The ocean breeze caressed pale skin like a gentle lover. Dark rich pink hair swung gently, but never appeared out of place. The hair, like curtains of silk, hung down to the small of her exposed back. The mass of pink was kept in check by a white lace headband. Het gorgeous face, complete with high cheek bones, and sharp features were framed by decorative steel wyvern wings, that protruded from her armored collar. The woman wore what some would consider ‘medium’ armor. Only her back and shapely thighs were exposed, the soft fair skin betraying the warrior lifestyle that she had come to adopt. Red eyes scanned the horizon, nothing but the swelling of waves as they crashed and eddied.

“Oh dear, we might not make it on time…” The woman’s voice was prim and proper, even when conversing with herself. A gauntleted hand made it to her chest, then went to her stomach. The organ growled, unhappy with its currently empty state. The prim woman sighed in frustration, the thought that she could hold out until her party made it to land would be enough time was no longer entertained by her needful digestive track.

“Cherche!”

The woman, now revealed as Cherche, turned to face the voice. Silver hair was always the first thing that someone would notice when observing the tactician that married the exalt Chrom. The second thing one would notice was the massive bosom barely restrained by the queen’s small clothes. Cherche felt her left eyebrow twitch at the improper sight of twin globes flopping up and down as the other woman wave her hands excitedly at the knightly-maid. Her own chest wasn’t small by any means… it was just… improper, yes, improper to have all the sweet, succulent, tasty-looking, meaty tits bouncing in fro-

The wyvern rider glance down at her stomach. It groaned, the needy, guttural organ desperate for the introduction of Robin to its depths. The pink haired woman stood gracefully, walking with a purpose towards the tactician. Really, if she had a craving she would simply have to abide by her belly’s wished and consume the piece of meat that was the queen of Ylisse. As she stepped assuredly already thoughts of how she was going to get out of this were playing through her mind. It was oh so common, the pink haired woman thought with a very out of character smirk on her face, that people would accidently fall off a boat while traveling.

“Cherche! I’ve been looking for you!” The silver haired woman’s friendly expression changed to an annoyed grimace. Her big, round brown eyes, crinkling in the corners in disgust. Her silver hair, always in heir signature long pigtails swished left and right as she shook her head, eventually falling to rest over the tactician’s impressive breasts. “How do you deal with Virion every day? He won’t stop going on and on about his Noble responsibilities. I can’t even hear myself think. I just need to think of a strategy to use once we arrive on Valm.” The busty woman eyes widened hopefully as she gazed into Cherche’s politely neutral countenance.

The wyvern rider smiled pleasantly, mentally already calculating how much gold she would need to spend on small clothes to contain her soon to be expanding ‘assets’. It seemed that Robin was not going to make this hard in the slightest.

“Is he being too much of a twit then? No matter. Come, I will show you were I go to get away from him. Below deck, where we keep my precious Minerva, the other animals, and the supplies it a cozy area…” Cherche wasn’t even fazed by Robin’s switch to a more curios expression, the pinkette continued on unabated, “…in between the fire tomes and iron swords where you can sit in almost absolute quiet. Its marvelous. I use it for tea when I feel a little stressed.”

The sliver haired bombshell’s eyes widened incredibly, and she gave a grateful smile. The knightly maid felt her stomach growl furiously, demanding that the queen would be filling it. “Please, Cherche if you would not mind leading me there I would be in your debt.”

Cherche smiled sweetly, “Then by all means, let me take you there.”

“Wow! You weren’t kidding! This is perfect.”

Robin walked slowly forward into the small gap. The fire tomes were stacked in just the right way that it mimicked a chair and there was even a small footstool that one could use as table. A porcelain teacup with floral print sat as primly as it’s owner on a white doily. While Robin was leaning over to take a better look at the set, her soon to be predator admired the shape of the buxom woman’s rear. Robin’s pants might have fit her loosely when she had first been picked up by Chrom, but now after Sumia’s clumsy mistake that ended with her padding the ruler’s frame and child birth had made the already curvy tactician be peerless when it came to bodily beauty.

