

The Vanishing Empress: Hidden In-tents

Marie entered the Marquess' tent. The woman had removed most of her armour, her bulging gut now on full display. Clearly Lady Petal was still putting up a fight, the bulge sifting and jerking regularly as she struggled inside.

Urrrp "ah, Empress, you came." Her lips spread into a cocky grin "why don't you come help me with my lunch here."

"I thought it was a 'mere snack'?" Marie replied dryly.

"Oh she was, but once I took the breastplate off she's been making a meal out of herself."

She prodded at her gut, eliciting a few extra struggles. Then she tightened her core, halting Petal for a few moments as her body was outlined more tightly inside the constricting gut.

But she didn't keep it up for long, relaxing her middle and letting it sag out again, the struggles quickly resuming.

"As you can see, I'd appreciate a hand. Or two if you'd like. On my belly. Rubbing." Nova gestured broadly at her gut.

Marie sighed and moved to sit next to her, placing a hand on the Marquess' belly and lightly massaging it.

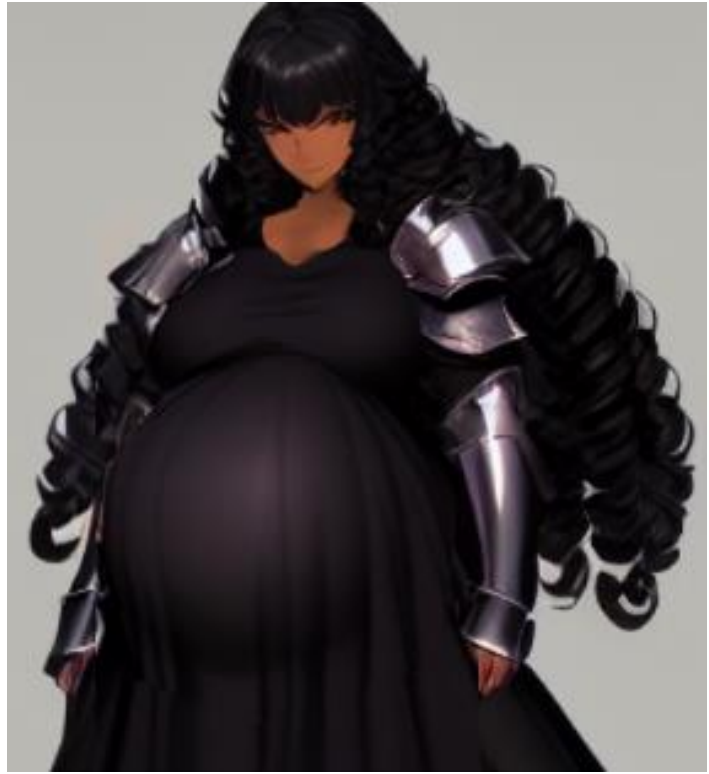
"Why did you have to go and eat Lady Petal? I kind of liked her."

"Oh, a rival? All the more reason for me to have her then."

Marie rolled her eyes but kept massaging. Occasionally, Nova would flex her gut, allowing the Empress to feel the smooth curves of the meal trapped inside her. Each time the mass felt softer, the gut gurgling just a little more audibly. Clearly, Petal's struggles were not sufficient to prevent her inevitable digestion.

Marie felt slight sad about the woman slowly dissolving next to her, but also strangely intrigued.

"The Prince you ate this morning, what became of him?"



"What? That sap?" She laughed "he churned up super easy. Barely took an hour." She paused, contemplating "In fact, I think I feel the last of him settling into my colon right now! Want to see me dump him?"

Marie flushed at the suggestion. Of course she wouldn't want to see that, would she?

"Wait, I was joking, but you look like you're actually interested!" Nova grinned "Come on then Empress, let's go watch me take a princely dump."

And so, Empress Marie found herself watching as the Marquess squatted over a large chamberpot. A loud fart squeezed from the large woman's rear, reaffirming what she was about to experience.

"Oooh, that's him telling me he's ready."

The Marquess strained for a moment, then the first length of turd started descending from her rear.

It took only a few minutes but, aside from the smell, Marie found herself strangely transfixed by the smooth stream of brown emerging from her bowels. The neat pile of waste settled into the chamberpot, not even filling it half way.

"That's... all of him?" Marie asked in puzzlement "No bones? And... wasn't he wearing armour?"



"He was..." Nova smirked "but that's just how strong my gut is. It all just comes out is smooth, indistinct waste." She prodded at her gut, which had started squirming again "Heh, that's what'll come of you soon too, little snack!"

"Please, you needn't tease her so!" Marie said "Surely she's suffering enough."

"Yeah, sure she is." The Marquess smirked, then tensed her core. There was a distinct crunch and whimper from inside. "But that's half the fun. Taunting the sorry little meals as my gut dominates them." She winked at Marie. "It seems you like it too, don't you *Empress*. I see you flushing as I churn this one up. This little lady could have been your suitor, I suppose. But now she's just meat in my belly. I'm going to churn her up until she's just a mass of unrecognisable *shit* falling from my ass. And you... *Empress*... you *want* to stay here and watch every *moment*."

Marie swallowed nervously. The Marquess was right. She did want to stay. To see this through to the end. She nodded hesitantly.

"I knew it." Nova grinned "Now, how about getting back to that belly rub?"

It took about an hour in all, quicker than Marie had anticipated. Petal had stopped moving after the first 20 minutes, the steady crunching of her bones and armour finally overcoming her. After that, Nova's gut worked fast, helped along by Marie's hesitant kneading. Finally, Marie

felt the hardened lump condense at the base of the Marquess' belly. She found herself flushing even deeper, knowing what that meant.

Nova stood, revealing that there was a second bulge straining at the front of her britches.

"Come, Empress. Feel her leave" She said, moving over to the same chamber pot. Marie followed, placing her hand atop the smaller bump in the warrior's abdomen.

Nova pulled down her britches, her stiffened cock springing free. Marie gasped, somehow finding an even deeper shade of red.

"You can rub that too, if you like!" Nova smirked. Then, seeing how the Empress had frozen, she relented "No? Saving that for marriage I see. Very well, I can wait." She rolled her eyes. "Now, feel that mass... Here..."

Marie felt Nova's core tense. Her pucker opened, letting out a quick blast of rancid air. Then it came. Marie could feel it sliding out of her, watching between the Marquess legs as the waste of the promising lady knight disappeared from beneath her fingers, coiling into the already half-full chamber pot below. It was just as smooth and unblemished as the last. Nothing remained to identify Lady Petal. She was just... shit.

The last lump fell from the Marquess' pucker and she gasped, suddenly pushing Marie away.

"Fuck! Sorry Empress, I can't hold this back!" She panted, reaching down and grasping her cock. Her eyes rolled back as she pointed it down at the waste. "Yes! Get fucking shat!" She cried as the first plume of jizz spurted down onto Petal's remains.

Marie's hands clasped over her mouth as she watched the release of Nova's unbridled lust. The thick globs of seed pouring out from the quivering woman's girlhood. If they were wed... that was what was supposed to happen... inside her? It was... That was too much!

Marie knew she had to leave.

She hurriedly scrambled to her feet and darted out from the tent. Quickly catching her breath, she desperately tried to present her usual dignified air as she let her guards escort her back to the tournament stands. Still, she couldn't quite eliminate the flush from her cheeks.