

Written by Rude Zude

Arya rides fast along the uneven terrain, her horse beating its hooves hard against the dusty and mud-ridden trail. Rain plinking off the rigid, forged steel that made up her armor. Weeks worth of dried blood flowing cleanly off the metal as the pair keeps pace. It's not too much longer before they reach the cozy stable, sitting just under the ever-looming shadow of the castle. Lord Edwin's court.

Arya frowns as they trot up beside a structure that looks to be untented. An annoyance for the knight, but not much of a surprise considering the brewing storm. "Let's get you settled, huh, girl?" Patting the head of her steed, the two start for the inside. Wind whistling through the cracks of stone in the fortress just above.

The knight grins under the heavy metal of her helmet as black equine lumbers onto the creaking wood of the stable floor. Finally, out of the rain, even only if just for a few minutes, it was a welcome break. She gives her horse's mane a few strokes. "Maybe Auntie Gretta has a few apples we can snag."

The horse lets out a short little whinny. If Arya didn't know any better, she'd swear it was directed at her.

Rain pelts the outside of the fortress. In the shadow of a massive wooden door sits a boy: Nineteen years of age, soon to be a man worthy of taking over his father's land just as his son had done before him. He thought he was ready for anything, but he wasn't prepared for anything of this sort. Here he stood, the size of a flea in front of a door that typically took two servants to pry open. Doing his best to keep confident, his visage wavers for a moment as he drifts deep in contemplation.

He continues towards the door, deep in thought, when he hears the pattering of footsteps echo out across the stone, "Seymour!" A familiar voice calls to him, forcing an end to his staring contest with the entrance. A portly yet distinguished man jogs over from across the hollow entry hall, embracing Seymour with a warmth one might give a son. He's shocked but ecstatic, the touch of another instantly calming his nerves. He lets go, finally ending the emotionally charged hug. "Glad to see you're still kicking, old man." He flashes a charismatic smile, delighted to see another friendly face.

The older man rolls his eyes, not in any mood for Seymour's sarcasm. "Joke if you must. However, I've been looking hide over ha-"

Brrrrrrrrrk-kkkk-kkkk-kkkk

The bulky wooden frame of the door scrapes across the entry hall floor, obliterating the older man in an instant. His body caught under the corner of the gate and dragged under ruthlessly and cleanly. Vanishing from Seymours sight before he can so much as choke out a sob in response. Stunned, the young man scrambles backward, directly into the path of an armor-clad boot. It descends from the sky, ruthless, uncaring, and unaware.

Crrrrkkkkk

The boot moves forward, impacting the stone and sliding ever so slightly against the ground as it does. Seymours body scrapes against the imperfect rocky floor. Like an eraser to a piece of parchment—the tiny body ground down to nothing in one horrifying abrupt instant.

Arya throws open the doors with a heavy shove. Feeling only the slightest bit of resistance against her muscular arms; The way forward clearing for her with ease. She grunts, annoyed that the usual servants weren't here to greet her and tend to her needs.

"Truly pitiful," Arya scowls, removing her helmet and taking a step inside. Dark black shoulder-length hair falls messily, matted and dirtied from weeks at war. She brushes it back tidily with a glove, keeping it out of her eyes.

"I risk life and limb, yet they can't even spare me the courtesy of a proper greeting!" Disdain practically oozes from her voice, the mechanical gears within already turning for her. Likely, the nobles were once again to blame. In the past, they'd tied up Lord Edwin with their stupid political games when there were much more important matters at hand.

Arya walks forward through the empty hall, momentarily confused at the sheer emptiness of it all. Where were the bustling servants preparing for the army's return? Dusting the floors, cleaning the portraits? The whole situation leaves a knot at the very bottom of her stomach. The loud clinking of her armor plates fills the silence as she walks onward, closing the door behind her. She wasn't too worried about her horse. Naturally, either Gretta would tend to her soon, or the servants would take care of the animals once they were done honoring whatever new silly request the court asked of them.

"Tch. Bluebloods are most definitely a scourge to his lordship." The knight mutters under her breath as she walks deeper into the castle. The armor weighed heavily on her now; despite her athletic physic, she's simply far too exhausted to keep up appearances. Arya moves through the impressive entryway at a snail's pace, passing by dozens of paintings depicting various events. She pays them no mind. They were once enchanting, but she'd long since grown numb to their charm.

Boots continue to clink on the chilly rock as she eventually comes upon the familiar foyer, breathing a sigh of relief before wearily calling out to whoever may hear, "Knight Arya of house Tworage has returned from the front lines!" She pauses, only continuing after realizing she'd gotten no response. "I require attendants for maintenance of my equipment!"

Her voice seemingly reaches none, bouncing off the empty walls of the manor. A low growl resonates within Arya's throat, spitting on the ground next to her in a gesture of absolute reprehension.

