“*Hmph*, ENOUGH! ...I’ve heard enough from your betrayal-ridden lips, the both of you.”

The large crowd of both the denizens of the town & the legendary heroes with their parties stood silent upon the Queen raising her voice.

“I have thought of a deserving punishment for you both, King Aultcray, who *carelessly* put the Shield Hero through the worst situation possible at every turn…; & Princess Malty, who would try to frame the Shield Hero after attempting to kill her own sister.”

“W-wait... Mother…!” The manipulative older sister to Melty was drawn to tears as everything came crumbling down on her very being. “M-MOTHER, I SWEAR… ON MY YOUNGER SISTER’S LIFE, I DIDN'T CAUSE ANY OF TH- **AAAHHHHRRRHH!**” The sinners lie was outed before she could even finish as the curse painted on her chest glowed & a shot of pain was delivered through her body. She screamed, but it was a telltale sign of a full-blooded liar.

“SILENCE!” The Queen was forced to raise her voice once more to overpower the loud mouth of her eldest daughter.

Off to the side where the legendary heroes & their companions stood, Naofumi felt a light tap on his shoulder.

“Master Naofumi…” The half-raccoon would speak in a whisper. “What punishment do you think they'll get?”

“Hmm…” The Shield Hero sighed, recalling the strange dream he had the night before this.

*\*...Probably best not to mention it to her.\**

“I don't know, Raphtalia, but…” His attention was brought back to the case in hand, looking as if the silence between Queen Mirellia & the two soon-to-be punished royals was about to break. “It looks like we’ll know any second now.”

“King Aultcray… *former* King Aultcray…”

“FORMER? You couldn't possibly-” The King quickly blurted out upon the implication of his status being ripped from him.

“Hmph, you *honestly* think you can still keep your status after the various treasonous acts you committed? How utterly ridiculous…”

The King would only grunt with furious anger. He must’ve still believed the Shield Hero had put some kind of mind-control spell on everyone watching this. The idiocy of it all…

“No matter, I shall deal with your punishment in a moment.” Her eyes darted over to the heavily breathing she-devil of a daughter, still in pain from the curse’s power. “As for you, *former* Princess Malty - For the heinous crimes committed against the Shield Hero & his faithful companions, for the attempted *murder* of your younger sister, for tricking the Spear Hero, the Bow Hero & the Sword Hero into turning on the Shield Hero, & for developed conspiracy within the royal house behind my back, your sentence will be nothing short-” Her voice rose up significantly to deliver the last two words.

“**OF DEATH!**”

“W-wha…”

The whole gathering gasped from the seemingly extreme punishment. Many words were uttered from the various denizens.

“Can the Queen *really* do this?”

“The Princess will be put to death?! That seems extreme…”

But none even came close to overpowering the response from the aforementioned soon-to-be executed Princess.

“You… You can't be serious… MOTHER, YOU JEST. Y-YOU… YOU…” Her words stopped as she saw the glint in the Queen’s eyes. Her heart stopped as she realised… *she was serious about this…* “**M-MOTHER, NO! I-I DON'T WANT TO DIE! PLEASE-**”

“SILENCE! ...Guards.” The two guards standing behind the handcuffed former Princess stood ready for her majesty’s orders. “Escort Malty to the deepest chambers on my word.”

“Hmm…” Naofumi sighed, feeling strangely senseless upon hearing of the she-devil’s punishment.

*\*This is just like my dream. Is the Queen going to…\**

“Oh my, such an extreme punishment.” Raphtalia spoke up. “What do you think, Master Naofumi?”

“She deserves it!” The young Filolial suddenly spoke up, catching both Raphtalia & Naofumi’s attention. “I hope she gets eaten - She’d serve better as food anyway… *Mmmmm*~” She started to drool at the thought of that death penalty.

“Filo, no! I get you like eating but I don't think they'll let you eat her.”

Filo sighed as her idea was shot down by the demi-human. She’d just have to hope there's a buffet nearby or something similar.

“You! The Sword to the Shield Hero.”

Raphtalia’s ears perked up from hearing her nickname being called, & by the Queen which surprised her.

“Umm, yes, your majesty?”

“I’d like for you to follow behind the guards, to aid in delivering the punishment. Princess Melty will come with you, won't you Melty?” The Queen looked to her side where the until now silent younger Princess stood.

“Yes, mother.” There was a hint of solemnness in her voice.

The half-raccoon couldn't make heads or tails of what the Queen wanted from her exactly by aiding in the she-devil’s punishment, but she’d be a fool to refuse. The amount of times she made Master Naofumi’s life a living hell, the act of trying to murder her own sister… *the sheer hatred she displayed against demi-humans.* It would be justice to end this on her terms.

“*Hmm*, as you say, your majesty.”

“*Heheee,* maybe *you’ll* get to eat her~”

Raphtalia huffed at the remark the young Filolial made, getting slightly annoyed.

“Agh, knock it off, Filo. I’m sure they just want me to make sure nothing goes wrong.”

As the two bickered with each other, Naofumi was stuck in his thoughts, the dream from the night before still very much present.

*\*Execution… by acid?\**

It was hard to vividly remember the imagery he saw in his dream, the only recollection of it being what seemed to be Myne… or rather Malty, stuck in some sort of prison & possibly burning alive.

*\*What exactly does the Queen have planned for her? Especially so now as she called for Raphtalia’s attendance…\**

“Melty, if you may? Please silence your former sister so she won't be of a disturbance on the way to the deepest chamber.”

The young Princess nodded before she made her way down to where her devil of a sister stood, the watching crowd paying no mind as they were too busy talking about Malty’s punishment.

Malty sniffed, trying desperately to hold back the tears before she looked up, noticing her younger sister standing before her, an almost stone-cold expression on her face. No words were spoken from Melty as she simply focused, before a spell was suddenly shot at the accused’s chest.

“**AAAHHHH**hhhh… hn…” & just like that, her consciousness slipped, falling back into the grasp of the two guards behind her.

The crowd’s attention was alerted to the source of the quick scream, most gasping before the castle fell silent.

“Thank you, Melty.” The Queen praised her younger daughter, the first time having shown a positive mood today, not that it would last even a few seconds. “Guards, you may take the traitor down to the deepest chamber now, & the Shield Hero’s Sword, you are to accompany Princess Melty & tail behind. She will tell you why I have asked of your assistance for this.”

