DIPLO MACY SUCKS







RED FIRE DOG + JACK OF BULLETS


Carol looked quizzically at the notes on her clipboard as she followed Chuck to the helipad. “I’m sorry, is this a joke?” she asked her co-worker Chuck. “I’ve worked as a diplomat my entire career, and I’ve never heard of this place! The kingdom of… Elvendale? Is this some kind of elaborate prank?’”
Chuck scoffed. “Last week I would have agreed with you, but trust me on this one. It’s a real place. A small forest kingdom in Eastern Europe.”
“Then how did I not even know they existed until just now? I’ve spent my entire career with this agency!”
“They’re a very reclusive people. Until a few weeks ago, our intelligence wasn’t even sure it existed, but last week their princess made contact with us!”


“So why is the UN wasting our time dealing with some tiny third-world country in the middle of nowhere?”
“but they punch about their weight. Judging by recent excursions into some neighboring countries, they have a surprisingly strong military force for such a small country. We think they have some really advanced military tech. Could make them dangerous to our allies in the Balkans. Elvendale is sending their princess to broker some kind of deal to avoid bloodshed.”



"What kind of deal?" Carol asked.

"I have no idea," Chuck admitted. "They said they'd tell us when they got here."

Carol shook her head. "Well, I'll do what I can to roll out the welcome mat, I just wish we knew a little more about this princess… Na'die? However the hell you pronounce that. No age, no photo, no nothing. The dossier on the princess is practically blank, and half of it doesn't make any sense. It says her height is 90 inches? That's over seven feet tall!"

Chuck laughed. "Actually, that might not be as far-fetched as you think. Apparently they have pointy ears, just like elves out of a storybook. There's very little we know for sure about Elvendale, but I should tell you, there are some interesting rumors about the place... They say that the women there are amazons. Supposedly they're very tall, extremely strong, and have incredible… prowess..."

Carol laughed. "Seriously? I think you've been spending too much time with your adventure novels, Chuck."



"Well, I guess we'll find out soon enough," Chuck said. He turned towards the approaching helicopter, and Carol soon followed.

"Do we have any entertainment ready?" Carol asked. "I've dealt with royal brats before, they're a far cry from normal diplomats. If you let them get bored, they act like overgrown children."

"Unfortunately, this was short notice for me too," Chuck said. "We'll have to improvise…"


The helicopter approached for the landing, which was anything but smooth. The helicopter veered wildly to one side, and then the other, as if a heavy, shifting weight was throwing it off-balance.

Eventually, though, the helicopter righted itself, and it lowered down for a landing. Carol and Chuck tried to catch a glimpse of the princess, but it was impossible to make anything out through the helicopter's darkened windows.




When the rotors stopped spinning, Carol and Chuck made their way to the helicopter.
"Well, here goes," Carol said with a nervous laugh. "I guess she can't be any worse than those twin Princes from Saudi Arabia..."


A woman's voice emerged from inside of the helicopter's passenger compartment. "Get me out of this stupid little machine!!" she yelled.

"I'm sorry," Chuck said, and he hurried over to the helicopter. He fumbled around with the passenger compartment door, frantically trying to get it open. As he fumbled with the door, Carol tried to get a look at the princess, but she could only make out a silhouette. Still, the sheer size of her was astounding.



When the door finally opened, Carol was shocked to see the princess. She filled up the entire passenger compartment on her own. There was no doubt that she was higher than seven feet tall, like the dossier claimed, and just like Chuck had said, her ears were pointed upward like an elf's.

"Finally!" The elf woman shouted. "I can't believe you expect me to travel in such a tiny flying machine! I requested a dirigible of the largest size, and this is what you give me?" To Chuck's surprise, she spoke with an accent that was rather coarse, and bore a faint resemblance to a Russian accent.

"I'm so sorry," Chuck said. "It was all we could get on such short notice--"


“No excuses! This sucks!” Carol said with a scowl. She bent down and stuck her legs out the side of the helicopter. Every time she shifted her weight around, her size slowly became more apparent.


Finally, the princess stood up, and her full size became apparent. She was even taller than she'd appeared before, stretching up nearly fifteen feet into the air, but her incredible curves were even more eye-catching. Her lewd latex skirt left little to the imagination. Her breasts were practically popping out of her top, and her hips barely fit in her incredible short skirt.
Na'die put her hands on her hips and stared down Chuck defiantly. "You are the one they sent me?" She asked.
Chuck did his best to remain composed, intimidated as he was by the Princess's enormous size. "Yes, Na'die," Chuck said.
"You are too old and fat! And you butcher my name with your fat clumsy tongue. Better you call me Nadia. It's as close as you humans can say without sounding like morons."



Chuck ignored the insult and did his best to assuage the upset giantess. “Of course, Nadia.”

“Better. I take it you are some kind of human royalty, yes? Are you the king and queen of this country?”

“Umm, no,” Chuck said, “me and my associates are just diplomats.”

Nadia was incensed. “Diplomats? So you are commoners? They sent commoners to deal with me? That explains your peasant clothes. You are unworthy to call me by my name. You may call me Princess instead!”

“Yes, Princess.” Chuck said with a sigh. “I’m sorry that I’m too ‘ugly and fat’ for you. Let me know what we can do to make it up to you!” He pleaded. “We want you to be happy! Anything you want, we can get!”


"I want the most beautiful women and men you have to use for my pleasure, and I want them right away! And not some common prostitute, either! So far I've been very polite, but if I don't get some satisfaction I might get moody, and I don't think you want to see me in a bad mood!"
"Okay, Princess," Carol said awkwardly, "no promises on that one, but I'll see what I can do! But perhaps we could plan on scheduling that after negotiations?"

Nadia was incensed. “Do not condescend to me, peasant!” The enormous elf woman shouted. “I want to be pleasured as soon as possible, and not by the likes of you two! Do you realize that I didn’t even have a single sex slave to pleasure me that entire trip?! Twelve hours, it took! I had to pleasure myself, with my own fingers, like a pathetic commoner, and now my hands smell of my own womanhood! Can you smell that?” She stuck her fingers in Carol’s face to make sure the diplomat understood the full extent of her indignity.

“Umm, Yes, I can,” Carol said nervously. The smell was musky yet strangely sweet.

Nadia flicked Carol’s nose with her finger. “Is this how you humans treat your honored guests, by not even offering them a single sex slave? Can you imagine what that’s like for someone like me to be subjected to such tortures, you pathetic human commoner? I ought to stomp both of your ugly faces in just for that!”