"Vile inbreds are dining without me!" No matter, she'd tend to her wounds and gear the old-fashioned way. The way she'd been taught once upon a time, as a young girl living deep in the heart of Vilhelm.

Cherle and Sethe sprint across the floor towards the distinguished knight, standing proud and tall directly in the middle of the foyer, between adjoining stairs. However, the area is seemingly boundless for the two. Forced onto such a relentless pace, Cherle soon finds herself tripping over her garment, causing Sethe to catch her and scoop her up upon his broad shoulders.

"Hold tight, love. We're almost there."

They'd been invited to cater yet another royal party. Sure the nobles were rude and often outright disgusting to deal with, but who were they to say no? The couple had become fabulously wealthy since they began catering the royal banquettes. Assuredly, a little bit of abuse was warranted, right? The name-calling was simply expected at this point. However, the flash wasn't. With dinner served and well underway, the couple had snuck out for a short break from all the commotion—That's when it hit. The vertigo was unlike anything they'd felt before. All in a single humiliating instant, the couple was no more significant than the dust lining the castle's dirty stone floors.

Nevertheless, their troubles were soon to be over! Now underneath the shadow of a famed hero, they holler and scream, waving desperately for rescue that would never come. Although, what does come to the couple is a tragic coincidence, as Arya's fluids impact the ground next to them, causing Sethe to lose his balance and Cherle her grip as the couple is splashed with pounds of wet force.

The saliva assaults them with its thick viscosity and gross sludge-like texture. Sethe manages to keep his head above, but Cherle almost immediately takes some into her lungs, head dipping down under the slop. They wriggle messily like bugs caught in honey. Their bodies tiring rapidly simply trying to move through the thickness. It doesn't take Sethe long to panic, trying desperately to free his arms and reach over to his betrothed. He extends a slime-covered hand outward, tears forming in his eyes from the utter frustration of it all. He tries to push himself closer, but he's far too entrenched in Arya's vile fluids. Taking a deep breath, he lets out a yelp just before his head dips under the goo. It fills his lungs, and he sputters for air, only succeeding in bringing more and more into his chest. It forces itself down his throat, the offensive liquid invading his body. Sethe starts thrashing around; panic further settling in as he loses feeling in his extremities. He can't see Cherle anymore. He can't see anything. His vision fades with his last thoughts spent hoping for a miracle that never comes. Light fades from his eyes, and he has one closing reflection before the life is snuffed out of him altogether.

Why?

Arya steps over her freshly created speck of spittle and heads off to the side under the stairway. Trudging along slowly, shoulders heavy from the weight of the last few days. So many good people lost over the previous month. Not only was she physically drained, but mentally she'd reached her limit long ago.

The knight pushes open a seemingly innocuous door on the far side of the room, clumsily fumbling with the knob with her leather gloves. The door swings open, and Arya is greeted by a well-tended and decently lit den. Candles recently changed, the room dusted as she'd hoped. Everything considered it's not all too bad, she thinks to herself.

At least they had time to prepare the living quarters.

With a sort of tired mirth, she starts stripping her armor, feeling immediate relief now that her shoulders no longer have to bear the constant strain.

Teo watches in awe as the black-haired beauty strips in front of him. Her decorated yet mildly scuffed plates falling to the ground around him, the impact of it hitting the terrain, knocking him down flat. Confusion and alarm take hold of his mind as he tries to scramble back to his feet.

He'd simply been doing as he'd done so many times before, preparing the knight's quarters as she returned from her latest triumph. He had even drawn her bath like she'd asked him upon her next return!

His mind is a rush of various thoughts, *How can I possibly get her attention? Where do I run, how di-*

His train of thought is cut short when Arya's breastplate hits the floor with a resounding clang. Teo never sees it coming. One minute he's a person; Somebody with thoughts, aspirations, fears... now, an unnoticeable splotch on the front of her plating. His entire existence boiled down to being a stain amongst the dents and scratches of war. Bones, guts, blood, all meshing into one sticky unified splotch.

The battle-hardened vixen flexes her arms and legs, relishing in the sudden freedom of movement. She runs a hand through the frazzled black strands of her hair. Feeling the dirt and sweat through the tips of her shortened fingernails. She hardly bothered with appearances, choosing to forgo the arrogant pampering the woman of noble birth always ascribed to themselves too. However, even she deserved a bit of self-care every once in a while.

Deciding to indulge herself a bit, she finishes getting comfortable, rubbing her aching wrists. She can feel the bruising from the tightness and lack of motion in the gloves. She'd need to see Onto, the townies blacksmith, about adding some more flexibility to them. He's out of the way, but a short ride out would do her overly excited mind some good.

