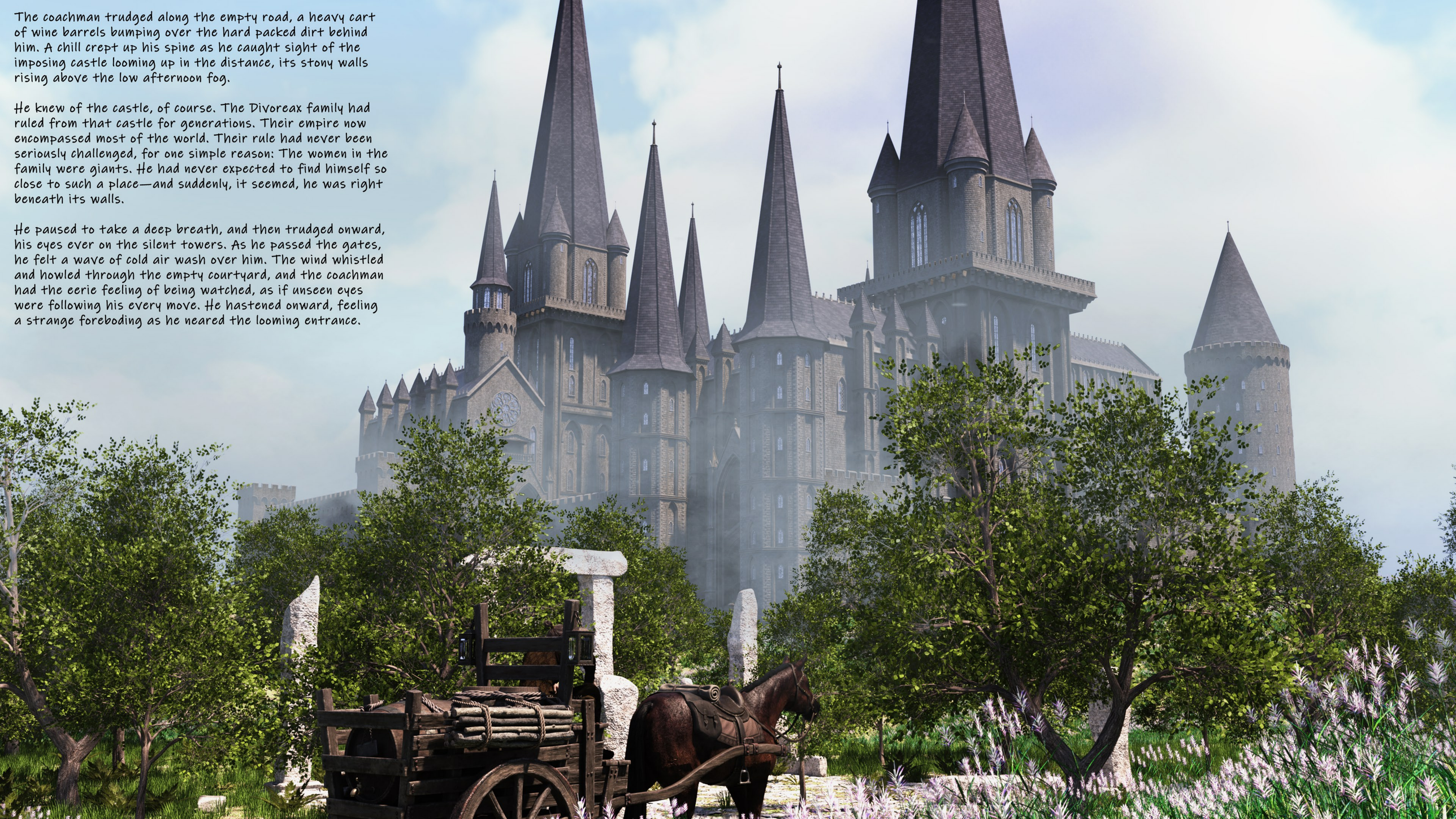

GIGANTOCRACY


JackOfBullets
Redfiredog



The coachman trudged along the empty road, a heavy cart of wine barrels bumping over the hard packed dirt behind him. A chill crept up his spine as he caught sight of the imposing castle looming up in the distance, its stony walls rising above the low afternoon fog.

He knew of the castle, of course. The Divoreax family had ruled from that castle for generations. Their empire now encompassed most of the world. Their rule had never been seriously challenged, for one simple reason: The women in the family were giants. He had never expected to find himself so close to such a place—and suddenly, it seemed, he was right beneath its walls.

He paused to take a deep breath, and then trudged onward, his eyes ever on the silent towers. As he passed the gates, he felt a wave of cold air wash over him. The wind whistled and howled through the empty courtyard, and the coachman had the eerie feeling of being watched, as if unseen eyes were following his every move. He hastened onward, feeling a strange foreboding as he neared the looming entrance.


After waiting for what felt like hours, Aline had finally been let into the throne room. She expected to see the queen sitting on her gigantic throne. What she saw instead was a much younger woman, with a youthful face and generous, voluptuous curves. The princess stood on a smaller throne. From a distance, she almost looked tiny. But as Aline approached, she quickly realized that the eldest princess stood at least fifty feet tall.


High above Aline, a young brunette stood precariously perched on the throne's armrest. She did her best to act calm and reserved, but Aline noticed that she was trembling.
The princess shifted in front of the throne, nearly knocking over her handmaiden in the process. "Who is this one?" the princess asked.
No sooner than the handmaiden regained her balance, she stiffened her back and stood dutifully back up. "This one's name is Aline Blanchet," the handmaiden dutifully replied. "She's a lesser noble."


The sun peeked out from behind the clouds, but it did little to ease the tension. The stark white light cast harsh shadows across the princess's face as she looked skeptically down at Aline. "You ? A noble?" she scoffed. "You're barely even big enough to be a snack. Well, are you going to say something, or just waste my time?"


Aline though about turning back, but she had come there for a reason, and besides, she feared what the guards might do to her if she tried. "Y-your grace," Aline choked out. "With all due respect, I wished to speak to the Queen..."
"This is so boring..." the princess groaned, before letting out a long, loud yawn. "Mother is out conquering some stupid kingdom I've never even heard of. Me and my sisters were supposed to take turns sitting on the throne, but since I'm the shortest, they made me do it all day..."


"I'm terrible sorry to hear that, Claire," Aline said, as if she was in a trance. "Claire Divoreax..." She had heard stories of the princess, who was the foulest-tempered of all the royal women.
"Of course I'm Claire Divoreax, but you're not to address me by my name," Claire said. "What are you, like, stupid or something? Anyone as short as you ought to call me 'your grace,' even if you do go around calling yourself a noble. Now what do you want? I'm guessing you want some stupid favor, like everyone else?"
"Y-your grace," Aline stuttered, "I come from the kingdom of Irivan. My people are starving."



Claire's mouth turned up ever so slightly, showing off an arrogant smirk. "Another sob story?" The princess scoffed. "Boo hoo, your people don't have enough food. Why is that my problem?"

Aline searched carefully for the best way to phrase the matter. "Well, your grace... the only reason my people are starving is because our farms are owned by the royal family. Your guards come to take nearly all our crops, every harvest. There's barely anything left for us..."

"And what about my hunger?" the Princess whined. "Do you not think that I deserve to eat, too? I only eat the most beautiful maidens, and it takes a lot of food to feed my food! Speaking of which, I am getting a bit hungry...Tell me, little morsel: are you a virgin?"

Aline looked up uneasily at Claire. "Why do you ask such a personal question, your grace?"

"Because I'm hungry..." Claire said, pausing to yawn. "...And I only eat maidens."


After a moment of hesitation, Aline shook her head. "In that case... I'm engaged, your grace. Me and my fiancé, we committed the act of love just yesterday... and besides, I'm terribly dirty."
"I can't hear you," Claire replied. "Come closer. And look me in the eyes when you talk to me."
Aline walked nearer to the princess, her eyes glued to the giant woman's face. "Your grace, I—"
"Closer," the princess repeated.


Aline dutifully walked down the long hallway, a journey that seemed to take forever. But as she approached she couldn't help but see something out of the corner of her eye. A shadow that wasn't a shadow. She looked down and saw a pool of blood underneath Claire's feet. The remains of several people were mixed in with it, so badly crushed that they were barely recognizable.


Aline shrieked in terror. Suddenly, it dawned on her why the princess wanted her to walk closer to the throne. She stared and slowly backed away. Finally, she turned and ran, but it was already too late.


"Are you trying to run from me?" Claire asked in disbelief. "At least the others had the decency to accept their fate!"
The gigantic princess raised her foot high into the air. Aline braced for impact, ready to be crushed by the sheer mass of the princess. The fear was evident in Aline's eyes as she turned and ran, as fast as she could in her heels. But when she looked back, Aline realized that Claire's foot was right above her.


The eye of the royal court looked on in shock as Aline screamed in terror. Soon, she found herself in the shadow of Claire's boot. "Please, forgive me!" Aline pleaded, as she slowly backed away. "My family will make it worth your while to spare me, I promise!"


While she was backing away, Aline's dress got caught underneath her heel. She tripped, and fell back onto the red carpet. The princess slowly lowered her heel down, making sure it was squarely on Aline's fragile form. Aline pushed against the icy metal of Claire's heel with all her might, yet it didn't shift in the slightest. The cold steel sole unrelentingly descended upon her.


Claire stared down at Aline with wicked glee, a sickly grin spreading across her face. "Did you think you were my equal, just because you're a scion of some second-rate family?" she said in a menacing tone. "You're nothing compared to me. You're not even worthy to serve as a snack. Let me show you just how insignificant you truly are!"



The heel of Claire's boot came down with a sickening thud, mashing Aline against the ground.

Her mouth agape, Aline screamed in terror as Claire's giant heel descended upon her. The force of the impact sent a shockwave through her entire body and she cried out in pain. So much pressure was applied that one could hear the crunching sound of bones snapping beneath Claire's foot. As she lay on her back, gasping for air, all Aline could hear were her own screams echoing off the walls.


The pressure grew and soon the force of the weight became too much for her to bear. Her slender body buckled beneath its force as she fell onto the ground, crying out in both pain and panic as Claire's heel grinded into her skin through layers of fabric from head to toe.
The princess cackled with delight, savoring the feeling of her boot crushing Aline into a pulpy mess. Her eyes gleamed with perverse pleasure as she twisted her heel one final time, twisting and grinding Aline's body until all that was left of her were crimson smears on the red carpet.