Given the elf’s size, and her mean-looking heels, Carol couldn’t help but wonder if that was a serious threat. “I’m so, so sorry,” Carol pleaded, “and I hope you can forgive me. I promise I meant no offense! I’ll have my secretary bring in some associates for… what kind of ‘pleasure’ did you have in mind?”

“All kinds!” Nadia shouted. “And soon!”





Daniels waited in the lobby. He worked for Delco Solutions, the best and most expensive security contractors out there. He was used to dealing with important VIP's in high-pressure situations. From everything he'd heard, he thought this was going to be an easy gig; a glorified babysitting job for some foreign royalty. He didn't understand why they brought in so many guards for such an easy job, but he wasn't about to turn down some easy money.


EXIT
The elevator door opened, and he radioed in to his fellow guards. “VIP is coming in, make sure the perimeter is secured.”


EXIT
As the elevator door opened, he got a better look at the VIP, and he couldn't believe what he was seeing. The princess... she looked at least ten feet tall! And she was dressed like an expensive prostitute.



As she ducked down and crawled out of the elevator, he realized she was even bigger than he originally thought. She positively towered over the diplomats who were walking besides her. Daniels did his best to maintain his composure, but he was both scared and aroused…



As she crouched under the door frame, she looked at Daniels, and a subtle smirk crossed her lips. “Hmm, this one is not so bad,” Nadia said. “He may do in a pinch.”

Daniels didn’t understand what she meant, but Carol did. “He’s here for security, your highness. Not… entertainment. Although I suppose the contract did say ‘other duties as required…”



"Then I may have use for you later, boy," Nadia said. "For… other duties, like the old woman said."

Daniels couldn't believe what he was hearing. "What does she mean by that?" he asked.

"Nothing," Chuck said. "Just do your job, we'll let you know if anything changes…"


Nadia looked over the hallway, and was disappointed by what she saw. “This room is much too small for a meeting,” she said. “I can hardly fit!”
“Actually, Princess,” Chuck said, “this is just the hallway. The conference room is around the corner. We’d like to take you in there… if it’s okay with you, of course. We have some very important people from our government waiting in there...”



Back in the conference room, Major Johnson fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair as his rage slowly boiled over. “I don’t care what you say, I’m not going to kiss up to some pointy-eared bitch from bumfuck nowhere! I don’t care if she’s princess or God-Empress, we have the greatest military in the world! Why are we even negotiating with these second-stringers?”

“Please,” the man in the red and black suit said, “just swallow your pride for a few minutes, okay? I don’t have time for a full debrief, but we have good intel showing that these ‘pointy-ears’ punch above their weight when it comes to warfare. Better to have them as an ally than an enemy, right?”

“Goddamnit,,” Johnson muttered, “I guess if that’s what the top brass wants, it’s what the top brass wants. I’ll do my best to make peace with this princess… Nah Die?”

The man in the red suit smiled. “If this meeting goes well, it could be a tremendous opportunity. Not just for our allies, or even for America, but for all mankind. The others don’t know this, but if the negotiations with Princess Na’Die goes poorly, we could be facing an invasion.”


“An invasion?” Johnson asked. “What do you mean, ‘an invasion?’”
“That’s all I can say. Nad’ie and her people aren’t anything to mess with, but I’m afraid I can’t go into more details on the subject. The specifics are above your clearance level.”
“Above my clearance level?!” Johnson sputtered. “But I have top secret clearance! Who even are you? You still haven’t told me your name!”
“I’m afraid that may as well be above your clearance level too, Johnson,” the man in the red and black suit said. “Suffice to say, I represent some very powerful people. But we have more pressing issues to worry about. Our guest has arrived…”
Nadie, who was practically stomping her way down the hallway, scowled when she saw the two men in the conference room. “These ones are old and ugly too!” Nadia shouted. “I do not like them!”


Johnson hopped to his feet. “What? She’s huge!”
“Like I was saying,” the man in the red and black suit said, “these elves are dangerous. Now keep your anger under control, or this could go very badly. It sounds like this Princess has a temper, and we can’t afford to have two hotheads in this meeting.”
“Well that’s too bad,” Johnson said, “because I’m hopping mad!”


Nadia wasn't in a great mood herself. "You call that a door?" The princess bickered. "Why must you humans make everything so small?"
Chuck did his best to assuage the giantess. "We're sorry, we didn't know you'd be so big!"
"Idiots!" Nadia bickered. "I'm not big, you're just small!"
Nadia stopped and motioned towards the door with her hand. "Well? First you make me pleasure my own pussy, and now you expect me to open my own door, like some kind of peasant?"


"Of course not!" Chuck said, "I'll get it for you!" He ran over and opened the door as fast as he could.


After opening the door, Chuck glanced up at Nadia, only to see her angrily staring back at him. “I do not like you, fat man,” the princess said. “You are too ugly. I think your face would look better if I ground it to a paste with the bottom of my heel… And I wonder the same thing about your entire stupid country!”
“Well I’m sorry you feel that way,” Chuck said diplomatically, “but I hope we can settle our differences during our negotiations.”


With that, Nadia crawled under the door frame. “Hello, peasants,” Nadia said.
“Hello, *Princess*,” Johnson replied, practically spitting his words.


“Princess, it’s an honor,” the man in the red and black suit said. “Please, take a seat… I’m afraid we didn’t know how tall you would be. If the chairs are too small, feel free to sit on the floor…”


“Ha!” Nadia scoffed. “I bet you commoners would like that, seeing a princess sit on the floor like a filthy peasant. I am quite petite, I assure you I can fit in your tiny chair! Now peasant, grab the chair and put it behind me! I have important matters to discuss...”


While Chuck rushed over to help the princess with her chair, Nadia assumed a dominant posture, and delivered a carefully rehearsed monologue. “Us elves have been a reclusive people,” Nadia said. “We were content to remain in our tiny corner of the world, even as humans expanded. We stood by silently when you poisoned our air, and destroyed the forests from which we draw our power. Now, we are poised to get our revenge. Your pathetic human militaries stands no chance against the power of our magic!”


Chuck nervously motioned towards the chair. “Oh, umm, not to interrupt, but your seat is ready,”
“Fool! You ruin my monologue!’ Nadia shouted. “Oh well. I will sit down in your tiny chair...”