She strips down to just her undergarments. Brown, and relatively plain, and they weren't meant for show, after all. Although she had to admit, the minimalism of the simply

colored cloth highlights her toned body well. Eyeing her vanity, Arya steps out of her gear and over towards the seat directly in the front of it, unceremoniously plopping her ass down on the padded stool. Her firm butt forces the pillow to mold with its slopes. Gently, she runs another hand through her unkempt locks. One of these days, she figures she'll cut it all, be done with it for good. Long hair was much too hot in the heat of combat.

Her eyes stray towards the desk, looking among all the frilly utensils and powders that the upper class insisted were essential for a woman of her status. She could only roll her eyes at the thought. A hairbrush and a bath were more than enough.

Arya reaches over all the bottles and jars, grasping an ivory brush in her callous hands. She takes a look in the mirror, scrutinizing her appearance for the first time in what feels like months. Matted frayed ends, dirt, and dried sweat held firm, embedded within her hair. That wouldn't do at all, not if she would be greeting the lord's parliament. At the very least, she could use a touch of brushing.

"My word, she's even more beautiful than I first presumed!" Horace stands proudly despite his diminished height, clothed in only the finest cotton and silks. He's royalty, after all, bug-sized or not; he demands the same amount of respect.

Horace had, in fact, been waiting with the other helpers in Arya's hovel. He had come from the distant kingdom of Malcar to demand her hand in matrimony. Having heard the stories: The valkyrie of Tworage, they called her! Stories of grand tales. Tales, where a lone knight had taken on a rival lord's army, outnumbered ten to one. Even accounts claiming she challenged the lord herself, bringing back their head, had reached his prestigious ears. He knew he had to have her, and seeing her stripped of armor and regalia only cemented his position.

He gestures to his assistant with a condescending smirk, "Take a good look, *boy!* This is about the closest you'll see to anything divine!" Prompted by his merciless master, the slender figure gets up slowly, years of verbal abuse drilling into his head that every word from his mouth was law. Horace hadn't treated him well, subsisting off scraps and already well-chewed bones on the journey over.

Looking forward dutifully as his master commanded, he nearly fell right to his already weak knees, his eyes scarcely able to believe what they were seeing. The massive figure strips away armor the size of castles to reveal a distinctly smooth and feminine

form. Firm muscles lie underneath, toned from years of sparring and dangerous combat. He's both astounded by her iridescence and overwhelmed by the vast size. She moves briskly, unlike the goliaths in the tales he'd heard as a child. In fact, her speed forces a scream from between his cracked lips as she trudges right for the plush and padded stool they'd been confined to.

Thwap, thwap, thwap, THWAP, THWAP.

Arya's bare feet slap across the smooth stone lining the chamber's ground, creating a deafening reverb throughout the room. The servant boy backs off but finds himself unable to look away from the tragedy about to befall them. Yet, Horace steps forward confident as always. Clearing his throat, the man of royal blood addresses the woman he's been pinning so very strongly for, "Noble Knight, Arya! I, Horace the bright, humbly request you as my betrothed! Together we shall do remarkable things, you and I! United we ca-"

SMACK

Horace has his speech cut several minutes short as her ass collides with the wooden seat, obliterating him under several tons of firmly toned glutes. His body unquestionably smashed in less than a millisecond, adding just one more speck to her butt amongst the dirt and grime of war. Even his stain is soon gone, wiped about the chair as she gets comfortable, shifting her butt over the seat. The young attendant, however, isn't awarded the similar luxury of instantaneous death. No, instead, the youthful serf who in a previous life had gone by the name of Numel closes his eyes, and he waits for a death that never came.

Gale-like winds ripple past him and across his frail body as he finds himself by some miracle between the two roving mounds of flesh. It's both stuffy and sweltering in this confined space; Arya's undergarments rest on either side, making up his ceiling and walls. Breathing heavy, he lashes out at the fabric in a drastic attempt to gain her attention, but to no avail. Numel lets out a heart-torn scream, holding it until his lungs feel ablaze with exertion.

If he wants her attention, he knows the only feasible way would be to strike somewhere more tender, more exposed. The thought provokes him to look around more thoroughly. Nevertheless, it's worthless as both exits from this muggy nightmare are held firmly closed, flattened from the weight of the knight.

Unless...

Numel reaches for his blade; the very same his father gave him once upon a time. He doesn't hesitate, and with a few clumsy slashes, the edge eats right through the light dressing, providing a window to her most intimate areas. Immediately he's hit with a wave of musk, unlike anything he's encountered before. It's pungent, though not unbearable. Likely due to the better conditions knights receive in the field. He silently thanks the gods for such small mercies before climbing through his artificially created entrance.

Darkness encases him as he squirms inside his newest prison. It's arid and fleshy. The former assistant can just barely make out the microscopic stubble against the otherwise smooth cheeks of Arya's butt. It's almost unsettling, and he questions if this was the right choice.

