

# Peace Offerings

By Victor Waite

*After a long and bitter war, an opposing king and queen sit down with a feast to discuss a peace between their lands. The tension between them is palpable, and neither is willing to give up much in negotiations, but it turns out a good meal can do wonders for diplomacy.*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for adult readers and contains A Female Tiger, a Male Bear, Fat and Chubby Royalty, Scathing Banter, Competitive Eating, slight Wardrobe Malfunctions, Turnabout, Overeating, Force Feeding, Hypnosis, Dom/Sub, and Implied Vore

Tension filled the fortress as opposing two opposing armies brushed shoulders within. Soldiers armed to the teeth glared at each other across the main chamber, eager to bare their fangs but unwilling to to shatter the temporary, uneasy peace. The ranks held each other in check while scouts scoured the neutral meeting space, seeking out traps or surprises laid by the other side. Deadly silence filled the room while they examined every possible nook and cranny, until each team finally declared It clear. Totally free from traps and trickery, they motioned for their leaders to enter. The front lines of each army parted to admit their respective royalty, though either could have charged through the formations with little difficulty. From the north entrance waddled a towering bear, stacked with enough muscles and fierceness to be an army on his own. A layer of generous padding concealed a fair portion of his strength, however, a necessary cost for waging war on the frigid tundras. His counterpart and rival, an equally massive tigress, sauntered in from the south, bristling with arcane wisdom and wit. Her frame bore a regal softness that ran much deeper, though her naturally sharp claws and gaze bolstered her intimidating presence to a similar level. Both figures locked their gazes forward, intent on bending the other to their will, yet open to entertaining the possibility of a peaceful resolution.

The spacious chamber trembled with their presence as they marched to its center, where a large table awaited them. The finest foods and dishes from each of their lands sprawled across its surface, completely covering the polished top. Despite its size, only two chairs waited for their occupants, set on opposite sides of the bountiful feast. The feuding king and queen halted their advance when they reached their seats, but they remained standing for a moment and stared each other down across the delicious expanse. Both waited for the other to blink first, but their patience gave out long before their endurance. A cough from one of the soldiers broke the tension just before it became unbearable, and the royal titans finally sat before their aggression boiled over. A somewhat awkward silence followed, until a squad of attendants rushed from the fortress's inner chambers to serve them. The lines of soldiers eyed them with overt suspicion as they laid out silverware and filled drinks, on guard for anything vaguely resembling treachery. To everyone's relief, nothing raised their hackles, and they imperceptibly relaxed as the king and queen surveyed their platters. The helpings met and surpassed their royal standards, though they had business to attend to before they ate.

"My devoted royal guard," the tigress eventually spoke. "Though I trust you all with my life, I must ask that you leave us to discuss the terms of our potential peace in private."

The king nodded in agreement. "The same to my men. I'll not risk eavesdroppers for something this important."

Uneasy quiet fell over the room while the royal guards processed their orders. The requests went against every element of their training, but to ignore a direct order was out of the question. After a moment of noncommittal shuffling, the lines filed out of the room, leaving the rival king and queen alone with each other.

A tense silence hung in the air, until the queen eventually spoke up. "I must admit, I was

quite surprised when I got your invitation. My first thought was to eat your messenger and send my answer on their empty horse, but my advisers convinced me otherwise."

"Frankly, I'm impressed you haven't devoured your advisers yet," the bear shot back. "In any case, I'm... grateful you accepted. As much as I hate to admit it, we are too evenly matched, and this bloody stalemate has gone on long enough."

The tigress brushed his insult off with poise befitting royalty. "For once, I'm in agreement. It would be welcome to stop feeding the crows for nothing."

The hulking bear rumbled in approval. "In that case, I suppose you're willing to surrender. I'll put an end to the slaughter in exchange for your northern territories."

"Give up our best lands to end something you started," the tigress mocked. "Seems you're worthy of your title, Mad King." The queen folded her hands together and leaned back in her seat. "How about this. I order my men to stop slaying yours for your forests."

The bear grit his teeth but held his tongue through the worst of his many insults. "Isn't this supposed to be a negotiation?"

"Ahh, so you do know the meaning of the word," the queen smirked. "If you're willing to make a deal, then so am I. I'll take half of your forests for a quarter of my northern fields."