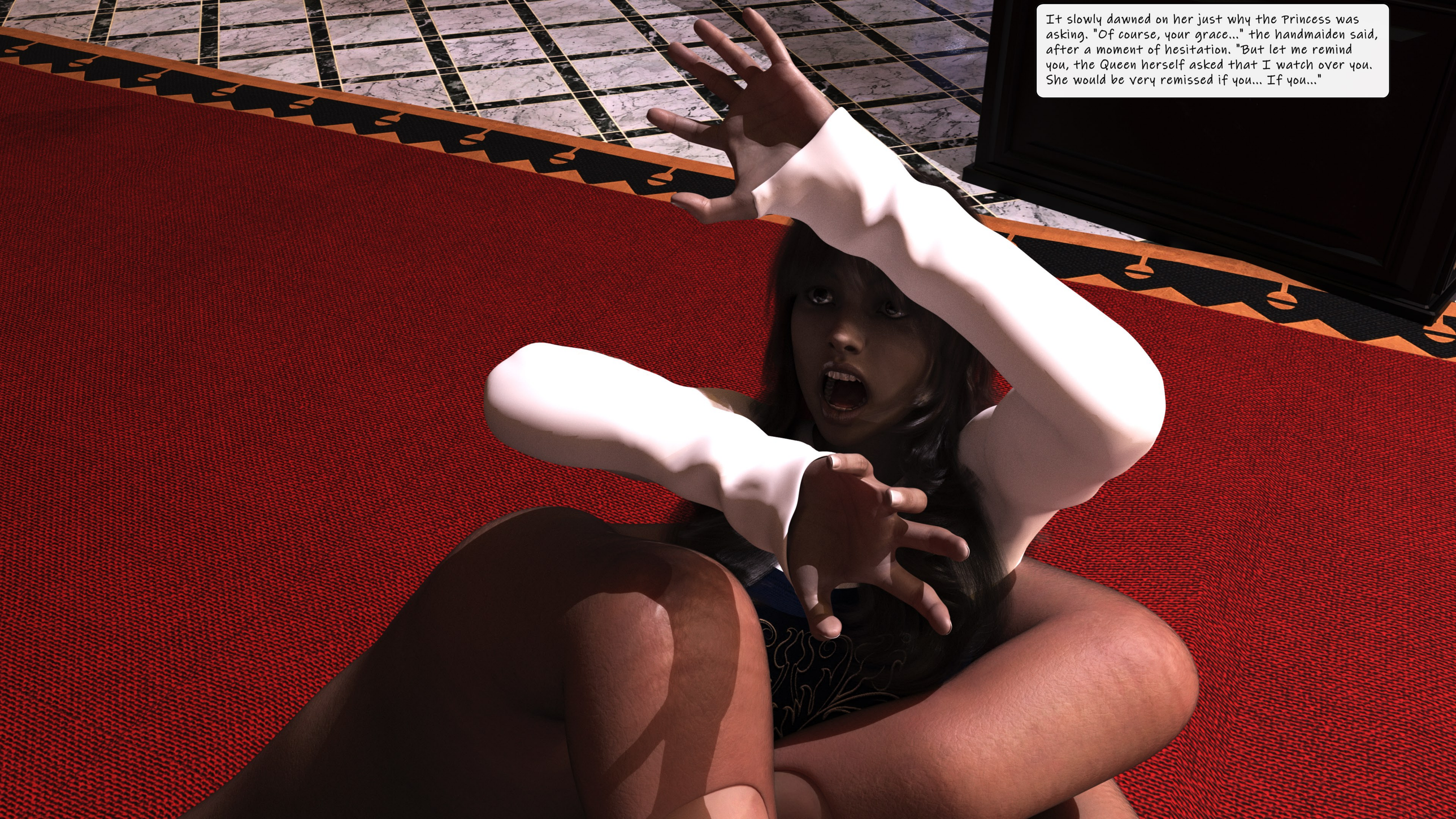

All of Aline's hopes had been trampled on beneath Princess Claire Divoreax's foot. Soon, Aline ceased to move as the boot twisted and crushed her into gristle. The handmaiden shuddered in horror at the sight of this sickening display of power. In that moment, she realized just how mercilessly cruel Princess Claire really was...
Claire lifted her foot, reveling in the carnage she had wrought. All that remained of Aline was a red stain on the floor—an eternal reminder to all those present at the court of Princess Claire Divoreax's mercilessness and might.
"The haughty little whores are sure fun to pop," Claire said, throwing back her head with laughter. "Wouldn't you agree, servant?"


The handmaiden took a moment to consider her words before speaking. "It was certainly a... bold choice, your grace," the handmaiden replied. "You are quite talented at turning human beings into a stain on the carpet. Although, since you asked for my humble opinion... I do recall that your mother tasked me with making sure you did not cause any diplomatic incidents. I do fear that slaughtering the daughter of an important ally could have some unfortunate ramifications..."


The princess glared at her. "What's that supposed to mean?" Claire asked. "You use all these big words. Are you trying to make me feel stupid, just because I have better things to do than bury my head in a book all day?"
"O-of course not, your grace!" The handmaiden pleaded. "I just thought that the decision may have been ill-considered..."


Claire snarled at this suggestion. "As if I care what some lowly servant thinks," Claire sneered, her glower intensifying to such a point that the handmaiden feared she was about to suffer Aline's fate as well. But instead, the princess grabbed her handmaiden by the waist and pulled her close. "I don't need some pompous servant who thinks she's better than me," Claire said in a low growl. "What I need is a snack..."
"Your grace! Please!" The handmaiden pleaded, but her words fell on deaf ears. She squirmed and struggled in Claire's grasp, desperately trying to break free from her iron grip. But she was no match for the princess' strength; if anything, her efforts only spurred Claire on further. The princess tightened her grip until it felt like a vice around The Handmaid's waist.


Finally, Claire released her grip and held the handmaiden up to her face. She stared down at the terrified woman with unblinking eyes. "You know that I could squish you like a bug," she sneered, "and no one would bat an eye if I did."
The princess' words sent a chill down the handmaiden's spine. "O-of course, your grace!" The handmaiden anxiously replied.
"Excellent," Claire said. "I'm going to ask you a question, and you'd better answer honestly. I know that you handmaidens all take a vow of chastity. Did you keep yours?"


It slowly dawned on her just why the Princess was asking. "Of course, your grace..." the handmaiden said, after a moment of hesitation. "But let me remind you, the Queen herself asked that I watch over you. She would be very remissed if you... If you..."


"If I what?" Claire asked mischievously. "If I devoured you? If I tasted that sweet, maidenly body of yours?" the asked princess asked, before licking her chops. She smiled maniacally as she stared into the frightened eyes of her victim.


"No! Please, your grace!" The handmaiden begged. "Please spare me. I lied earlier! I broke my vow! I swear to you!"
Claire paused for a moment, before laughing wickedly. "Let me be the judge of that," she said slowly, her eyes gleaming in the torchlight. She leaned closer to the handmaiden and smiled sadistically. "I'll have to take a closer look at that body of yours!"


Claire bit her lip, as she slowly reached up and grasped the edges of the servant's dress. Without taking her eyes off of her prey, Claire tore apart the intricate fabric and allowed it to flare out from around her body like a satin cape. The princess gently caressed the exposed curves of skin beneath them, pausing for a moment to appreciate her body. Then, she clamped down on each side and tore away what was left of the dress, piece by piece. Soon, all that remained were scraps on either side scattered on the floor. It was a cruel reminder that nothing of hers truly belonged to anyone but Claire Divoreax.


Fully naked, the Handmaiden closed his eyes in anticipation for what was coming next. Claire licked her lips hungrily as she took in the sight of the trembling woman before her. The moment seemed to stretch on forever, while Claire looked her over. She knew that Claire was simply playing with her, enjoying her moment of power before disposing of her like the toy she was.
"Let's see. Skinny thighs... Small breasts... No fat on your stomach... You have the physiogeny of a maidenly peasant..."
The handmaiden was taken aback. "Y-your grace, I don't think those things have anything to do with whether or not a woman is a virgin..."


"Well you certainly look like enough of a maiden to eat," Claire said, closing her eyes. "But I won't know for sure until I taste you..."
The handmaiden gasped, eyes wide in fear. "Please, Your Grace... Have mercy...."
But Claire wouldn't hear it. She opened her mouth and lifted the Handmaiden above her head, ready to devour her like a wild animal.


The Handmaiden's eyes filled with tears as she desperately begged Claire, "Please don't eat me! Please!" But it was already too late. The princess had made her decision and there would be no turning back now.

Ignoring the pleas for mercy, Claire brought The Handmaiden's body closer to her mouth. In one swift move, Claire brought the Handmaiden's feet to her lips and shoved them into her jaws. She lapped at the woman's tiny feet hungrily, moving her tongue up and down each of the handmaiden's delicate legs. Her eyes burned with dark desire as she looked up at The Handmaidens face, now contorted in a mix of pain and pleasure.


Claire moaned in ecstatic delight as she felt the sweet taste of her meal wash over her tongue. The princess savored every inch of flesh she consumed, until the handmaidens hips were completely submerged.
Claire watched in awe and delirium as the handmaiden desperately tried to crawl out from inside of Claire's open mouth. "Let me go, you monstrous thing!" the Handmaiden shouted, as she tried to push away Claire's finger.


Claire easily overpowered the petite brunette, shoving the Handmaiden further into her mouth and suffocating her cries for help. Claire continued to swallow, slowly devouring the Handmaiden until only her arms stuck out from Claire's lips. The princess sucked on her for a moment, running her tongue along the contours of the woman's body and tasting every inch of her skin.


Finally, with a single gulp, Claire consumed The Handmaiden's entire body. The princess felt a surge of pleasure, as she felt the Handmaiden disappear down her throat. She laughed wickedly, thinking about how the only evidence that this woman ever existed would soon be dissolved in the princess's chubby stomach.


Claire wiped her lips with her hands, still smiling from the pleasure of devouring the handmaiden. As the pleasant feeling of devouring the Handmaiden slowly faded, she began to question herself. "Maybe I shouldn't have eaten the handmaiden," she mused aloud. "Mother won't be happy that I ate another one. Then again, she did taste so sweet. Shame that such pleasures are so fleeting, amid all the drudgery of ruling..."
The Princess sighed, before returning to her duties. She leaned back against her throne, and waved her hand to motion in the next petitioners. "Come on, who's next?" Claire asked. "Hurry up, I don't want to be doing this all day!"


Two barefoot young women hurried into the throne room, clad in revealing white togas. The redhead confidently lead the way, but her blonde friend was more uncertain. "Oh my God, Rosa, are those dead bodies by her feet?" the blonde asked.
"Shh, Mia, be quiet!" Rosa chastised. "You knew she was a killer when you agreed to this. We'll be fine as long as you let me do the talking, okay? Remember, we're nobles. Try to act like it!"


"Hello, your grace," Rosa said, doing her best to affect a high-borne accent. "We come from the province of Velancia. I am Rosa... Rosa Delamancha. We are wealthy noblewomen, not that we count as nobles next to someone as vast and glorious as yourself! Our lands have suffered a terrible drought, not that such a thing is your concern. Me and my sister sold our very clothes to feed our people, but to my great sadness, it wasn't enough. We come begging for whatever assistance you might give us, in your great generosity! Preferably in the form of gold or silver, if you are able."


The Princess rolled her eyes. "The last petitioner gave me the same damned sob story. You can see her on the carpet... well, what's left of her, anyway. Give me one reason why I shouldn't give you two the same treatment!"


"Maybe we should run," Mia whispered into Rosa's ear.
"Quiet, I can handle this!" Rosa chastised her friend, before returning her gaze to the Princess. "Your Grace, I do hope that you know that your gift would not go unrewarded. I would never dream of begging for charity like a mere peasant! In exchange for just a small bit of currency, we could offer you in return. We could send you some of our men as slaves. We have many strong and handsome men in Velancia. Or perhaps we could send some beautiful maidens to you, if you prefer!"


Claire sighed. She stared at the ceiling for a moment while she considered their offer. "I can always use more maidens," Claire said. "I wish I could give you some gold, but Mother said that I wasn't allowed to give away any of her money... and I hate to waste my own gold on a bunch of starving peasants in some stupid little kingdom I've never even heard of..."


A moment later, an idea found its way through Claire's thick skull into her oversized head. She gazed down at the women, eyeing them up and down as a smile slowly crept across her face. "Now that I think about it... You look like a pure maiden," Claire said.


"I do?" Mia asked, dumbfounded by the remark.
"Wait, you meant me, right?" Rosa asked.
"No, idiot," Mia said, "she obviously meant me!"


Claire grinned. "I was pointing at you," Claire said, pointing at the blonde. "Tell me, are you a virgin?"


"Me, a virgin?" Mia asked. She repeated, taken aback for a moment. "I mean... Yes, of course! Of course I am!"


"I knew it!" Claire exclaimed. "I can always tell by looking at a woman. And what about you?" she asked, pointing at the redhead.

