

Hungry Hungry Princess.

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COMMISSIONED BY [BIGBIG](#).

A companion piece to [this picture](#).

Follow a day in the life of a humanitarian princess who always has room for more.

Be warned: vore stuff abounds.

Provided by Hentai Foundry.

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Chapter 0 - That Empty Spot.

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0 - That Empty Spot.

Sepherena Nikos shut her ledger and placed her quill back in its holder. Eight servants marked for replacement. In the 'reason for dismissal' line, she wrote Nutrition.

"You always look so intense when you write," said Princess Betya, luxuriant and full on her reinforced bed. 'Full', of course, referred to the heaving stomach she was currently sporting: a goddess gut, immense and bulbous and...royal. For a woman Betya's size – twelve feet standing straight – it took a great amount of stuffing to create such a wonderful bulge. Even among the Gwenean Empire's most prolific eaters – even among the diets of monsters that roamed the plains and mountains – Betya's belly was obscene. Eight servants in one sitting, sliding down her elegant neck one, sometimes two at a time, adding weight and girth to her belly until...mmh. Sephe gave her princess a dutiful smile and bow, and climbed onto the bed to caress that monstrous gut. So warm beneath her hands, so firm and bumpy... She could feel the prey squirming under her fingers, bodies packed tight into the chamber of her mistress' gut. Even now, Betya's stomach was starting to work at the tricky meal, grumbling and gworking over its stuffing. When Sephe had first been assigned to the princess, Betya had barely been able to devour two people. It was amazing to watch her development.

"Mistress," said Sephe with a grin. "How was your meal?"

Betya's full lips parted in a happy, feed-dazed smile. "Oh, it was wonderful. After the sixth one, I thought I couldn't eat any more, but...you were right. I could fit another two!" She patted her stomach, making it glunk and groan. The servants standing in attendance to the Princess' meal-time flinched at the noise, and Sephe shot them a warning glance, wondering who would look best on her mistress' gut. All of them, eventually, but Betya was full for now.

"You're growing so fast," said Sephe, scrolling her gaze along her goddess' contours and valleys. Gods...even one of Betya's breasts was larger than her entire body. Sephe was well aware Betya could pluck her up and gulp her down in half a second, if she chose – enough servants, soldiers, and random civilians had met the same fate – and Sephe knew she had to be careful, but she also knew Betya thought of her like a big sister, a caretaker, relying on her to make most of her decisions. Sephe could fondle Betya with impunity, because Betya thought it was just a post-meal massage to help with her digestion. Even now, the princess rolled her head and crooned pleasantly in response to Sephe's agile fingers tracing the bumps of her prey-sack. Sephe smiled and walked further up, rolling her hand down the upper slope of her stomach before, with an elegant little toss of her dress, sitting down on Betya's right breast. The princess squeaked, and Sephe shushed her with loving caress to her curly hair. "So pillowy, princess. It's all thanks to your diet."

Betya pursed her plush lips in a curious 'o' – an 'o' that could have swallowed Sephe whole – and giggled sweetly. "I have you to thank! Nnh...hey, Sephe, I've been wondering...is my dress too tight?"

Sepherena blinked. She barely ever thought of Betya's clothes: any fashion, as far as Sephe was concerned, existed only to emphasize the swell of her mistress' curves and stomach. Even then, any garments tailored for the princess were doomed to rip or stretch irreparably around her bloating gut.

Still...Sephe let her gaze trail over the white silk ensemble Betya was wearing. Her dinnerplate-sized nipples bulged through the thin, worn fabric, almost spilling free from the sheer size of her breasts. Her hips tugged the outward strips of fabric almost to tearing, and made the crotch dig between her asscheeks and plush, perpetually soaking pussy lips.

"It's from eating, isn't it?" asked Betya, flushing with embarrassment. "Oh...this dress was expensive."

A switch flicked in Sepherena's mind. She saw an opportunity for some fun. "No," she said, rising from her mistress' breast-chair and tugging at the fabric, exposing a gorgeous nipple. "I've been thinking the same thing all week, Princess. Remember when we bought it? That cashier was a nice boy, wasn't he?"

"Nice?" Betya asked, her lip quivering. "What do you mean, nice?"

"He smiled a lot...laughed at your jokes...forgave you when your hips smashed the doorway open..." Sephe touched a finger to her own lips and hummed. "I think he was making fun of you."

Betya frowned, sitting up with a great heave. Her belly growled louder, almost angrily. "Making fun of me? The princess of Gwenea?"

"Oh, yes. Imagine him talking about you in the staff room...calling you clumsy, fat, dizzy..."

"I'm not fat," said Betya. Her giant gut gworked again, and her cheeks bulged. She tossed her head back and – "BgghuooOORK!" – erupted a lip-wobbling belch. "I should give him a piece of my mind."

Sephe yelped when Betya stood, causing the whole bed to shake and shift. Sephe toppled onto her back...and gasped when the princess wrapped a hand around her hips, scooping her up and onto her feet again. "Princess!"

"We're going to that store!" Betya proclaimed, hands on hips, thrusting out her chest with a jiggle. "And...demanding a refund!"