The king slammed a heavy paw to the table, threatening to shake it to pieces. "You'll have none of my forests! My people need those hunting grounds for food. I'd be betraying them to give even a fraction away!"

The queen calmly sipped her drink. "And for similar reasons, I can't freely give my fields away."

The bear fumed at her stubbornness, but mustered the self-control to avoid blistering her with colorful insults. "It seems we may be at an impasse," he grumbled. "Perhaps we should eat before we continue. Full stomachs may help us find an agreeable solution."

A smile spread across the tigress's muzzle. "That sounds like a fine idea. Our talks will go much smoother after a meal."

The two monarchs glared across the table as if they were about to duel, then helped themselves to the generous spread of food. Both ate at a relentless pace, eager to defeat the other on any available field, shoveling their courses into their muzzles faster than they could taste. The skill and labored poured into every course went unnoticed and ignored while they played their game of capacity, and the results of their competitive drives quickly manifested. The queen stifled a belch into her fist as her stomach crept across her lap, eclipsing her generous thighs and squishing into the edge of the table. The bear countered her force as his stomach similarly swelled, threatening to shake the table from its base and

slide it into his rival. Such an event grew increasingly likely as more and more food vanished, replaced by platters both picked and licked clean. Still, the chefs had anticipated such a contest, and yet more meals awaited them in no-man's land. The king and queen finished everything in their respective reach within seconds of each other, and their eyes gleamed with unyielding determination as they rushed for the unclaimed territory.

The table creaked and tilted as their heavy bellies plopped down atop it, shaking dishes away from the center of their miniature battlefield. The ravenous royals seized the moment and scooped up everything that came their way, swiftly devouring it before their opponent had the chance. Empty plates, the spoils of their tiny war piled at their sides as trophies, rising in intimidating towers of tilted porcelain. The monuments of their hunger failed to shake either of them however, only strengthening their drive to reach the banquet's centerpiece. The tigress and bear lunged for multi-layer cake almost in unison and clawed fist-sized chunks from its base, then tossed manners and etiquette to the wind and stuffed their cheeks with bare hands. The bear's momentum evaporated with each increasingly laborious bite, and his gluttonous drive soon collapsed at his stomach's protest. He weakly reached for more while the tigress charged ahead at full speed, gleefully claiming everything he could not. A pitiful groan tumbled passed his lips while he watched her overtake the second and third tiers, all the way up to the candy decoration at its apex.

A satisfied purr rumbled in the queen's chest as she plucked the sugary ornament from the cake's remains, and she made a show licking its surface before gulping it down mostly whole. Her seat creaked in protest as she reclined and rubbed her vastly swollen belly, though the low sound of laughter grabbed her attention before she lost herself post-gluttony bliss.

The bear dropped his act and picked himself up from the table, openly cackling as the tigress gave him a puzzled look. "You fool! You fell for it," he boomed in triumph.

The tigress smirked, planted her elbows on the table, and placed her chin in her paws. "What is it you're going on about now~,," she feigned.

The bear's celebration faltered and confusion flashed across his face. "N-nothing," he stammered. "I simply had a wager with one my chefs regarding the kills of yours. My compliments to them, by the way."

"And mine to yours," she purred. "Though I'm still deciding if it's worth a standing ovation."

The king's mind raced as his plot jumped the rails, and he struggled to piece a contingency together. His eyes glassed as he wondered if the poison hadn't worked at all or simply hadn't taken effect, and his expression went blank as he decided to stall for time.

"What's the matter, *you highness*," she grinned. "You look like you haven't eaten in days~"

Realization flashed in the very back of his mind with her taunt, though a wave of ravenous

hunger swamped his mind before he could react. His nose twitched and he searched the table for any remaining food, until the queen captured his starving attention.

"You really should treat your servants a little better, darling," the tigress laughed. "They might be less inclined to turn your trap upon you if you did."