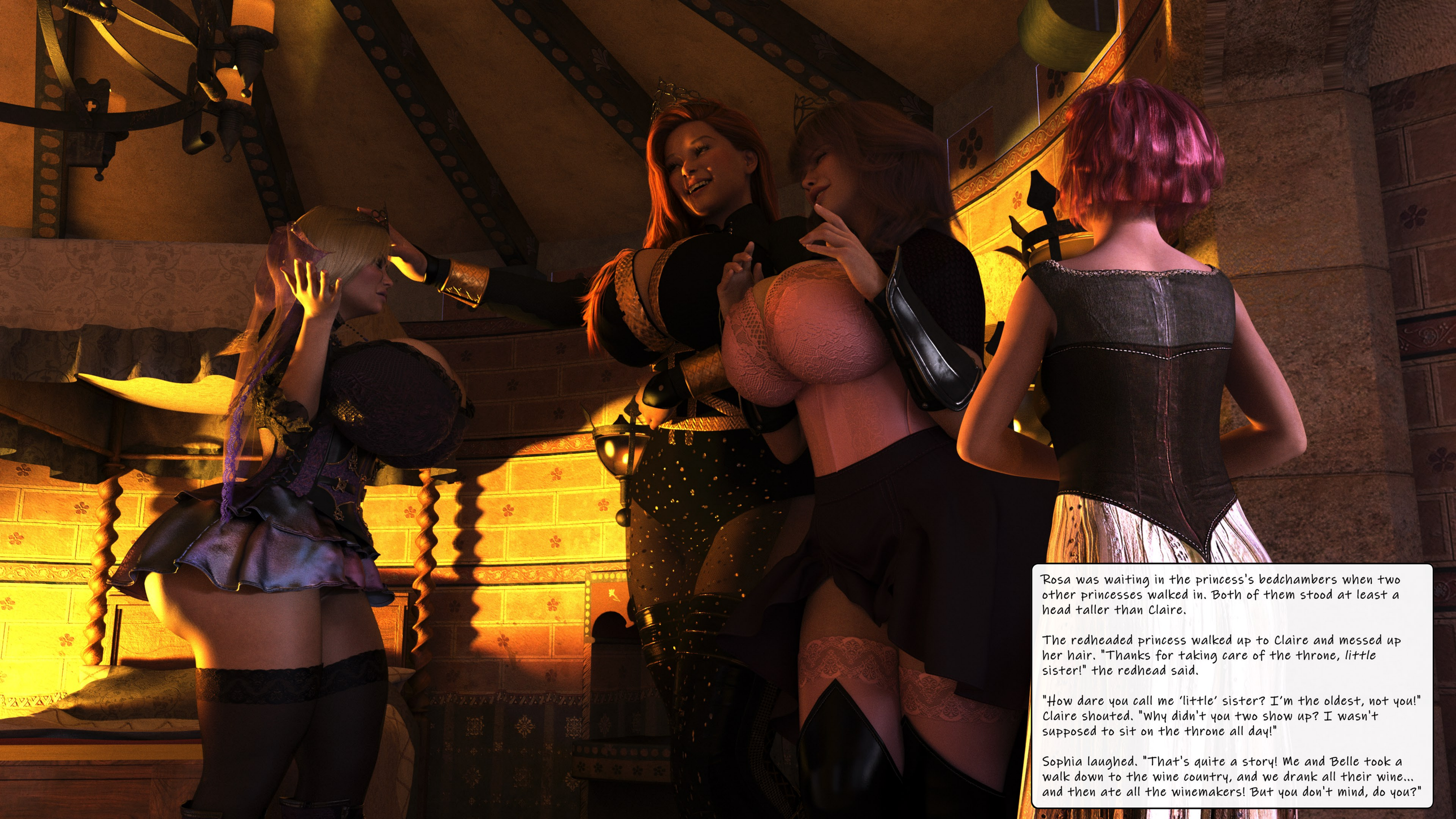


"Umm, yes, I am completely pure..." Rosa said portentously. "But if you don't mind me asking... What exactly did you have in mind for us two young maidens? You weren't planning on... eating us, were you?" She gulped, awaiting Claire's answer.

"Lucky for you, I just ate," Claire said. "I need a fair maiden to act like my Handmaiden, so that Mother doesn't find out I ate the last one she gave me. Can you do that? Or would you rather that I eat you and your friend instead?"

Rosa sighed. "I would rather that you not eat us, your grace." But Rosa had a sinking feeling that it was just a question of how long until her and her friend ended up in Claire's stomach.


By the next day, Rosa had quickly settled into her new job as a fake handmaiden. It mostly seemed to consist of either being carried around by Claire, or standing around, watching the princess go about her day. It could be tedious, and dangerous, but it wasn't the worst job Rosa had worked, and she was fond of the new outfit the princess had given her.

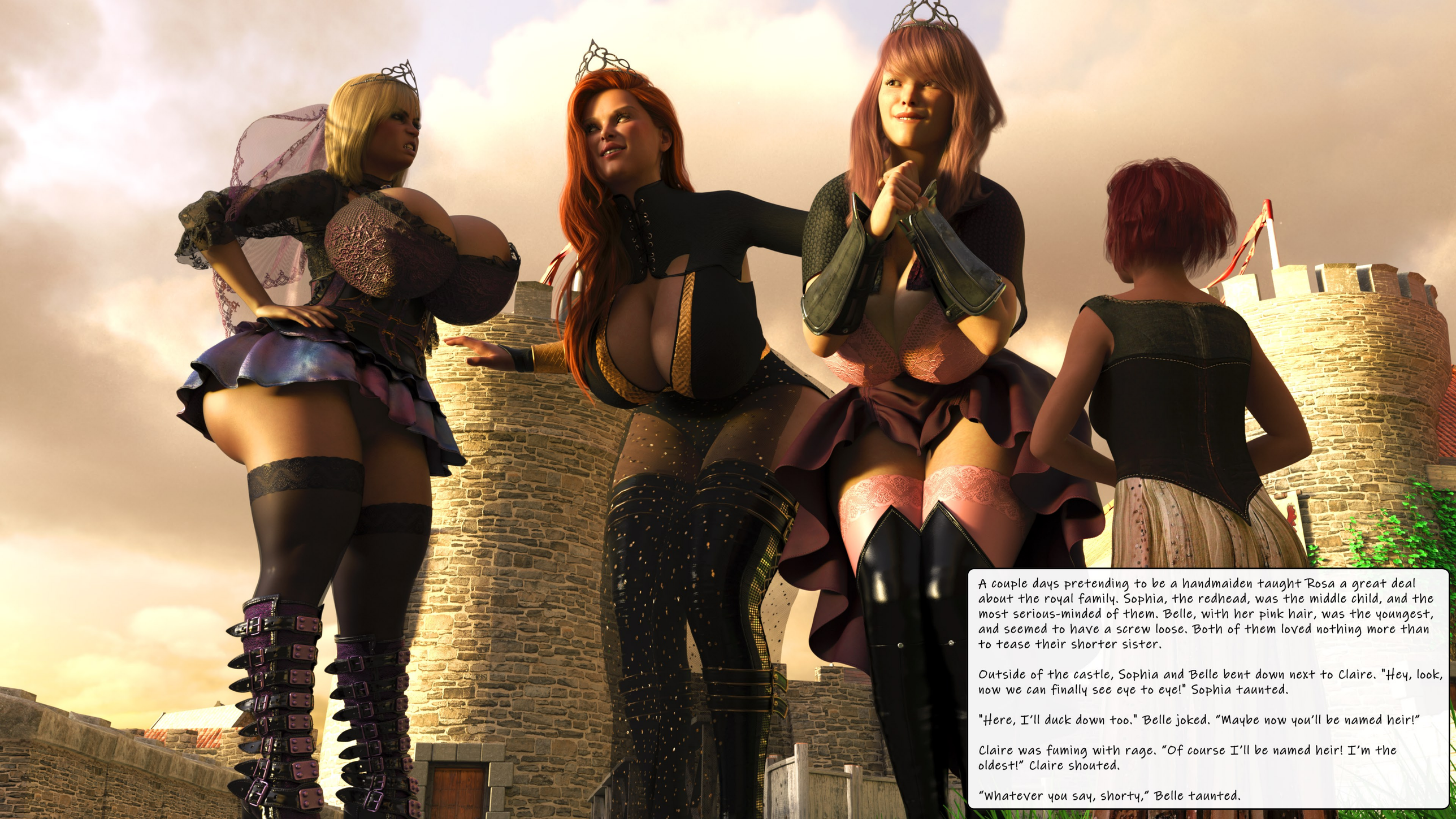


Rosa was waiting in the princess's bedchambers when two other princesses walked in. Both of them stood at least a head taller than Claire.

The redheaded princess walked up to Claire and messed up her hair. "Thanks for taking care of the throne, *little* sister!" the redhead said.

"How dare you call me 'little' sister? I'm the oldest, not you!" Claire shouted. "Why didn't you two show up? I wasn't supposed to sit on the throne all day!"

Sophia laughed. "That's quite a story! Me and Belle took a walk down to the wine country, and we drank all their wine... and then ate all the winemakers! But you don't mind, do you?"



A couple days pretending to be a handmaiden taught Rosa a great deal about the royal family. Sophia, the redhead, was the middle child, and the most serious-minded of them. Belle, with her pink hair, was the youngest, and seemed to have a screw loose. Both of them loved nothing more than to tease their shorter sister.

Outside of the castle, Sophia and Belle bent down next to Claire. "Hey, look, now we can finally see eye to eye!" Sophia taunted.

"Here, I'll duck down too." Belle joked. "Maybe now you'll be named heir!"

Claire was fuming with rage. "Of course I'll be named heir! I'm the oldest!" Claire shouted.

"Whatever you say, shorty," Belle taunted.


Mostly Claire's sisters just liked to tease her. But the next day, an altercation in the throne room got much more physical.
"Let me go!" Claire shouted.
"Not until you sit back down on that throne!" Sophia said. "Mother said that one of us has to sit on the throne all day, and you're the shortest, so you have to do it!"
"You can't just push me around because I'm not as tall as you!" Claire yelled. "It's not fair!"
"It's completely fair!" Sophia said. "If you don't like it, you can just grow taller!"


"Maybe I will!" Claire yelled. Claire was so furious that she was red in the face, but something else caught Rosa's attention. Her crown was shimmering, in a way that Rosa hadn't seen before. At first she assumed that it had just caught the light, but then she realized that it was something else. Something that Rosa had only heard about in stories.


"See who's the tallest now?" Claire asked, as she began to grow. Within seconds, she stood taller than her sisters. To Rosa's amazement, Claire continued stretching up even higher until she almost touched the ceiling of the throne room. Rosa's face was filled with awe, but the sisters looked at her with a different kind of shock.
"What are you doing?" Sophia asked in disbelief. "You know we're not allowed to grow inside of the palace! Mother is going to be furious!"


"Mother isn't here!" Claire shouted. She kept stretching higher and higher, her growth accelerating the more furious she got. She was already over twice the height of Sophia and Belle. Before long she had grown so tall that she could barely stand in the throne room.


Claire's crown hit the ceiling with a clang. Soon, she had to crane her neck just to stand up, and her growth hadn't finished yet. Claire stared down at her sisters and Rosa, with a look of unbridled fury on her face.
"I'll show you what it's like to be the small one!" Claire shouted. Her booming voice echoed through the throne room. Belle screamed and turned to run away. "You'd better shrink back down!" Belle warned. "You don't want to see how big I can grow!"


"You won't be able to grow if I take your stupid little crown!" Claire shouted.
Claire knelt down and reached out for Belle and her crown. Her hand was just about to close around Belle, when both sisters suddenly froze in place.


At first, Rosa wasn't sure what had spooked them. Then, a moment after the throne room went silent, Rosa heard the sound of footsteps coming from behind her. At first, they didn't seem particularly loud, but with each footstep, they grew louder, until they were practically booming.


The footsteps were getting closer. Rosa looked behind her and saw that the door to the throne room was slowly creaking open, inch by inch. A faint glimmer of light peeked through from behind it, followed by a powerful gust of wind blowing through the opened doorway as well as a multitude of whispers from all directions. Suddenly, everyone in the throne room knew who had arrived: The Queen!


The Queen's presence filled Claire with a tangible trepidation. “This isn’t good,” Claire said. Slowly, she began to shrink back down to her normal size.
Belle, meanwhile, was ecstatic. "You're in trouble now!" she shouted gleefully.


The door swung open, and a herald blew his horn to make way for the ingress of the Queen. "Hear ye, hear ye!" the herald shouted. "Her royal highness, Queen Sable Divoreaux, has returned!"

