In a normal kingdom run by an imperialistic tyrant, the last way you would normally describe them is “delicious”, especially when they’re still alive and still trying to take over the world… at least on earth. In another world, like this one, things are a tad different.

 Iragul was in her room, her servant was only able to get some lingerie and a thin robe for her, so she wouldn’t have to trek through her palace completely naked. She grabbed some clothing more befitting her status and her at-home sword for anyone who mentioned seeing the evil empress walking around almost completely naked. After getting properly dressed, she went to the kitchen staff with a few questions. She gave a look to her head chef to meet her privately in a side room, grabbing a pastry out of his hands when he got there. “Welcome back, mistress, how goes the campaign?” He said somewhat cautiously. “That isn’t important at the moment. I was forced to use the resurrection pool and heard my daughter also had to use it earlier. I have a feeling you might be able to elaborate on the situation.” Iragul asked accusatorially. The head chef knew the woman in front of him could easily kill him and keep the pool from bringing him back, but he also knew she liked having people who could keep secrets. This very trait is what got him such a lofty position, granting him additional, but not total security. “A small accident happened earlier and she was forced to use the resurrection pool, I hope that isn’t causing you any problems.” The chef said, as calm as he reasonably could be. Iragul glared at him, fully aware she wasn’t getting the full story. “What about her body?” She responded coldly. The chef grew a little tense and replied “Why does it matter? She was brought back almost instantaneously.” When the response he received was just another cold stare, he took a breath and said “We opted to see if she was anything like you and put the extra body in the oven to slow-roast overnight. She is currently asleep.” Iragul took a deep breath and stormed out of the room. She didn’t want to blow up at him, he may be necessary for that idea she had earlier and if he was telling the truth, this was a spur of the moment thing after an accident. She was going to have to discuss this with her daughter in the morning, on top of a bunch of work for the rest of the day before she headed off with the supply train. Despite being a violent and terrifying woman and her daughter, Luxudia, being in her late twenties, Iragul was always protective of her and the fear her daughter had been putting up with the same bullshit she had to deal with on a regular basis worried the evil empress greatly. Iragul stopped an errand girl and told her to restock spare clothes in the resurrection pool room before heading to bed.

 The following morning, princess Luxudia was woken up early by a servant “My lady, your mother has returned suddenly. She was in quite the mood last night, so if we could avoid upsetting her-” he was cut off by the princess “I’ve seen enough of my mother’s tantrums to know how she gets.” She said, groggily. She rubbed her eyes and got changed in front of the servant, seeming to ignore his existence. After a few casual minutes for the princess and a few tense minutes for the servant, fearing what Iragul would do if she saw this, he continued “Please don’t mention any other times this has happened.” The princess, now in a splendid black and gold dress, rolled her eyes. She knew damn well her mother would blow a gasket if she learned her precious daughter had acquired a taste for what has caused her so much stress.

At the dining table, Luxudia sat at her usual spot, awaiting her meal. When her old body was brought out, wonderfully seasoned and golden brown, she began to salivate. It was then that the doors swung open and Iragul herself entered the dining hall, wearing a dazzling black and red armored dress of her own. The servants, who had just placed her daughter’s body on the table, went dead silent, save one who blurted out “YOUR HIGHNESS! We… we thought you’d… like a chance to sleep in! Given you were sent home at midnight after a long day of glorious battle.” Iragul stared at him before dryly saying “I could barely sleep at all last night.” The empress sat at the head of the table before noticing the centerpiece of the meal. She looked about ready to explode, even her daughter tensed up, before she took a deep breath and calmed down somewhat. “It’s too early to get this angry, remember what the doctor said.” She whispered to herself before grabbing some pastries. Some time into the early meal, the doors swung open again, drawing the attention of all present. This new guest wore the type of clothing imperial soldiers wore under their armor. She made her way to the head of the table before taking a seat near Iragul. The empress, looking more frustrated, promptly asked “So, I see they got you too. Typical.” The woman, Iragul’s best soldier and head of her most devastating legion, grabbed a large slice of meat before nodding, seemingly unphased by the fact that she had been run through with a spear and cooked alive not half an hour ago. “Eh, I needed to talk to some officials here anyway. This is some good meat, what kind is it?” She asked before noticing Luxudia’s body on a plate was the source of her meal and promptly looked away from her empress. Most who were sat near the empress looked away as well, hoping this didn’t push her over the edge. However, nobody noticed that when everyone was distracted by the new breakfast guest, Iragul had snuck herself a slice of Luxudia… Almost nobody. The princess herself saw it in her peripheral vision and opted to say nothing for the time being.

 At the end of the meal, Iragul and her champion got up to look at some documents before they headed back for the front lines. Normally, one might ask if they wish to stay and take a break, but nobody wanted the risks of having empress Iragul around and her champion, Inviluce, was an old friend of the empress and would ask the terrifying woman if she also wanted to stay for a time. Luxudia sat in her bed. Even if she had never been on the receiving end of her mother’s temper, she knew better than to get in her way, plus, she would be out of the capital by day’s end and she can get back to doing what she normally does. She figured she could just sit in her room all day and wait for her mother’s departure. She then heard a knock at her door followed by her mother entering.