Sephe smiled secretly. You'll be getting a lot more than that, she thought.

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They set out with a detachment of three Palace Guards, men who underwent intensive training for years to win the honour of protecting the royal family of Gwenea. Their white-cloaked armour glimmered in the morning light, and the civilians of the Noble Quarters stopped to bow at their procession, muttering fealties to their towering princess. Betya, for her part, struck a majestic figure, powerful and firm. Most people's heads only came up to her thigh, and so the first thing they saw were her mighty legs: thick and soft, yes, but the fat was only padding for the dense muscle shifting beneath. Her swinging hips and monumental rump were objects of worship as much as they were lust, and her belly – her immense, bumpy, loudly churning belly – was a symbol of her divine status, and a reminder of the status of all those beneath the royal family. Even the most loyal subjects could be treated as nothing but food for Princess Betya, processed through her body to become an extra layer of thickness on her thighs or breasts.

The capital of Indy was among the largest cities in the world, rivalled only by the Desert Kingdoms of Urt. At the heart of the Noble Quarters was a grand marketplace commanded by a golden clock tower. The market was the most direct route toward the clothes store, and so the Palace Guards strode ahead, clearing a way for Princess Betya. She towered over the stalls, sailing above the commotion with a fierce, regal look in her eyes. A few citizens reached toward her – it was said that touching Betya’s belly brought great luck – but the Guards pushed them back. Sephe, striding beside her mistress, wondered if the soldiers were even needed. Princess Betya was stronger than most monsters – Sepherena had personally watched her subdue and consume a chimera that accidentally flew into the Palace gardens – so what use were the white cloaks? Pompous fools, asserting authority like they made a single bit of difference...

Suddenly, Sephe became aware of a great absence by her side. She turned to see Betya walking through the crowd, distractedly toppling stalls with her hips. As Sephe stared, Betya stepped on a box of carpets and shattered it. The noise drew the Guards’ attention, but instead of following their mistress immediately, they stared, dumbfounded. Sephe cast them a disdainful glance before hurrying after the princess, pushing aside merchants and shoppers who were frozen in place, staring at the clumsy giantess.

Betya made her way towards a large stall in the shade of a municipal building. Sephe, finding the crowd denser and denser the closer she got to her mistress, identified it as a fishmonger’s stall. The smell of smoked salmon and tuna wafted through the marketplace. From the absent, hungry look in Betya’s eyes, that was what had attracted her. She walked around the stall and crouched to lift the rear curtain, poking her head underneath. Now all Sephe could see was her mistress’ humongous, heaving rear, her giant prey-filled belly dragging on the floor. She could hear the Guards pressing through the crowd after their mistress, barking orders for the civilians to move aside.

“Princess!” Sephe cried, laying a hand on Betya’s hot rump. “What are you doing?”

Betya made a grunting noise. Her shoulders arched against the stall’s wooden frame, and there was a crack as the poles burst out of the ground. The whole stall wobbled, supported only by Betya’s immense mass. The people in line to buy fish fled, fearing the inevitable collapse. When Sephe tugged aside the curtain and ducked into the stall with her giant mistress, she saw what the issue was.

Cage-boxes of fish were stacked in the back of the stall. As Sephe watched, Princess Betya seized one in her hands and cracked it open, letting the slippery, shiny carp spill free – into the gaping cup of her maw. A tide of fish filled her open mouth, and Sephe had to step sharply aside. When her mistress was in a feeding frenzy like this, anything that got caught in the way was likely to vanish down her gullet. Moaning, Betya gulped down massive mouthfuls of fish. Her neck bloated around the cascade, and her eyes rolled slightly in pleasure.

From the front of the stall marched a busty fishmonger girl in a loose, partly-unbuttoned shirt and apron. Her pregnant belly jutted, and she parked her fists on her wide hips, glowering at the princess angrily. “What do you think you’re doing?” she demanded as Betya grasped yet another box of fish, dragging it out of the stall and into the open market. As soon as Betya’s shoulders cleared the stall, the entire structure leaned worryingly, and Sephe and the fishmonger hurried out to avoid being crushed.

Betya rose up, lifting the box high above her head with ease. It was as large as several humans, made of thick wood, but Betya's hands broke through with ease. Once again, a waterfall of fish streamed out into her waiting maw and gullet. With a series of gurgling ulks and grunts, the princess ate her fill. Her dress stretched even further around her expanding gut, which widened and writhed as a cascade of fish erupted into the sack of her glorious stomach. Sephe covered her blushing cheeks with a hand, amazed at the sight. Had she ever seen her mistress so big? She didn't think so. Some of the fish hit the side of Betya's mouth and flopped to the ground. Blindly, the princess stooped and started to scoop them up, determined not to let a single treat escape her maw.