As she sat down, though, Chuck heard the sound of the chair straining. It was made with reinforced steel, but the chair still strained under Nadia's considerable weight.
"Umm, your highness," Chuck said nervously, "maybe sitting in that chair isn't the best idea..."
"Nonsense," Nadia said, "my body is petite! We elves only crush what we mean to. Like your pathetic military, which we will ground under my heel!"


Johnson had heard enough. “Now you wait just one minute, Princess Na-whatever,” he said, “you don’t know the first thing about what the U.S. military can do! You might be the biggest bitch in your little forest, but one shot from one of my snipers could end you from five miles away, and you’d never even know what hit you!”


Nadia was taken aback. “You… you dare to threaten me?! How dare you! How dare you! A mere human commoner, and you speak to me like I’m below you…”


“You’re goddamn right I’m talking down to you!” Johnson continued.
The man in the red suit raised his hand. “Johnson, stop!” he said. “Remember, not only is this negotiation important, but she has diplomatic immunity. The last thing you want to do is upset her!”
“Why?” he asked. “You don’t think I can hold my own against some oversized slut?”


"Shut up!" The man in the red suit yelled. "Johnson, stop this!"
Johnson shot up and pointed a finger at Nadia. "No one disrespects the American military in front of me!" Johnson shouted. "No one!"
Nadia didn't know how to respond. "You are very rude, green man. My royal executioners have ended people for less..."


“Well you don’t have your ‘royal executioners’ here, do you?” Johnson said. “You’re not so big without your servants, are you?”
“These heels are my royal executioners!” Nadia exclaimed. “It’s ended the lives of those far superior to you. Dying by them is a better end than you deserve, so count yourself lucky!”
“So what are you going to do, step on me?” Johnson said. “I’ll have you know I was in the US marines, first class. And if there’s one thing we marines can do, it’s-- argh!”


Before Johnson could get another word in, Nadia back-handed him across the face. The blow was hard enough to send him flying back.
"Stupid man. Can you not see I am bigger than you?" Nadia asked. "And us elves are very strong for our size, not like you flabby wealkings…"


Nadia watched as Johnson fell crumpled painfully onto the floor. “You are very rude, green man,” Nadia said with a scowl. “All you people are rude. And yet I try to remain friendly and polite, even as you insult me with your terrible hospitality. And why? Because I wanted to try and make peace between our people…”


Nadia stood up, and stared down at Johnson as she continued her speech. “But what do you give me as thanks? This rude, ugly green idiot!”


While Johnson struggled to get up, Nadia walked towards him. “He thinks he is stronger than me, just like he thinks his pathetic military is stronger than ours!”
“I’m sorry,” Johnson said with a groan. “I didn’t mean--”


Once again, Nadia interrupted him. “You want to see what strength looks like, peasant?” Nadia asked. “I will show you!” Nadia raised her foot above Johnson’s face, and prepared to stomp down.
Suddenly, Johnson’s pride was overcome by his fear. “Wait! Stop!” he pleaded. “I’m sorry, I take back what I said before!”


“Too late!” Nadia said, and she slammed her heel down onto Johnson’s chest. The blow hit Johnson right in the solar plexus, which cracked from the blow. Johnson let out a cry of pain and spat up blood.


Once again Nadia raised her heel above the Major's chest. "This is what happens when you do not respect your superiors!" Nadia shouted. "You will be crushed under my heel!"


Johnson braced for more pain, but to his surprise the princess placed her foot lightly on his chest. The pain came a moment later, when she ground her heel into her stomach.


“Do you see how weak you are now?” Nadia asked. “Even when I am at such a small size, you are no match for my heels!”


“At such a small size?” Johnson wondered out loud what she meant by that, but he had more pressing things to worry about. He realized he was vastly outmatched by the princess, who seemed fully intent on ending him. Concerns about propriety had passed; he was scared, and he was going to do whatever it took to save his life.
“I’m sorry! Please, I’m begging you, don’t hurt me!” Johnson begged. “Let me go, I’ll do anything!”
“Anything?” Nadia asked.


"Yes!" Johnson said, "anything, princess! Just let me live!"
Nadia's heel descended slowly towards Johnson's face. He tried to push back against it with his hand. At first it seemed to be working, but he quickly realized she was just toying with him, and his own strength was quickly outmatched.


Her heel slammed into his face again, instantly breaking his nose. The blow of the impact made his mind fuzzy, but he was still clinging to consciousness.


“So weak,” Nadia continued. “See what I mean? Your head is like my little plaything!” With her heel, Nadia twisted Johnson’s face from side to side. As painful as it was, Johnson knew better than to try and fight it.


As she twisted his head back and forth, Johnson found the strength draining out from his body. Even raising his hand in the air took more energy than he had. Finally, he fell unconscious.


Nadia lifted her heel up to look at the man’s face. Bloodied and unconscious, he wasn’t much to look at.


“Pathetic,” Nadia remarked. “Now all of you, look what happens when you forget your place!”
The man in the red and black suit begged Nadia to stop, but she ignored his pleas. She was going to see it through.


Finally, Nadia stomped down with all her strength. Johnson's skull shattered instantly, sending a torrent of brain and blood tissue that splattered across the floor.


Nadia stared down hatefully at Johnson's remains. "Not so tough now, are you, green man?" She asked, her eyes burning like embers. "See, people? This is what will happen to all of you, if you do not meet our terms!"


Nadia turned back towards the diplomats. “So,” she asked them pointedly, “do any of you have any problems with what I just did?”


The diplomats stared at her with varying degrees of horror. At first they were silent, so Nadia asked again. “Well?”
“No, Princess,” the man in the red and black suit said. “He dishonored you with his words. You were entirely within your rights.”
“Good,” Nadia said.


Nadia put her foot up on the table. Her heel was remarkably clean, especially considering the mess she'd just made, but she realized with disgust that a few small drops of blood had splattered on her toes.
"Eww," Nadia said, "I got blood on me! One of you commoners, clean it off!"
"Of course," The man in the red coat said, "I can get a sanitation worker to remove the body and wipe your feet down. Now if we could discuss the terms you mentioned…"


“No!” Nadia said. “This comes first! And I will not have my foot ‘wiped down’ by some toilet-cleaning slave, nor do want some filty rag to touch my feet. I want one of you higher commoners to do it in the traditional elvish way: with your tongue!”
“Oh, okay,” the man in the red and black suit said awkwardly. “If that’s what you want, I’m happy to do that…”
Nadia burst into laughter. “How do you humans say it… ‘Umm, pass?” I am very good, thank you. No offense, but you are far too ugly to clean my toes. No, the other woman was the least ugly of you… where was she, the old bag...”


