

The passing of a queen is an event often celebrated or mourned depending on the queen; in this instance, it was mourned, but no matter the context, it is a kingdom-defining event. For on this day, the queen of Peeria, Lady Loveless, had passed. The whole of the kingdom had gathered at her wake; the quaint domiciles of the villages were left empty as they all filtered into Peeria Keep. A palatial estate that spanned beyond the horizon, covered in orange-painted stone that caught the morning light and made it glow in the sunrise, it was the gem of Peeria. Inside those vaulted halls that could hold an entire village, her wake was being held, the kingdom's advisor shuffling papers as he prepared for a speech.

"It is a dark day for us all, as the light of our lives has left us in shade. She was Lady Loveless, but those who have lived in this kingdom, such as I, knew she was anything but. Taking the throne at a young age, she led us from dark times into the peace and prosperity we enjoy now." The advisor paused to collect himself as the rest of the crowd solemnly mourned.

Behind him was an enormous casket, one fit for a giant; carved of wood from the oldest trees and gilded with brass and gems, it was a monolith. Stretching across the altar, it had to be double his size when lying down and quintuple the width. A mammoth casket for a mammoth woman.

"That isn't to say we will be without sunshine, as her three daughters still remain to guide our kingdom." The advisor motioned towards the three figures behind him.

Sitting behind him, with apathetic gazes plastered upon their faces, were the three daughters of Lady Loveless. Going from eldest to youngest, her daughters were Guinneviere, Matilda, and Petunia. All three shared their mother's girth, not to as dramatic an extent, but they had enough to keep them differentiated. Guinneviere shared her mother's frock of fiery red hair, braided into twin braids that sat upon her shoulders. She was a hunter by trade, caring little for the kingdom, and it showed with her stature. She sported a rotund stomach that barely fit in her dress and flaring hips that made her look motherly, but her chin was rather chiseled and stark. Her sharp features were compounded by the piercing amber eyes and her defined arms, muscles bound by fat that threatened to burst from her dress. Then you had Matilda, a woman with flaxen hair and azure eyes. A woman whose legs were as open as her top, her sizable bust was enough to remind her friends of the cows she so fancied. Her interests lie solely in the bedchamber. Then you got to Petunia, the youngest by only a few years; she believed herself a fashionista. With raven hair that was wound in a braided tail that stretched down to her back and eyes of glimmering emerald, she was a stunning figure. Bathed in makeup that gave her eyes a blue hue and made her cheeks pale as ivory, she was one who wouldn't be caught dead talking to anyone below a countess.

As they shifted in their seats, uncomfortably looking at the crowd, barely able to feign any expression other than a sullen smile, the advisor continued.

"She was a great woman, with kindness to match her size. A gentle giant through and through, I can still remember the times where she'd forsaken her own meals to bring crops to

the borders. Personally ordered her best cows be taken to the village of Holm so they could have milk in their time of scarcity." The advisor continued on, telling of her great deeds.

The ceremony stretched on into the night, the speech being repeated on end for those who had yet to hear. Courtly affairs were put on hold for the week until the queen's will could be properly dissected. During that week, it was a time of excess for the daughters, a time they could cut loose, and cut loose they did.

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The days that went by after the funeral were more of the same, but there was an air of menace about things. Poor sleep, rent, the commonwealth, and odd happenstance were becoming more frequent among the land. Food stores were short at times, supply lines disrupted, but there was no external force acting upon them. No, the forces that were acting upon the kingdom had been set in motion the moment the kingdom was divvied out.

In her everflowing kindness, Lady Loveless had divided the Kingdom of Peeria into three distinct sections, lands for her daughters to rule independently. She knew it was too much responsibility for one person to shoulder; she could feel the toll it took on her as the end approached. Not wishing her daughters an early grave, her will delegated the portions of the kingdom that they would be most suited to rule. Guinniviere was set to rule the great woods of the north; her experience in hunting would ease her into the role. Matilda was given the rolling plains to the southeast, the amber fields of wheat that kept the kingdom fed, and was suitable land for cattle. She had believed Matilda could use for some time in the more peaceful country, away from the hustle and prying eyes of the city. When it came for Petunia's land, she was given the riverlands to the southwest. Bordered by rivers and lakes, the land was surplus in flowers and unique insects. Lady Loveless had believed that Petunia's skills in high society would benefit her and allow for the trade and development of new dyes. The final addendum to her will was that Peeria Keep would remain the center of the land, a place where the daughters would convene to make rulings for the country as a whole.

Lady Loveless had a good heart, but she knew her daughters not. As the moment they were given their lands, they revealed their true natures to the kingdom. On paper, the kingdom appeared as whole, the lands still held under one title, but the divide was made. Petunia was the first to rename her kingdom; not wanting to be associated with her sisters, she named it after her favorite makeup, calling it Lazuli. In the land of Lazuli, resources were suddenly finding themselves scarce. Tailors were being brought from their homes to the capital and bound to Petunia's fashion. Funneling her land's bounty into her own wardrobe, she would come to courts with a new dress each day, then a new dress each meal. Not only were the tailors transformed into part of the royal retinue, but the bakers were pulled from their shops and put to work in the castle.

An aspect of Petunia that never made it out of the court was her rampaging sweet tooth; she loved expensive cakes, couldn't get enough of them. Her mother had kept things in check to

limit the amount she could indulge each day, but without her guardrails, Petunia could run rampant. Lavish feasts would be held; debutantes and nobility from foreign countries were ferried in on Lazuli's coin for great feasts. Feasts where she'd gorge herself on more dessert than the common man would see in their lifetime. Cakes, pastries, puddings, whatever she could get her hands on. Her changing tastes in fashion translated to her taste buds as well; bakers were forced to change and redo their recipes, a further strain on the land's stockpiles. Her draining feasts had as much an effect on her waistline as they did the land. In the short months since her rule began, she ballooned in size.