"Excuse me!" the fishmonger barked, striding up to Betya the feasting Betya. "I hope you plan to pay for all this! You may be the princess, but—" Her voice was silenced by Betya's hand wrapping around her head and shoulders. The box was empty now, so Betya tossed it aside with a crash of snapping wood. The fishmonger kicked and squealed, but Betya was so hunger-drunk she didn't seem to notice. Blinded by her grumbling, demanding gut, the princess lifted the fishmonger over her widening maw and slowly lowered her past the cup of her glossy, spit-stringed lips. The fishmonger only realised what was happening when she managed to wriggle her head free of Betya's fingers, and then she squealed, gasping and panting amidst the billowing heat of the princess' breaths. Sephe raised a hand in a mocking, goodbye wave as the fishmonger came to rest on Betya's tongue, half inside the princess' throat and half in her maw. The pregnant girl crawled toward the light, but just before she broke free, Betya's jaw snapped shut. She tossed her head back. *ULGP*. Her neck bulged briefly. Betya's fingertips chased the bulge down between her breasts until it hit the giant heave of her stomach, adding to its weight.

At last, Betya licked her lips and slapped her belly happily. "Mmf! I needed that," she purred. Then she looked around at the staring, wide-mouthed crowd and said, "Um...what's wrong?"

Sephe folded her hands over her middle. She was burning with lust, thrilled by what her goddess had just done. "Nothing, Princess. Shall we continue on our way to the store?"

"We need to pay the fishmonger first." Betya smiled dizzily, looking at the tiny beings gathered around her. "Where did she go, anyway?"

Sepherena's mouth hung open for a second, once again reminded of the danger of living near a giant like Betya – someone who could swallow her whole without even realising. Sephe grinned neatly and said, "I'll make sure she receives payment. Let's go, Princess."

Betya nodded and started to stride through the crowd, her enormous gut and rear wobbling as she walked. The more she ate, Sephe reflected, the healthier she seemed: her skin gained a sexy gloss, and her muscles stood out more, forced to work extra hard under the strain. The Guards seemed to remember their duty, and strode after their mistress – lagging behind this time, but barking in an attempt to clear the way all the same. Sephe jogged after them.

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At last, they came to the grandest clothing store in the Gwenean Empire. Converted from an old temple, it sported arched windows and huge, elegant pillars – built large to suit customers of any shape or size. But not, perhaps, Betya's size. There were no window displays: it sold only to the richest, most noble

among society, and it hardly needed to advertise. There wasn't even a sign above the door.

As Princess Betya marched up to the front door, Sephe tugged at her thin-stretched dress. Betya stopped and peered down at her helper. "What is it, Sephe?"

Sephe crossed her arms. "Remember what we're here for. They must pay for insulting royalty. If you don't make an example of them, the people might think the Empire is weak."

Betya caught her bottom lip between her teeth, her eyes skittish and awkward. "I know. It's my duty."

Sephe nodded and placed a hand on the princess' belly. She could feel it writhing, grumbling as her powerful food-churner shifted and squashed around its stuffing. Sephe huffed a pleased little breath. Her mistress was truly a goddess. No matter what went inside her, her body turned it to mush within hours or even minutes. The royal blood was strong, after all. Sephe's touch lingered, and Betya blushed bright red. "Sephe, what are you doing..?"

Sephe removed her hand and beamed at her mistress. "I'm just thinking about how wonderful you are," she said honestly. "You'll make a great queen someday."

Betya giggled at that, and stooped to hug Sephe! Sephe gasped as she was squished into the heat of Betya's belly, pressed tightly against her gurgling, bulging, straining goddess-gut. Sephe relaxed after a moment and exhaled, nuzzling Betya's stomach in sweet, catlike bumps. The motion must have disturbed something inside Betya, some pocket of gas: she gurgled, and then belched loudly, which only made her blush deeper.

"Now..." Sephe said when Betya released her. She turned to the three Palace Guards, who stood to attention, recognising the authority of Sepherena as being almost equal to the princess'. After all, Betya obeyed everything she said. "You three, stay here and make sure nobody enters. That's about all you're good for, anyway."

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Betya took no care walking through the front doors: her hips were too wide for the frame, and jarred in the doorway. She grunted and pushed harder, dislodging chunks of mortar and bursting the hinges, but she still couldn't pass through. The building was made of sturdy stone, and it would take a true feat of strength to press her obscene girth through. Betya raised her shoulders and groaned as she made one final attempt, and at last, the doorway shattered. Stone and mortar cascaded, and the doors slammed to the floor. Betya's magnificent form emerged into the store with a flourish, thrusting her chest out and straightening her back and staring down at the stunned staff with a sharp, imperialistic glare. Sephe thought it looked adorable: Betya was trying to act mighty, but she ended up looking pouty.

"Your Highness," said a slim, dark ponytailed girl in a suit, dropping to one knee. The bolt of cloth she was carrying hit the floor and unfurled, almost presenting a red carpet for Betya to walk down. Betya's heels clacked heavily on the stone floor as she strode toward the girl, grasped her mountainous hips, and exhaled through her nose.

"Are you the manager?"

The girl looked like a rabbit caught in the headlights. She glanced at her colleagues, who shrugged and backed away, not sure what to make of the princess' strange entrance. At last, the girl shook her head. "No, Highness. My name is—" She squealed as Betya plucked her up by the scruff of her suit jacket. "P-Princess!"

"Your name is 'Princess'?" asked the princess, scowling.