Numel stares upward in awe of it. Regardless of his feelings, he can't bring himself to look elsewhere. Something so ordinary becomes almost otherworldly at this size. It makes him hesitate, a crucial error on his part. His entire seeable world shifts and turns on a dime. He's violently thrown directly into the greasy anus that sat straight above, sticking to its offensive surface. He gasps and coughs, breathing in the hints of poisonous vapors from beyond the winking star.

"Annnnd, done!" Arya jumps to her feet proudly, marveling at her hair, now noticeably free of mats. She smiles, striking a few lazy poses to herself in the mirror. The knight is unusually enjoying the chance to embrace her feminine side for once. So rarely did her chaotic lifestyle permit for it. Feeling noticeably better, she heads towards the already drawn bath, making sure first to grab a washcloth hanging off the wall to her side.

She wanders over, resting on the very edge of the large porcelain basin, the flesh of her butt clasping gently to its surface. She's careful, allowing herself to sample the water with her feet beforehand. Touching the water gingerly with a toe, she remarks how odd this is. Why would the water still be warm? Despite the unexplainable circumstance, she is much too weary to concern herself. It's time to blow off some steam.

Pushing off the rim of the sizable basin with her hands, she hops in, her whole body practically melting into a puddle as she lets a sigh leave her parting lips. Closing her eyes, she slumps deeper into the water, allowing a hand to stray down just below the waves.

Maria sobs into the hem of her companion's skirt, matting the material under the dampness of her tears. Her eyes are red and painful to the touch, irritated from the heavy flow of water pour down her face.

"There there..." Estella pats her gently, fingers running through her long black strands of hair. She's entirely inconsolable, a complete mess, and it's all she can really do for her right now. Throughout her life, the young girl had realized that seldom was there any way to stop the tears. Maria just needs someone to hold her while she lets it all out.

Holding her friend tight, she glances towards the other unfortunate soul. A scrawny boy, probably a bit younger than them. He paces back and forth, occasionally taking a look over the edge and into the endless sea below them. He's anxious, jittery even. "This isn't possible! No magic or witchcraft exists strong enough! This must be a dream, yeah that must be it! A dream..." He trails off, deep in reflection. Estella can only shake her head. "Poor fool is going to light up a fire thinking so hard." Maria doesn't respond, clutching her friend tighter than before. She'd only just met Ren, but the lad clearly didn't have much of a head on his shoulders.

Creaaaaaak, thoom, thoom, THOOM.

The entire group grows silent. Even Maria looks up, rubbing the wet from her leaking eyes. There's a palpable shift in the air, dread creeping over them as all three watch the owner of these chambers lumber inside. Her most mundane of actions take their collective breath away.

It doesn't take long for Arya to get settled. Stripping her clothes from her toned and powerful physique. There isn't enough time for any of them to panic, let alone act, as she swings her legs over the edge, sending all three into the limitless warm ocean below.

Estella hits the water hard. Dazed but luckily able to find her bearings without much effort. The waters are clear enough that she can thankfully see the top! Nothing but survival is in her mind as she swims up towards the surface. Only, instead of fresh air, she's greeted by Arya's uncaring toe. It dips inside, creating a whirlpool of force just as Essy manages to breach the surface. She tries to swim away but is no match for the suction created as the knight unassumingly tests the waters with nothing but her enormous digit.

The land slave sputters out water just as she's furiously sucked back under. She flails, desperately trying to find the surface again, not sure which direction she's facing any longer. Her eyes grow wide as she frantically tries to think, understanding she's short on time. Unknown to her, running out of air was to be the very least of her problems.

The knight's battle-weary body crashes into the tub with thunderous might, the ensuing chaos displacing the girl completely. As fate would have it, she's fortunately sent straight towards the surface. She gasps for air, her lungs burning harder than the playful sprints she'd had with her brothers as a little girl. Estella treads water in desperation, her dress sopping with water, making it a challenge to keep herself up.

An unexpected sound rocks her world. A sigh of comfort from the heavens. Arya settles in; her colossal body is something the small girl can't even fathom. Even with her eyes directly on her, Arya spans the entire incalculable distance beneath. Her naked curvey form stretching unendingly. The shrunken serf would scream, had she the energy for it. Instead, the wet and miserable Estella can only look in utter dismay as a massive hand heads directly for her defenseless form.

The hand breaches the water with the force of a stampede, the servant caught in its unmovable path. She's dragged under for the third time, sucking in extensive amounts of water deep into her chest as she yelps out in shock. It brings her down below, Arya's palm suddenly cupping her most intimate of areas with the hand. Her palm makes contact with the stubs of short hair just above her crotch, mercilessly pulping Estella in an instant as she's caught against it. It's so fast that the poor little girl never even realizes what's coming. The microscopic mess goes entirely unnoticed in lu of Arya's impromptu masturbation. By the time she's started working at her clit, the girl is long gone, her body washed away with the current of warm water.

