

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Spoiled rich girl with a kind heart utterly being confused by the concept of a woman below DD.

Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Let Them Eat Cake

Queen Marie, First of Her Name, Protector of the Realm, Fairest among Women, sat in her private dining chamber popping rich, delicate cakes into her mouth. She wore a thin circlet of gold, and her auburn hair was done in flawless ringlets. A perfectly fitted gown hugged the expanse of her breasts as the royal mounds spread across the table further than the queen could reach. An attendant stood next to the young queen, handing her fresh plates after each delicacy was devoured.

“My queen?”

A middle-aged woman with a simple gown encasing her H-cup breasts. Marie smiled sweetly at her Hand.

“Good morning, Lady Alice!”

“Good morning, Your Highness. You have a meeting with your small council in an hour, but I’d like to review some more pressing issues with you first... if you’ll permit me.”

“Of course!” Marie smiled through her latest mouthful of cake.

“There is another rebellion in the North, though I daresay Lord Darius has that well in-hand.”

Marie nodded and stuffed another cake between her perfectly straight teeth.

“And there are reports of increased banditry along the coast road, but we have coin enough to double the guards on the tax collector’s wagons.”

Marie nodded again, chewing thoughtfully.

“Finally, there is an issue of grain and other food supplies in the capital. We are getting complaints from commoners... and even some of the lower nobles.”

“Oh, dear. What are they saying, Lady Alice?”

“Well, there is food enough for the men, the laborers, to keep their strength up. But the women in particular are complaining that their clothes are growing loose.”

“Loose? *-homf-* I don’t understand...”

“Their breasts are diminishing, My Queen. There are reports that some of the baronesses have dropped below C cup, even down to B.”

“C-cup?” Asked the young queen, who had never seen a woman below an E. Even the most waifish of her Royal Court were generous F cups.

“The size of lemons, Your Grace.”

Marie nearly dropped the square of lemon cake in her hand.

“What!? These are women grown?”

“Yes, My Queen.”

Marie paused in the act of biting into the cake.

“But how, Alice? How can a woman’s breasts be so small?”

“They are not eating enough, Your Highness.”

Relief washed over the queen’s face.

“Can’t they just *-scarf-* eat more?”

“That’s just it, My Queen. With the riots in the East and the supply wagons being intercepted by bandits, there isn’t enough grain coming into the city.”

“Hmm... grain?” Marie murmured through a mouthful of cake.

“Yes, Your Grace, grain. Without enough grain, there is not enough flour for bread. Some of the peasant women have no bread and have diminished even smaller, becoming completely flat-chested.”

Marie choked on her next bite. Her attendant moved to aid her, but she waved the woman off.

“Flat!? Like a man??”

“Indeed, Your Grace.”

Queen Marie screwed up her face. It was taking all of her limited mental capacity to process this notion. Then her face lit up, and she smiled, proud of herself for having found a simple solution to this truly tragic situation.

“If there isn’t enough bread...” the Queen said, plucking a square of chocolate sponge from the plate held out to her, “they should just eat cake!”