"N-No! That's not...haaah..." The tailor girl whined, her suit hoisted up to expose her belly and hips. She wriggled pitifully in the giantess' grip. "I'm sorry if I offended you! Please accept my apologies!"

"Why are you being so confusing?" Betya asked, flaring with anger. She stuffed the girl head-first between her pursed lips. The girl's lower half dangled from Betya's lips, kicking and thrashing, but the princess sucked sharply – Uck, gulp! – and swallowed her without a moment's hesitation. She slapped her hands down on her hips and said, "I want to file a complaint!"

The staff – five people in suits – were frozen to the spot. They stared at Betya, lips trembling, hands opening and closing, not sure whether to run or bow down. Betya sighed and marched toward a muscular young man, crouching down to peer at him up close. As she moved, her giant ass knocked a shelf over, and a number of glass orbs shattered on the ground. Sephe wrung her hands in delight, striding deeper into the store to get a better view. Princess Betya looked like some kind of giant cat staring at a mouse, her eyes wide and pupils constricted, blowing hot breaths through her mouth. The young man stammered, "A-A-Ah... What...do you wish of me...Princess..?"

Sephe stopped beside her mistress' head, idly stroking her luxurious black hair while Betya panted hungrily, her gut pancaked on the floor along with her massive breasts. "Because of your store, my mistress has been forced to exert herself. Do you know how far she's walked?"

"I'm sorry!" the man cried. "I don't...I'm not...I'm not responsible!"

"Ah! But you work here. So you must take responsibility."

The young man's eyes darted to the sides, pleading with his colleagues for help, but they were nowhere to be seen: they'd dived into hiding-spots, hoping to escape the princess' gaze. Sephe would see about that. "Open wide, Princess," she purred. At her word, Betya opened her maw. Her long, pink tongue slid out, and she crooned a low note of hunger. Her maw was a tunnel entrance, her tongue another red carpet. Calmly, Sephe stepped one leg over Betya's tongue, straddling it with her heels on either side of the muscle and her legs spread wide, facing her mistress with the tongue sprawled under and behind her. She glanced over a shoulder at the quivering man and said, "Crawl between my legs, and don't stop crawling. That's the only way you'll redeem yourself."

The man gagged with fear, but there was no way he could disobey royalty. His princess was before him, a divine being, and he meant nothing before her. With a subdued little groan, he crouched down and crawled onto Betya's slick tongue, staring into the gooey, shifting tube of her gullet. He passed between Sephe's legs and into Betya's mouth. As he crawled, Betya curled her tongue up and back, drawing him deeper, deeper... When the tip of her tongue brushed Sephe's thighs, Sephe gasped happily and shuddered, but dismounted in a hurry – in time to watch the withdrawing scoop of Betya's tongue fold

into her mouth, and her jaw slowly shut. She didn't even gulp. The man was already in her throat: she just stood up, and let gravity do the work.

There was no doubt in Betya's eyes as she looked around at the store. She loved to play hide and seek. As Sephe watched in glee, Betya marched around the store, knocking over shelves and scraping pillars and busting boxes underfoot. "Damn small space," she murmured as a huge wardrobe crashed to the ground. She reached under a pile of carpets and dragged out a squirming woman, who screamed as she was crammed into the princess' maw. Another girl, thick and blond and busty, had climbed onto a high shelf.

"Please, Princess, don't do this!" she cried as Betya started to rock the shelf, yawning her mouth open. "I've obeyed the Empire all my life! I'm a good citizen!"

"Then serve your princess!" Sephe snapped. A moment later, the girl lost her balance: her delicious, curvy body tumbled off the shelf and, with a squeak, into Betya's waiting gullet. *Gullg*. She must have tasted great: Betya sighed and leaned against the shelf, smashing it against the wall and causing an assortment of hats to cascade to the floor. While she nursed her immense, gworking tummy, Sephe strode up to the front desk and rang the bell.

"I know you're hiding down there."

There was a muffled whimper. Slowly, a man in a green apron and cap rose behind the desk. He was shaking, his arms folded across his chest as he stared past Sepherena at the basking princess. "H-Hello. Welcome t-to Gold S-Standard Tailors, the greatest in the G-Gwenean Empire."

Sepherena smiled and leaned on the desk with her elbows. "What's your name?"

The cashier gulped. "E nuk."

"E nuk. Would you kindly point me to the manager?"

E nuk raised a hand, stared at it like it was an alien being, and then carefully pointed it at Princess Betya. More specifically, at her massive, grunting, glulching gut. "In there."

Sephe grinned an evil little grin. "Oh. Then, doesn't that make you the manager? I don't see anyone else here."

"I...guess it does."

"Princess!" Sephe called. "I found the one who insulted you!"

Betya blinked and pushed away from the shelf. Without her to support it, it collapsed. She marched toward the front desk, towering more and more over poor E nuk, and slammed her palms down on the stone top. It cracked beneath her hands. E nuk got quite the view, Sephe reflected: her glossy cleavage hung before him, her areolas and nipples bulging through the fabric of her dress. Her gut was visible just beyond, wriggling with live prey. Sephe adjusted her own dress and smiled at her princess, who nodded back before addressing E nuk: "It was you?"