Meanwhile, Numel is fighting for his life just below; Stuck inside a small pocket of musky air. He counts himself lucky, the cheeks of her ass being just tight enough to keep the water at bay. However, a sudden shifting from above causes warm bathwater to engulf him in an instant. Now entirely out of options, he looks regrettably towards the wrinkled brown entrance. Realizing he has no choice, he pushes up against her tightly closed anus, desperate for air.

It doesn't budge.

His mind floods with panic, rushing in like the water had just seconds ago. Lack of oxygen starting to wear him down, he begins ramming it over and over, his very life hinging on getting Arya's asshole open. In a cruel twist of fate, Arya's body tenses and

subsequently relaxes at precisely the same time. The all-powerful ring of flesh briefly twitching before gaping open long enough to create a powerful vacuum. The effect is instantaneous. The petrified boy is sucked headfirst with the rapid rush of water into her darkest of orifices. As quickly as it opened, the anus clamps down just as hard, leaving him sealed within the foul-smelling tunnel.

With the muscular entrance being water-tight, the boy is finally given a chance to process it; Numel's eyes start to well up, sobbing quietly, slumped against the slimy inner walls of her ass.

Ren paddles in place, marveling at the spectacle. Currents from directly underneath threaten to drag him away, though he opposes them with every fiber of his being. His eyes hadn't left her, trailing over her face, watching her expression change and shift with the movement below the waves. His hard manhood slapping lightly against his leg, moving with the motion of the water.

Desire grips him, keeping his body locked in place among the turbulent seas. Despite the ever-looming danger, he simply can't will his body to move. A mixture of confusion and lust keeps him frozen in such disbelief that he never even sees the second hand coming.

It impacts the water with an explosion of activity, Ren having the misfortune of being caught directly beneath Arya's impossibly colossal index finger. It covers a considerable distance in only a couple seconds, pulling the unfortunate boy deep underwater towards an early grave.

Ren does his best to struggle against the force binding him, but it's much too late for any resistance. The hand doesn't care about his diminutive fight and continues to its intended destination unimpeded, passing just below Arya's winking pussy. The boy's eyes go wide as he finds himself face to face with the biggest asshole he's ever witnessed. He squirms uselessly, failing to avoid a messy death at the mercy of a girl's finger.

The serf is subsequently broken against the outer wrinkles of the tight muscle, his frail body rolling across it, bending in ways he never perceived as possible. By the time she pushes inside, Ren is far too gone to realize what's coming. His body, already shattered by the gentle anal massage, explodes under pressure as the knight's fingertip slips

inside. His gooey mess doesn't even linger long enough to paint her asshole, being promptly washed away amongst the heated water of the bath.

Numel tries to catch his breath inside the muggy, pulsing tube. Hearing the mucky walls gurgling all different flavors of horrid noises around him. The outside shakes with a constant back and forth, leaving the young boy with nothing but his thoughts. The foul air starts to get to him, making Numel feel like he just might be better off outside.

His loose collection of thoughts are interrupted by a fingertip traveling at an unimaginable speed. He ducks somewhat, more out of surprise than any genuine sense of self-preservation. Still, the finger is far too immense to avoid. Numel screams as Arya's tip makes contact with his oxygen-deprived form, scooping him up.

The tremendous appendage pushes him against the disgusting outer edges of the passage, unknowingly forcing the serf to intimately observe the ribbed texture of her insides. His body lights up with alarm bells; Joints creak, and his lungs now struggle for even the fetid air of her ass, in direct opposition to the pressure. Through the relatively brief period, Numel can't help but question what had he could have possibly done to deserve this sick circumstance. His mouth fills with what feels like gallons of the thick substance as the pressure increases marginally. Simply Arya's attempt to heighten the sensation as she rubs her clit just outside.

Regrettably, such a slight increase in force is still far too much for Numel's body to handle. He goes out whimpering, sobbing into hot, acrid flesh as his body pops against Arya's moist insides. Her finger excitedly working what's left of his remains into the entrance of her ass, drawing closer and closer to a tantalizingly sensual crescendo.

Maria coughs, violently expelling some liquid from her lungs. She drapes her nearly naked body over the rim of the basin, thankfully able to reach the top once the water had been displaced by Arya. She'd long since ditched her soaked two-toned gown, finding out quickly that it was doing nothing but slowing her rush to safety.

Finally able to rest her weak muscles, she thumps down after pulling herself up. Her mind racing a mile a minute. She so desperately hoped Essy was all right. She can't bear to consider life without her. Though, she very nearly does until a particularly loud moan comes from the other end of the tub, prompting Maria to take her first direct look

at Arya.

The warrior wears an expression of how she imagines herself during such an act. Magnificent pools of green twinkle through half-lidded eyes, both hands working their magic down below. Maria can't help but be transfixed by her. Despite everything, she feels a tinge of heat welling up in her very core.