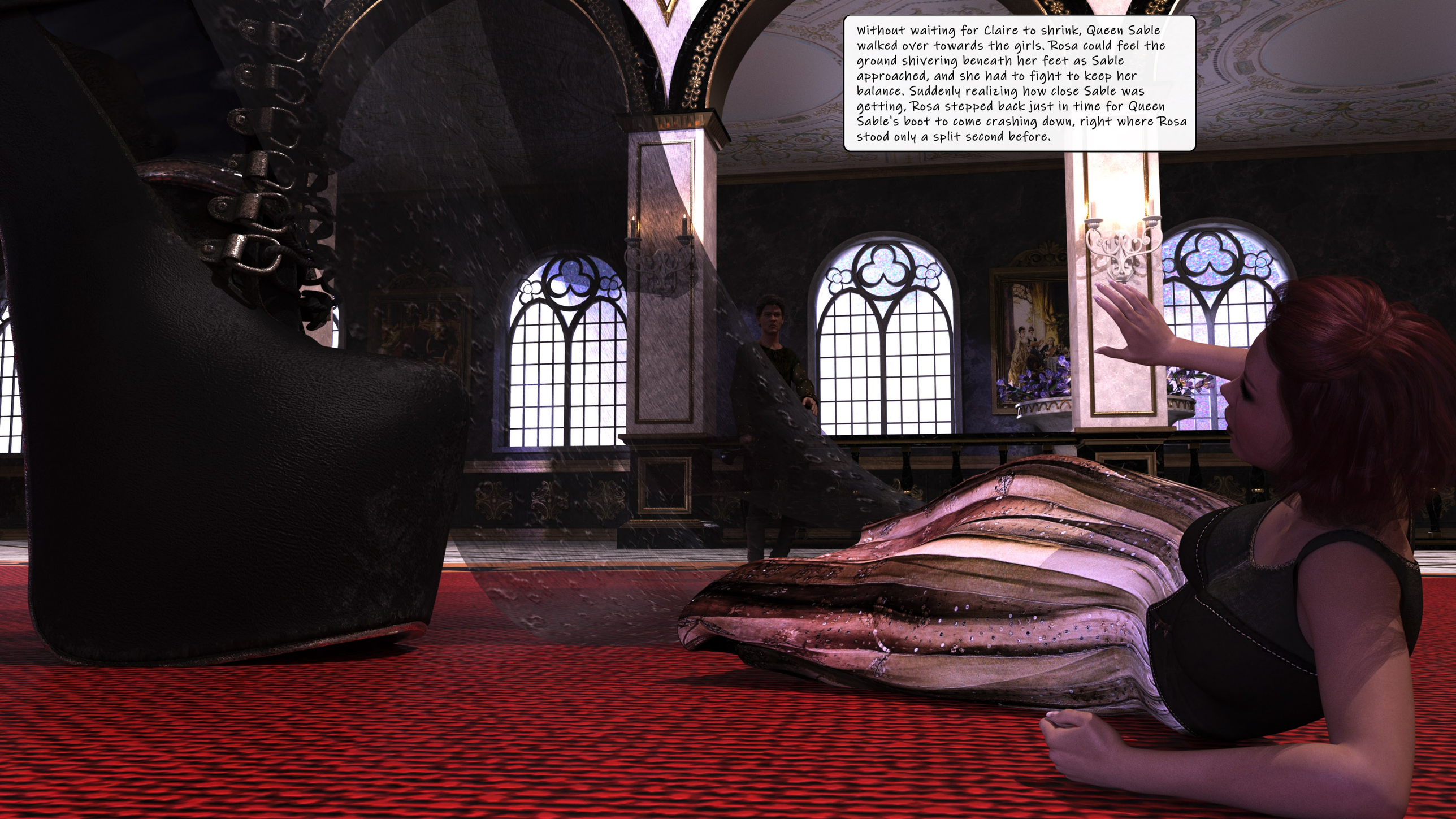

The herald bowed, then quickly backed away as Queen Sable walked through the door. Her massive boot, clad in intricate black leather, dwarfed the tiny man.



Queen Sable was a truly majestic figure. She had to stop half-way through to bend down so that she could fit her horned helmet under the giant door frame. She leaned far forward, revealing her enormous breasts, which spilled out of her low-cut dress.

Sable's body was a towering form of regal grace and power, adorned in elaborate robes and garbs that shimmered from the various gems embedded in her clothing. She carried herself with great poise as she slowly stepped towards Claire and the other sisters, radiating majesty all around her.

The Queen emerged from the door and surveyed her daughters through a critical eye. Her gaze flickered briefly over Rosa before resting itself on Claire. Finally, she spoke up: "What are you doing, Claire? How dare you grow inside of the palace!"


Without waiting for Claire to shrink, Queen Sable walked over towards the girls. Rosa could feel the ground shivering beneath her feet as Sable approached, and she had to fight to keep her balance. Suddenly realizing how close Sable was getting, Rosa stepped back just in time for Queen Sable's boot to come crashing down, right where Rosa stood only a split second before.


Rosa stared at Sable's giant boot with horror. Her eyes widened as she realized how close she had come to disaster, and her heart raced in fear of what might have happened if the Queen's heel had not missed her. Rosa was thankful for her own quick thinking, but a chill ran down her spine when she thought about what that massive heel would have done to her, had she been caught underneath it.


Sophia pointed her finger accusingly at Claire. "Mother, look! Claire grew in the palace, just so she could bully me and Belle!" Sophia shouted. "We weren't doing anything to her, but she grew big anyway, just so she could push us around!"


Crowding around Claire and the sisters, Queen Sable looked over them one by one with an intense scrutiny that made everyone squirm uncomfortably under its weight. When finished inspecting each of them individually she put her hands on her hips, and declared loudly: "Tell me what happened, Claire, and tell me the truth. You do NOT want to try my patience right now!"


Claire glanced up at her crowd, which was still glittering as she returned to her normal size. "So maybe I did grow a little bit," Claire admitted, "but I only grew to defend myself. Sophia and Belle were pushing me around this whole time. They made me do throne duty the entire time you were gone!"
"Is this true?" Sable asked, staring down at the others.
Under the heat of her mother's gaze, Belle couldn't help but give herself away with a nervous smile. "Well, maybe it's a little true," Belle admitted. "But that's only because we thought Claire would like throne duty. Claire totally overreacted. She grew so big that she almost took down the entire throne room, and then she tried to eat me!"


Queen Sable gazed down at her daughters and inhaled deeply before speaking. "So this is what happens when I'm away from the palace," she muttered under her breath. "You must learn that you can't just do as you please without consequence." She paced back and forth, her long robes swaying with each step while all the sisters hung their heads in shame as they waited for Queen Sable's judgement to be passed down on them all.


"I've decided on a suitable punishment. My cousins need help suppressing a rebellion. I was going to do it myself, but since I clearly can't count on any of you to sit on the throne, I'm going to have two of you do it. Sophia, I know how much you enjoy waging war... which is why you're not allowed to go. You're going to be staying here with me."


Sophia grimaced, then glared down at her diminutive sister. "I'm going to make you regret tattling to Mother, you little worm," Sophia whispered to Claire.


"Silence!" The Queen shouted. "Belle and Claire, I've let you spend too much time lazing about the palace. Both of you are grown women now, and yet you still pout and fight like petulant teenagers. It's been too long since you've marched to war, and I imagine some fighting would do you both good. The two of you are going to go and crush that rebellion yourselves. You'll have to leave for Hispania at first light tomorrow!"


Belle looked up at her mother with a thousand-yard stare. "At first light? But that's so early!" Belle whined.
"And don't make me go all the way to Hispania! That's so much walking!" Claire moaned. "Please, I don't want to go on another stupid war. Don't make us go! We won't misbehave again, I promise!"
Ignoring Claire's pleas for mercy, Queen Sable quietly declared: "You are both to leave tomorrow morning. You will do as you are commanded, or learn the consequences of neglecting my orders."


The next day, a coachman rode down a dirt road in the countryside of Hispania. He knew there was rebellion waging not far away, but out in the country it was still quiet and uneventful. The sound of hooves thudding against the packed earth filled their ears as birds sang softly in nearby trees and fields foggy with dew glistened in faint light from above them.


Suddenly, the coachman felt a strange sensation come over him, as he heard what sounded like an earthquake reverberate through the woods. Peering over his shoulder, he couldn't believe his eyes when two giant princesses stepped into view from behind him in spectacular royal regalia. The towering women looked somehow almost like goddesses from another world.


The coachman had never seen them before, and he found himself becoming increasingly nervous as the women walked closer. He quietly kicked the back of his horse to speed up its pace, but even at its fastest trot the giant sisters easily outpaced him.


It wasn't until Claire walked next to him that his paralyzing fear truly crystalized. He knew that a giant of their size absolutely could have crushed him with one stomp. As they drew closer, his heart raced and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.


Belle finally stepped next to him, her heavy boots almost crushing the terrified coachman's cart. Fearing for his life, the coachman finally broke his silence and shouted, "Hey, watch out! You almost stepped on me!"


Belle stared down at the terrified coachman. "Oh look, there's a little guy riding a horse down there," Belle said. " Lucky me, I was just starting get hungry!" She reached down and picked up the tiny man by his arm.


As Belle lifted the little coachman into the air, Claire stared back jealously at her. "Hey, it's my turn to eat!" Claire whined. "You got to eat that woman by the lake house earlier. Let me eat him!"
"I thought you only ate maidens," Belle pointed out.
"Not now, when I'm literally starving!" Claire shouted. "Look at me, I'm wasting away! Let me eat him, before I die of hunger!"


"You still look fat to me, even in that tight corset of yours," Belle said dismissively, gliding her hand through her perfect hair. "Besides, you're the one who got us both in trouble. I'm only going on this trip because of you, so it's only fair that I get to eat anyone we find along the way!"

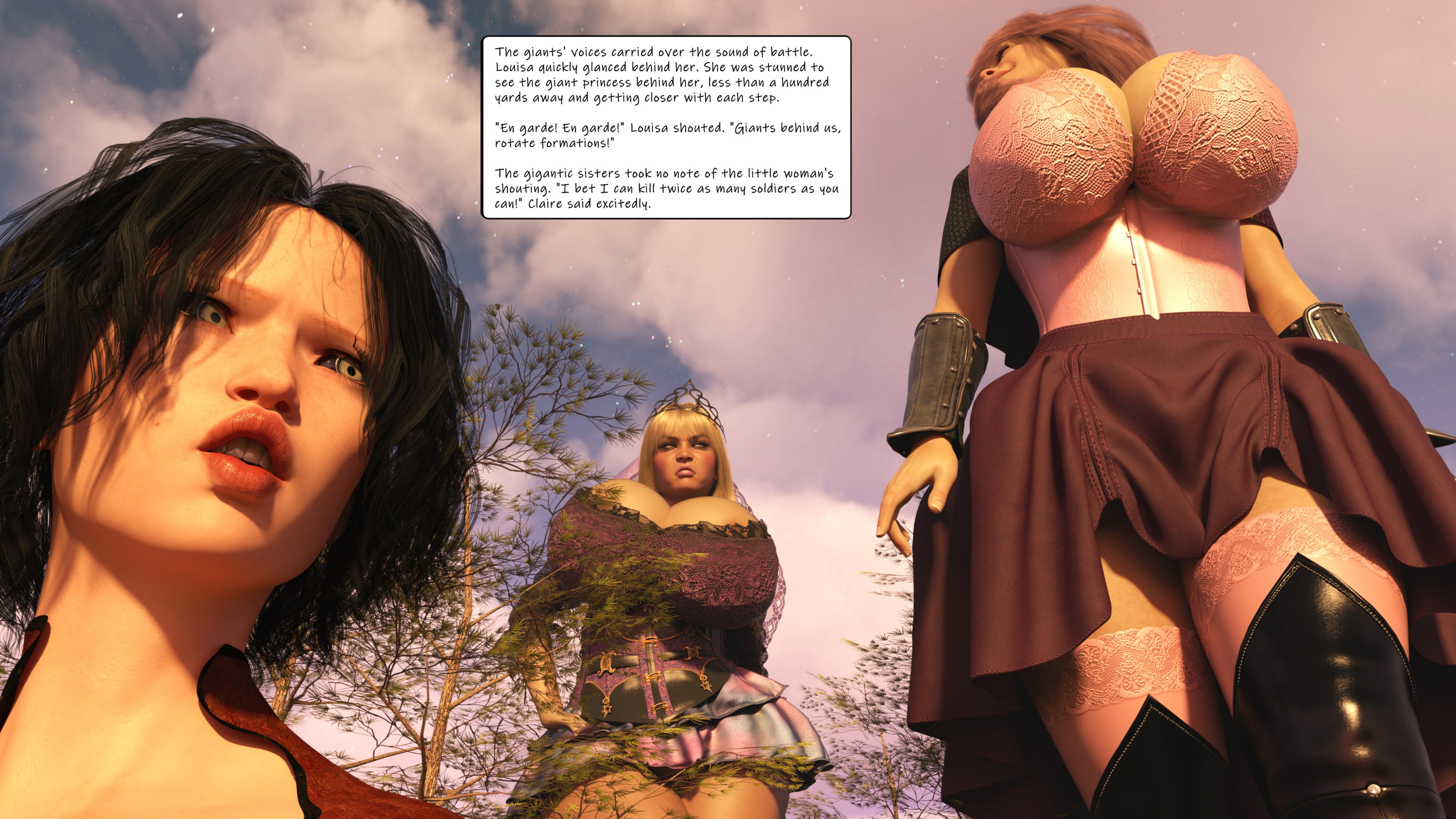

There was a moment of silence before Claire finally relented and walked away, clenching her fists and cursing her sister with every step. She could hear her sister gulping down the coachman, which made her all the more furious. "I hate her!" Claire muttered as she stormed off. "I hate her so much!"