Nadia turned and pointed towards Carol, who was standing in the hallway. “Yes, she’ll do well enough… Come over here, commoner! Yeah, you! Old lady!”
“Oh, umm, alright,” Carol said awkwardly, “I’m on my way!” She reluctantly made her way over to the conference room.


Nadia leaned back in her chair and made a come hither motion with her finger. “Come, come!” she said impatiently. Don’t take all day!”
As Carol walked through the door, she couldn’t help but glance over the body of the man Nadia had just turned into a bloody mess. She looked back at Nadia, and tried her best to hide her disgust, but her scrunched-up face betrayed her emotions. “You wanted something?” Carol asked.
“Yes, you old hag of a peasant,” Nadia said, “I want you to lick my feet!”
“You want me to do what?!” Carol exclaimed. “After you just killed someone with those same heels?”


The man in the red and black suit glanced uncomfortably at the heels, and then back at Carol. “Carol, please don’t dishonor our guest! You know how important this is. And you saw what happened to the Major...”


"Yes, I'm well aware!" Carol rubutted, "and that's why I'd rather not lick what's left of him off her shoes!"
Once again, Nadia laughed. "Don't worry, commoner, you do not need to lick the bottoms of my heels. They do not need cleaning. They are enchanted with a magical ward that makes it impossible for dirt or blood to stick. I think you humans have a word for it… how do you say, Teif'alun?"



"It's pronounced Teflon," Carol corrected as she approached Nadia's feet, "but I'm guessing whatever you use use is a little bit different." The drops of blood on Nadia's toes were so small as to be scarcely visible, but the idea of it still disgusted Carol greatly. Still, she knew she needed to do her duty. She turned towards Nadia, trying and failing to hide her displeasure. "So, Carol asked, "how do you want me to do this?"

"Are you stupid, old woman?" Nadia asked. "Do you need a guide on how to use your own tongue? Stick it out and lick my toes! This is not difficult. If Slo'vie the dim-witted slave girl could do the job, I am sure you can manage. Now get to it! Less talking, more licking!"

"If you insist," Carol said..

"No sassback!" Nadia exclaimed. "If I give an order, you say, 'Yes Princess!"


“Yes, Princess,” Carol said, and she leaned in closer to Nadia’s feet. As Carol neared the woman’s toes, she could smell the sweat that permeated the air, as well as a fainter scent of blood. Still, she knew what could happen if she upset the princess, so she wasted no time licking the Princess’s sweaty toes.


“Lick my big toe!” Nadia ordered. “Clean off my toenail!”
“Yes, Princess,” Carol said. She glided her tongue upward along the toenail, licking off a drop of blood before following the side of the toe.


“Not bad!” Nadia said excitedly. “You might make a decent slave, if only you were not so old. Now give it a kiss!”


"Yes, Princess," Carol said. She planted a kiss on Nadia's toe.


“Very good,” Nadia said, I think it’s all clean now.”
Carol pulled back and let out a sigh of relief. “May I go now?”
Nadia laughed mischievously. “I think not,” she said. The curvaceous elf spread moved her leg to the left, revealing her glistening wet pussy. “A good post-stomping foot cleaning always turns me on. You are quite good with your tongue for a human, and I have something else that could use some licking…”


“Better than licking your toes, I guess,” Carol said with a scowl.
Nadia was incensed. “Do not talk back to your betters. What do you say to me?”
“Yes, Princess,” Carol said.
“There you go!” Nadia said. “See, you can say the words. Maybe you are not so simple after all!” With that, Nadia reached out towards Carol’s chest.


Nadia tightly gripped the fabric of Carol's shirt and cardigan. The diplomat was taken aback. "What the hell are you-, uh, sorry, I mean, I was wondering if you could tell me what you're doing, Princess."
"Not that I need to explain anything to a commoner like you," Nadia said, "but I like my cuntslaves nude!"
"Your what?"


Nadia didn’t answer. Instead, she pulled her hand up and ripped Carol’s clothing off in a single motion, tossing them behind her carelessly.
“Oh my God!” Carol exclaimed.
“You do not need to call me God,” Nadia said. “Princess will do just fine. Now get to the pussy eating!”



"Yes, Princess," Carol said, and she stood there passively as Nadia placed a hand on her head and lightly pressed downward. But the man in the red and black suit felt uncomfortable with the situation.

"Carol," he said, "thank you for showing the Princess such great hospitality, but I wanted to double-check that you were up for this… particular assignment."

"I'm up for whatever she wants," Carol said. "I know this line of work entails a lot of things. It's like I told the security guard earlier: the job applications always say 'other duties as required.' Well, I guess this is one of those other duties…"

"Yes it is," Nadia said. "Now get down there!" She pressed down on Carol's head more forcefully. Carol understood the message, and got down on her knees.



With Carol kneeling obediently in front of her, Nadia put her hands behind her head and stared down hungrily at the petite raven-haired woman. “You are not so bad looking, you know,” Nadia said. “Not for an old woman, anyway.”

“Why do you keep calling me old?” Carol muttered to herself.” I’m only thirty five...”

“Good slaves don’t talk back,” Nadia said. “You would not make good slave. But it is nice of you to wear your pretty red underwear for me. Not as revealing as what my cuntslaves wear, but it’s cute anyhow. I’ll let you keep it on. Now get in there...”

“Yes Princess,” Carol said. “Here goes,” she muttered to herself, “Haven’t done this since college...”


Carol leaned in, and parted Nadia's pussly lips with her delicate hands. The smell of Nadia's womanly musk was strong, but it was unlike that of a human woman. Somehow it smelled sweeter. As she drew closer, the smell grew stronger, until it was overpowering.


Carol hesitated for a moment, as she prepared to lick the much larger elf woman's labia. It was wet and glistening, and it smelled so strongly and strangely… But as she lingered around it, the smell became almost intoxicating. Finally, her tongue lapped against Nadia's clitoris. As Carol licked away, she felt a strange tingling sensation as the elf-woman's juices welled into her mouth.


While Carol dutifully licked circles around Nadia's labia, the elf woman reclined in her chair. Finally, her anger melted away and she felt relaxed. "Now this is negotiating," Nadia said with a deep sigh. "You understand elvish hospitality now, yes?"