Raphtalia nodded wordlessly, scooting besides Filo so she could exit the seating area.

“*Have fun eating her, Raphtalia~!*”

The half-raccoon simply rolled her eyes - Why was the Filolial so bent on making her think she’d be *eating* the Princess?

Within moments, she stood beside Princess Melty & her unconscious older sister. The guards made sure their grip on the Princess was sturdy before turning around & walked towards the large doors leading to the execution site. Raphtalia & Melty swiftly followed behind them but kept their distance.

The whole crowd stayed silent as they watched the doors open, a loud echoing creek filling the massive hall. The two guards quickly looked behind to confirm the two were tagging along before setting their sights on the modestly lit corridor in front of them. They wasted no time in making their way into said corridor, the whole crowd still completely quiet. Once the party of five passed through the gargantuan doors, they closed behind them & with an echoing boom, the doors were sealed, not to be opened again for quite a while.

“Hey, Naofumi.” Amidst the now vocal hall, the Spear Hero suddenly called out for the Shield Hero, grabbing his attention. “Did the Queen tell you of her plans with this?”

“*Hmm*, I’m as clueless of her plans as you three are.”

The Spear Hero would only grunt in frustration from the deadpan response. Despite being deceived by his companion the whole time, he still felt shaken about Myne’s deathly punishment.

“Master~! How fat do you think Raphtalia will be after all this?”

*\*Why is Filo trying so hard to push this? Surely, that isn't why the Queen asked for her.\**

“Hmph, for the last time Filo, she's not going to-”

“Your Filolial companion is quite clever.”

Naofumi’s words would be interrupted & from looking to the source, it was surprisingly the Queen, standing right in front of the two.

“Excuse me?”

His words would be left out as the Queen focused her gaze on his bird-like companion. Filo blankly stared back, not exactly sure how to respond to the compliment she just received.

The stare-down would end with the Queen closing her eyes & smirking. She turned herself around, her gaze falling onto the King who had strangely remained silent through most of this. She eyed the two guards behind him before calling out.

“Guards! Take the former King Aultcray to Melty’s room. I shall not be the one to announce his punishment but instead, I shall allow-” She brought her gaze back to Filo. “-this young Filolial to do the honours!”

Understandably, the majority of the crowd gasped - Handing over the delivery of a punishment to a Filolial, & for the King no less? It seemed absurd but to the Queen, it was the perfect choice.

“W-WHA?! You want a *BIRD* to deliver my punishment?!”

His words ultimately fell on deaf ears, the Queen not bothering even a sound to respond.

“Wait…” Filo perked up after remaining silent for a small while. “Does that mean I get to-”

“Yes! But wait until the guards leave you two in peace. I’m aware of how *ravenous* your kind can get & I’d rather not be down two members of staff.”

Most of the crowd was visibly & audibly confused, unsure of the implications their Queen made. For Naofumi though, the exchange between the two finally brought genuine emotion into his voice. He couldn't believe what she was about to let Filo do…

“You’re free to accompany her, Shield Hero. I doubt she’ll munch on you~”