Cherche licked her lips as she observed the ass sway lightly in it’s containment as Robin moved around. The fat rich meat practically begging to be devoured. The pinkette was confident that the tender meat would melt like butter in hot pan inside of her as well.

She licked her lips slowly tracing the plush pink flesh. Now was the time to strike.

As graceful as everything else that Cherche did, she simply placed her dainty hands on Robin’s shoulders, yawned her mouth wide, and took the shocked tactician’s head in one go. A muffled shriek vibrated through the predator’s skull, not even phasing the prim woman as she dutifully began to unwrap her snack. The signature heavy coat came off without much of an issue, pooling to the floor in a heap. Flailing limbs, even when their aim was true, did little to effect Cherche due to the armor that she always wore. Soon her meal was stripped to only her far small clothes desperately try to keep massive E cup breasts contained. The pink haired woman took her first gulp, forcing her mouth wide over the slim, pale shoulders, and pulling the head deeper inside of her. The knightly maid let out a moan. Her tongue lapped greedily at the exposed skin now that the hair was out of the way. Robin’s exquisite taste exploded across Chrerche’s senses.

The next swallow was hard, fitting her mouth around the massive mounds of breast meat was incredibly difficult. The realization that she wouldn’t be able to get her tongue around the luscious orbs made a rarely seen tick of irritation appear on her brow. That was the reason that she had decided to eat the Queen of Ylisse after all. The pink haired woman sighed mentally as she pulled the struggling tactician deeper, the peristalsis doing all the work that she needed to do at this point. Those tits would still be filling regardless.

Robin began to moan in pain as teeth scraped over her chest, seeking purchase to pull the orbs deeper. Air began to be forced out of the tactician’s lungs while inch by inch more and more breast meat was consumed. After what seemed like far too long for both predator and prey, the silver haired woman’s bosom was forced into Cherche’s throat and her stomach began to expand. One muffled scream was heard before it was silenced suddenly by her face being shoved into the bottom of the ravenous organ. It was a pleasant feeling, the knightly maid decided, having her stomach expand as more and more of the tactician was forced into it.

Her back was tasty, and Cherche had tasted it thoroughly while removing the ill-fitting pants. The small clothes followed not long after, and soon the mound of grade A steak that Robin called her ass was exposed. The pink haired woman couldn’t help but move her hands to the silver haired meal’s ass. The pale cheeks jiggled in her palms with every unsuccessful kick Robin tried to land. The fat rich flesh was just begging to be consumed. The wyvern rider opened her mouth to the point that her jaw was stretched to its maximum, and she slowly but surely began to consume the lower half of her prey. It was slow going, but more then worth it. That rear was the best thing that Cherche had ever tasted, bar none! Maybe eating her face up wasn’t a bad thing then? The pink haired woman mused to herself as her tongue explored every crevice, eager to taste all the flesh that she could.

However, all good things had to end, and soon the deliciously thick behind was making its way down her gullet and not long after the meaty thighs. All that was left now was barely twitching toes that disappeared, behind a set of pearly whites.

The elegant lady let out a dainty belch as her meal deposited fully into her stomach. The pale bulge, shaped very similarly to how Robin would look in a fetal position, jostled about with every movement the contained woman made. Her gorgeous face bulge, pressed against the top of the stomach, was clearly showing her expression of panic.  
  
 The pinkette hummed contently as she leaned back into the crates. Full and satisfied. The tactician was such a busty meal. Cherche had never had such a satisfying meal in her life. Robin had the most enviable curves of all the Shepards. Clearly with a figure like that, the only thing she should even be considered as was food. Nice, tasty, and filling to boot.

"Apologies, Queen Robin, but I don't believe you will be able to help us in the 'state' you will be in when we arrive at Valm." Cherche hands poked hard at the udders that Robin was famous for toting around. Already, it seemed as if her acids were beginning to get to work on the prim woman's tactician treat. The silver haired queen's writhing punctuated by muffled screams for release.  
  