“Umm, yes,” the man in the red and black suit said. He tried to act as professionally as he could given the circumstances, and he hoped Nadia wouldn’t notice he was blushing, not to mention his erection.
Daniels was less happy about the situation. “Are you seriously just sitting by and watching this?” He shouted at the man in the red and black suit. “She killed an army Major in front of us, and you’re going to just let her go on like this? This isn’t normal!”
“Quiet,” the man in the red and black suit said. “We have more important matters to discuss. Now, Princess, if you would like to discuss those terms you mentioned earlier…”


“Sheesh, just a minute!” Nadia said. “I want to relax a bit first, you know? You humans are all business-business-business. But there is no point in business, if you cannot have pleasure…”


Nadia reached into her cleavage, and pulled out a shiny black object, with roughly the same dimensions as a pack of cards.
“What is that, some kind of elvish communicator?” The man in the red and black suit asked.
“No,” Nadia said, “the magic communicators are such a pain to use, This is, how you say, an ‘eyed phone?” It works with the wif-ee. Much easier… and I can check the Twitters…”


While Carol continued to eat her out, Nadia casually scrolled through her phone. But her casual attitude just made Daniels even more incensed. “I need to call the police! She just murdered someone in broad daylight! We’re all witnesses!”
“Quiet, quiet,” the man in the red and black suit said to him. “She has diplomatic immunity, and there are far larger forces at play here! One death doesn’t even factor in when we’re talking about a potential war brewing. You’re paid to do what I tell you, so please try to act like it…”
“I don’t care!” Daniels shouted. “This isn’t okay! I’m not just going to stand here and do nothing!”


“Will you shut up?” Nadia said. “Either be quiet, or else I will kill you. And I will not do it in a way as painless and dignified as that last rude man. And you, old woman… you give head like a virgin! And not in a good way!”


“I’m sorry, Princess,” Carol said, “I can try again…”
“No, I think I’ve had enough of that for one day, thank you.”
The insult hit Carol off guard. She didn’t know why, but was genuinely hurt by Nadia’s words. “I’m sorry, Princess, I’m sorry!”
“Stop flailing your tongue about,” Nadia said. “Whether you’re talking or licking pussy, you’re bad at it. In my country, the price for giving a princess bad head is execution by slow crush. But I almost feel sorry for you, so I’ll compromise. If you put your head on the ground, I can make it quick…”
“Princess, wait!” The man in the red and black suit shouted. “You can execute her later, but the entertainment you requested just arrived.”
“Eh, fine,” Nadia said with a sigh. “I’ll let you live, old woman. You’re too boring to kill anyway. Just get out of my sight.”


Nadia crawled out through the door. Her hips barely fit through the narrow entrance, giving her a moment to reflect on the experience that had shaken her. “That old lady, her tongue moved like a little worm… Does she not practice on the training dolls like the slave girls do?”


Nadia breathed a sigh of relief as she crawled out of the hallway. She realized with horror that one of her breasts had fallen out, and she quickly put it back in her skirt. “Thank god no one saw,” Nadia muttered to herself. “It would be embarrassing for one of my noble birth to be dressed immodestly. I would certainly have to execute any witnesses…”

Tracey stopped dead in her tracks. “Oh, hey there! Don’t worry, I didn’t see anything. I’m sorry if this is bad timing, but I’m looking for someone. See, I had some entertainment lined up for an Elf Princess, but I can’t seem to find anyone that fits that description…”


The sarcasm was lost on Nadia, who proudly strode up to Tracey and put her hands on her hips. “I am that elf princess!” Nadia said triumphantly. “Now show me to your sex slaves!”


Tracey walked Nadia down the hallway to the hotel room where important diplomats stayed“So, Princess,” Tracey said, “I don’t want to be a downer, but we don’t actually have sex slaves in this country,” Tracey said.
“Really?” Nadia asked. “None at all?”



“Well, some, I guess,” Tracey admitted. “But that’s very illegal! So we did the best with what we could. We have a few options ready, but what exactly did you have in mind?”

Nadia got a devilish expression in her eyes. “Since I’m in a foreign land, far away from the judgemental bitches in the Elven court… I wanted to try something most unconventional. The ultimate taboo for Elven royalty. If you have someone who would be up for such debauchery...”

“Oh?” Tracey asked, not sure what would constitute debauchery for a woman who just told a woman to lick her pussy minutes after stomping a man’s head in. She was about to ask what the taboo was, but before she could, she ran into two agents who were working security.



"These two are the Brits," Tracey said, "they're on loan from MI-6. Some of the best agents humanity has to offer, and they're here just to stand guard outside the room. Don't worry, they're very discreet!"

Nadia eyed the guards suspiciously. "I am not so sure," Nadia said, "how do you know I can trust these foreign strangers?"

"My name is Walter," the guard with the hair said. "Don't mind us, you won't even know we're here.."

But Nadia was still unhappy with them. "You are not ready to serve! I want both of you shaved, now!"

"'Shaved?'" The bald guard repeated. "But I'm already--"

"Do what the Princess said!" Tracey shouted at him.

"Of course," the guard with the hair said, "I'll shave right away!"


"So, this is the room!" Tracey said to the princess. "It's probably not much by the standards of a Princess, but it's the biggest and best room we have here."
"It's much too small," Nadia said with a sigh, "but I'm getting used to that." Nadia crawled through the narrow doorway, resigned to her fate.



Nadia squeezed through the doorway, and craned her head down to fit it under the low ceilings. While she was busy cursing to herself, Tracey was preoccupied with something Nadia had mentioned minutes earlier.

“So,” Tracey said, “You mentioned some ‘ultimate taboo.’ If you don’t mind me asking, since I need to make sure you get what you’re looking for… “What would that ultimate taboo be?”

“I hesitate to even say it. It’s quite scandalous in my country,” Nadia said, “but… I would like to try sucking off one of your common human men with my mouth. Do you have any men who would be into such an act?”

“Ooh, Tracey said with a smirk, “is that so? Yeah, I might be able to find a man who would be into that. I have two in mind, actually...”


Nadia plopped onto the bed and cocked her head playfully. “Of course,” she said with a raised eyebrow, “If I suspect they might tell others about it, or if they displeased me somehow, I would kill them immediately afterwards. And I’ve been told that I am very difficult to please...”
“Oh, okay,” Tracey said nervously. “Well in that case, I have the perfect person in mind!”


“Hey Walter!” Tracey yelled.
“Yeah?” A British-accented voice replied from the hallway. “Hey lovely, what do you need?” The guard walked in, a broad-shouldered bald guard with a confident demeanor. “Is everything okay with our tall Princess?”
“Yes, Walter, everything’s fine. We just need your help with something...”
“Oh yeah?” Walter asked, “and what’s that?”


