of Queen Cream Cake herself."

"So then why am I thin-"

"Number two," Cream rapidly dodged the question, "I need you to get me that wheelbarrow. I imagine the first night Neptune's gut's going to be dragging on the floor once I'm done with her! Oh, and number three? Prepare her a room. My soon to be servant should be spoiled rotten once I'm through..."

"So then why do I sleep with the other maids if Neptune gets her own room?" Bev pressed Cream, who seemed a little offended.

"It should be obvious, you actually WANT to work!" Cream brushed off. "Now out with more food!" The royal pain literally pushed Bev out of the way, just so she could have some one-on-one time with her porker.

Neptune's grunts and groans were muffled by the absurd piles of grub in her maw. The turkey and chicken had been worked on quite a bit, meanwhile the ham had been eliminated to the glaze. The enchanted half-elf bit down into a pumpkin itself, like a piece of juicy beef, and reached in for the guts. '*No no, come onnn...*' Neptune complained in her head, before she stuffed that slop into her face. Turns out, not actually that bad. Neptune could see herself liking it outside of this force feeding session, but her belly was not in the mood to be filled at this point. She felt chills when Cream pressed her fingers down into her gut's sides. Oh that taut tum had most likely reddened under her dress, evident by the unsatisfied grumblings and glunks down below. A slew of mixed feelings pressed at Neptune's mind when the Queen's digits rubbed along the edges of her packed pudge, all kinds of sensations wobble about throughout the cleric's body.

"Look at how much you've fit in!" Cream teased, and swished that belly about. "Oh yeah, we'll DEFINITELY need the wheelbarrow when we're through."

Even if Neptune broke this potion's effects, all she could rely on at that point was her magical prowess, but therein lies a problem. Neptune may brag to those about her worship of the winds of change and the stars above, but she was a novice at best. Low hitting spells, light healing work, she only had rudimentary knowledge of magic. Even when she broke free, her focus would be so wobbly, she'd need another way to be able to hit her. Luck, maybe? Her train of thought would only be thrown off once more food was placed on the table. Oh, gods, her heavy gut was way too much already for her head. While Neptune's fuzzy vision tried to get a look at what even got placed in front of her, Bev simply stepped back, and walked away.

By the time Neptune's belly pressed on the underside of the table, her mind was numbed. Her muddled ideas of an escape route were blurred, her eyes were crossed, heck, even her tastebuds were furiously confused from how much they've had to endure.. The cleric had tested the limits of this curse, and figured something out. While off some by a good deal, she could get a finger to her cheek while shoving food down her gullet. If she managed to press all her digits, maybe a restorative spell could mitigate the effects of such a blight. She couldn't feel much of her body at that point, or hear much. Cake had a great time with her, words of pseudo-encouragement and mockery were echoed, muddled, and faded by Neptune's warped sense of perception. All that food, all those plates toppled on top of each other, so much food... Neptune's eyes began to water some, good lord was she sick of eating. The rush of chow was a blur, she lost track of where her gut had gotten. Cake said something about how her stomach must've touched the ground at this point? Neptune wasn't sure, but by that

point, all she could focus on was how many digits she could place on her face. At one point past her pointer finger, she pressed her thumb in, then her ring finger, her middle finger as well. All she needed was the pinkie... once the victim found a cake, she felt her gloved mitts grab a handful. That desperate handful never felt so good! While she clasped onto her cheeks, she surged a small spell throughout her body. Finally, her senses came back, for better and worse. Her ears rung with a smidge of clarity, eyes cleared with only an outer radius of blur. Even though her stomach felt far too compact, she took a sudden swing at her captor with her arm.

Cream jumped back with a yelp, almost clocked in the shoulder. "Hey, wait a second!" She blurted out, while the packed lady struggled out of her seat. "You're supposed to be stuffing your face! Groooh!" Angered and upset, this mad woman hoisted her hands up into the air. Cake slices materialized above her, only to be thrown at Neptune. "Gaha! How do you like this?!"

Neptune knew that she had to play defensive. With no shield spells at her helm, all she could do was manifest small gusts of wind. The blowback spiked the cakes down onto her ornate garments, smears of pinks and yellows stained on top of her gut.

"Rrg!" The tyrant stomped some. "No matter! I'll just use my bell! One ding of this thing, and-"

The brazen monarch had barely managed to dodge a bolt of bright light from the cleric's hand, as it blasted a dish behind her. Seems Neptune wasn't playing around. "Try it then." She glared.

"Fine!" Cream flicked her finger onto her cowbell, which sent a pulse-wave right over to Neptune.

The cleric grunted, and staggered back from the noise. Her hands covered up those point ears along her head, while Cream approached. A hero Neptune was no more. She'd serve her Majesty forever onward... "Bow before me!" Demanded the lardo, hands on her heavy hips. "I'm your new ruler! Bow, bow I tell you!"

Maybe she shouldn't have gotten so close. Distracted so easily by the thought of victory, Cream was thrown off by a punch under her jaw after her villainous brag. The force made her bite down on her tongue hard, the wind knocked out of her for a short moment. While Cream tried to regain her senses, Neptune brought herself up once again. "You're more of a clown than you look." She readied her palm, and blasted light

directly at her assailant's gut. It wobbled and jiggled like gelatin, even more so when the Queen found her strength to get back up.

"Id dadt whad you gall a hidt?!" Cream bumbled, tongue sore from how hard she bit down. "Duh pundsh wuh hahduh!"

"That wasn't meant to hurt too much." Neptune glared, before she reached down into her belongings. It didn't take long for her to pull out her warhammer, and grip it tightly in her hands. "This though? This is going to be cathartic."