*\*Ughh, how did this turn out the way it did? Did the Queen really just sentence the King & Myne to be* ***eaten*** *by Filo & Raphtalia…?\**

~~~~~~~~~~~~

“We’ve been walking for quite a while…”

“It’s just around the corner, Raphtalia.”

The journey to the deepest parts of the castle had been a relatively quiet one. The unconscious betrayer hadn't yet woken up, much to the delight of the two guards & the two following behind. Despite Melty’s orders to reveal the plan now, she instead decided to wait until they were settled in the room - It’d be better to explain everything there.

In just a few more seconds, the guards stopped in front of a room, presumably the deepest chamber the Queen requested. One of the guards laid the weight of the unconscious Princess onto the other so they could unlock the door. Once that was done, the guards walked in with Melty & Raphtalia following swiftly behind.

“Please uncuff her then lay her on the bed, I’ll take it from here after.”

A bed? Indeed as the half-raccoon came in, she noticed the room was mostly empty, safe for a strangely extravagant bed for a room like this.

A few clicks were heard before Malty’s hands were freed. She laid back-down in a starfish shape on the bed. The guards were swift to follow their Princess’ orders, taking their leave & shutting the door, leaving the room with just the three of them.

“Hmm… Princess Melty, may I ask why I am needed for this?” It was a question that had been gnawing at her since the Queen requested her presence & it felt good to finally ask it.

“Certainly, but the answer might freak you out a little so I’ll put it bluntly.” She gazed down at her lying devil of a sister. It might-… *will* be the last time she gets to see her like this. “*\*Ahem\*,* the Queen specifically told me her execution will be via digestion & she’d like for *you* to do the honours.”

Upon hearing the words, it took a few moments for the demi-human’s brain to process what she had just been tasked with. Once it dawned on her though…

“W-wait… the Queen… she wants me to execute Myne… by *eating* her…”

“Correct, & she asked me to accompany you to make sure you succeed-”

“*Waaait* wait wait wait.” Raphtalia was confused beyond belief of the request. It just seemed like something completely out of her reach to achieve. “I *should* be questioning the request itself, but wouldn't Filo be the better choice for this?”

Speaking of Filo, did she *know* about this? All the seemingly offset teasing before… it would be hard to call it merely a coincidence…

“Mmm, I think Filo’s busy with something else~...”

*Gurrrrgglll~*

Raphtalia flinched, feeling the ominous growl of hunger echoing from her middle. What bad timing… or maybe, *it was good timing…*

“Besides, it sounds like you’re hungry~... Hmhmm, think of how many levels you’ll gain from this~”

She *would* gain quite a few levels from this, & some extra padding too… *maybe enough for Master Naofumi to notice…*

Raphtalia found her eyes gazing upon Myne. Her stomach rumbled more ferociously as she stared down at her & within moments, she found herself *drooling* at the sight of the lying princ- no… *the lying piece of food…*

“*Thaaaat’s it, Raphtalia~* Give in to your instincts.”

Princess Melty’s words were certainly helping in making the half-raccoon see the unconscious she-devil as nothing more than a large slab of meat, made evident by the room becoming more audible with the sounds of Raphtalia’s hunger lust.

To Melty, Malty was no longer her older sister - How could she have food as a sister anyway?

“U-umm, how should I start this?” The hungry demi-human’s voice sounded a little quiet, but it certainly had a hint of lust tacked on.

“*Oh*, uhh… I’m not sure actually.” Top or bottom first, the purple-haired Princess thought on the question. After a few seconds of looking over the *food* on the bed, a memory suddenly sprung to mind. “*Oo!* I just remembered something! Whenever Filo gobbled up prey, she always took them down bottom-first… *Maybe* you should start with her feet?”

Her feet… huh, Raphtalia didn't notice until now but Myne was barefoot - Those feet *did* look incredibly soft & well taken care of. The way they were positioned too looked like they were ripe for eating up… in Raphtalia’s eyes anyway.

Melty kept her curious eyes on the half-raccoon, watching as she kept looking over her former sister before she finally knelt down by the tailend of the bed. She looked as if she was sizing up those delicate feet, thinking about how to start this.

“Would you like for me to help, Raphtalia? I can help start you off by pushing in her feet~”

“...Yes please, I’m still not entirely sure how to do this.”

“Oh-” To Raphtalia’s surprise, the younger Princess quickly climbed onto the bed, kneeling down besides Myne’s head. “It’s *easy*!... Or well, Filo makes it look easy, ahaa… *\*ahem\**, just open up wide & I’ll push her feet in! I’ll let you handle the rest, *it’s your job after all* but if you need help, just say so - It’s *my* job to help you succeed~”

Raphtalia just nodded wordlessly. If she had to be honest, Princess Melty’s apparent *eagerness* to shove her older sister down her throat was quite unnerving. Then again, having a devil incarnate of a sister like Myne…

Although the raccon girl was ready to start this unorthodox execution, there was still something nagging the back of her mind.

“Uhh, Melty… what if she wakes up while I’m… *eating her*.” Her brain was still finding it hard to grasp the thought of devouring a living being whole.

“Oh, I’m *sure* that won't happen! The spell I used is *preeetty* potent - She won't regain consciousness for at least another hour or so… *or when your tummy starts working on her*, whichever comes first~”

“...Right, ok. I… I think I’m ready.” But in all honesty, Raphtalia wasn't really sure if she was ready. She was on a time limit though & she didn't like the thought of Myne waking up mid-devourment, so it was now or never.

“Great!” Melty shuffled herself down the bed so she now knelt down directly beside the legs of her former sister that were able to start the journey down her raccoon companion’s throat. “Just open your mouth as wide as you can & I’ll cram her feet in~ Just *try* not to take my hands too - Filo’s already tried that before so it won't work.”

“Mhmm.” Was her only response before she followed Melty’s advice. To her sheer surprise *&* to Melty’s delight, when she opened her mouth, she opened it much wider than she thought she possibly could. It didn't hurt nearly as much as she thought it would either.

“Ah, there you go! *Now…*” The younger Princess paused her words to focus on lifting up the bare feet laid right in front in Raphtalia’s wide open maw. “One betraying sister, coming in for my demi-human friend! Bottom’s up, Raphtalia~”

She even finished her words with a wink - How much more unnerving could her cheerful attitude towards leading her older sister into a digestive demise get?

Well there was no point wondering about it now, she had a massive task to take on, or rather ingest. The young half-raccoon felt Melty squeeze her sister’s feet into her mouth, almost completely filling it. She watched as the young Princess’ hands swiftly pulled out, her fingers glistening with her saliva.

“Mmm, how does she taste~?”

Taste? That wasn't the first thing on her mind with a pair of feet crammed in her mouth but upon maneuvering her tongue around what she could with what little space she had, she found Myne’s feet to be… *delicious*. She couldn't pinpoint what specifically the flavour was at all, the taste being foreign to her unexplored pallet, but at least there was *one* good thing about the she-devil.