"Courageous and brave knight... unguarded and vulnerable..." The servant lets a hand stray below the fabric of her undergarments, much different wetness mixing with the water still clinging to her skin. Shame, embarrassment, disgust, it all hits her. How could she be playing with herself at a time like this? Essy could be in danger!

In spite of the violent protests her consciousness puts out, she doesn't stop. Laying flat, Maria admires her in a way that would be somewhat challenging at a regular size. Every blemish from the marks that dot her shoulders to the sword blow she'd taken under her eye a lifetime ago. It all somehow only adds to her beauty.

"You're beautiful, miss. So very perfect."

Arya's body shudders almost imperceptibly. The submissive helper likely would have never noticed if not for her imperceptibly large scale. A wave travels across her peachy skin and then releases, dispelling throughout her body. The knight relaxes, and Maria watches her sink down deeper into the steamy water. She casts a content sigh, sending chills right down the maid's spine.

Her pupils go wide as Arya lazily gazes around the den, eyes somehow managing to settle on her speck-like form. She hops up straight away. The girl is ecstatic; she'd almost lost hope of ever being seen! Yet, the knight's keen eye had caught a glimpse of her.

"Miss, please, you must help the others!" She waves frantically, nearly slipping on the polished side of the tub in her haste. Arya's looms over her almost bare body. Her shadow is vast for little Maria, blocking the dim light from both torches and candles almost entirely. Water drips off her extensive body, expression remaining unchanged as her shapely breasts are pulled on by gravity.

"Disgusting."

Maria freezes, her mouth and eyebrows contorting into a mixture of worry and confusion.

"Wha-"

THUD

Squeeeeeee

Arya brings a finger down against Maria, giving her no time to think, let alone make her case. She presses down hard against her with a finger, dragging it roughly along the basin's smooth frame. The noise it produces isn't unlike a scuffed shoe across the clean tile, squeaky. With only the tiniest bit of effort on Arya's part, her body is extensively torn apart, a dark red smudge now staining the otherwise pristine material.

...

POP

Arya looks at the gooey stain on her finger with a mixture of revulsion and satisfaction. She could deal with the army of Hellion. Heck, she'd even beat down a cavalry commander with her fists alone! But bugs? They never fail to make her skin crawl. Reaching over to her left, she stretches an arm outward, grabbing a towel and standing up in one quick motion. Enough playing around; it was time to check up on Lord Edwin.

She looks around for but a second before spotting the chair in the corner. Her purple and red silk gown, complete with regalia. As much as she hated the frills, she'd begrudgingly promised Edwin to keep up appearances.

Arya strode confidently through the open twin doors, already dreading the fact that she'd have to put on a smile as these gross men continued to gorge themselves silly. Except, they weren't stuffing themselves. Perplexingly, the dining hall was entirely devoid of activity. She wasn't too worried, however. The knight recalls the dinner party a few moons back, how the Duke of Umbrel had challenged Edwin to a joust, prompting them to drop everything. Her lord had never been one to back down from a challenge. A smile curves across her tired face as she reflects on his sharp jawline. Even musing over the dashing charming greeting he always gave her.

She still can't help but find the whole situation somewhat unnerving, though. It's odd seeing a normally jubilant hall so desolate of activity. She passes plate upon plate of tantalizing meat. Drumsticks, mutton, *protein*.... On cue, her stomach lets loose a tremendous growl.

Gl'urrrrk

"Mmm, well, no point in letting it go bad."

Jeffery watches furiously as the rest of his entourage clamors uselessly around the rim of a nearly full glass of mead, dipping their heads into the honey-flavored swill. Of course, they were laughing and cheering all the way. However, Jeffery was very much aware of the danger this situation posed. Why wouldn't he? After all, Jeffery had been the one who'd cast it. He can't help but mull it over; how could it have backfired so badly? It was only supposed to affect Lord Edwin! Jeffery paces back and forth, listening as his leather shoes squeak against the porcelain dish.

"Bastard child should have never taken the throne! What a disgraceful... what a mess." The officer sighs, rubbing his temples. He can already feel the headache coming on.

Size magic isn't the type of magic to wear off, and it's typically magic that must be broken manually. Typically, via sacrifice or incantation. How they were supposed to do that at the size of gnats was anybody's guess. He's thankful for one detail, though; it seemed to affect the castle equally. If it hadn't, well, that presents a hazardous situation for the rest of them.

Meanwhile, Glint, Hal, and Stubs sit drunkenly on the wooden cup full of mead, eagerly partaking in the prize for performing the climb.

"Ey, what do you boys think? All the drinks we ever need! Right ere', all in one!" Glint yells almost triumphantly as the rest echo his sentiment with boisterous jeers of approval.

Stubs takes another sip, mead spilling through his hands as he greedily drinks it up. "Ya know Glintie? I think we made it, died, and went right to *hic* h-heaven!" Stubs nearly falls backward off the narrow edge, forcing Hal to grab him by the collar of his tunic.