When in her courts, her dresses would often drape over her feet before breakfast and be pulled past her knees by lunch. Her stomach a bottomless pit for feasts, bulbous with pillowy fat, much like the rest of her. Distended with plush flab, her haunches looked much like the pigs of the land, replete with blubber. Wobbling like the gelatins on her spoon, her bubbling assets strained her finer outfits. Their stitches were never to tear, though; a single broken thread or stitch would lead to harsh punishment for the tailors. As her reign continued, the murmurings of the people had shifted to discontent.

While Petunia was a formless drain on her portion of the land, Matilda was a far larger presence in her homeland. She had dubbed her slice of the kingdom as Ambrosia, a land of milk and honey. The reason her people knew her, though, was not for anything laudable. As in her time in the kingdom, her loose legs were becoming a bit of an attraction to the people. The allure of bedding the queen enticed most, but their time with her was far from enjoyable. Matilda's time in life was spent like the cows she so admired, eating, sleeping, and indulging her sexual desires. It was not an uncommon sight to see her stuffing herself in her bed, guzzling milk fresh from the udder while some servant was poised between her legs, savoring the royal clam. The land of wheat fields was rapidly becoming the land of chewed stalks, as Matilda's appetite for dairy could not be readily sated.

She imported cows from foreign lands, bringing in more than had been locally raised so she could gorge herself on the finest of dairy. Cows from the great south, known for their handsome appetites, were her primary import. With udders as large as a goat and a stature that towered over other animals, they were an expensive delicacy. Their milk was known as the sweetest in all the realm, and she had let herself become enchanted by it at first sampling. Their handsome appetites were far more than the land could reasonably sustain, and the fields were gradually becoming barren. All of this milk, all of this excess, was to fuel Matilda's desire, and it was a desire that didn't even agree with her.

Despite her proclivity for rich creams, salted butters, and soft cheeses, Matilda was horribly averse to milk at a physiological level. A single decanter of her favorite cream was enough to make her bloat like a balloon, making her stomach distend like the cows she adored. So most of her time was spent in great turmoil, filling the bedchambers with her gastric cacophony. There were times after a particularly indulgent feast of whole loaves of bread and butter that the help needed to carry her on their backs from the dining table. Such was the level of excess that she had gotten to.

As the months passed, her choice of clothing had become sparser; elaborate robes had been replaced with loose silks. Satin white curtains that could adequately conceal her immense frame and her growing bosom. Like she was filled with milk herself, her bosoms would swell by the day. Brimming with fat that stretched her gowns and knocked more than a few servants out of sorts, she was as much a ravenous cow as her cattle. With her ravenous appetite came the discontent. Her citizens would notice their larders being barren in the morning, their breads gone, and their butters diminished. While she had not gone so far as to actually steal from her citizenry, her excess was doing so indirectly.

In the great north, in the towering trees of the hunting lands, Guinneviere's rule was anything but indirect. She had a cruel and callous streak to her, a strain of malicious psychopathy that she had kept hidden during her courtly interactions. Those beneath her station were beneath her in all aspects of life, grains to be ground under her heel. She would suffer no indignance or disobedience and showed her disdain for such with martial action. Her land was retitled to Hollow, and its spirits matched the name.

The wondrous woods of the north, the towering conifers of green, suddenly took on a grayish tint. Snow fell harder than it did prior, the sun being veiled from the sky by the amassing clouds. The people knew harshness from the land, but they knew it not from their ruler. In her first decree, Guinneviere banned hunting from any citizen not of the royal court, bringing about a scarcity in food. Those infractors who believed themselves above the law were exiled to the frozen north, thrown into the mountains with bare backs and barer supplies. When they froze to death, Guinneviere would have their bodies fetched and displayed in their birthhome, as a warning. She culled and refilled the Hollow guard until she had honed the force into a slavishly devout collection of martial prowess. Their swollen ranks would patrol across the land, station themselves in villages to collect taxes and listen for dissidents. The land had become a crab pit, a place where treachery and disloyalty to anyone but the queen was your only way of survival.

This cruelty was put most on display in her feasts, feasts where she flaunted her meat-centric diet. She was not content with the animals of her own land; instead, she would have rare beasts and fish brought into her dining hall. Tigers braised in wine, cockatrice broiled under fulgurous heat, and great pythons stuffed with prey and roasted with their meals as filling. It was barbarous and cruel, and she reveled in it.

People feared her amber gaze, her cruel eyes lingering for more than a moment, a twisted smile lasting for more than a few minutes; those were causes for alarm. Her excess was brought by force; armor and steel fueled her girth. The leathers she vested herself in more befitted a warlord than they did a queen, but they were the only thing she wished to wear. The hides of beasts were the only thing that could readily house her growing corpulence, as she soon bore more fat than a bear in hibernation. It was not fat in one place, but fat displaced all over.

Cheeks like pouches, jowls like cockles, and a neck like a bull's, gave Guinneviere a bestial visage. A soft stomach, a pillowy paunch that flowed over her lap, that was the most

softness one would gain from her. Child-rearing hips would know no such fate; engorged breasts that could fill a palm would know no such touch. The only thing that got to enjoy her robust form was her chair, as it was buried in the excesses of her voluminous rear.

The citizenry of the lands endured, believing this all to be simple growing pains of grieving daughters, unwilling to believe that such cruelty could be born of such goodness. The greater the light, the darker the shadow, was a concept that escaped them. They languished for a while longer until their discontent grew too great and talks of revolt rippled across the lands. Such an issue would be the first meeting of the Queens of Peeria, the first one held in Peeria Keep since the days of old.

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