“*Mmmmhmmhmmm~*” Was all the half-raccoon could muster with a mouth full of feet, but it was *more* than enough for Melty to understand the fact Raphtalia was really enjoying her former sister.

“*Hmhmm*, just like Filo when she tastes her prey~... *maybe you’ll swallow just like she does too~*”

Even if Raphtalia wanted to respond, she couldn't not just because of her inability to talk currently, but the act of devouring something large beginning to take over her mind.

There was only so much the demi-human could taste before all of the flavour had been licked clean & soon enough, she couldn't get anymore from the she-devil’s feet. Nothing would be achieved if she kept licking at her now tasteless feet…

*Grrrooooaaaaaww~*

It sounded like her stomach could sense a meal approaching, little did it know just how *big* the oncoming meal was - something *far* bigger than the half-raccoon had ever taken in before…

The pained growl was the last straw for Raphtalia. As awkward as it felt, she needed to get on with it & start downing the former Princess. Bracing herself, she struggled to lift her head up slightly but luckily for the newbie predator, Melty came in to help & with a light hum, she slipped her hands beneath her sister & lifted her weight up, enough so Raphtalia could lift her up more comfortably.

*Finally* in a comfortable position to start, she braced herself, clenching her eyes shut as she put all of her focus into the strongest swallow she’s ever had to make… *& it certainly wouldn't be the last…*

***U-UULLLLLK~***

The gulp sounded incredibly strained for the half-raccoon’s untrained throat muscles, yet an impressive amount of Myne’s body was dragged inside. Both of the Betrayer’s feet left a distinct bulge on her throat while most of her covered lower legs were brought into her hungry maw.

“*Urrrrrrrg…*” Raphtalia moaned, the strange feeling of her neck bulging like this being completely foreign. Despite the strain, there was a deep sense of curiosity welling up inside her - How would this feel once she’s swallowed the she-devil down entirely?

The curiosity only fuelled her determination now, but she realised she still needed some help from the younger Princess - & so she grunted as best she could.

“Nhg… hn.”

“Oh, do you need me to lift her up again?”

The young demi-human would slowly nod in response.

“Ok!... OO!” Melty’s eyes lit up as a seemingly fun idea popped into her mind - another recollection of how Filo handled her prey.”I have an idea! As I lift up her body until she’s facing straight up, you keep lifting your head up! It’ll make the process quicker - She’ll practically slip right in as long as you keep swallowing~”

Again, how nonchalantly Melty seemed with this was unnerving, but Raphtalia wasn't in the position to deny her idea - It’s not like she wanted to spend time lapping up her her bland-looking clothes either so a seemingly quick straight shot to both soothing her hunger *&* delivering Myne’s punishment was too good to pass up.

At the sight of the predatory half-raccoon nodding, Melty gleefully hummed before she leapt up, shaking the bed & in turn, Myne’s body. The shaking of her body caused a noticeable irritation to build at the back of throat, inducing a forced, weak…

*E-eurlp~*

Pulling the she-devil’s ever so slightly in deeper.

Raphtalia let out a muffled grunt, feeling distraught from the irritation but soon felt relief as the nuisance didn't last any longer than a few seconds.

“Ah, my apologies, Raphtalia. Ummm… I’m sure you’d like to get this done already - *to fill your belly, soooo~...*” She stood up on the bed much more carefully this time before leaning down & grabbing ahold of Malty’s upper body. “*Oooo-kaaaay*, j-just lean your heeaad b-back, & keep s-swaaallowiiing.”

Despite having her vision partially obscured by Myne’s legs, the half-raccoon could both visually & audibly tell that Melty was struggling to hold most of her older sister’s weight.

“J-just tell me when, *ugh*… when you c-can hold her up byyyy yourself…”

***Urrllp~... Glluup~... Guullk~...***

By the time the younger Princess finished her sentence, she already managed to, with some difficulty, lift Malty’s body all the way up, directly above the famished maw of the half-raccoon - the *perfect* position.

Several deep, continuous swallows were taken, each one pulling the she-devil in further. It seemed nothing would stop her from ingesting the former princess at this point, she was completely overcome with hunger-filled lust, determined to cram her massive meal down her throat.

That *was* until…

***Goorrlk~***

“*...Nn-hn?*”

Upon taking in the rest of her upper thighs, the consumption came to a temporary halt as she felt Myne’s feet pulled into her stomach, almost immediately filling the organ. Overtaken with curiosity, she brought a hand to her middle. Poking it a little, she let out a heavily muffled gasp as she could clearly feel the she-devil’s feet within. If only her feet did that to her usually herbivorous stomach… well, she was soon to find out what the whole of Myne would do to her poor gut…

“Raphtalia, can you stand up?”

It took a moment for her to notice the question, her focus wanting to stay in the developing sensation within herself but upon taking notice, she thought about it. It wouldn't hurt to try at least.

“I’m only asking since I think you’d rather lay on the bed after finishing than on the cold floor.”

The Princess certainly had a point, now she *had* to try. At this point, Melty had already released her grip on her elder sister, figuring the half-raccoon had a sturdy grip on her prey so she didn't have any obstructions to worry about. She kept her head leant back, letting out an elongated grunt as she slowly managed but surely managed to stand on her feet.

“There you go! Now, just turn around & sit down. I’ll move out of the way for you.”

She heard the springs of the mattress go off until they suddenly stopped, indicating the younger Princess had gotten off.

The urge to swallow was getting borderline unbearable at the point of her slowly turning herself around, so to relieve the urge, even just a little…

***G-guurrlp~***

She took another strong, strained swallow, pulling Myne’s pelvic region inside. Along with another push of her esophagus, she groaned from her gut now starting to push out with the developing form of the she-devil.

Luckily, she was able to turn around fully without the forced need to swallow again.

“There, now just sit down & keep *swallowing~*”

The half-raccoon did as she was asked to do, taking a small step back before slowly sitting down on the tailend of the bed with another grunt. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Melty standing right beside her with a sickeningly cute smile. The look in her eyes… one of excitement, excited to see the hungry half-raccoon succeed.

There was no way for Myne to go now, but *down…*

***Uurrrllk~... G-grrrullp~... Uullllpp~...***

She continuously gulped, eventually getting up to Myne’s upper torso where her arms were forced upwards to prevent contorting them in an irregular manor. She groaned in disappointment, slightly annoyed that the poor clothing she was forced to wear for the trial completely obstructed her modest chest. Even if she was still unconscious, it would've been nice to taste those bulbous orbs that attracted many men… *even her Master Naofumi…*