"I-I-I didn't do anything!" Eruk yelled. "I'm new!"

"But you are the manager," Sephe said. She couldn't help but notice Eruk was blushing, his eyes fixed on the princess' belly. Had he enjoyed watching his colleagues vanish into the goddess?

"Technically, yes, but—"

"Then it's your responsibility."

Eruk seemed to realise, then, that there was no way out of this. The princess was glaring at him, breathing heavily after her giant meal, her breasts rising and falling in a steady, predatory rhythm. Eruk hung his head and said, "I...apologise for everything, Your Majesty. Please...accept my humblest apologies. What...exactly is the problem?"

Betya hooked a finger into the cup of her dress and tugged, exposing her nipple. "Don't you see this?" she asked.

"Y-Your breast, Highness?"

"No! The dress. Don't you see how tight it is?"

Eruk swallowed again, backing up against the rear shelves. "That material is designed to...uhm...stretch to any size..."

"Don't mince words!" Sepherena snapped. "We demand a refund."

"O-Of course!" Eruk yanked open a drawer and produced a sack jingling with coins. "Here – this should be ten times what you paid for that dress. Please...accept it."

Betya reached out and grasped the sack. She bounced it on her palm a few times, but she wasn't looking at it at all: her eyes were on Eruk. "Actually..." she said, before Sephe could think of anything. "It was far more expensive than this." She calmly slipped the sack into her glossy cleavage, pushing it down with a fingertip. "But you're a cutie. Aren't you grateful for the promotion I just gave you?"

"I-...what?"

Betya straightened up, rolling her fingers over her monstrous tummy. "I just gulped your colleagues and superiors down...one by one...until they were all in my belly. Now I'm churning them all up into fat on my thighs and boobs. Why don't you listen?" She pushed her gut onto the desk, letting its huge weight rest on the stone. "I order you to listen."

Eruk clenched his fists, drawing thin, nervous breaths. At last, he stepped forward and, with a dreadful sigh, pressed his ear to Betya's gut. She crooned and caressed his hair with a finger, tickling down his neck as he listened to her stomach gloop and slurch.

“Doesn’t that sound wonderful?” she asked sweetly. “You seem really scared of me. I wonder why...”

Eruk’s face was bright red, and Sepherena couldn’t help but notice the bulge under his apron – he was getting horny from all of this. Betya must have noticed, too, because she giggled as she drew her belly back – then stooped to one knee, resting her boobs on the counter instead. Her dark eyes peered into his own.

“Do you want to kiss me?”

Eruk made a strange noise of fear, pale and wide-eyed. He opened his mouth to say something, but couldn’t find the words. Betya smirked and leaned down, offering her plush lips to him in a pucker. Eruk stared for a moment...and then, awkwardly, he stepped onto a wooden box and rose onto his tiptoes to push his lips against her cheek. Betya hummed with amusement.

“That’s not right,” she said. “I’ll show you how to really kiss.” She swept her tongue across her lips and opened wide. Eruk didn’t have any time to recoil: the princess’ lips closed around his neck, trapping his entire head in her sweet, heavenly mouth. She suckled, crooning and purring, trickling her fingers down his back as she oozed drool down his shirt. Finally, she popped her lips off of his head. His cap was gone.

Eruk was frozen in place. He stammered something incomprehensible, most of his upper body coated in Betya’s saliva. She had overloaded every nerve in his body.

Betya giggled and licked her lips again. “Yummy!” She looked at Sephe and asked, “What do you think? Should I keep him?”

Sephe smirked. The display had gotten her so horny, sparked so many ideas in her head, she couldn’t possibly contain herself anymore. She cleared her throat and said, “When I look at him, I don’t think ‘manager’ – I think ‘buttplug’.”

“Whuh...” Eruk groaned, still too weak to react properly. His knees trembled up until Betya scooped him up in a hand and dragged her tongue from his bulging boner to his face.

“A buttplug,” she agreed. “Sephe..? Tug my dress aside.”

Sephe obeyed – she walked behind her mistress, to her magnificent rump, and tugged the thin strip of dress that covered her asshole and pussy aside, exposing her pucker. Betya reached back with Eruk in hand and allowed Sephe to guide his feet to the hot, winking gap of her asshole. He murmured gentle protests as Betya started to push, sliding his calves inside, then his thighs and hips. When his crotch passed into the tight squeeze of her ass, Eruk shook and spasmed, obviously cumming in his pants. The shock and pleasure brought him to attention: he blinked, breathed deep, and then looked down at the asshole currently consuming him. He was up to his chest in the princess, but he didn’t cry out. Instead, his eyes half-lidded in lustful worship. Prey sometimes responded like this, some deep, instinctive part of them recognising that becoming Betya’s pleasure-toy was the greatest honour and lifetime accomplishment they could ever dream of. Though Eruk squirmed and puffed desperately, he was obviously wrestling with a sense of need and satisfaction – a sense that this was his place in life.

Sephe pushed his shoulders the last few feet, until her hands passed the brim of Betya's asshole, and only Eruk's head was outside. Sephe pulled the dress fabric over his face, sealing him in place. Betya wriggled happily, making her asscheeks wobble, covering and uncovering his face in hot, pillowy booty.