 "You are not going anywhere. Food is meant to be eaten." The pink haired woman's eyes fell to her meals face bulge, desperately trying to find a way to force herself out. Cherche's armored hand raised up and pushed down. "Surely you already knew that, my dear lunch."  
  
 Her stomach let out a gurgle, and queen food jerked violently. Through the tight skin, one could observe her trying to push herself up and away from the bottom of the sack. The pink haired woman couldn't help but moan, her lower area moistening rapidly. "Well, looks like my lunch break is over. I must go tend to Minerva now." Cherche, with grace despite her burdened form, stood from her place at Minerva’s side. Taking some time to rid her ruined clothing of the straw. The jostling of her stride as she moved closer to her precious mount made the silver haired snack to thrash as acid was sloshed up higher. The screams from the bloated middle reaching a fevered pitch.   
  
 Minerva cocked her head curiously at her 'mother' as the woman approached. Her middle was as rampant as a stormy sea and the distressed noise were not exactly pleasant on her sensitive ears. Her master, however, acted like nothing was different as he fawned over her scaly 'baby'.   
  
 It wasn't long before the pair had settled down for an afternoon nap. Cherche lie, resting her head on the soft underbelly scales of her wyvern. Minerva covering her rider protectively with her wing, shielding the slowing movements of the stewing tactician from sight.  
  
 Inside if the stomach, Robin was understandably scared out of her mind. The once green acid, now tinged red, had risen to her mammoth meaty tits. She could no longer feel her legs or ass anymore, and the stinging feeling around her tone midriff was starting to numb.  
  
 She was digesting alive. Her curvaceous body reduced to a nutritious supplement for another. The future wyvern rider fat knew that she was appetizing. Hell, sometimes looking in the mirror she made herself hungry. Though being consumed by an ally was not in any of the scenarios she considered.  
  
 Most of all she hadn't expected Cherche of all people to do so. Lissa and Nowi she could have seen as the bubbly duo could be hard to read, Emmeryn possibly, the late exalt was always intimidating despite the sheer peacefulness she radiated. Cordelia and Olivia were also jealous over her relationship with Chrom. And Anna always licked her lips when she walked by.  
  
 Robin's eyes began to droop. She was starting to feel tired. The part of her mind that still function informed her that it was likely due to sheer blood loss of having her lower half reduced to chyme.  
  
 At that point Robin didn't care while she fell unconscious. She had nothing left to do but digest now. Simply melt away until she made her predator change her bra and panty size.  
  
 On the outside, the shapely bulge gradually softened, the details of Robin's curvy body breaking down into a thick chyme stew that began to flow into Cherche's welcoming intestines. The pink haired woman tossed and turned in her sleep, her body expanding with soft fat.  
  
 Her armored chest piece creaked with strain. The once modest bust now swathed with layers of tactician fat. The meaty orbs compressed by the metal that barely keeping them in place, the boob fat displaced above and below the ruined armor.  
  
 Her lower half received much more of Robin. Her thighs, once trim and muscular, were now smothered with the late silver haired woman. While they were still shapely, they had nearly doubled in size. The people that would sneak peeks at the knightly maid's round tush would be delighted to know that it was even more eye-catching. Heart shaped and massive, the cheeks seemed to jiggle like a mountain of gelatin as she tossed and turned.  
  
 Not long after the last of the Robin stew had drained from the wyvern rider's satisfied stomach, a long strand of silver hair grew from her bangs trailing down to her now plusher pink lips. Her eyes fluttered open, the pink irises now tinted purple.  
  
 "I just had the most restful nap." The curvier woman stretched lightly pushing the wing of her still sleeping mount. “If you wouldn’t mind terribly, Minerva, could you let me out?” Said wyvern, still sleepy, begrudgingly moved her wing for her rider to step out.  even when not use to her weight and feeling more than a little unsteady, Cherche walked gracefully from the pen. As she exited the gate, she took a moment to stretch...  
  
 Only for her chest plate to give up the ghost completely and break its straps. As the metal clanged heavily with the wood of the ship, Cherche Robin padded tits, having ripped her small clothes in the process, were completely exposed to the chilly sea air.  
  
"Oh dear."