“How to say this… She wants to give you a blowjob.”
Walter was so shocked he nearly dropped his gun. “She wants to do what? Is this some kind of a joke?”
“No joke,” Nadia said with a smirk. “Come over here, commoner. I want to suck your cock.”
Walter couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “This has to be against the rules, right?”
“Not if your boss tells you to do it,” Tracey said. “And I am.”
“Well I’m usually not one to look a gift horse in the mouth,” Walter said. “Maybe that’s a poor choice of words in this situation… but are you sure there’s not some kind of catch?”
“No, none at all!” Tracey said. “Now get to it, we’re on a tight schedule!”


"You two have fun!" Tracey said, and she hurried out of the room.
"Well alright," Walter said with a chuckle. "When they said I was working security for diplomats, I thought I might have to use this gun, not my other one. But here we are..."
"You talk too much, bald man," Nadia said. "Take off your clothes now..."

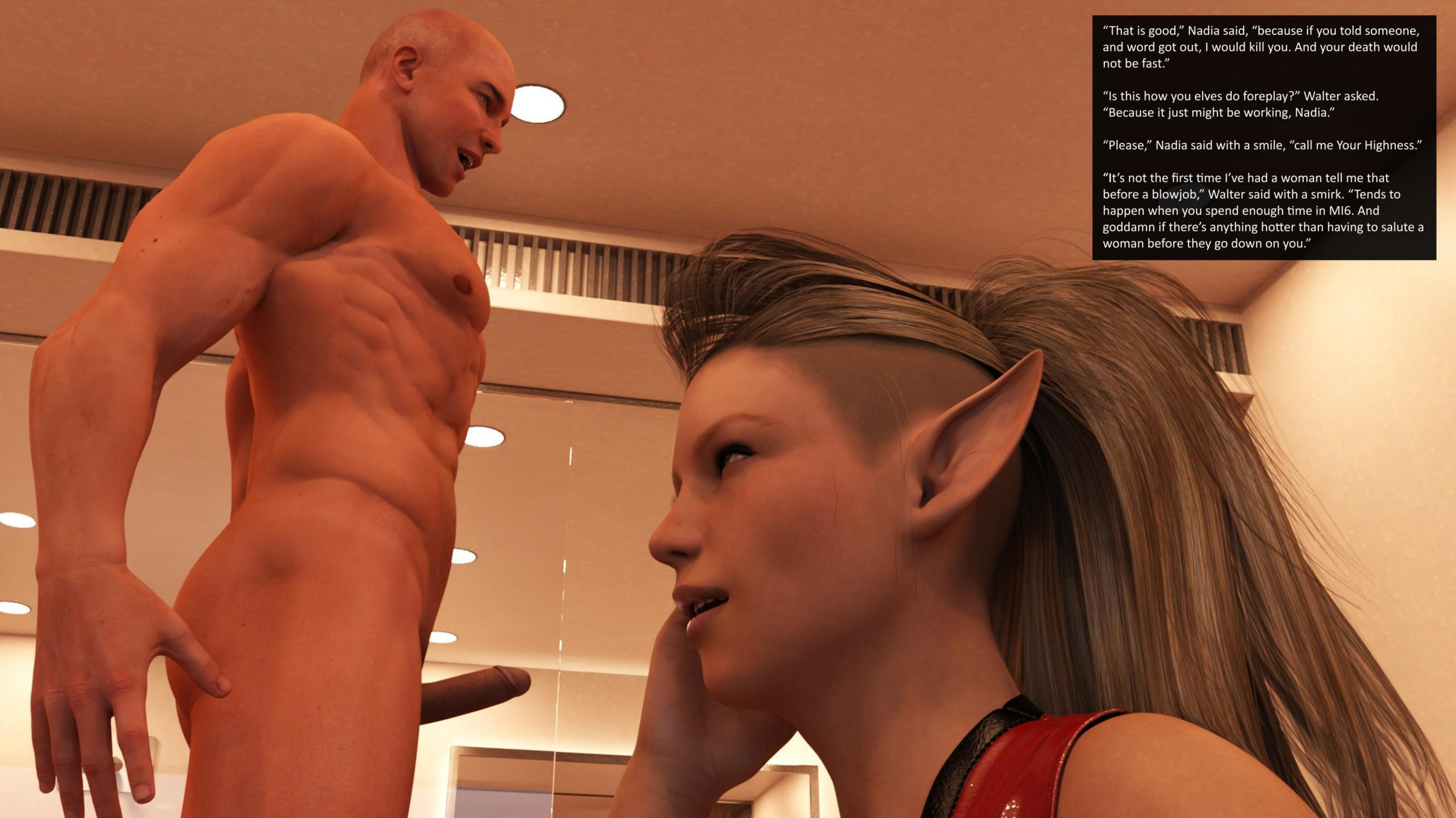

Nadia watched eagerly as Walter undressed. “You are in excellent shape for a human,” Nadia said with a smile. “But you shaved your head! That... was not what I had in mind when I told you to shave.”
“I’m sorry, Princess,” Walter apologized, “I wasn’t sure what you meant...”
“It’s funny,” Nadia said with a laugh, “Elvish men are the opposite. Long hair on their head, and none on their pubis... But it is okay. You are handsome.”



"Yeah, well you're not so bad to look at yourself, Princess," Walter replied. He planted his foot on the foot of the bed. "So how do you want to do this? I figured I'd let you lead the way, don't want to cause an international incident or anything…"

Nadia was giddy with excitement. "I'm a little nervous," the princess said. "This is the ultimate taboo for someone like me. We are a matriarchal society… Giving mouth-pleasure to anyone, even an elf prince, is seen as rather embarrassing… It would be far worse if I gave it to a low-born human manI Can you imagine the scandal if word ever got back home?"

Walter chuckled. "Well, don't worry Princess. Discretion is the name of the game…."



"That is good," Nadia said, "because if you told someone, and word got out, I would kill you. And your death would not be fast."

"Is this how you elves do foreplay?" Walter asked. "Because it just might be working, Nadia."

"Please," Nadia said with a smile, "call me Your Highness."

"It's not the first time I've had a woman tell me that before a blowjob," Walter said with a smirk. "Tends to happen when you spend enough time in MI6. And goddamn if there's anything hotter than having to salute a woman before they go down on you."



"You talk too much," Nadia said. And with that, she bent over and wrapped her thick lips around his cock, and sucked away.