There was nothing that could be done about it unfortunately, & so she continued on with her large-scale meal.

***Urrrllk~... Urrrlllp~... Gurrlllp~...***

More pained swallows pulled Myne in up to her shoulders where she became stuck. She could feel her eyes start to water as she struggled desperately to fit her shoulders in but even after multiple attempts, they just didn't budge.

Noticing her half-raccoon friend having trouble, Melty perked up.

“Hold on, let me straighten her arms more - that should help.” & she did just that, grabbing her sister’s dangling arms & while needing to stand on her tippy toes, hoisted her arms straight up & together. “There, now try.”

Raphtalia certainly wasn't going to delay it, once again putting her full focus on a single, overwhelmingly powerful…

***U-URRRLLLLLLM~***

To the predatory half-raccon’s surprise, unlike with her previous attempts, her shoulders practically slipped in with ease, like she was covered in slippery slime. She certainly wouldn't complain though as that was the hardest part of this massive-scale task - the little bit of her left still outside should prove manageable.

“*Urrrmmph…*”

She growled as she felt her stomach continue to balloon out with the vengeful witch. At this point, even with the buzz of hunger surging through her mind, she started to have second thoughts of if she could do this. Even if she got the she-devil down completely, would she be able to keep her down, or even fully digest her?

*\*...Huh?\** A memory from long ago suddenly shot into her mind, one that came about not long after meeting Naofumi. *\*I’ve… done this before… those monsters Master Naofumi used to train my sword hand… all of them, I… ate them all…\** She closed her eyes as the memory become more vivid the more she recollected. *\*&, with the help of Master Naofumi, I… kept them down…\** As the distant memory became clear, she started to find encouragement in the recollection of her much younger self predating on her Master’s monsters. *\*They… were my food…\** Her courage strengthened, enough to unconsciously start downing the devilsome Myne again.

***Glluuup~***

*\*& now… Myne is food… my food…\**

***Ullrrrk~***

*\*She deserves this… more than any actual monster…\**

***Guurrlllp~***

*\*Forever one less pain in everyone’s… Master Naofumi’s a-\**

“Raphtalia!”

*\*Huh?\** Her eyes shot open as she heard her name called through her bitter thoughts of the older princess. She let out a muffled gasp as she realised nothing was obstructing her view… & felt something large & round threatening to pierce through the back of her throat with one last swallow.

Through her unconscious state of recollecting a past memory & bitter thoughts of Myne, Myne’s whole body was literally inside of the half-raccoon - one more swallow would finish Myne permanently & send her on her way to her digestive demise. Princess Melty had called her just before she could finish the deed though.

“Lean your head back down & keep your mouth open, I wish to let my former sister see the outside world one last time through the jaws of a ‘harmless looking half-raccoon demi-human’, *hehee~*”

Though slightly confused on what the strangely joyous younger Princess ment, she did as she asked & lowered her head back down with her jaws wide open, giving Melty a great view of her older sister’s still unconscious head resting just behind the demi-human’s tongue.

“You know Raphtalia, my mother thought it a cruel twist of irony for you to be the one to deliver the punishment, considering Malty’s irrational hatred for your kind.”

*\*Huh… is that why…?\**

Raphtalia watched with curiosity as Melty began to form a sort of small elemental ball between her hands.

“*Ok, once dear sister of mine…*” She mumbled as she brought her hands right in front of her friend’s maw. “Wake up.” Her voice was monotone as she uttered the words before she flicked the small ball directly in, landing a direct hit on Malty’s face.

“**GAAAAAHN!** ...” Malty shot up awake, taking a moment to realise the dire situation she was stuck in as the spell Melty shot her with left her face momentarily frozen. The feeling quickly dissipated, thanks to the currently unknown surroundings to her, & when she realised her movement was completely restricted… “Wh… what the *heeellll*…? M… M-Mel-”

“I figured you’d like one last look of the world before you're swallowed up into a new world, *‘sister’*.” Her words held a certain bluntness to them, as if she didn't care at all for the coming demise of her older sister.

“...” Malty was understandably left speechless from her younger sister’s uncaring-sounding words. Where the hell was she anyway? She still hadn’t figured it out, but she was about to…

“No words? Good, this’ll only make this easier. Your life was nothing but lies & you only had your eyes on the throne, even going as far as trying to assassinate *me*, your *own* sister, & planned to blame it on the Shield Hero to further the hatred the town had on him.” She paused her final speech, taking a moment to let out a long sigh. “*Hmph*, you’ll do better serving a demi-human.”

“Wh… WHA-”

“Down the hatch with her, *Raphtalia~*” She made sure to emphasise the half-raccoon’s name, knowing how much her witch of a sister hated not only demi-human’s in general, but the Shield Hero’s Sword extensively.

“W-wait… **WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU-**”

“*Aahhmph~”*

She closed her maw with a blissful smile on her face, plunging the former older Princess into the eternal darkness of the half-raccoon’s insides.

*\*N-no, I-I can't… let that disgusting furbag… hng…!\**

But alas with how restricted her body was, she had no chance of escaping the demi-human’s internal grasp. If only she had woken up a little sooner…

Melty remained silent, eager to listen in on the final tug of her half-raccoon friend’s throat muscles pull her former sister in fully & luckily, she didn't have to wait long.

Eyes closed & fists clenched, Raphtalia put every bit of focus into the final set of swallows that’d send Myne to the death bed awaiting in her stomach.

***Grruuullpp~***

Myne’s head was pulled down, leaving just her upper arms unswallowed. Just one more should seal her down permanently, & her arms should be easy…

Or so the predatory half-raccoon thought…

“*H-hackh?!*”

Before she could swallow, she felt a shot of pain through her esophagus, causing her throat to lose its grip on her royal meal & to the surprise of both, allowed Myne to fight back.

“**HAAAHN… *HAH…***” With her survival instincts kicking into full gear, Myne tried her absolute hardest to escape the clutches of Raphtalia’s insides, surprisingly making decent progress as with enough force, she managed to push her head back up the throat’s entrance. Just as she was well on her way to getting herself out of the seemingly inescapable situation, she paused with an almost uncharacteristically frightened gasp at the sight of her younger sister once again within the frame of the maw.

“Oh, fighting back, are we? Well mother, nor I or Raphtalia can’t be having that. You are to be executed, there is no escape from that & mother thought it *painfully* ironic to see your life end by the hands of a demi-human, *or well…*” She hummed eerily as her voice lowered to a whisper. “*The stomach of a demi-human~*”

“...*S-she…*” If she hadn't figured out that she was being eaten, she certainly had now. Her fear dissipated as her anger rose at the words her little sister just uttered. “*I… hmmmmMMMMMM****RRAAAAAHHHH!!* NOOOOO, I REFUSE TO *DIE* TO THAT SHIELD SCUM’S FLEABAAAG! GET. ME.-** **AHHHHNN!**”

