

# 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.

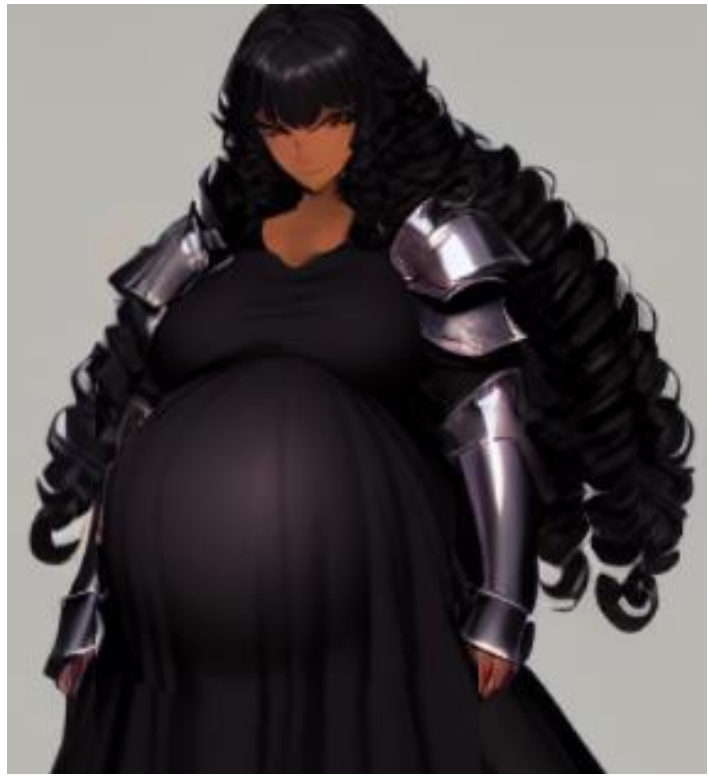
"Why did you have to go and eat Lady Petal? I kind of liked her."

"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. Want to see where he ended up on me?"

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 "here, get a good look."

And so, Empress Marie found herself watching as the Marquess lifted her skirt and exposed her plump cheeks to her. They definitely looked particularly juicy.

"That's... all of him?" Marie asked in puzzlement "Even his armour?"

"Yes" Nova smirked "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 another layer of padding on my ass. And you... *Empress*... you *want* to stay here and watch every *moment*."

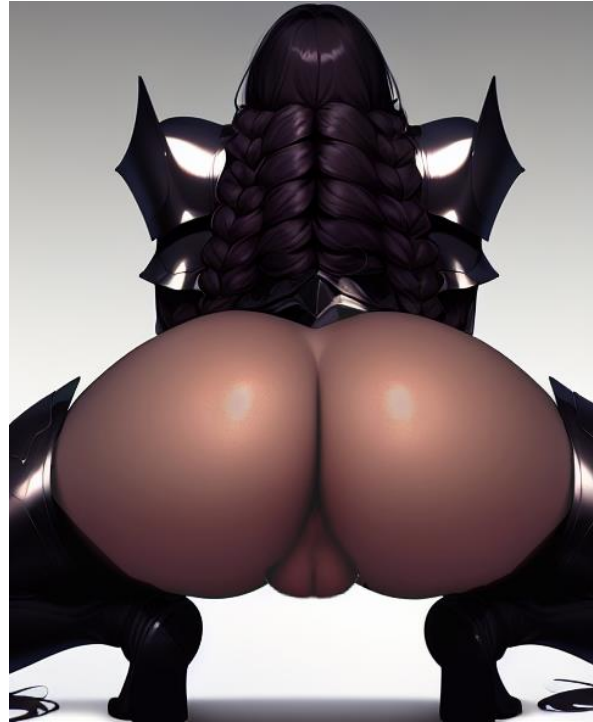
Marie swallowed nervously. The Marquess was right. She did want to stay. To see this through to the end. She nodded hesitantly.

"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 last of the mass dissipate. 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. You want to see this too right?" She said. Marie watched in fascination. 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, get a good look... Here...”

Marie watched as she turned about, revealing her backside once more. As juicy as it had looked before, Marie could tell it was just that little bit fatter. Nothing else remained to identify Lady Petal. She was just... this.

“Fuck! Sorry Empress, I can’t hold this back!” the Marquess panted, reaching down and grasping her cock. She glanced back at the Empress and her eyes rolled back. “Yes! You’re my ass now slut!” She cried as the first plume of jizz spurted out over the tent wall.

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.