The princess's mouth was far stronger than any other woman Walter had gotten a blowjob from, and he'd been with many, many women over the years. "Carefull, Your Highness," he said, "your lips are very strong. Don't suck my cock off!" But Nadia, always the rebel, only sucked harder in response.


Walter knew better than to object again. Nadia's mouth was so forceful it was almost painful, but the pleasure was just as intense. He grabbed her ears for stability, and found he could guide her that way, giving him just enough control. As the princess bobbed up and down on his cock, Walter felt a warmth building up in his balls. He realized he was about to cum, faster than he ever had before. With a grunt, he thrusted once more, but just as he was about to cum, he lost his balance for a moment. Right as he came, his cock fell out of her mouth. He sprayed his hot, sticky load all over Nadia's face.


“That might have been the best blowjob I’ve ever gotten,” Walter said. “Sorry about the messy ending. So how was it for you?”
“‘How was it?’” Nadia repeated. “I got a hair stuck between my teeth, and you sprayed your disgusting man juice on my face! I've never tasted something so disgusting! I want no part with this salty man juice!"



"I'm sorry," Walter said, "I didn't take you for a virgin. Have you never given a blowjob before?"

"Of course I've given a 'blow job!'" Nadia said defiantly. "I've had the cock juice of countless elf princes in my mouth! But their juice tasted of the sweetest strawberries, with just the faintest touch of lilac! You humans, you oversalt your cum just like you do everything else!"

Walter knew to keep his distance from angry women, especially one as big and powerful as Nadia. "I'm sorry," Walter said, "But I guess I should be going my way, then. That's okay, right? Right?" He looked back at Nadia hoping for reassurance, but she had murder in her eyes.



Outside, Tracey heard the sound of a struggle, followed by a horrific scream.

“Should I go in?” Derrick asked, holding his gun at his side.

“No, wait here,” Tracey said, “I’ll check it out.”


Tracey hurried inside the hotel room. To her horror, Walter’s body was splayed across the floor, with his head several feet away.


“Oh god, what happened?!” Tracey asked. “Nadia, are you okay?”
“I’m fine,” Nadia said with a chuckle. “He’s the one who needs help.”


“What did you do?” Tracey asked.
Nadia laughed. “I told you that if he displeased me, I would kill him. He displeased me.”
Tracey was trying to hold back panic. “Oh,” she said, “okay. So I guess you probably want some alone time, then? I can get a janitor to clean up the body...”
“No need,” Nadia said, “bring in another! The other guard from the hallway should do. Only… make sure he is shorn, yes? I do not want to get more cock hair in my mouth.”
“Oh,” Tracey said. “So that’s what you meant by shaved. I’ll tell the guard’s to shave his pubic hair before he comes in. We’ll be back in a Jiff!”


A few minutes later, Derrick walked in through the door. He did his best job not to look at his co-worker's dead body, which was only a few feet away from him. Instead, too nervous to make eye-contact with the princess, he looked at his feet, but ended up staring awkwardly at his own shorn crotch. To lighten the tension, he made a joke. "So, Princess," he said, "The last time my head and my crotch were both this bald, I was a baby. But as long as it makes you happy..."


"Oh yes it does!" Nadia exclaimed. "You are smaller than the other man, and yet your cock is bigger? How strange! With elvish men, the cock size is always proportionate to how tall they are, so there's never any surprise. But with you humans, it is like how you say in the movies... 'like a box of chocolate. Never know what you will get!"
"Oh. Umm, thanks, I guess," Derrick said awkwardly. "Quoting Forrest Gump isn't my favorite kind of foreplay, but I'll take it. So is my dick big, compared to the elf men?"


"No, no no," Nadia said with a laugh, "It's so much smaller. But that's what I like about your human cocks, they're so tiny and cute! Look at how small it is compared to my tits!"
"I'm always happy to please," Derrick jested.


Nadia wrapped her arms around Derrick, and effortlessly lifted him off the ground. “You human men, you are so light…” she said to herself. “So easy to move around… Like a little play toy!”


With that, Nadia lifted his body upward until his cock was in her mouth. And then she bobbed in and out. She kept her head steady and jerked his entire body around just to thrust his cock in and out of her mouth.


Derrick had never been dominated by a woman in such a way before, least of all when getting a blowjob. And yet she was absolutely masterful with the way she handed his cock, he felt himself rapidly nearing orgasm…


And yet as talented and forceful as she was, he couldn’t help but thrust himself. As he thrusted, his leg slipped out of her hand, and he took charge…

Going against his best instincts, Derrick thrusted into the princess's mouth as hard as he could, until he could feel that he was just a few thrusts away from orgasm. Then finally, with a loud goran, he came into her mouth, squirting his hot load between her lips.


The second she tasted his cum, Nadia tossed him backwards onto the floor. “I like you better then the last man,” Nadia said. “Even if you forgot your place near the end…”


Nadia opened her mouth and smiled with satisfaction as she licked the cum off her lips. "Your cum tastes almost as sweet as an elf's!” Nadia said excitedly. “Or maybe your rustic human taste is growing on me."


Derrick, collapsed on the floor, tried once again to lighten the mood. “Well, people have always told me I’m an acquired taste,” he said with a forced laugh. But anxiety was building up in his chest, and he couldn’t help but ask a question he dreaded the answer to. "So,” he asked, “you'll let me live, right?"
Nadia burst into laughter. "Now that’s a good joke! No, you silly man. No lowborn can have sex with a princess and live to talk about it!"


Derrick was beginning to panic. "But... I'm not common! I'm a Ratcliffe! I went to Oxford! We're one of the highest-status families in London!"
Nadia sat up and stared at Derrick. "I am not impressed that you are a Ratman," All humans are lowborn to us elves. Now are you going to keep whining like a little bitch? Because I can make this quick, or I can make it very slow and painful." For emphasis, she placed her high heel between his ass cheeks. "*Very* painful."


From the hallway, Tracey watched as Derrick desperately crawled across the floor. He was lying next to the body of his co-worker when Nadia walked quickly caught up to him. The giantess placed her heel on top of his head, and lightly pressed down.
“Please, don’t kill me!” Derrick begged. “I have a wife!”
“If you love her so much,” Nadia asked, “then why do you cheat on her? You humans don’t know how to die with dignity. When I execute an elf, they know to keep quiet. With you it’s all whine, whine, whine!”
“Please, please!”
"Do not complain. You had fun, yes? Then let me have my fun!"