While Claire stomped away, Belle savored the tiny coachman. She felt his body writhing inside her like a frightened animal caught in the maw of a terrifying predator. She gulped him down and let out a loud, satisfied belch.
Claire shook her head and hurried away. "I'm going to the battle without you! You can meet there!" Claire shouted. Then, without another word, she stormed off through the woods.


Meanwhile, in the distance, a massive fortress was surrounded by a small army. Trebuchets fired an endless barrage of missiles and flaming rocks at the castle walls, while spear-wielding infantry prepared to charge. Boulder after boulder smashed through the walls of the keep, and shouts of panic sounded deep within those same stone barriers.


The leader of the army rode behind the row of trebuchets, watching the battle from atop her armored horse. "Faster, you layabouts! Hurry up and load those trebuchets!" Louisa commanded. "We need to burn that fortress down before they send reinforcements!"


The cacophony of the battle drowned out everything else, even the footsteps of giants in the distance. While Louisa frantically shouted more orders, the princesses walked up behind her, felling trees with their steps. Belle smiled smugly as she overtook her sister, eliciting an ugly frown from Claire.
"Looks like I made it to the battle first after all," Belle bragged.
"Pssh, like I care!" Claire grumbled.


The giants' voices carried over the sound of battle. Louisa quickly glanced behind her. She was stunned to see the giant princess behind her, less than a hundred yards away and getting closer with each step.
"En garde! En garde!" Louisa shouted. "Giants behind us, rotate formations!"
The gigantic sisters took no note of the little woman's shouting. "I bet I can kill twice as many soldiers as you can!" Claire said excitedly.


Claire rolled her eyes. "Like I even care," Claire groaned. "As far as I'm concerned, this whole war is just one big, stupid chore. Go ahead, kill them all for all I care!"


Belle glanced back at her sister and smiled. "Then I'll tell Mother that I did all the work!" Belle exclaimed. "Besides, we're already here, why not try to enjoy yourself? Stepping on soldiers can be fun... and if you're hungry, there are plenty of them to eat!"


Belle's crown began to sparkle with ethereal pink light, and Belle felt an otherworldly power emanating from it. She held her arms outward, letting the crown fill her with its power. At first there was nothing but silence - then suddenly Belle started to grow larger, faster than anyone could react or even comprehend what was happening.


Within seconds, Belle had more than doubled in size. The soldiers were now the size of mice to her. She could see their weapons shaking, and hear every whimper of fear as they looked up at this huge princess looming above them. Belle had become a terrifying leviathan, and she towered over the battlefield.
Belle smiled smugly as she looked down at the insignificant soldiers. "It looks like I get to have all the fun," Belle taunted in a loud booming voice that echoed for miles around.. "Prepare to die, worms!"


Claire looked away, trying not to watch her sister as she grew bigger. But even when she stared at the ground, just knowing that Belle had doubled in size made Claire feel smaller by comparison.
Claire sighed. "Fine, I guess I might as well grow..."


Without bothering to so much as move a muscle, Claire focused her mind on the crown. Without giving it more than an ounce of effort, the brilliant pink light from her crown began to fill the air, and Claire felt herself beginning to grow. Within seconds she was nearly as tall as Belle, looking down on Louisa and all of her soldiers with a newfound sense of authority.
The two giant sisters stood side by side now, an insurmountable force in the face of any enemy foolish enough to oppose them. Belle glanced back at her sister, and gave her a look that came dangerously close to being affectionate. "I bet you that I can smash three of them in a single step," Belle said.
"No you can't!" Claire replied.


Belle grinned, then lifted her foot up. She held her foot above a trio of terrified soldiers. They stared up with horror at the sole of her boot. Belle paused for just a moment, letting the soldiers below hold their breath in anticipation.


Then without warning, she brought her giant foot down. In an instant, all three soldiers were smashed flat beneath her boot heel with a sickening crunch. The ground shook from the impact of her giant shoe, sending nearby soldiers tumbling to the ground. The screams of despair from those that remained were enough to chill anyone's blood.


"I told you I could do it," Belle bragged.
"I wasn't looking," Claire replied dismissively. "I don't believe you. You're just a big, stupid braggart!"
The battle had barely started when Belle's hunger set in. Her stomach grumbled loudly enough for both sisters to hear. She watched the soldiers scatter, and a smile crept across her face. "I'm going to grab something to eat," she said nonchalantly to Claire.


"I'm going to get you!" Belle exclaimed. Dropping to her knees, she reached out for a group of soldiers with an outstretched hand. The soldiers cowered in fear as her gargantuan hand descended upon them.


After a little bit of squirming and struggling, Belle got the soldiers into a manageable clump within her two clutches. They were nothing more than wriggling little dolls to her.



Meanwhile, Claire's gaze moved around the battlefield. As far as she could see, hundreds of cowering soldiers were running for their lives from these two giant sisters. Claire smiled wryly and shook her head in disbelief at the sight before them.

"She thinks she's so great because she can step on three of them," Claire muttered. "I can do that too!" Claire then proceeded to raise her foot above the three soldiers. One soldier fell down and cowered in fear. Another stood firm and jabbed the tip of his spear at her. The last of them leapt out of the way, just as Claire's boot came down.


To her immense frustration, Claire realized that she had missed all three of them. The soldiers quickly surrounded her boot, jabbing it with their spears.
"That's not fair!" Claire shouted. "You can't just move out of the way like that!" Claire whined.
"All is fair in love and war!" Belle jested from across the battlefield.
Meanwhile, Louisa rode by on her horse, slashing and stabbing Claire's other boot with her sword.


While Louisa attacked Claire's boot, Belle was getting ready to snack on some soldiers. She brought the soldiers closer to inspect them. Each one had a look of terror on their face. Belle wasn't one to feel guilty about such things. She relished seeing the fear in her enemy's eyes.


While she was licking her chops, Belle noticed that Claire was walking away from the battle. "Hey sister!" Belle called out. "The battle is over here! Where are you running off to?"


"I'm going home!" Claire shouted. "I hate going to war! It's so stupid. What's the point in stepping on people when they have weapons? It's much more fun to step on someone who's weak and scared and defenseless!"

Belle laughed. "War is fun, though!" she said. "It's like a little game. It's not like these little soldiers can really hurt us. Giving them weapons just makes it a bit of a challenge!" As if to prove her point, one of the soldiers in Belle's hand jabbed at her with a spear. His spear pricked her face, but drew no blood, and Belle merely laughed at his antics.

"I don't feel like playing games," Claire lamented. "I'm far too mature for such things. The only games I take part in are the ones where you and Sophia tease me for being short, and I'd rather not take part in those at all!"


Belle looked sympathetically at Claire. "I'm sorry sister," Belle said softly, placing a gentle hand on Claire's shoulder. "Sophia gets me started, and I get carried away sometimes. It's okay if you want to take a break. You can sit out the whole battle if you need to. I can tell mother that you fought really hard, too."


Without taking her eyes off of Claire, Belle plucked up one of the soldiers up in her free hand. "I know that you were feeling hungry, and I don't think there will be many maidens on the battlefield." Belle said. "Do you want to eat one of the soldiers I caught? He's unarmed!"


Claire shook her head. "He looks dirty, and spiky, and gross... but, umm, thanks, sister," Claire said. Unexpected warmth filled Claire's heart as she looked at her sister. Without another word, Belle gave Claire a warm smile before turning back to war, feeding tears of joy from several relieved soldiers along the way.


"Oh well, that just means more for me!" Belle exclaimed. She focused her attention on the soldier still in her hand. With a mischievous smile on her face, Belle dangled the soldier above her mouth. She looked him up and down before giving him a satisfied grin. His face twisted with terror from being so close to Belle's hungry jaws.


Claire watched with disgust as Belle slowly lowered the soldier into her mouth. "You're really going to just eat him like that?" Claire asked in disbelief. "Armor and all? You didn't even take his helmet off. That helmet has spikes on it!" But Belle gleefully smiled as she lowered the soldier into her mouth.


Claire shook her head, and searched the battlefield for someone to eat. Her eyes quickly settled on Louisa, who was riding around the battlefield on her horse. "That one looks like she might be edible," Claire said.


Louisa was riding around the battlefield, shouting orders at her men. "Soldiers, stand together!" Louisa ordered. "We need those trebuchets turned around. Come back to the battlements!" But every second, more of her soldiers turned and fled away.


Louisa waved her sword furiously in the air. "Damned cowards!" Louisa cursed. "If you fools dare to rout, I'll cut you all down myself!" Her eyes burned with fury as she stared at the cowardly soldiers.


Distracted by her anger, Louisa was unaware of just how close Claire was getting. It wasn't until she found herself in the shadow of Claire's boot that Louisa noticed her.


Her eyes widened with horror as she looked up and saw Claire's boot descending upon her. Louisa spurred her horse on, but it was too late. Before she could get away, Claire's boot slammed against the ground.


Claire smiled as she looked down at Louisa. Without warning, Claire stepped on the back of Louisa's horse with her full weight, sending the poor woman careening through the air. The soldiers around them gasped in shock as they watched their leader tumble onto the ground.


Louisa lied dazed on the ground. She struggled to crawl forward, inching along through the grass, all too aware that Claire could finish her off in a single step. She closed her eyes and waited for the boot to come down, but to her surprise that never came.


While Belle was busily stuffing her face with soldiers, Claire stared down hungrily at the injured warrior woman. "She looks rather tasty," Claire said. "For a warrior, at least..."


Meanwhile, Belle had managed to stuff her mouth full of tiny soldiers. She sucked them down one by one, until the last one's foot was sucked between her lips. Belle smacked her lips and smiled contentedly at Claire while she chewed on the unfortunate soldier.


While Belle was chomping down on the last soldier, Claire smiled smugly. She knelt down, and reached out for Louisa. "Not such a great fighter now, are you?" Claire asked. "To a princess, you're nothing but a tasty little snack!"


Claire picked Louisa up between her fingers and lifted her into the air. The tiny warrior woman fought with every ounce of strength she had left. She slashed wildly at the giant woman's fingers with her sword, but her blade failed to draw even a drop of blood from the giantess.


Claire held up Louisa with one hand while she motioned to Belle with the other. "I'm going to show you the proper way to eat someone," Claire said.
Claire finally gulped down the last of the soldiers. I'm listening," Belle said, smiling at her sister.


Claire smiled back, and then began to tear off the tiny woman's clothes. Louisa shrieked in shock and horror as the giantess ripped off her boots one by one, along with her shirt and pants. "Please!" Louisa shouted. "What are you doing?"
"Quiet," Claire chastened, "food is not supposed to talk back!"


Piece by piece, Claire removed the tiny woman's clothes until she was standing there in nothing but her boots. "There we go," Claire said. "A proper little morsel, ready to eat. See how soft and supple her body is? Not all hard and muscly and gross, like a man's!"

Claire ran her fingers along the contours of Louisa's curves. Belle gave her sister a sideways glance. "You really do seem to have a fondness for women's bodies, sister," Belle said suspiciously. "Do you really need to feel up your food like that?"


"There's more to a meal than taste alone," Claire said, as she lifted Louisa up closer to her mouth. "A true connoisseur savors a meal with all their senses. Sight, touch, smell, taste... and even the sounds that they make when they scream, or the crunch when you bite down on one."


Belle gave her sister a disgusted scowl, before she turned and walked away. "Whatever you say, sister, but I suspect you like the fairer sex more than you're letting on. You have fun playing with your little plaything. I'll just go and take care of the other soldiers for you..."