Consumed by complete anger, she failed to notice Melty forming the spell similar to the one she used to knock out Malty the first time… *until it was too late*. It was a direct hit, but this one didn't knock her out, instead the spell weakened her severely, & made her feel much more tired than what she actually was.

“*Hmhmm,* well I suppose this is farewell, dear sister.” With a smug look on her face, she leaned in closer, her face taking up the entire view of the frightened Princess’ field of vision. “No more lies, no more deception - You brought no good to this world, *but*… in your last moments, you’ll *certainly* do good in being a satisfactory meal for the demi-human you hate so much~” Once again, her voice lowered to an eerie whisper, a few final words would come out that’d completely crush her speechless sister. “*Your life will be better as fat on Raphtalia, & I cannot waaait to see your contribution to her~*”

Listening to all of this felt incredibly satisfying to the predatory half-raccoon. After all this time, Myne was finally getting her comeuppance - all the lies, the deception, every crime she committed, & all of this would end now.

*Guuurrrrgglllll~*

“*Hmmmmmm~*” Melty hummed in delight as she heard her friend’s stomach groan, begging for the rest of her sister to drop in. “Farewell, dear sister. May you serve a better life as raccoon padding~” To Raphtalia’s surprise, Melty stuck her hand into her maw before she felt that hand pushing on Myne’s head…

Immediately triggering her gasp reflex.

***Grrullp~***

The younger Princess shuddered as she felt the swallow ripple through her arm. Obviously, Raphtalia had no plans on devouring the other Princess too, & so she immediately opened her mouth after the swallow, allowing her friend to remove her now saliva-ridden hand.

“*Mmmfff~*”

“Finish her, Raphtalia. I weakened her with that spell so she cannot attempt to escape this time.”

Raphtalia found herself in a temporary daze, having gotten a taste of Melty. Sne completely understood why Filo spent a lot of ‘quality time’ with her now. Maybe she’d have to find some one on one time with the young Princess herself…

Now wasn't the time to think on that though, she still had Myne’s desperate hands to polish off. With one hand, she cupped her heavily bulging throat, leaned her head back slightly, & with a powerful swallow, worthy of a *real* grand finale…

***MMMM-ULLLLMMMPH~...***

The she-devil’s dainty hands finally slipped beyond the back of the throat, never to be seen again & to finally be sealed within her squishy death bed.

“*Mmmmmmhh… guuuuh…*”

Raphtalia groaned heavily as she felt her stomach weighing down more as more of Myne’s body dropped in. The weak struggles from her prey wasn't enough to prevent the demise - If Melty hadn't weakened her, she possibly could’ve escaped, so she’d have to thank the younger Princess as soon as she could.

“Lie down, Raphtalia.”

*\*Huh?\**

“Lie yourself down - It’d be easier on not just your gut, but your body as a whole. You must feel exhausted after that ordeal - Surely, you’d like to sleep her off, *hmm~*?”

That was true, she did feel exhausted after such an arduous task of swallowing a person slightly taller than her. It’d only be right to lay back… & bask in the afterglow of a heavily bloated stomach. As she felt her neck finally returning to its usual, slim size as the last of Myne’s hands slipped down past her chest, she let out an elated sigh as she used her feet to push herself back, the sigh echoing louder as her back hit the plush covers.

“*Aaaahhhhfff~... Mmmmmm~*”

*Grrrruuuuuwwwwlllllll~*

Her stomach let out a long, content gurgle as the last of Myne’s weak body was pulled in. At long last, it was over.

With her power sapped, the she-devil had no chance of escaping her digestive demise, so she was forced to curl up & wail in her well-deserved defeat. The beyond tight, pitch-black confines were unbearable, having no room at all to move as she was forced to simply listen to her predator’s inner body working.

*\*W… w-why…\**

As she thought it couldn't get much worse, she was quickly proven wrong as the gastric chamber suddenly groaned in a particular manor, before Myne gasped as the majority of her air supply was stolen away, sent up the throat of the half-raccoon & resulting in a loud, wet, yet incredibly satisfying…

***MMF-AAAAAARRRRRRUUUUUUUPP~***

Raphtalia coughed a couple of times shortly after, the belch so powerful that it stung her throat.

“*Urrg… O-owww…*”

“Are you alright, Raphtalia? Can you keep her down?”

Within the corner of her eye, the severely bloated demi-human could see her ingested prey’s sister, stood beside her with a worried look on her face, & understandably so.

“*Urf… i-it’s… mmmf… fiiiiiine~*” Despite her throat feeling sore from the large amount of gas just erupted from it, her voice had a very clear hint of bliss to it, really showing how much she enjoyed the fulfilling feeling.

“Good… well, I have one more thing I want to do before you fall asleep. Trust me, you’ll *love* it, *hmhmm~*”

As Raphtalia watched with eyes half-lidded, Melty sat herself down right beside the clearly Myne-sized stomach bulge. She began to wring her hands together as a broad smile plastered her face.

“*H-hah… Melty… w-wh-* ***A-a-aahhhhh~****... ug~...*” The herbivorous predator wasn’t even given a chance to retort as she immediately moaned loudly from feeling the mischievous young Princess dig her hands firmly into her human belly bulge.

“*Hmhmhmm, just like Filo~*”

The elated half-raccoon couldn't work up any literal response to her friend comparing her to the Filolial - All she could do was simply melt away in pleasure from the belly rubs she received, her tail peeking out from under & repeatedly whacked against the bed covers. Her eyes were to the point of closing, her smile broader than Naofumi’s shoulders as she thought back on the recollected memory from a short while ago. Despite how unfamiliar… & *new*, the sensation of Melty massaging her large stomach felt, it *wasn’t* something unfamiliar.

Once before… when she ate those same monsters thought about before…

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*“Aa-haaah, Master! Master, it hurrrts!”*

*“Well you shouldn't have taken them all on at once. You have yourself to blame.”*

*“I-I… urk… I’m sorry, M-Master… aaoww…”*

*“Hmm… Lie down on your back, Raphtalia - Maybe I can help soothen the pain.”*

*“...M-Master, you… you can’t…”*

*“& why shouldn't I? You're trying your best, it would only be fair that I repay your hard work. Besides, it’d do neither of us good if you’re incapacitated. Now, do as you’re told & lie down.”*

*“A-ahr… ug, o-ok…”*

*“Good, now it’s time to stop the havoc on your insides.”*

*“H-huh? Master, w-what do y-* ***Aahhnnn…*** *hurrr… M… M-Master…~”*

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*\*Master Naofumi, he…\** She let out an elongated sigh, both from the continued belly rubs & from the memory becoming clear as crystal. *\*He soothed the pain those monsters did to my tummy. It felt so…\**

“*Muurrrrrrrrrrr~*” Her purring became more pronounced, as did her tail movement as she remembered how good her Master’s soothing rubs.

*\*Mmmh… What I’d do to have Master Naofumi give me tummy rubs again~... maybe…\** To neither of the two’s surprise, her eyes began to flutter, the aftereffects of the attention to her stomach slowly but surely lulling her into a food coma.

