

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*A prince is told he must marry the princess from a neighboring kingdom. The young couple are reluctant at first until they meet at the betrothal feast.*

Contains: Breast Expansion

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## **Betrothal Feast**

*THUD THUD*

The Royal Doorman thumped his staff on the marble tiled floor twice, announcing the arrival of new guests.

“His Majesty, King James–Randolph the Third, Her Majesty, Queen Miriam, and Her Majesty the Princess Verity!”

Prince Edmund stared into his goblet of wine, dreading his fate. He knew it was a mere faerie story to wed for love. Little more than children’s fancies. He knew his governess, once his milkmaid, was both far below his station, and far too old to bear him heirs. Yet as the woman herself was fond of saying, the heart wants what the heart wants. A mild–mannered child, Eddy had spent most of his youth with his plump and curvaceous nurse maid Mildred. Now as a young man, he wanted nothing more than to spend his evenings cuddled into her generous bosom. Staring into the dark red liquid in his gilded cup, Edmund recalled the conversation...

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“But mother, what if I don’t *like* her?”

“Eddy, darling... we who are born to rule, privileged by the Divine Right, are not given the luxury of choice in partners.”

Tears formed at the rims of Edmunds eyes.

“But my dear, if you will give her the chance, I believe that young Verity will win your affection truly.”

“But mother...”

“Hush now. What’s done is done. I suggest you try to make the best of it.”

Edmund couldn’t stop the slow trickle of tears as the Royal attendants dressed him for the banquet.

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Back in the present, Eddy ventured a glance up at the neighboring King and Queen and their daughter. His breath caught in his throat as his eyes fell on his betrothed. She was almost a younger version of Mildred. Red-gold curls danced across her shoulders as she followed her Royal parents into the banquet hall.

The seats had been arranged such that the young couple were seated beside each other, with their Royal parents to either side. Princess Verity took her place beside Prince Edmund, and he couldn’t help himself from staring as the guardsman pushed her chair forward, letting the Princess rest her generous bosom on the ancient Oak table.

“H-hello...” the Princess mumbled.

“Hello.” Edmund croaked.

The banquet then began in earnest. Royal attendants brought platters of meats, cheeses, and the rarest fruits of the Realm. Both sets of King and Queen, and Edmund himself, accepted and enjoyed modest portions of everything; while the Princess Verity gratefully accepted full plates and platters of whatever was offered. As he watched the cherubic young woman stuff food between her plump lips, Eddy could almost see Verity’s noble frame growing more opulent by the moment. He worked up his courage and spoke.

“I’m very glad to be your betrothed, Princess.”

“It *-homp-* makes me very glad to hear it *-chomp-* Your Majesty. I hope you don’t mind my *-ulp-* eating so much.”

Princess Verity’s congenial tone gave Edmund confidence.

“Not at all, Princess Verity.”

“You can just call me Verity, *-munch-* it’s alright.”

“Very well, Verity. And please call me Edmund, or Eddy.”

“Alright, Eddy…” the Princess’ cheeks turned an even darker shade of pink.

“Mother assures me that any excess weight will settle foremost in my bosom, so you needn’t worry about that.”

Edmund’s eyes were wide as saucers as he waved the Royal attendants over with more food for the Princess.

“That is blessed news indeed, My Lady. Have you sampled the Mandrakes?”