"Yeah, yeah, and even in heaven, you boys can't hold yer drinks! Clumsy fuck!"

The men all share a laugh, only pausing because of an ominous exclamation from Hal.

The drunken man gawks at the entryway in disbelief. "Oh, fuck me... boys, we got trouble!"

Glint and Stubs both swerve their heads to a magnificent sight. The knight of Tworage, Edwins personal champion, dressed in the finest reds and silks coin could buy. All three are stunned into several moments of silence.

Glint is the first to speak up, "Guess Tanner got the short end of the stick, eh? No peeks at her from down there, that's for sure!" He leans over carefully, inspecting the lavishly padded chair that seemed miles below them, where Tanner sits trapped on an island of lavish padding.

There's a howl of excitement, this time, Stubs speaks up. His face rose-red with drink, "Lass is lucky I'm no bigger than a speck. Otherwise, I'd be havin' her!" They all chuckle heartily in amusement before an accidental bump of the table on Arya's end sends them tumbling into the sickeningly sweet liquid.

Thunk

"Hey! What in the hell is goin' on up there!" Tanner screams for his companions. Something's wrong; He can feel it in his very bones. But, what could the man possibly do? He knew the answer was a resounding: nothing. His current size left him marooned on a chair hundreds of times his height. He felt almost emasculated by the soft velvet under his feet. However, he has a plan. If he cou-

A moving wall of red halts Tanner's thought process cold, startling him so entirely that he yelps in fright. It moves faster than any man or horse he's ever seen, stepping in front of the already pulled-out chair and possibly, inspecting the spread of food. The noble glances upwards at the unending fabric that had become his pseudo sky.

The gown itself is magnificent, no doubt crafted by a master tailor. Although, the object that draws his attention most is much more primal. Despite the sheer amount of fabric the gown had, it's just tight enough that a rough outline is noticeably visible. A picture of a shapely backside extending through. Lines and curves painting an incredibly arousing picture for the microscopic man. That is until it comes hurtling towards him.

It's such a simple action for Arya, one she's done thousands of times in her life. There isn't any hesitation as her ass comes down hard against the chair's smooth surface. Tanner isn't even able to eek out noise before he's pressed between two very different textures. Pain courses through his body as the muscles prod and squeeze and dominate him into swift submission.

Jeffery stands perfectly still, petrified as the young girl looks over the food, debating on what to try first. He knows internally he should be waving, screaming, anything but what he's doing now. Somehow, the officer just can't will his legs to move, frozen in place amongst the scraps of meat and grease covering the plate. He's an easy target once she grabs for the drumstick right behind him.

A massive hand reaches for the dried meat, not wasting a second before scooting it across the plate and up to her hungry and ravenous mouth, loading up Jeffery in the process. He adheres to the greasy stick of meat, a scream finally forced from his lips as an impossibly large mouth splits the flesh off the bone directly next to him. Powerful and primal, a cacophony of noises erupts as her mouth continues to shred meat from the bone, eventually taking Jeffery into her insatiable mouth. He's promptly covered in an unsavory combination of chewed meat, grease, and animal fat as his chubby figure is thrown around Arya's humid mouth.

His yelps and shrieks mix in with the sloshing and chewing. He's bruised, battered, and thrown molar to molar until his luck finally runs out. Chewing greedily, the champion subconsciously bites down on what she figures is just a spice, maybe a slightly hardened piece of the poultry.

His life ends insignificantly. Utterly unnoticed as Arya pops his entire body under the intense and unrelenting force. The small body explodes with viscera, only to be immediately pulverized into unseeable mush amongst the rest of the food.

Meanwhile, the three micros drift helplessly in a swirl of ripe mead—the fumes sting at their nostrils. Putting down the remainder of the drum with a **clang**, a massive hand reaches for the cup. They watch helplessly as Arya grasps it, pulling it towards her lips to wash the dry flakey meat down her gullet. The action creates a cataclysmic amount of motion for the trio, as several differently flowing currents erupt around them. Stubs is pushed towards the rim, closest to the massive lady. He bounces roughly against the

cup's wood while Glint and Hal bob to and fro, struggling to keep their heads above the waves.

Cold mead meets warm pale lips, prompting a small groan of enjoyment from the titanic woman. A cascading waterfall of chilly drink opens up in a grand display as her lips suck in what looks like a pond worth of fruity alcohol. Hal yelps, barely audible over the rushing of sticky liquid that carries him into her cavernous mouth.

The rush of mead stops, enclosing Hal in total darkness, as a mouth full of burning alcohol swishes him back and forth, rinsing her mouth of leftover meat still clinging to her teeth. His yelps and shock have long since devolved into pitiful whimpers and hysterical begging.