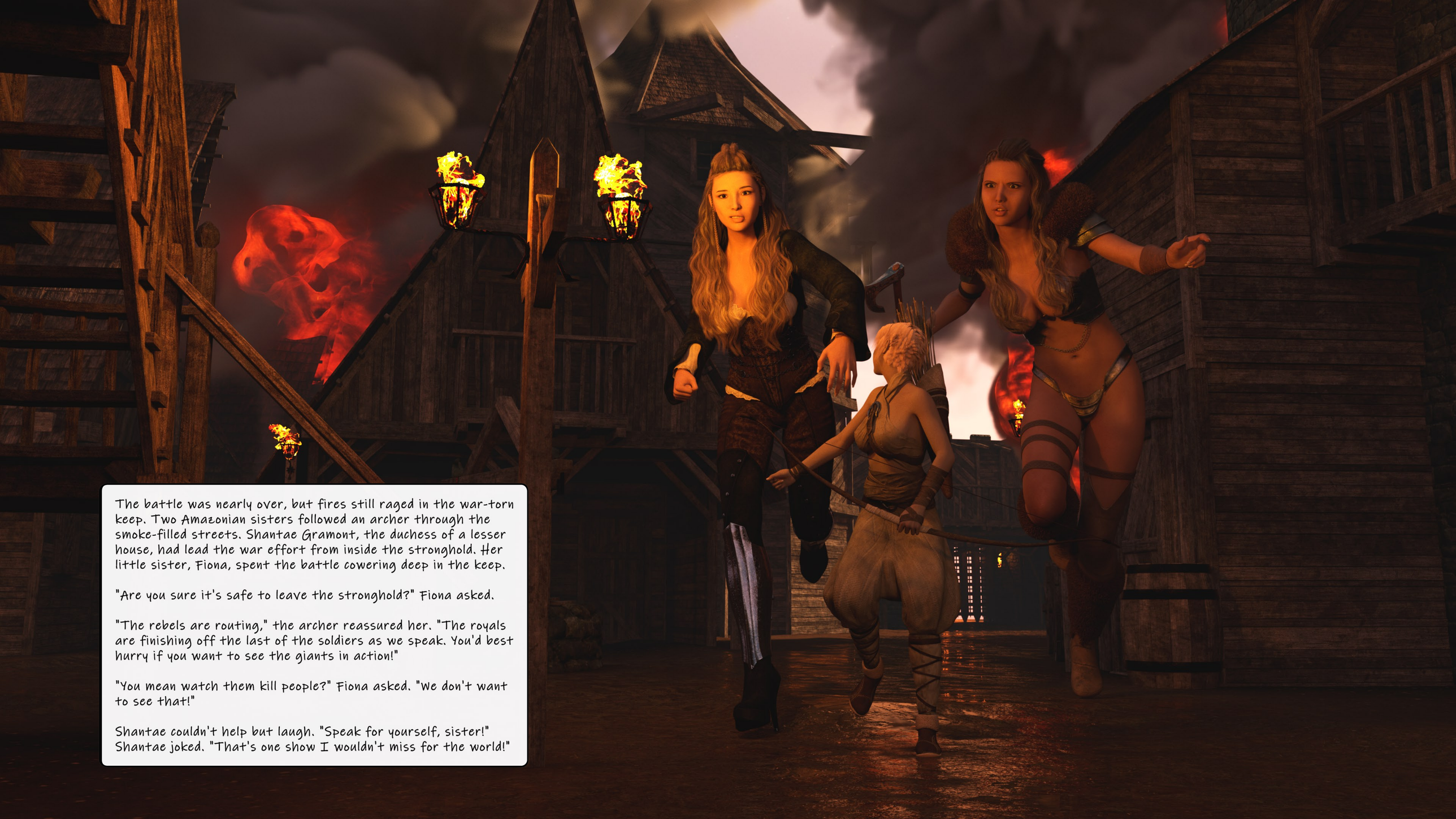

Claire paid little attention to her sister's absurd accusations. Her heart racing, she stared down at the naked warrior woman with a hungry gleam in her eyes. Then, raising Louisa into the air, she brought the tiny woman to her lips. Claire opened her mouth wide and slowly slipped Louisa between her lips.


Louisa looked around Claire's mouth in horror. Louisa tried in vain to struggle, but her efforts were quickly nullified by the giantess's powerful hand.
The inside of her mouth was like a cave, with slimy wet walls coated in thick saliva. The tiny warrior woman screamed in terror, a sound that echoed in Claire's cavernous maw. Her cries were soon smothered as Claire closed her mouth, engulfing Louisa inside that dark, wet cave.


Claire savored the taste of Louisa in her mouth. She chewed on the tiny warrior woman for a few moments before finally swallowing her whole. Her stomach let out a pleasant growl as she savored the taste of another human being in her belly.


Meanwhile, Belle marched over to the tiny soldiers. The soldiers knew they were finished, so they wisely decided that flight was their only option for survival. Crying out in terror, the tiny men scattered in all directions, desperate to get away from Belle as quickly as possible.
The small, brave warriors ran in fear as the giantess advanced closer and closer. Most of them had long ago dropped their weapons, and they ran for dear life. Belle's strides grew longer and more powerful with each passing second, until she was standing right in front of them. Belle watched them run with a satisfied smirk on her face, before turning her attention towards one of the nearby trebuchets.


She stepped forward and raised her leg high in the air, before bringing it crashing down on top of the trebuchet. Broken planks of wood flew in all directions as her boot smashed into the tiny machine, splintering it into a thousand pieces. The force of Belle's foot sent the debris flying everywhere, and soon enough, the trebuchet lay in pieces around her feet.



The battle was nearly over, but fires still raged in the war-torn keep. Two Amazonian sisters followed an archer through the smoke-filled streets. Shantae Gramont, the duchess of a lesser house, had lead the war effort from inside the stronghold. Her little sister, Fiona, spent the battle cowering deep in the keep.

"Are you sure it's safe to leave the stronghold?" Fiona asked.

"The rebels are routing," the archer reassured her. "The royals are finishing off the last of the soldiers as we speak. You'd best hurry if you want to see the giants in action!"

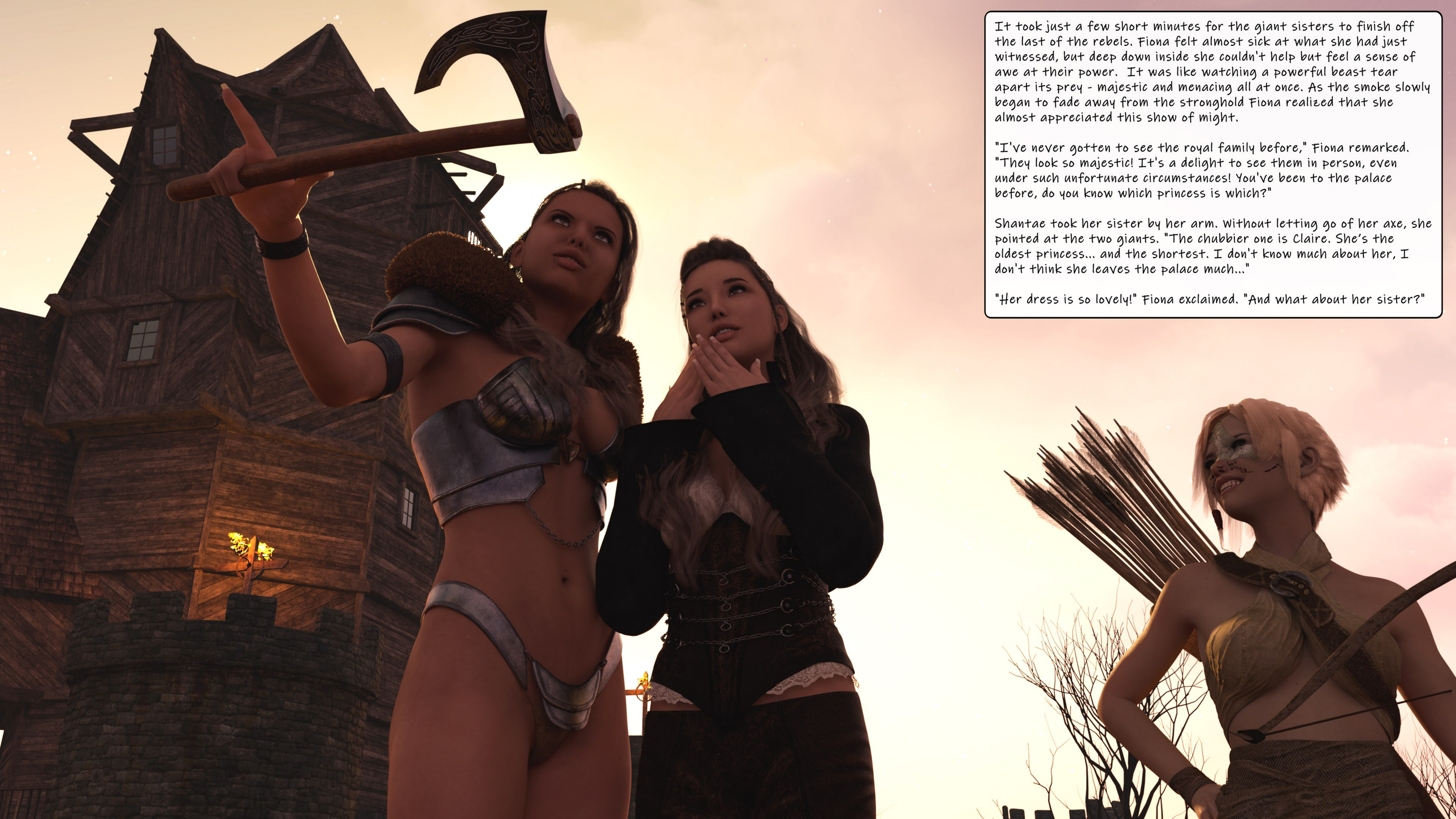
"You mean watch them kill people?" Fiona asked. "We don't want to see that!"

Shantae couldn't help but laugh. "Speak for yourself, sister!" Shantae joked. "That's one show I wouldn't miss for the world!"


"Well, let's go then!" The archer exclaimed, as she rushed through the muddy streets. "Come on, I'll show you to the lookout point!"


The sisters made their way onto the top of the wall that encircled the stronghold. Shantae's eyes widened with wonder when she finally got to see the giants in action. "Yes! Yes!" Shantae shouted. "Kill those rebel scum! Kill them all!"
Fiona kept her eyes firmly shut. "I don't want to see a bunch of blood," Fiona said. "There's not much blood, is there?"
"Hardly any," the archer reassured her. "Come on, take a look, it's fine!"


Reluctantly, Fiona opened her eyes and peered across the courtyard. What she saw made her gasp. In front of her stood the two giant princesses, stomping on the last group of rebel soldiers with a ferocity that was both awe-inspiring and horrifying. The force of their actions shook the ground beneath them and they laughed cruelly as they crushed their enemies with impunity.



It took just a few short minutes for the giant sisters to finish off the last of the rebels. Fiona felt almost sick at what she had just witnessed, but deep down inside she couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at their power. It was like watching a powerful beast tear apart its prey - majestic and menacing all at once. As the smoke slowly began to fade away from the stronghold Fiona realized that she almost appreciated this show of might.

"I've never gotten to see the royal family before," Fiona remarked. "They look so majestic! It's a delight to see them in person, even under such unfortunate circumstances! You've been to the palace before, do you know which princess is which?"

Shantae took her sister by her arm. Without letting go of her axe, she pointed at the two giants. "The chubbier one is Claire. She's the oldest princess... and the shortest. I don't know much about her, I don't think she leaves the palace much..."

"Her dress is so lovely!" Fiona exclaimed. "And what about her sister?"


"That one with the pink hair is Belle. She's the youngest princess, but she's a vicious fighter! Just look at all the dead soldiers strewn on the ground. That's all her doing!"
"Such an unfortunate business this war is," Fiona bemoaned, as she looked over the battlefield. "Still, I suppose they brought that fate upon themselves by rebelling against the crown. Those who stand against the Queen end up under her boots... And speaking of which, she's walking over here!"
The ground shook as the giant princess walked towards Fiona. She was both scared and excited, her heart pounding in her chest.