“*Mmmmmmm-haaaaaaahm~*” She yawned in a cute manor, alerting Melty of the tired state the half-raccoon was feeling.

“*Hmmmm*, *it feels like she’s unconscious in there~*... I’ll leave you two in peace & *not so* quiet, hmhmm~” The sleepy demi-human was too oblivious to notice that Melty leaned in closer, practically laying an ear on the sisterly bulge. Despite knowing her sister would never hear her words, she had some final choice words to speak. “*...At least you're good for something, sister… in death.*” Her tone was stone-cold, not that her bloated friend took any notice of it. All she got was a sharp, winded gurgle as a response.

With nothing else to say, she lifted herself off the bed & made her way towards the door. She looked back at the human-sized bulge, unable to see Raphtalia’s face - That didn't stop her from smiling faintly though. As she opened the door, she heard the half-raccoon let out a drooled moan, followed by her stomach growling much louder.

*“Hmph*, sounds like digestion’s starting. Have a wonderful rest, Raphtalia~ I’ll come to check on you *two* later~” & with those parting words, she left the room & quietly closed the door, leaving the almost sleep-taken Raphtalia alone with her unconscious meal.

With Melty now gone, only the sounds of the young half-raccoon’s stomach letting out all sorts of grumbling noises as it began working hard on trying to break down the enormous slab on unconscious meat inside, & her occasional moans & nonsensical attempts at speaking competently.

“M… *urg*… M-Maaaster…” Despite having already long since left the room, to the elated predatory half-raccoon, it still feel like her stomach was being massaged, allowing Raphtalia to bask in her thoughts, imagining as if it were Naofumi giving that massage.

Unbeknownst to Raphtalia, Melty used a weak spell of sorts on her hands shortly before she dug her hands into the bulging flesh which ended up leaving a lasting, tingling sensation on the bulbous flesh.

“*Hurrrrrr~... M…*”

Sleep was at full force, trying its best to claim the sleepy half-raccoon & soon, it’d have its way as she was finding it increasingly difficult to stay awake, & continue thinking about her beloved Master.

“*M-Mast… errr… Naofumiii… p-please…..*” She couldn't finish her words, the feeling of sheer tiredness from devouring a larger being becoming too much.

The room fell quiet of her drooly murmurs, filled only with the sounds of her hardhardworking stomach as she finally slipped into unconsciousness…

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*GRRRRAAAEEEWWWWLLLL~... GRRRRRGGLLLL~...*

“*Mmmmmhh~...”*

For the next several hours, the dreary room would become an opera of Raphtalia’s stomach roaring ferociously, working the hardest its ever had to work to handle the unnaturally enormous intake of meat inside. After the first hour, Myne was long since gone from the mortal world, finally relieving this world of the devilsome Princess that caused so much trouble for so many people, *including her precious Master*, & berated her own kind. Justice was served in the form of the half-raccoon’s first real live meal - one she’d *never* forget.

Slowly but surely as the time ticked on, the gurgling mass full of Princess meat shrunk down. The digested slurry began to filter through the deep-sleeping demi-human’s body, the mixture spreading evenly & after many hours, the only liable evidence that remained of the betrayer was a small potbelly, barely hidden beneath her outfit; as well as the surprisingly small amount of contribution she added to the formerly lithe half-raccoon that really only left extra padding on her legs, abdominal region & chest area - Any fat that was left over could easily be worked off from some extra sword practice or experience grinding.

*GUURRRLGG~... Grrurururrll~...*

The growls finally started to calm down as after so many hours, Myne’s body had been completely processed, signalling the end of her first life, & starting her new one as demi-human padding.

It was only a matter of time before the happily filled Raphtalia would wake up…

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**\*Knock knock knock\***

“*Mmmff… n-yah…?*”

Raphtalia’s eyes opened slowly, a sleepy moan escaping as she heard knocking. She leaned up & stretched her arms, letting out a long yawn before smacking her lips, taking a moment to wait for her brain to wake up. After a few seconds, she was about to answer the knocking but she was swiftly reminded of earliers events, thanks to a simple, quiet…

*Urrrglle~*

“*Ooh… right…*”

Her attention temporarily taken away from the knocking, she brought one hand to the little potbelly hiding behind her gear, & the other to her very slightly enhanced chest. She took a deep breath, the realisation that she really did execute the older Princess earlier in the day washing over her. She pushed into the fat lightly, earning herself a watery squishy sound.

“*She didn't leave much, but still…*” She huffed, pushing her hand a little more into her pudgy midsection. “*Ugh, I’ll have to ask Master Naofumi for more field practice to get rid of this…*”

**\*Knock knock\***

Her ears flickered, her attention once again being drawn to the distant knocking on the door.

“*Raphtalia, are you awake?”*

It sounded like Melty. She did remember her saying she’d come to check on her later - later must’ve been now.

“I’m awake.”

She heard a sigh from behind the door before it opened up rather quickly, revealing the delighted looking younger Princess, Melty.

“Ok, let’s se- oh.” She stopped dead in her tracks right in front of the bed’s tailend, her formerly delighted expression curving into more of curiosity. Her eyes scanned her half-raccoon friend’s body, from covered feet to the curious expression mirroring her own. Her eyes fell off once she was done, sighing a little. “*Hmmm*, she didn't contribute much to you… *how befitting of her selfish nature, even beyond death… buuuuut~*” Raphtalia backed up a bit as Melty suddenly climbed onto the bed, crawling right up next to her friend.

“Melty, what are you- **Eep!**” Raphtalia’s cheeks flared up fiercely as the young Princess boldly went ahead & suddenly gripped the demi-human’s clothed breasts.

“*Hmm*, it feels like most of her went here, but even then, not a lot was added…-”

“*Ack…* M-Melty, could you… not fondle my umm… chest, please?”

“...Oh!” Her eyes went wide, realising the unbecoming act she just did. She quickly corrected herself, getting back off the bed. “Ah, how unfit of me… my apologies, Raphtalia. I was just *excited* to see you after you were… *done*, with her.”

Raphtalia stayed quiet, still feeling hot from the rather rude awakening from the young Princess. Melty felt a little flustered herself, but she wasn't about to let this unfortunate exchange ruin the whole mood.

“Umm, shall we go back to the throne room? The others are waiting for your return… *especially Filo*.”

*\*Hmm, of course Filo would be excited… she’s excited to see the fat on me. Haah, the sooner it’s gone, the better…\**

“Of course.” She delivered with slight joy in her voice, mostly due to getting to see her Master Naofumi again. She got off the bed, but her balance wobbled a bit as she stood up, the new padding on her legs feeling a little off. She found her balance quickly though, sighing as she knew she’d get used to it in no time.

As the two made their way back to the door, Raphtalia perked up.