"Shall we return home, Princess?" asked Sephe. "We could have some fun with this one."

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The Guards stood to attention when Betya emerged from the store, and stared at her belly – several sizes larger than when she'd entered. They began clearing a path back to the Palace immediately: those distant spires silhouetted against the sky. The Palace was as large as a city block and many times taller, the heart of the Gwenean Empire. Who could possibly reside there but Betya, striding through the streets like the divinity she was, her head as tall as the second floor of some buildings. Children peered out of windows and waved at their princess, who waved back playfully and slapped her prey-filled gut, which only earned her cheers and laughs. Sephe, meanwhile, stared at her mistress' giant, wobbling butt – at the bulge in her dress, revealed intermittently between her shifting cheeks, of her buttplug. The folds of her butt hid him almost completely. Eruk gasped and huffed for air, writhing inside Betya in an attempt not to be crushed. Sephe loved to watch her play with her food. Tonight, in the privacy of her own bedchambers, Sepherena would cum many times to the memory of the day's events. Poor Eruk wouldn't be so lucky, she thought.

At last, they arrived at the Palace Gardens, where a royal regiment appeared to march with Betya up to the gates. The Palace entrance was twice Betya's height, baroque and high-ceilinged, so she didn't need to stop at all. When they reached the great, spiral staircase, Betya crouched and grasped Sephe by the waist, lifting her as she ascended the steps. There was no way Sephe could climb them by herself. As Betya climbed, Sephe heard the muffled groaning of her buttplug. Oh, today was going to be fun.

They came to Betya's personal chambers on the sixtieth floor. A grand balcony door opened into a vibrant garden, lush with exotic plants, an outdoor pool, and hedges trimmed in the shapes of monsters and voluptuous goddesses. Golden light streamed through the leaves and seeped into Betya's chamber like a trickle of honey. Beyond the garden, the Palace spires framed the city of Indy in all its majesty, all the way to the white barrier-wall and the plains and mountains beyond.

The carpet was a lush and lusty red, the furnishings all super-sized for Betya's convenience. Only one desk and chair were Sephe's size. Betya set Sephe down on the floor and giggled, flinging herself onto her queen-sized bed – which caused the floor to quake and her belly to *GLOORRRP*. The pressure on her stomach caused another monumental shift: she burped again, and rolled onto her back to nurse her heaving mountain of gut. "Ohnn... I don't think I've ever eaten so much, Sephe..."

Sephe clambered onto the bed and stood between her mistress' legs. She couldn't even see Betya's face over the jut of her stomach: it rose above her head, grumbling and glorking and squirming, heaving and falling as Betya breathed. "You're truly incredible, Princess," Sephe said, crouching down between Betya's thighs and toying with her dress. "Now, let's see..." She hooked her fingers under the fabric and tugged it aside, revealing Eruk's face, sweating and gasping, pressed amidst a sea of flesh. When he saw Sephe, he blinked rapidly and cried out:

“Oh! H-Help me! I can’t...I don’t want to be eaten!”

Sephe smiled. “That isn’t your choice, now, is it?”

His mouth opened in a shocked expression, and he groaned deep in his throat. “...No, of course not, but...”

Betya rested her hands on her thighs and said, “Climb onto my belly, Sephe.”

Sephe grinned and patted Eruk’s head before clambering over the bumpy slope of her mistress’ glorking gut, coming to rest with her thighs straddling the shifting peak of her stomach. Looking into Betya’s playful, hungry eyes, Sephe just couldn’t help herself: she leaned forwards and, her heart thundering in her chest, said, “Princess...kiss me?”

Betya flushed red...and nodded. Half-sitting, she leaned toward the girl straddling her gut. Her lips pursed in a sweet, smooching ‘o’, and Sephe pressed her face between them, suckling sweetly on her mistress’ mouth. They crooned together, and Sephe’s hips worked harder and faster, bucking in little grinding circles until –

“Haauhn!” she moaned as she came, quaking and squeaking, pressing her head past the cusp of Betya’s lips and into her molten-hot, suckling maw. This was heaven: cumming hard while her goddess rolled her tongue over her entire head..! When her orgasm finally faded, Sephe popped out of Betya’s mouth and grinned shakily. “Nnf... I’m s-sorry for being so rude,” she said.

Betya licked her lips. “Ungghf. That was so hot,” she purred. “And you’re so tasty. I never imagined...”

Sephe ran a hand along the softness of Betya’s lower lip, allowing that tongue to slide over her fingers and wrist. “You look hungry again, Mistress.”

“I am...but...” Betya rolled her tongue out to her chin, gargling sweetly as she presented the loving cave entrance of her maw and throat to Sephe. Sephe could feel hot breaths washing over her face, hear the muffled grunts and glugs of her gut rising from her princess’ gullet as it shifted and rippled in wet spasms. Sephe almost wanted to crawl inside, but she restrained herself: far better to send servants and insubordinates down instead. Sephe realised Betya was panting in pleasure, a faint schlick, schlick noise coming from under her belly. She was fingering herself, plunging down to the knuckle just above Eruk’s head. He wailed as slick pussyjuices drooled over his face, threatening to drown him down in the heat and the gush of Betya’s love.