Fiona looked up to see Belle's visage towering above the wall, and she had never felt so insignificant in her life. She watched in awe as the giant princess walked towards her. Belle was a sight to behold – one of the most gargantuan women to ever walk this land, coming towards her with an intimidating grace.

"What do I do?" Fiona asked.

"Just smile and curtsy," Shantae instructed. "Be quiet, and let me do all of the talking..."

Fiona bowed low as the giant princess approached. The ground shook with every footstep she took, and the sight of her was awe-inspiring to behold. Fiona felt her heart beating faster as she approached, and suddenly all the horror of the battlefield was replaced with a sense of wonder and admiration.


Belle stopped in front of them and looked down at the sisters. Fiona felt smaller and smaller with each moment that passed, until finally Belle crouched down to get a better look at the two of them. The sight of the giant princess bending down to meet them eye-to-eye nearly took Fiona's breath away – it was a sight she would surely never forget as long as she lived.
Finally, Belle spoke. "I have crushed your enemy for you," Belle said. "What do you have to give me in return?"


Shantae smiled up at the giantess. "Your grace, the battle against the rebels has taken everything we have. I had no choice but to sell off most of my riches. I'm afraid that we have little to give you... except our thanks."


"Then I suppose your thanks will have to do," Belle whined. She leaned forward and extended one of her giant hands towards the sisters. "Kiss my hand and swear a pledge of loyalty to me, so that I may know that you are serious."

Fiona felt rather intimidated at this request, but she knew it was necessary to appease the giantess, and so she took Shantae's hand. "I pledge my undying loyalty to you, Belle," the sisters said in unison.


Both sisters leaned forward to press their lips against Belle's hand. It was an eternity that lasted only a second, they kissed and swore their loyalty in a single gesture. They knew they had nothing else to give.


While Belle smiled, Claire stood behind her, jealously fuming as she watched the sisters kiss her sister's hand. She glared at them with contempt, and Fiona was too frightened to even look at her.


Claire quietly stewed in her rage, until she could contain it no more. She stomped her way over towards the wall, shaking the ground with every step. "How dare you make them swear loyalty to you!" Claire shouted. "This isn't fair! I'm older than you, they should be swearing their loyalty to me, you little ingrate!"


Belle looked back at her sister and smiled smugly. "It was her idea," Belle said, gesturing towards Fiona. "The one in the tunic said that I won the battle, and you didn't even do anything. I did all the work, while you were fumbling around like a clumsy little oaf!"


Shantae stood in silence, considering her words carefully. As the tension grew, Fiona couldn't help but blurt out, "Your sister is a lair! I said no such thing!" Shantae shushed her, but it was already too late.


Claire glared down at the tiny redhead. "First you insult us by not giving us a present. Then you swear fealty to my sister instead of me. And now, you insult the Divoreax name by calling my dar, beloved sister a liar? You're nothing but a backstabbing, conniving wench!"


Fiona stood trembling in the face of Claire's wrath. "I-I'm sorry," Fiona said. "Please forgive us. Anything of mine you want, you can take it."
A sly smile slowly crept its way across Claire's lips. "Anything, you say?"


Fiona gulped, suddenly aware of what she had just offered. “I suppose I did say that, but what I meant was…”

Claire's smile spread even wider. "You said anything… and I want you," she said. She leaned in closer and reached out for the tiny redhead. Fiona screamed and pleaded as Claire approached.

Belle looked up at her sister, dumbfounded. "What are you doing?" Belle asked. "She's an amazon. You're not seriously thinking about eating one of our cousins, are you?"


But Claire just smiled and ignored her sister's protests. She plucked Fiona from the ground and scooped her up in one hand, holding her like a tiny doll. "Look at her," Claire said, holding Belle back with her free hand. "These two are barely taller than mere commoners. She's a third cousin at best."


"She's still a noble!" Belle protested. "You know what Mother said. We're not to eat those with noble blood... ever!"
Claire looked Belle in the eyes and grinned devilishly. "Mother isn't here, is she!"


Fiona was petrified with fear, as Claire raised her up to eye-level for inspection. Her heart beat faster as she watched the giantess study her every movement. "P-please don't eat me!" Fiona pleaded. "I just came of age, I have my whole life ahead of me. Please, I don't want to die!"


But her pleading just made Claire smile wider. "It makes me hungrier when my food begs," Claire said. She brought the tiny redhead closer to her mouth, and Fiona could feel the heat of Claire's breath on her face. Fiona up to her nose and let out a long, deep sniff.


A sly grin formed on her lips as she savored the scent of the scared amazon. ""Ohhh, I can taste you already!" Claire said with a smirk.
Fiona felt completely helpless as she realized that she was going to be eaten alive. Finally, after what felt like an eternity to poor Fiona, Claire opened her mouth wide and raised the tiny amazon towards it.


Fiona screamed in terror as Claire slowly engulfed her in her cavernous maw. The redhead thrashed about in desperation as if by some divine miracle she'd be able to break free from the giantess' grasp, but there was no such escape.


Claire tightened her grip and gently pushed Fiona deeper into the depths of her mouth, licking and tasting every inch of the terrified amazon as she went. The sensation was unbearable for Fiona but Claire seemed to be enjoying it greatly.
Claire pushed Fiona's body deeper and deeper into her mouth, taking great delight in watching the amazon become lost in the sea of saliva that filled her open jaws. Fiona's screams were muffled by Claire's lips and tongue as she felt herself slipping further away.


With a final gulp, Fiona was gone, swallowed entirely by the devious giantess. Belle watched, transfixed with both fear and admiration as her sister swallowed Fiona whole. She felt a sick thrill run through her body at the sight of this ruthless display of power as Claire cruelly toyed with the amazon before finally devouring her completely. No longer did Claire seem like a short, weak little runt.


Belle couldn't believe that her shy little sister had just devoured an amazon. "That was amazing!" Belle exclaimed. "You actually swallowed her whole, clothes and all. I didn't think you had it in you!"


"She wasn't bad," Claire admitted. "But those clothes might not be sitting well in my stomach. I feel a little strange..."


Claire felt a strange tickling sensation in her belly that kept getting stronger and stronger. Before she could fully comprehend what was happening, Claire felt an enormous pressure from inside of her body as she started to grow bigger and bigger. Her clothes quickly became tight and strained against her now gargantuan figure as she continued to expand.
"Oh my god, I'm growing bigger!" Claire exclaimed.


Belle watched in awe as Claire's body rapidly stretched upward, soaring past the castle walls into the sky above. Claire glanced down at her body and gasped. She was quickly growing taller, stretching up higher and higher until soon she was towering over the castle. Even Belle had to crane her neck to look up at Claire's newfound heights.


"Look at me! I'm enormous!" Claire bellowed, admiring her new size. "Why hadn't I been eating nobles this whole time?" She felt invincible as she giddily spun around in circles while looking down on the tiny landscape. There was nothing that scared her now, save for a single woman... her mother.


Remembering the queen, Claire glanced nervously back at her sister. "You're not going to tell Mother about that... right?" Claire asked. "You'd better not tattle on me for eating her!"


Belle beamed with pride at her new-found respect for her royal sister. "I'd be foolish to upset someone nearly twice my size," Belle said. "Though I suspect Mother might get suspicious if we went back home and you were suddenly taller than I am. I'm also afraid that the lady of this castle might send word to mother. I have an idea that fixes both of those problems..."


Belle turned her gaze down towards Shantae. "You pledged yourself to me, did you not?" Belle asked.


Shantae looked back up at Belle, her eyes wide with fear. She had expected that she might one day be asked to do something for Belle, but she had never expected to make such a proposition. She was terrified but reminded herself of her oath and cleared her throat. "Yes," she barely managed, her voice trembling with fear. "I hope that you might reconsider what I think you have in mind. I promise that I will not tell anyone what happened on this day..."


Belle laughed. "Oh, I'll make sure of that," Belle said. She reached out and grabbed the little amazon, plucking her up off the wall.


Shantae was dwarfed by the enormous Belle, and stared wide-eyed at her captor. She felt completely helpless in the giantess' grasp as she beheld her powerful frame towering above her. "Please, don't do this!" Shantae pleaded. "You don't need to eat me!"


"But I want to eat you!" Belle bellowed, opening her mouth wide. Shantae couldn't believe that she had been reduced to this. Here she was, moments away from an agonizing death inside of Belle's stomach. She felt her heart break as the realization sunk in, but before she could say anything, Claire broke the silence.
"Take off all her clothes first," Claire said. "It makes them easier to swallow, and adds a bit more flavor!"


Belle turned her gaze from Shantae to Claire, who was standing proudly in the middle of the field with her hands on her hips. She shot a mischievous smile at Belle with a twinkle in her eye as she spoke. "Fine, I'll try it your way, just this once," Belle said.
"Please, you don't have to do any of this!" Shantae pleaded. "Just put me down, and—"


"Quiet! Food doesn't talk!" Belle chastened. "Now stand still so I can get these stupid boots off!"
Belle grabbed Shantae's feet and began to tug on the tightly fastened boots. She struggled for a moment, but eventually managed to free one of the boots.


Shantae squirmed in Belle's tight grasp. She felt belittled and terrified as she was stripped of her clothes by the giantess, and couldn't help but let out a few pitiful cries. Despite all of her pleas for mercy, Belle seemed not to care and continued to disrobe Shantae piece by piece.


Before long, Shantae's fear turned to anger. "You think you royals can do whatever you want, don't you?" Shantae screamed, as Belle tore off her pauldrons. "Well us nobles have our pride too, and we're stronger than you think!"


"I may not get to avenge my sister, but others will avenge the both of us!" Shantae pleaded, but her confidence was dwindling. What little hope she had left slowly faded as Belle tore open what remained of her armor. With every passing moment, she felt as though all hope was slipping away.


Finally, she stood completely naked, vulnerable before the gigantic princess. The princess stared down at her with hungry eyes. "Are you trying to scare me?" Belle said. "You don't look very frightening to me. Just a tasty little snack..."


Her voice trailed off as she opened her mouth wide, revealing a dark abyss. Without warning, Belle thrust her head forward and brought Shantae closer to her mouth. Shantae stared in awe and horror as she saw the inside of Belle's mouth for the first time. Belle opened her mouth wider and wider, until finally Shantae was engulfed within Belle's cavernous maw. The amazon gritted her teeth, bracing herself for what was to come.


The darkness enveloped Shantae, and the stench of Belle's saliva filled her nostrils. Her senses were overwhelmed, but she knew that this was just the beginning. With one swift motion, Belle shoved Shantae deeper into her mouth until finally, Belle swallowed her whole.


Belle gulped down the last of Shantae, finally finishing her meal. Not a moment later, Belle let out a loud burp. Claire laughed uproariously at this, and the sound echoing across the open field.

"And here I thought you'd finally learned to eat with some manners!" Claire joked. "Well, now we'll find out if she has the same effect on you that her sister did on me!"


Belle looked at her hands, but to her dismay there was nary a sign of growth. "Nothing yet," Belle whined.
"Maybe I'll get to be the tall one after all!" Claire japed.


Just then, Belle felt a strange sensation in her toes. Suddenly, she felt as though her legs were growing longer and longer. Then the pleasant feeling started to move to other parts of her body. She looked down gleefully at her own growing body, amazed by how quickly it was happening.
"Yes, I'm growing! I'm really growing!" Belle said giddily. "It's not the crown doing it, I'm growing all on my own this time!"


She continued to grow with each passing moment, until she was once again taller than Claire. Belle couldn't believe what had just happened, and she clenched her fists, savoring the power of her growing form. Suddenly the world seemed so much smaller than before. Belle laughed triumphantly as her towering frame stretched across the sky. "I feel invincible!" Belle shouted, her voice echoing through the countryside.
"Do you think that eating them made us bigger... forever?" Claire asked. "Do you think we'll be taller even after we shrink back down to our normal sizes?"
"I sure hope so!" Belle said. "I wonder if I'll be even taller than Sophia!"
"Perhaps," Claire admitted, "but you still aren't as tall as me!"


But just a few seconds later, Claire was proven wrong. Belle's growth spurt continued, and within seconds Belle stood taller than Claire. For a moment, Claire pouted, but her anger quickly faded. She looked at her growing sister with something just short of amazement.
As her growth spurt began to slow, Belle smiled in satisfaction, satisfied with the results of her growth. She looked back to her sister with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Hey sis, I know it's getting late... but I really want to see how much damage I can do at this size. I should have time to smash up the castle really quick, right?"


