

Turn of Royalty

The echoing thud of the throne doors clattering against the pristine marble walls filled the extravagant throne room, joined by the shuffling of armor as a pair of guards dragged a ragged looking young woman before the King and Queen. It was obvious at first glance what her crime was for rising up from under her tattered dress was a swollen stomach that caged the royal family's only daughters; both of which were still very much alive if the thrashing and muffled screaming had anything to say about it.

As the throne approached and her fate with it, the peasant reflected on the events that just happened within the past hour or so. It all began with the younger sister of the two soon to be fat that plucked her off the street with an offer: eat her older siblings alive and she'd be rich for life. Of course, being poor and starved, the peasant girl disregarded the risks and went along with it. As soon as the opportunity arose, she swallowed the older sibling alive. She went down like any other person she ate, even easier than most honestly, but when the deed was done, her employer had other plans. Planning to feed the peasant to her ass, the young princess tackled the poor girl to the floor and planted her rather bosom rear her face. Shae laughed and taunted her the whole while...until she felt a warm, wet sensation engulf her bare back.

And the rest was history.

The guards threw her to the floor at the feet of the Queen, the poor slowly looking up to the Royal's intimidating glare. By this point, she was watching the life of her daughters begin to fade, their dwindling air supply slipping fast. Eventually, the idea for a fitting execution dawned on her.

"Guards, lay her down." She ordered, rising from her immaculate seat and with a silent nod, they grabbed the peasants' shoulders and forced her on her back; holding her firmly in place as the queen's footsteps clopped closer and closer. She walked with a confident saunter, her hips swaying back and forth like a pendulum. "For the crime of assassinating the Princesses of Ski'Tania, I sentence you to a slow and agonizing death."

The Queen stepped over the Peasant's head before her skirt rose like the curtain of an opening act to unveil the Queen's massive derriere. She teasingly wiggled her bum before dropping it right on the poor girl's face. Along with the pain, so large was the royal arse, it completely covered the Peasant's face and deprived her of air. If this wasn't humiliating enough, the Queen wiggled her rump and wedged her so deep, the peasant's face was pressing against the wrinkled, winking pucker.

Seeing the girl wildly thrashing beneath her, the Queen let out a haughty laugh.

"Yes, squirm for me child! Fight me with everything you have in that pathetic little body of yours before you're fed to the royal shitehole!"

The Peasant's eyes widened with an idea. The Queen was quick to notice her body grow still.

"Finally accept your place wench?" She huffed, arms slowly folding over her titanic bosom.

"Good, then come and rot in my be-huh?"

Feeling a warm, wet sensation crawling over her entire ass, the queen looked down and gasped. The peasant's mouth was completely devouring her backside and not just that! In a monumental task, the girl mustered all her strength and managed to sit up and stand, hoisting the larger and curvier queen along with it; setting in the horribly awkward position her ass completely in the peasants maw with legs dangling half bent.

From there would begin the arduous task of eating the queen's supple body. Fortunately the peasant, the guards stepped back in horror, letting the Peasant gulp down their queen right before their eyes. Every swallow had her throat screaming in agony, tears swelling in her eyes while her esophagus was stretched beyond its limits. She wasn't about to let this bitch eat her, however. Determined to see this through or die trying, she ignored the incredible pain and continued swallowing down. Her tenacity was well rewarded.

"Sp-Spit me out this instant!" The Queen cried out, her desperation rising as she felt her plump butt slide down the Peasant girl's gullet and her body was forced to fold inward to fit. "No, no! Unhand me! Guards, guards! Get me out of this instant!"

But the guards only continued to watch their queen being eaten alive. Inside the peasant's belly, the entrance yawned and allowed a fat rump to slip inside, the rest of the Queen following suit until she was sprawled atop her unconscious daughters in a sweltering hot chamber. The acids already filled most of the chamber, the mature woman's extravagant clothes began to sizzle and melt, skin tingling and burning. The moment it dawned on her that she was being digested alive, she let out a terrible wail that, even being muffled, filled the halls of the throne room.

As soon as the last lump slid down her throat, the peasant girl fell back against a column, bracing herself with one arm while the other caressed her swollen belly; larger than any stomach she had to carry. The beats gurgled and growled and snarled as the gastric process was strained, the queen's struggles not doing any favors. Suddenly, the girl's turned green, hand slapping over her mouth before-

URRRRRROURRRORP!

From the depths of her gut, the Queen crown was blasted out with the force of a cannonball, hit the opposite column before clattering to the floor at the foot of the Peasant girl's belly. All the guards and stewards in the room looked at it, then each other with a thoughtful mutter joining the cacophony of stomach churnings. Somewhere, one of the advisors and his advisors were flipping through the pages of a thick tome before whispering amongst themselves of a particularly interesting passage. In time, he looked up and declared.

"As the ancient texts degree..." a calm silence came over everyone in the room, though that silence was drowned out by the gastric churning. "...all hail the new queen!"

The girl gasped as all eyes fell on her, a Stunned awe that steadily grew into a triumphant chant.

"All hail the new queen! All hail the new queen!"

A rising elation filled her chest as the peasant took this all in...only for the exhaustion to knock her cold. When she awoke the next day, she would be of queen's size befitting a ruler and the first act as queen would be to visit the royal weaver to conjure a dress that would fit her grand bosom and grander thighs.

And the next degree would involve the porcelain throne.