“Please!” he wailed between spits and coughs. His squirming was only making Betya hornier: she gasped and arched on the bed, wobbling Sephe on top of her. Sephe was afraid she’d tumble forwards into that maw, but she held on tight until the quaking stopped.

“I...almost came...” Betya exhaled, drawing her fingers out of her cunny, gazing at Sepherena with love and need. “Nnh...could you get my toys..?”

Sephe bowed playfully, and then slid off the side of Betya’s belly – tumbling onto the soft, bouncy surface of her bed! Lowering herself to the floor, she jogged across the wide room to Betya’s heavy

wardrobes. It was a feat for someone as small as Sephe to yank them open, but she did so with a flourish – exposing rows upon rows of kinky royal gadgets: a veritable rainbow of dildos and plugs. Smirking evilly, Sephe tossed a number of that huge toys – some bigger than her entire body – onto a trolley and wheeled it back toward the bed. When she returned, Betya scanned the collection with her eyes...and blushed. Her fingertip trailed down over Eruk's head, bobbing him inside her asshole. "Come up."

Sephe bowed to her princess and leapt onto the bed, ready to pleasure her mistress the best way she knew how. Sephe undressed, pulling the fabric of her red dress upwards, exposing her soft stomach and wide hips, her impressive breasts... Her nipples and belly button were pierced, not to mention her clitoral hood. Under Betya's starved stare, Sephe felt like a small child, and blushed with embarrassment.

Maintaining eye contact with Betya until she went behind the swell of that giant belly, Sephe ducked to pet Eruk's head. "You get to be useful," she purred. Betya turned onto her side, hiking a dense leg and bending her knee – presenting the platform of her thigh to Sephe. Sephe straddled it, slinging one leg and asscheek over Eruk's head. He whined and gasped, but at least now he wasn't drowning in pussyjuices. With this platform, Sephe's hips were on the same level as her mistress' huge, clenching furnace of a pussy. Sephe took a few deep breaths – and felt Betya breathing deeply, too, excited for what was to come. At last, Sephe started to move, pumping and rolling her hips in a slow, grinding dance. Her pussy and navel piercings grazed over Betya's cunny, stimulating her. Sephe's motions became harsher, belly-dancing against her mistress' cunt just to drive her crazy with pleasure! The giantess responded wonderfully, whimpering and covering her mouth, moaning in sheer bliss. Sephe was aware of how dangerous the situation was: if Betya clamped down with those thighs, she'd be crushed – but she trusted the princess to be careful. Sephe ached for her goddess, and the harder she scissored, the hotter she became. Eruk gave muffled groans under Sephe's asscheek: she could feel his mouth moving in attempts at protest, but his words were lost in her butt. The thought aroused her even more.

"Fuck...hah...Princess..!" she wailed, reaching out. Betya noticed, and slipped a hand down over her belly to grasp Sephe's wrist. Intertwined, they bucked harder, riding the waves of each-other's pleasure until–

"Haaaaahnnn!"

"Fhhhaauhhh!"

They came simultaneously. A river of slick juices gushed over Sephe's pelvis, spurting and spurting while Eruk coughed and spluttered beneath her! Sephe's convulsions were unrefined, wild, gyrating and whining and slamming her hips against Betya's pussy! Finally, as their orgasms died down, Sephe flopped back onto Betya's thigh. They lay panting, red-faced and exhausted, neither of them capable of speech. The only motion Betya gave was the rise and fall of her breasts, the pulse of her gut. Driven by a need that surpassed just sexual gratification, Sephe approached Betya's ass – approached Eruk, who was barely conscious, gasping and wheezing for air. Sephe mounted his face without a word and started to grind, mashing her soaking cunny over his face, his mouth, his nose – ignoring his muffled protests. "Nnfuck...ah..." she breathed desperately, and leaned down to suck on Betya's clit as she pumped herself, harder and harder towards a second orgasm. It didn't take long. She clamped her thighs around the young man's head and growled, almost burying her head in Betya's pussy as she

spasmed and sawed and squirted over Eruk's head. At last, she threw her head back in a deep, contented sigh. "Fwwgguuuh!"

The princess knocked her onto her back with a finger-tap.

"Princess?" Sephe asked, fear and thrill racing through her body as Betya rose onto her hands and knees, crawling over her. Betya's thick tangle of dark hair dangled to form a curtain, locking mistress and aid in an intimate stare. Heat filled Sephe, and she found herself panting, laughing awkwardly as drips of drool fell onto her naked body. "Ahn...hey...what're you..?"

Betya pressed a finger down on Sephe's belly, pinning her.

"Nngh...Princess..."

"Shh," Betya purred, and lowered her lips to kiss Sephe's entire head. When she drew back, ropes of drool dangled between Betya's mouth and Sephe's face. "Let me take care of you."

"Y-Yes, Mistress..."