“I was never told what the King’s punishment would be - could you tell me what it was?”

“Certainly!” She let Raphtalia pass her before her hand aimed for the knob on the door. “His punishment was actually very similar to the one my former sister had.” She pulled on the knob, the door closing behind her but not before Raphtalia responded.

“Similiar? ...*W-wait,* he-”

**\*Click\***

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“Masteeer~! I’m hungryyyy…”

The words from the young Filolial brought out a response with a rare, geniune emotion to it.

“...*What?* Filo, you *just* ate a man three times your size. How in the hell are you *still* hungry?” Before she could even get a word out to response, he didn't let her as he continued on. “How are you not *fat* from that anyway?”

“Oh, that's easy~!” She spoke with a cheer in her voice, seemingly not bothered by Naofumi insinuating that she should be fat after eating someone much bigger than her. “Fitoria told me anything our kind eat & gurgle up go straight to the size of our natural form.” Her eyes lit up as she tip-toed up closer to his face. “So I could eat up bad guys & no one would ever know once they go *bye bye~*”

“...*Oh.*” For a moment, it looked like Naofumi was genuinely intrigued by the digestive capabilities of the Filolial species. “...*That doesn't make any sense at all.*” Only to be shot down by the blunt follow-up.

“Well *I* think it makes sense~!”

*\*Of course you’d think that… I’ll never understand her kind.\**

“*Heeeeeeeeeeyyy!*”

From a distance, a familiar voice echoed out from the doors Raphtalia & Melty receded through, catching both Naofumi’s & Filo’s attention.

“*Melllllll~!*” Filo shouted out, releasing her grip on the Shield Hero & quickly dashed at her best friend & jumping at her when she was in range, almost knocking her to the ground.

“*Wah!* F-Filo, I was only gone for a few minutes.”

“Yes but it felt like *forever~ Mmmmhh~!*”

While the two were busy cuddling each other, Naofumi turned his attention to the other figure emerging from the dimly lit corridors. No words were spoken, but as Raphtalia quietly walked over to Naofumi after spotting him, he noticed that her face all over was as red as a tomato.

“*Hmmmm…*” He sighed as his Sword companion stood in front of him, eyes glued to the ground in embarrassment. It was hard for him not to notice the small bloating in her abdominal region as it pushed against her clothing. “*This certainly feels like déjà vu…*”

“H-huh?”

That was enough for Raphtalia to peek her gaze directly into the Shield Hero’s deadpan eyes. The familiar glint in her eyes said it all, *reminded* him of it all.

“You were just like this the day after you ate those monsters under my cape. *Hmhmm*… never change, Raphtalia.”

“M-Master Naofumi, you-” Her eyes widened - Did Naofumi just smile? She couldn't help smiling herself as she took charge & wrapped her arms around him, embracing him in a warm hug - something he wasn't sure how to feel about.

“*Urg.*” He grunted from the warmness. Even after all this time with her, he still didn't feel completely comfortable with falling into the embrace of another person. Despite that however, he allowed her grip on him to stay. It felt a little strange to him, specifically feeling the bulk of her pudgy gut squishing into him. She really did go through with it.

“...We’re going to work on your weight, starting tomorrow.” The delivery was as blunt as expected, but Raphtalia didn't care, especially since she was going to ask about it anyway.

“Mhmm!”

“*Raphtaliaaaa~!*”

“*Urk…*” Her heart skipped a beat as she heard her Filolian friend call out for her, followed by her footsteps quickly getting louder. She was desperate to avoid Filo’s teasing for as long as possible, but that could only last so long.

Naofumi let go of the hug, perfectly content with allowing Raphtalia to *unwillingly* switch her focus to her bird-like friend. She sighed, but that was quickly followed by a surprise shout as Filo suddenly tackled her with an iron grip, thankfully not to the ground.

“**Arhh!** ...Filo… l-let go!”

“Raphtalia, you’re soooo *squishy~*!”

“*Haaahn*, I’m working it off tomorrow so too bad for you.”

“Awwww… hey Raphtalia, I’ve got a great idea~! Can I use your tummy as a pillow~?”

“W-what? No! I want to sleep next to Master Naofumi tonight.”

“Can't we do both? *Mmm your tummy feels so soft~*”

“F-Filooooo…”

It was like watching two kids arguing to Naofumi - both would win in the end as he didn't mind the thought of reliving the night he spent with Raphtalia that faithful night, but he had no intention of ending the bickering, it was quite enjoyable to watch.

“Sir Shield Hero.”

“Hm?” His eyes were taken off his two companions as he looked beside himself, noticing the younger Princess Melty standing beside him. “What do you need?”

“I request to know where my mother went.”

*\*Your mother…\** He recalled what the Queen told to himself & Filo, about going out.

“She said she was gonna check on the civilians, to make sure everyone was fine with her choice to execute King Aultcray & Malty. It’d be best to stay here & wait.”

“Mmh, thank you.” She didn't show much emotion in her voice, eerily similar to how often he showed his lack of showing any kind of emotion. “Now if you don't mind, I wish to take Filo to my room.”

“...Sure, knock yourself out.”

“Great!” There’s her sense of emotion. The mere mention of Filo or just a Filolial in general always seemed to energise her. He had to admit, it was certainly quite adorable to see the blossomed friendship between her & Filo.

“*Filoooo~!* Let’s go to my room, I want to play with you!”

“Oooo! ...But I want to keep playing with Raphtalia’s tummy.”

“You can do that later, let’s play together now!”

“*Mmmm*, ok~! Let’s goooo~!”

Raphtalia was finally let free of the Filolial’s iron grip as they both zoomed off quickly out of the throne room, their laughs & giggles echoing for a few seconds before dissipating completely, leaving just the two occupying the huge room.

“I was listening to your arguing, saying you wanted to sleep next to me tonight. You want to relive that night, don't you? When I kept you close to help with the pain in your stomach.”

“M-Master Naofumi, I…” She hesitated, knowing he wasn't fond at all with being close with others, especially when he’s at his most vulnerable.

“*Haaah… F*or this *one* night… I’ll allow it.”

“...M-Master Naofumi!” Her eyes became teary with joy, rushing over & once again, gripping her beloved Master in a tight embrace.

“*Ack*! ...Raphtalia, *too much…*”

Upon hearing his immediate distaste in the hug, she let go quickly, a sheepish expression adorning her wet face as she giggled.

“*Hehe,* I’m sorry…”

“*Ehhh*, it’s fine.”

After his words, the room fell quiet for a short while, Naofumi content with saying nothing, moreso wanting to wait for the Queen’s return as he had some questions for her, while Raphtalia struggled to gather the courage to ask a rather self-indulgent question. Eventually though & with a deep breath.

“Mmm, Master Naofumi?”

“Hmm?”

“W-when we’re lying together… could you… u-ummm… *r-rub my tummy?* Like you did that day… Y-you don't have to say yes, I was just- *mmf?*”

Taking her by surprise, he laid a single finger on her lips. She watched as he cracked a smile once again, a true rarity & one likely to never happen again. It took a while for him to respond but when he did, her tail started to wag fiercely.

“...Sure, Raphtalia.”

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