When the bear didn't react, she knew he was totally under the misdirected toxin's effects and let her guard down. If the defecting servant was correct, it would make him extremely susceptible to suggestion, to the point of permanently altering his personality with the proper technique. Her stomach popped her royal gown open when she let out a breath she didn't realize she was holding, and she reached into its pocket for a small hoop of braided gold. Tiny silver sculptures of pastries and deserts hung from its circumference, and a jeweled, cookie-shape emblem sealed the loop shut. The subdued king paid neither her nor it any mind, until the tigress ran her fingers over its surface and uttered an arcane word. Light flashed from its center as a brownie materialized from thin air, called from the plane of elemental desserts. The enticing treat dropped into her open palm, and its scent tickled the bear's nose and utterly captivated him. He perked from his ravenous stupor long enough to find its source, and his gaze fixed upon it with single-minded accuracy. Strands of drool fell from the corners of his mouth while he memorized its every detail, but the notion of standing and getting it on his own never occurred to him. The queen tested his fixation and lifted it higher, and she cackled with delight as he perfectly followed it.

"I'll have to put your alchemist to work when I take your castle," she laughed. "I suppose should consider myself fortunate you never had the wisdom to use their talent properly."

She had no doubt the incapacitated king could hear her, and the fact he couldn't muster the will to react brought her no end of joy.

"I could get used to this. The strong silent act suits you so much better than your typical barbaric nature," she sighed. "I'm tempted to leave you like this, but I'm afraid that's not in your cards. I have something much better in mind~"

The tigress controlled his gaze with the brownie and drew it all about the room, distracting him further as she sauntered to his side. Her stuffed belly wobbled with in time with the sways of her hips, and likely would have put him in a trance were he not already in one. Her eyes glowed with magical prowess as she amplified the arcane mixture coursing through him, subtly rewriting his thoughts and habits to her will. Unaided, the queen's royal glare could have subdued him for a few minutes, but assisted by his re-purposed poison, she strove to leave a lasting impression. The tigress looked into his eyes only to find thoughtless hunger, and a malicious grin spread across her muzzle. Wordlessly, she brought the brownie to his nose and lured him from his swirling inner thoughts, then popped it into his mouth once it lazily opened. The explosion of flavor only drew out his growing gluttony, and he eagerly chewed and swallowed the arcane treat. The bear's swollen stomach rumbled with sated thanks and artificial need, which the tigress happily accepted and exploited.

"You poor boy," she crooned. "Look at you, all skin and bones. You must be starving~"

The subdued king nodded in hollow acceptance and murmured in agreement.

The tigress rubbed the curve of his grumbling belly, then slipped her thumb into his navel and grabbed his middle's lower roll and playfully wobbled it. "See, there's hardly anything to you. Want me to help you change that?"

Her words rang in between his ears, and he eagerly nodded as her influence sank deeper.

A malicious grin spread across her muzzle. "Unfortunately, I reserve that privilege exclusively for my pets. Though I suppose I can grant you that honor, if you prove your loyalty and submit to your new mistress."

The bear blanched. Her demand penetrated the haze of submission and lust surrounding his judgment, raising his hackles at the thought of pledging to *anyone*. A scowl flashed across his face, until the tigress stared him down and reasserted her control. Conflict played in his eyes, until the queen's will overpowered his own. "Mistress," he eventually murmured. "What must I do to prove myself to you?"

The queen poked his tight gut and set it wobbling. "Your far too thin to be my plaything. Prove to me you have the potential to change that." She waved her hand over the golden loop, and a stream of sweet treats and delectable desserts poured forth. They scattered across the table and gradually piled tall in a mountain below the portal, until she almost replenished the initial feast. "Conquer this and claim your place as my loyal pet."

The bear wordlessly obliged. He sluggishly reached for the nearest pastry, a cupcake that barely filled his palm, then crammed it into his slaving muzzle. The addictive flavor that spilled across his tongue revitalized his desire, spurring him to swallow the snack whole. A loud grumble filled the room as the treat battled for space in his packed belly, though the ensuing discomfort did nothing to deter him. In fact, it seemed to motivate him more than the queen's order. The fallen king's inner gluttony surged forth as he scooped up avalanches of calories in his arms and shoved them into his waiting jaws. He relaxed his throat and funneled the snacks directly into his belly, forgoing chewing entirely and only swallowing to help the fattening stream along. His stomach pitched and rumbled with discontent, unprepared for the aggressive filling. The brown fur covering his middle spread and thinned as the hide beneath stretched, revealing a network of multiplying stretch marks. Still, his pace only accelerated, driven by caloric addiction and the need to please his mistress. The lengths he went to almost impressed her, until his pace eventually stumbled.