Betya crooned and moved down, down to Sephe's feet. Her lips parted and her tongue spilled free in a cascade of wet muscle, tousling around Sephe's ankles as Betya stared playfully up at her. Slowly, sensually, Betya stroked her tongue upwards along Sephe's calves and thighs – pausing at her pussy to wriggle and flick, driving her to wild twitches and spasms – before slurping up her stomach and boobs. Now most of Sephe's body was blanketed in tongue, stewing in saliva, and she couldn't be happier. When Betya's muscle finally engulfed her face – and stopped there, covering her breasts and belly and head – Sephe slid a hand between her thighs to masturbate ferociously, horny even in the aftermath of her previous orgasm, whining under her mistress, her goddess. Betya finished her tongue-sweep by rolling the tip around her face, and then licked her again – a steady stroke from her toes to the top of her head. "Mmh, perfect." This time, when she went back, Betya's tongue didn't go over Sephe, but scooped under her feet. Sephe, half-dazed with delight, stared down into her goddess' gaping, quivering maw. She could see past Betya's tonsils, into the pulsing chute of her esophagus until its rippling folds closed off her view. "Aaaaah..." Betya purred, making her gullet vibrate before Sephe's eyes. Without waiting any longer, Betya pushed forwards, slithering her tongue under Sephe's legs like a scoop. Once the tip curled around Sephe's rump, her tongue began to lift, taking her feet and calves into the heat of her maw.

"Mistress..!" Sephe cried out, but something in Betya's eyes told her she was safe. They weren't glazed with hunger, like in the market, but gleaming with lust and love. "Ah...yyes..." Sephe crooned at last, as Betya's tongue cupped her shoulderblades. Now her hips were inside the princess' mouth, her feet dangling into the pudge of her glucking throat. She...she wanted to be tucked in, she realised – more than anything. "Mmh...I taste good, don't I..?"

Betya's lips closed around her belly, sucking gently, contentedly – rolling her tongue in waves. She heaved herself up into a sitting position, once again trapping poor Eruk under the giant mass of her asscheeks. Gravity caught Sephe: only Betya's sucking lips kept her from falling. The Princess smacked her belly – glunk – and rumbled happily. At last, staring into Sephe's eyes, she opened her mouth.

Sephe slid down, ever so slowly, into the sucking pudge of Betya's gullet. Panting for air, stroking her pussy with two fingers, Sephe writhed until she passed the princess' lips. Hot throat seized her, squeezed all over her. Soon her shoulders brushed soft tonsil, and when she looked up, she saw Betya's lips closing, sealing off the light, locking her in darkness. How many meals had seen this exact view? Beneath Sephe, she heard the gargling and blorping of stewed prey, and the motions of Betya's other organs: her heart especially, thumping away to support her massive body.

Betya's gullet shut around her, squeezing her in place and bobbing her up and down as though milking her. So skilled... Sephe rolled her hips in response, and found she could masturbate with Betya's gullet walls. She started to gasp and groan, eyes rolling in pleasure. She'd never felt so sensitive, so blissful..! When she came, it was with a high-pitched squeal of delight!

Gravity shifted again – backwards, this time. Light flooded in, and Betya reached two fingers into her maw to pinch Sephe's head and draw her out. Dripping wet, red all over, Sephe dangled from Betya's grip. The princess grinned at her and smacked her tummy again. "You really are delicious, Sephe," she said as she set her down. Sephe was too weak to stand: she sat cross-legged on the bed, staring at her mistress as Betya turned onto her stomach, lifting her hips to present her giant ass – and her buttplug, Euk. "I think I'll keep him," she purred, and lavishly reached back to press a finger over Euk's head. She kept pushing until her finger was one joint deep in her ass. Euk groaned inside her, yelping for release, but none would come. "Fetch the purple one, Sephe."

Sephe remembered how to move. Weak, shivering, she grabbed the big, bumpy, purple buttplug from the trolley and staggered over to Betya. She could see into the princess' ass, Euk's face sealed deep inside amidst the clenching folds. A sadistic thrill ran through Sephe, empowering her. She hoisted the buttplug and pushed its bulbous head into Betya's asshole, and then forced the rest of it inside, one bump at a time! Betya's toes curled in pleasure, and she groaned deeply when all forty inches of plug were lodged inside her. Poor Euk was sealed away, never to see the light again.

Betya rolled onto her back and trailed her fingers over her belly. Sephe climbed awkwardly, slimy-wet and tender. She lowered her legs down the slope of Betya's tummy, resting her feet on those giant boobs. After a moment of just...staring into the princess' eyes, she said, "Are you full, Princess?"

"Completely," said Betya, and covered her mouth in a yaaaawn! "I...think I need to sleep this one off. Will you stay with me, Sephe?"

"Always, Princess." Sephe slid down her mistress' belly and, following familiar motions, slipped up between her breasts, tucking in nice and cosy. She kissed Betya's neck. "I love you. Sleep well."

"I...love you...too..." Betya was already starting to snore, her body's rhythms slowing down. Sephe sighed and nuzzled Betya's cheek, then shut her own eyes. Behind her, that mountain of a gut, stuffed with thirteen people, a ton of fish, and her new butt slave, *gwurged* and *blorked* even louder.