G'luuuck

There's no indication, no hesitation. It's relaxed and unceremonious as Hal's gulped into a warm slimy tunnel, fast-tracked towards the boiling stormy seas of Arya's stomach to be digested eagerly by her fit, uncaring body. His most significant contribution: An unnoticeable amount of protein for her hardened physique.

Red consumes Tanner's vision, cloying itself into his eyes and staining his very brain. Is this it? Did he die under the rear end of a beautiful maiden? No, he wouldn't be able to feel the warmth nor the arousal between his legs. Somehow, he survived. His breathing is shallow, chest compressed by excesses of muscular and shapely ass. He wills himself to move forward, to try and escape, but he simply can't do anything past a wiggle.

Frustrated, he lashes out, wiggling against the tight cheeks pinning him in place. The squirming feels good against his exposed arms, the cold of the fabric helping to cool his heated body. Though however good it may have felt, he'd made a grave mistake. Miraculously, Arya feels him. An itch directly between her rear. She looks around, confirming the coast is clear before subtly reaching a finger beneath the dress, feeling immediate relief as the finger digs into her smooth yet firm skin.

Tanner is obliterated before he even sees the massive digit coming towards him. The enclosed space opens for a fraction of a second, light flooding in as a finger smushes him roughly into the crevice of the tight cheeks. Roving hills of flesh briefly massage his

tiny body into a stain before Aryia pulls it away, relief flooding over her as the itch is swiftly eliminated.

The knights focus briefly by a rogue itch; she stares around the platter she'd just devoured, pupils, drifting toward the half-finished cup to her right.

"Might as well polish the rest off, I suppose." Aryia mumbles, sealing the fate of Glint and Stubs.

The two coughs up the sickly mixture, having taken far too much into their stomachs and lungs. Already previously drunken messes, their vision starts to blur wildly as the toxic substance starts making its way into their bloodstreams. It all starts over again, the frenzy of water, the two of them trying their hardest to stay afloat. Glint yells out in a drunken rage, seeing the destructive pale lips rest upon the wooden container.

"You *hic* bitch, harlot, whore! How dare you, do you know wh-" He never finishes. Cut off and dumped into the mouth of a girl in a torrent of mead.

Glug, glug, glug, glug, glug

Ayra slams the mug down hard, content with a belly full of delicious dried chicken and sweet drink. It had been several lunar cycles since she had anything more than meat stews and cold porages.

Burrrrrp

She looks around, a blush instinctually coming across her cheeks. Thankfully, still, no nobles were to be found. Now, all she had left to do was wait. She spends a solid chunk of time kicking her feet back and pacing among the empty dining area. Long enough for the drink to affect her senses.

"Hellllooooooo, anybody hooome? Edwin, Gretta... Horace?" She shudders, thinking of the correspondence with that dreaded man. Still, even he would be a welcome face at this point. She'd not seen hair nor hide of even the servants since she'd returned.

Bored as sin, Aryia mulls over to Edwin's regular spot, taking a seat in front of his half-finished meal. She laments that she still hasn't gotten a chance to talk to him and revel in their victory together! Perhaps, even hug him with bare flesh exposed....

She looks down, vision blurred and mood soured, only to notice some movement from just beyond the plate. Ugh, another one?

Edwin watches his best friend and constant companion in excitement. He strips off his tunic, revealing muscle firm from years of continuous physical activity. He may have been of rich blood, but he was never above getting his hands dirty.

Using his tunic, he waves it back and forth, relief lighting up his entire face as her pupils hazily focus on his diminutive form. He cups his hands around his mouth, yelling up towards his steadfast champion. He'd been worried that whatever spell had been cast may very well have affected her as well, and Edwin had never been so relieved to be proven wrong.

That is until the knight's finger crashes down right beside him.

"Arya! Wha-"

The tiny lord is knocked swiftly off his feet by the impact of the index finger alone. He looks up, only to see her eyebrows and mouth curl together to form a drunken smirk.

"Bug wants to play? Hmm, fine! Aryia's always game!" Edwin tries to explain, yell out, but he's quickly forced into a backward scramble, scooting away as Arya walks an index and middle finger towards him. Her drunken giggles surround him as he drags his ass back, away from the dancing fingertips. They're far too big, quickly overtaking him. He watches as they dance around him, playing with him, enjoying his confusion and fear. She finally relents, letting out a sigh of boredom.

"Ar-"

Crunch

Bone and sinew meet the coldness of the unyielding table. She gives it a little twist, just to be cautious before inspecting the damage on her finger. She brings it close to an eye,

but it's unrecognizable. Just some red mush the bug left behind. She scowls in disgust before standing up and wiping it off dismissively on the back of her dress.

By now, she's starting to lose hope that Edwin will be back tonight. Clearly, wherever they'd run off to in such a hurry must of been important. Boredom edging into her very bones, she heads to her quarters, in dire need of a nap.