The stuffed bear reached his physical limits long before his will flagged, and his gluttonous feasting slowed to a stop as lethargy set in. His eyes fluttered with an encroaching food coma as he swallowed the last of what lingered on his tongue, and an exhausted sigh of disappointment poured from his lips. He weakly reached for the few

remaining snacks, but failed to do more than flex his fingers. The queen let out a small sound of disapproval, which pained him more than the ache in his middle, but he was powerless to regain her favor on his own. The tigress loomed over him and gave his belly a light pat, jiggling his drum-tight hide and coaxing out a groan. She leaned in close and whispered words of encouragement into his ear, perking him awake, but failing to replenish his stamina. His pitiful groans pulled on her heartstrings, however, convincing her to break her own rules and help her pet-to-be just once. She gathered up the remaining treats and arranged them into a pile, then pushed it toward the bear's overworked jaws. With either weakness or reluctance, he struggled to part his lips, until the tigress wedged them open herself and shoved the lingering scraps in. The bear's cheeks swelled around the payload and tears welled in the corners of his eyes as he tried to chew, but his new mistress intervened and spared him from embarrassing himself. The tigress gently clamped his mouth shut and pressed his cheeks in, guiding the mouthful down his taxed gullet and adding just a little more pressure to his gut.

The bear coughed and sputtered and groaned as her stuffing assaulted his senses from all sides, eventually manifesting in submissive bliss. Lacking the breath to speak, he mouthed "Thank you, Mistress," then slumped against his spherical gut in exhaustion. Shivers of pleasure sparked and echoed across his body as it struggled with and adapted to his reckless gluttony, and a triumphant grin spread across the tigress's muzzle as she assessed the results of her trial. Most were apparent to the untrained eye, though his boulder of a stomach obscured the most important mark. Her tail snaked over his thigh and disappeared under the curve of his muzzle, and he jumped with surprise when she found her target. His shaft bobbed and bucked in the shadow of his middle, betraying the degree to which he enjoyed her treatment. The bear's past demeanor hinted at his hidden nature, but to so blatantly confirm her suspicions brought her great delight. She brushed the tip of her tail over the tip of his leaking spire for an all-to-short moment, then sauntered to his side to seal his fate.

"You're a bit rough around the edges, especially for royalty- well, former royalty, but you might have potential," the tigress teased. "If you were anyone else, you'd be half way to my belly by now, but I'm feeling generous today. In exchange for your undying loyalty *and* your kingdom, I'll make you my favored pet. Does that sound good to you, my gluttonous doughball?"

Drunk on endless gluttony and blooming hedonism, the bear couldn't help but accept her deal immediately, nodding with enough ferocity to jiggle every growing roll on his body.

"Good." The tigress unfastened the clasp on her enchanted loop and closed it around his neck, both marking him as her pet and connecting him to an endless supply of food. "I think your devotion is deserving of a reward~"

The queen waved her hand, and the fallen king's muzzle filled with magically generated desserts. Out of reflex and training, he swallowed instantly, and his belly ominously groaned.

The queen grinned with total victory. "You'll never move again, but nor will you hunger."

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The wedding between the feuding queen and king was as surprising as it was sudden, and it filled their lands with suspicion, though most of their subjects had warmed up to it by the time it arrived. Their advisers puzzled over what could inspire such a union, the bear's more than the tigress's, but their questioning stopped when it became clear there was nothing they could do to prevent it. The king's ever-rising weight remained a point of concern however, if only for the constant need of tailoring. His royal garments were in constant need of enlarging, to the point he burst free from them during the ceremony, though the queen hardly seemed to care. Their first act as unified rulers was to construct a new capitol and castle near the old boarder, specifically with wider doors and hallways to cater to the king's growing waist line. His throne was repeatedly reinforced over the months following its completion, and they ruled side by side, though the queen dominated all royal discussions. The king seemed to lose his voice each time he tried to express an opinion, and the tigress filled in on his behalf. Eventually, when a throne strong enough to support him was deemed impractical, the queen proposed a novel solution and ruled from atop his plush stomach from that day onward. The bear's obvious arousal from his state made the first few meetings afterward awkward, though it didn't take long for everyone to adjust and take it as normal.

Their combined kingdoms flourished for years to come, though its history was plagued with rumors of subversion and trickery. There was, of course, no proof of foul play, and those who claimed to have it tended to disappear around the castle grounds. Curiously, around the time the queen required an adjustment to her regal dress.