In a way meant to only K.O. the bumbling buffoon, Cream was smacked in her side, before she crashed onto the wall. The groaning highness slipped down sluggishly onto the marble floor below. The moment she spilled off the wall, Neptune knew it was a TKO. The dumb, swirly eyes, and mumbly noises that left her could barely be heard over the tummy troubles Neptune endured. With that settled, all the scorned guest could do was worry about her own escape. She quite literally pushed her stomach along, knees and legs weakened by the absurd amount of weight her body had to endure. She could use her taut tum as a bed, you know, if it didn't feel like a blimp about to combust. Her focus went from the door to the maid, now in the main hallway with a wheelbarrow.

Beverly took one look at Neptune, then to her boss, and simply shrugged. "Well? Get. Go on.." She let the healer off the hook.

Oh, that barrow was mighty tempting by this point... Neptune gulped some, so much work would be put off her legs if she only had to worry about upper body strength. "Your wheelbarrow..." The cleric pointed. "Might... urp... I have it?"

"What've you got in return?" Beverly countered. Such a pain, but Neptune had a short eruka in her mind. The annoyed cleric would respond with a shift in her pointer finger toward her bag.

"I got... a couple of stories in there." She promised, "Some you might like..."

Beverly shrugged, and started to go over. After some sifting through some of her belongings, Bev found the marked story about the long lost fighter buried within. "The Platinum and Gold Skeletons," She read off the title aloud, "Heard good things about it. Alright, you can have it. Here." With that book now on the gargoye statue, the maid helped the weary, overstuffed heroine get her belly into the wooden push buggy. It was comical to see her stomach spill out from both sides, and hear the wood creak beneath. "Now get out of here."

She took her words to heart, Neptune started to traverse beyond Castle Gorgantum, and hoped she'd never see such a wretched place again. She burped along the way, just to ease small tensions in her gut. Stars above, the pain that seared all throughout! No doubt she'd be a goner if she stayed an hour longer! The rickety bridge screamed beneath Neptune much more, but without much thought, she got across the old thing without a hint of trouble. It felt like hours while she waddled, her heated belly brushed upon by the cold thanks to how high up her dress went. The fronts of her legs brushed by bitter winds, her rump protected only by her cape and a pair of frilly white panties. *'That's it'*, she pulsed in her mind, *'I'm getting leggings soon...'* Her brain felt as though it was underwater once she found a cabin, all she could think of was a good, well deserved nap. Her barrow protected the front door, the sleepy thing was so groggy, she couldn't be assed to look around the wooden asylum. Once she found a bed, she was out like a light. Sweet dreams for the super stuffed star lady...

Morning in these mountains was hard to tell from, but the far off clops of a horse managed to break Neptune's grog. What an odd night, not many dreams were had by her. While less heavy in the stomach region, Neptune pulled her body up to notice much more of an even distribution. The already once heavy set of honkers she had went beyond the outgrown size of the pumpkin she gorged on last night! Squishy and squashy, they felt like a big bag of weighted feathers... Her stomach bore damage, too. She felt it press down on her lap, though once she got up, it was like the floor and the belly tried to reach out for one another. Her hips were another story entirely! Even if she dared sit out by a campfire with such a posterior, she was going to need a good bulk of the tree in order to seat herself down. Her tire thick upper arm felt like two puffy pillows that scooted up her face. Oh, her face. How could she forget her face? Sure it was round before, but now she was most definitely a double chin lady. Puffy cheeks gave her head a full on circle aesthetic! The girl grumbled while she felt her body, but at least her dress could cover her gut again. Although, barely, given the seams in some spots were most definitely torn. This is something she'll have to worry about fixing later, for now, she has to head out.

The wooden cabin was left behind before it could be appreciated, a welcome site was had when she saw the coachman that brought her here off in the distance. Though, he could barely recognize Neptune, even with her star locket hung around her neck. The horse came to a halt once he got up close and personal. Yup, no doubt about it. The blonde hair, the brown eyes, the quilt-like green cape behind her! That was Neptune!

“Ms. Nebula?” The coachman wondered, almost unsure if he was looking at the one and the only. “What happened?! You blew up like a blimp! And why aren’t you at the Castle?”

“Let’s just say the deal didn’t go through.” Neptune complained, and shuffled herself into the back. The door was a lot tighter now, but after some grunts and complaints in her head, she squeezed through! “Ugh... could you take me back to Lindsdale? I need a way to burn all this blubber...”

With only so much as a nod, the horse was carefully instructed to turn around, and would make its way back toward town. Neptune could finally think clearly about her encounter. Would that strange woman try to exact her revenge? Has she learnt her lesson? Moreso over, how in the power of the constellations above could she deal with that newfound stomach? It’s growling only annoyed her greatly...

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Inside the castle’s depths, Queen Cream Cake’s throne room stretched to a ludicrous degree. Much like her dining hall, it was extravagantly tall, lined with stain glass windows, and went far, far longer than it should have. The tyrant herself had a burlap bag of ice on her sore spot where Neptune had clocked her, a little whimper left the woman.

“She humiliated me...in my own home...” gripped Queen Cream Cake. “Mnnnff, when I get my hands on her, I’ll, I’ll...!”

“Yes, I get it.” Beverly walked out from behind the throne, having dusted it along while her boss healed. “Some plan B that was, huh?”

“Wh?! How was I supposed to know half-elves had a resistance to mind magic?!” one could see red in the Queen’s eyes. “Ugh! Whatever! I’ll have my hands on that dweeb soon enough. For now...let’s expedite our plans for the takeover of Kyodania. What do you say?”

Out of the Queen’s line of sight, Beverly glanced down to the ground with the only bit of emotion she’s shown in the past twenty-four hours that wasn’t apathy; shame. “Yeah. I’ll prepare the arcane walkway here shortly. Just focus on resting.”