Tracey watched with shock as Nadia stomped down with all her might. Her heel shattered Derrick's skull, sending a spray of blood across the room. But as she stared, the horror was mixed with something else. The sheer, undeniable power of Nadia was doing something to her.


Nadia looked over at Tracey and spread her arms enthusiastically. "Hey guys, I'm done!" She said proudly. "A little beheading always puts me in a better mood. Don't act like you didn't enjoy the show, I can see your face! Anyway, who wants to do some more diplomacy?!"



In the boardroom, the man in the red and black suit had been replaced by a woman in a red and black suit. Nadia, however, wasn't especially interested. She was more interested with her phone, and her thumbs frantically tapped against the keyboard.

"Hmm, good," Nadia muttered to herself, "it shouldn't be much longer…"

The woman cleared her throat. "If you can excuse my interruption," the woman said, "I'd like to get down to business. You can call me Jane Smith. My... associate had other matters to attend to, so I'll be taking his place for the time being."

"Yeah, very cool," Nadia muttered. She was clearly paying more attention to her phone than she was to the negotiations.


Undeterred, Jane continued. “I think it might be more productive to discuss some matters before the others arrive. We’re willing to discuss terms. In exchange for you withdrawing your country’s forces from our allies in the Balkans, we’re willing to offer some very favorable trade deals… Maybe even a few million in annual foreign assistance...”


Nadia rolled her eyes. “Ugh, that’s what I expected,” she said. “You humans think you can make us happy with a few scraps, because you think we’re just some backwards little country in the middle of nowhere. But we’re not that, and to show you, I just told my friend to give you a demonstration. You might want to look behind you…”


Jane turned back, and saw something utterly unexpected. An enormous elf woman, clad in armor and hundreds of feet tall, was just blocks away, and she was looking right at them. As if on cue, just after Jane looked back she took her first step.
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“Pretty cool, huh?” Nadia asked. “That’s my little sister, Alma. Very feisty little thing. She is not as fond of humans as I am.”
“Dear god, she’s got to be close to a thousand feet tall!” Jane said, more intrigued that frightened. “Very impressive show of force. This obviously gives us more latitude when it comes to what we can offer in the negotiations. Now, if you could please tell her to leave the city, before she causes any more damage…”


“No,” Nadia said with a smirk, “I don’t think so. My sister has a communicator built into her armor, I’m going to call her!” She pressed her thumb on the phone, and turned on speaker phone. “Hey sister,” Nadia said, “come closer. I want to give these humans a demonstration!”


“You want me to level this ugly city?” Alma asked over the phone. “Just say the word and I’ll stomp the whole place flat!”
“No,” Nadia said, “nothing like that just yet. I was thinking something a little bit less destructive, for now.”


Nadia turned to Tracey, who had been watching quietly from the boardroom. “Servant,” Nadia asked, “get the others. I want them all to see this!”
“Can do,” Tracey said with a smile. “I can’t wait to see the looks on their faces…”


“Don’t take too long,” Nadia said. “My sister does not like waiting… And neither do I.”


Nadia turned back towards Jane. “So, glass-eye, are you enjoying the show?”


“No, I’m not enjoying it!” Jane shouted. “This is a disaster! You need to call her off, now!”
“You worry too much,” Nadia said. “Come on, it’s just about to get good!”


"'Get good?'" Jane said, barely suppressing an anxiety attack. "A giant elf eating a person in front of the city and news media is not a show, it's an international incident!"
Nadia laughed. ""Come on," she said, "it's just a little demonstration. Now watch!" While Nadia stared out the window, The enormous elf bent down with her enormous body. She reached out and plucked a tiny person from off the street as easily as she was picking up a piece of candy she had dropped on the floor.


“You can’t do this!” Jane yelled. “If she rampages through the city, we’ll have no choice but to retaliate. We’re prepared to call in the armed forces if necessary!”
Nadia burst into laughter. “You think you can kill my sister with one of your little tanks or planes? You have no idea what you’re up against.”
Right then, Tracey walked through the door with two low-level office workers. The men shuffled around nervously. “Umm, this isn’t a bad time, is it?” The man in the red tie asked. “I’ve heard she has a temper…”
“No, it’s a great time!” Nadia said, and once again she burst into maniacal laughter. “Watch, the show is about to start!”


"Oh my god," the younger one shouted, "she's huge!"
"I know, right?" The older one said. "She's got to be at least fifteen feet tall!"
"Not her, you idiot," Tracey said, as she reached back and pulled his head in the other direction. "Look out the window!"


Outside, the enormous elf held someone between her thumb and index finger. The tiny person, who was practically a speck compared to the giant elf, was named Jennifer, and she had just started working as a police officer with the NYPD.


To Alma, though, it didn't matter who she was. All humans were equally weak and tiny, when compared to the incredible size of the enormous giantess.


As far as Alma was concerned, humans had only one purpose: food. And as she dangled the tiny human above her mouth, she salivated. She knew her sister wanted her to put on a show and draw things out for the cameras, but she couldn’t bear to wait any longer…


She let go. It was a nearly one hundred foot drop from Alma's hand to her tongue, but she was a careful aim, and she never missed her prey.


The officer fell straight down to her tongue, which was glistening and ready…


Jennifer landed with a thud against Alma's tongue. The softness of the tongue stopped the fall from being fatal, but she was badly injured. She could only manage a weak crawl as she desperately tried to crawl her way out of the giant woman's mouth…


But all Alma had to do was angle her tongue back, and Jessica slid down the wet tongue like it was a waterslide.


“Mmmm,” Alma said, “so savory. I haven’t had human in ages, you should have some sister!”


“I’ve been trying to cut back,” Nadia said. “Whenever I eat humans they go straight to my ass! I swear, every time I eat a human my ass gains a pound!”
“So that’s how she got it,” Tracey said with a smirk.
“That’s… a lot of people she must have ate!” The office drone said.
“Yeah!” the other one said, “a whole lot! But she’s too small to eat us, right?”


“For now,” Nadia said. She let out a loud moan, and to their shock, she started to grow.


Her body stretched upwards, as waves of pleasure rolled through her body.
“Uh-oh,” the younger office drone said, “she’s getting, like, really big…”


But Nadia's growth hadn't stopped yet. She stretched her arms upward, letting out a scream of pleasure as her head neared the ceiling, and her growth spurt finally slowed.


“Mmm, that’s better,” Nadia said with a satisfied sigh. “I hate being so tiny! So, who’s up for some negotiating?”
Tracey gave Nadia a coy look. “I sure as hell am, Princess!”


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