Claire looked at her sister with a coy smirk. "Only on one condition," Claire replied.
"And what's that?" Belle asked.
"That you let me join in!" Claire exclaimed. And with that, Claire and her sister raced towards the castle, ready for their destructive mission.



The two sisters ran towards the nearby castle, laughing in glee. Belle could feel her heart pounding with excitement as she approached the towering castle walls. Belle effortlessly stepped over the walls and twisted around. "Let's see what my big, fat derrière can do!" Belle exclaimed. She leaned over, pressing her curvaceous behind against the castle tower. She felt a thrill of excitement, not knowing what kind of destruction she was about to unleash.

"I'll see what my boots can do at my new size," Claire said excitedly. She stepped over the castle gate, and stepped on a tiny cottage after another with her menacing leather boots.


While Claire was crushing cottages, the wooden tower was starting to bend under pressure from Belle's immense size and strength. The wooden structure creaked horribly as the pressure mounted, and dozens of tiny screams echoed inside. "Stupid tower!" Belle cursed. "Why... won't... you... break!"

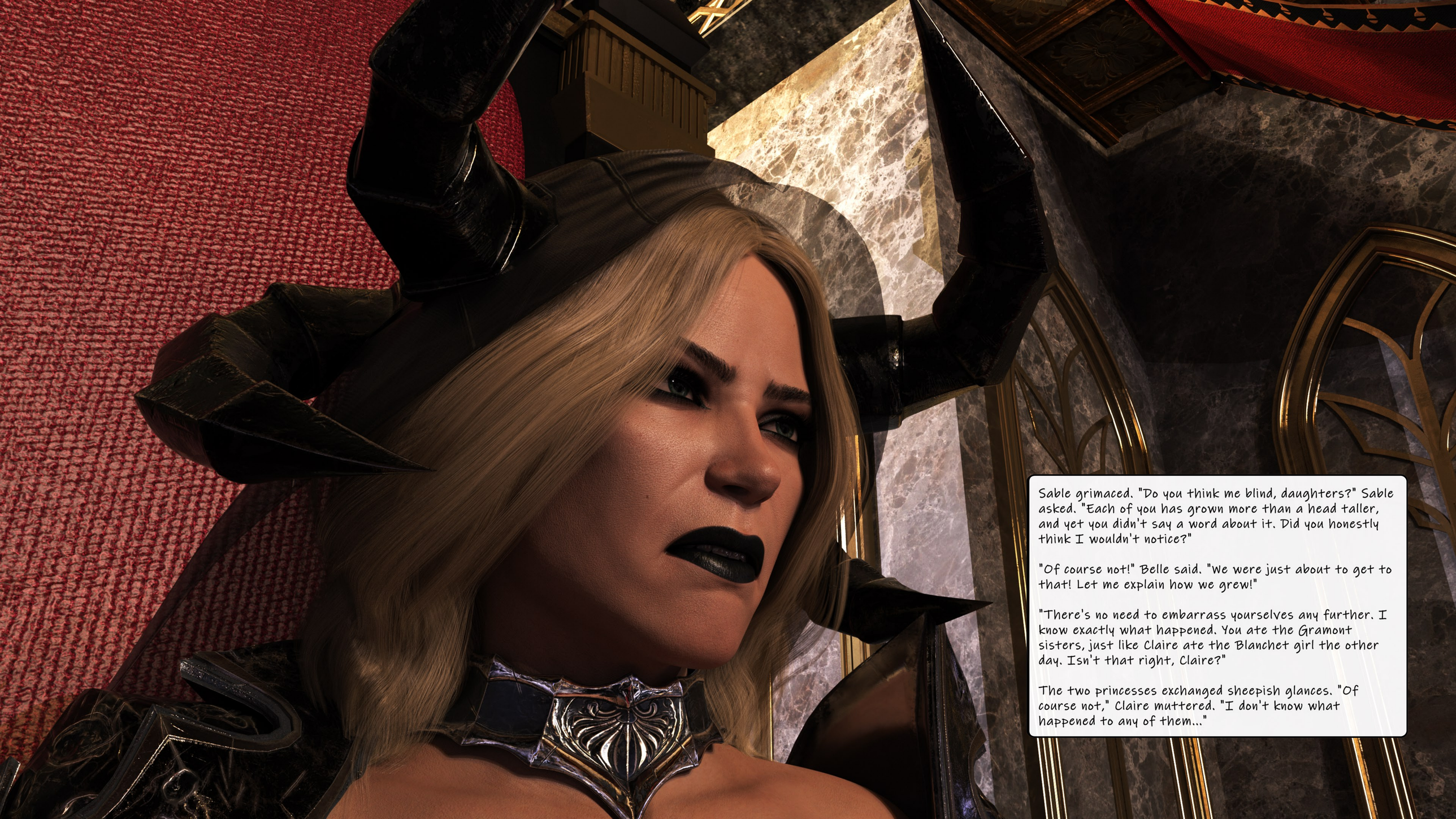

Finally, after taking one last push from Belle, the tower gave in. With a loud crash, the wooden tower collapsed under the sheer mass of Belle's enormous behind. The screams that echoed from inside the tower were suddenly silenced. Belle laughed triumphantly as she celebrated her victory over the once mighty structure that stood before them.


Within seconds, Belle had smashed the wooden tower to the ground, leaving a pile of splintered wood and dust in its wake. Belle rejoiced at her impressive feat before turning towards Claire with a triumphant grin on her face.
Her sister shouted in amazement, "How did you do that?" Claire cheered on in amazement. She was happily stomping her way through the surrounding village, trampling one tiny hovel after another flat. Her unyielding boots made quick work of the little cottages, and the unfortunate villagers who were trapped inside.


The sisters turned and walked across the desolate battlefield, paying little attention to the bodies that crunched beneath their feet.
Belle let out a loud chuckle, her voice ringing through the air. The two sisters continued onward, their silhouettes growing longer as the sun began to set in the horizon.
"You don't think Mom will be mad, do you?" Claire asked.
"Of course not!" Belle said. "We destroyed all the evidence. How would she even find out?"


A few hours later, the sisters were in the throne room. The Queen sat on her throne, quietly staring down her daughters with a simmering fury on her face. Tiny servants attended to her feet, a quiet reminder of her massive size.
Finally, after a long and uneasy silence, the queen spoke. "Tell me what happened," the queen ordered.


Claire fidgeted nervously. "We crushed the rebels, but sadly we got there too late," Claire said. "The castle had been destroyed by the rebels before we even got there. The sisters must have been killed in the fighting."
Belle shook her head. "Tragic business, all of it," she said.

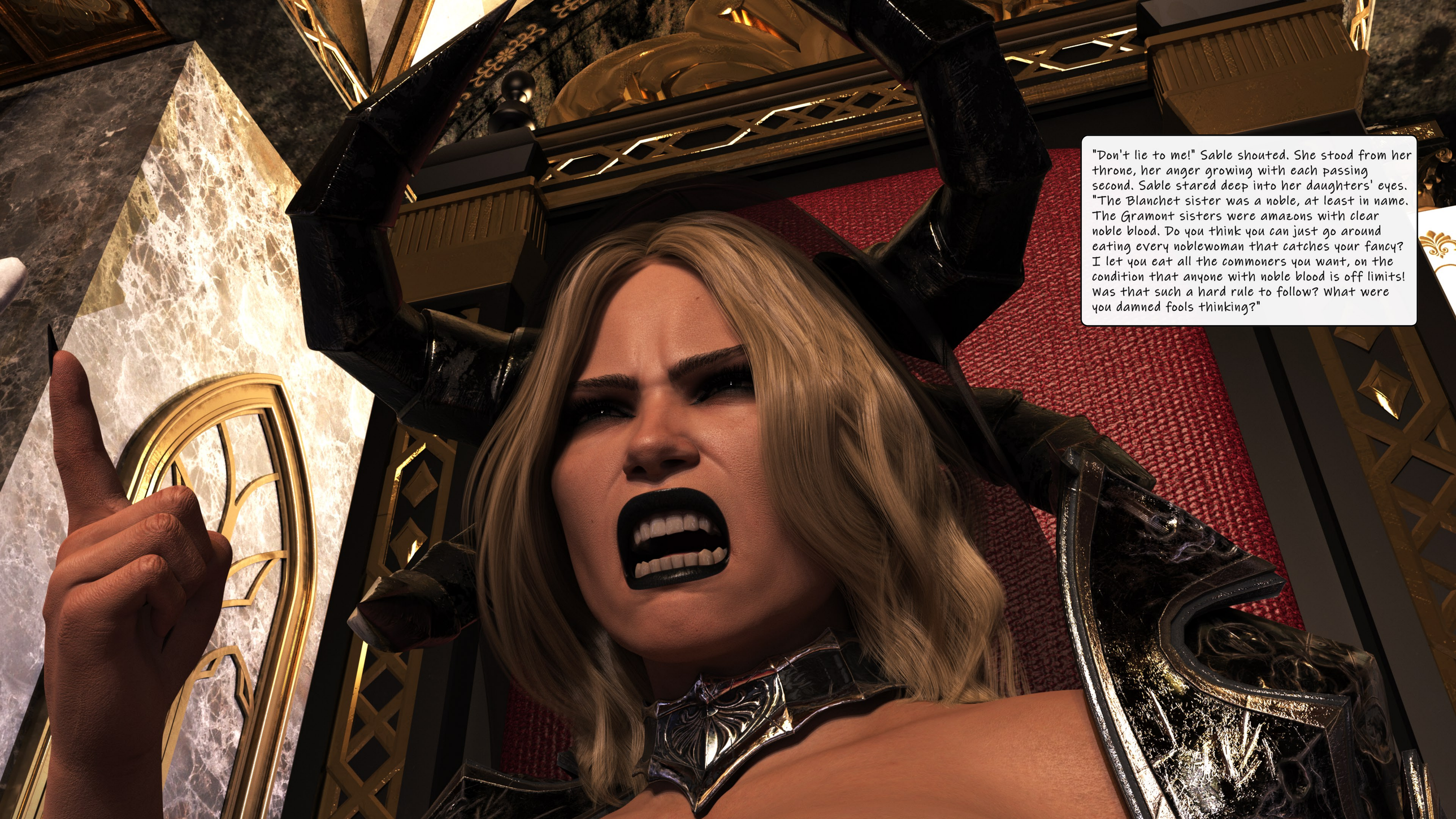


Sable grimaced. "Do you think me blind, daughters?" Sable asked. "Each of you has grown more than a head taller, and yet you didn't say a word about it. Did you honestly think I wouldn't notice?"

"Of course not!" Belle said. "We were just about to get to that! Let me explain how we grew!"

"There's no need to embarrass yourselves any further. I know exactly what happened. You ate the Gramont sisters, just like Claire ate the Blanchet girl the other day. Isn't that right, Claire?"

The two princesses exchanged sheepish glances. "Of course not," Claire muttered. "I don't know what happened to any of them..."


"Don't lie to me!" Sable shouted. She stood from her throne, her anger growing with each passing second. Sable stared deep into her daughters' eyes. "The Blanchet sister was a noble, at least in name. The Gramont sisters were amazons with clear noble blood. Do you think you can just go around eating every noblewoman that catches your fancy? I let you eat all the commoners you want, on the condition that anyone with noble blood is off limits! Was that such a hard rule to follow? What were you damned fools thinking?"


Belle and Claire bowed their heads in shame, unable to meet their mother's rage-filled gaze. The sisters looked at each other, as the seriousness of the situation slowly dawned on them.
"We might have made a mistake," Claire admitted.
"A big one," Belle replied.



Sable took a deep breath, and collected her thoughts for a moment. "My daughters," Sable said. "My dear, beloved daughters, how should I put this... I have spent my life building an empire, one that spans every continent. I did this in the hopes that my descendants would continue ruling for generations."

Then, as if in response to Sable's anger, Belle and Claire noticed something strange. The horns on Sable's helmet were beginning to emit a soft light that seemed to grow brighter with each passing moment. They watched in awe as the two horns on their mother's head began to glow brighter and brighter until it was nearly blinding them both.

The queen continued her speech as if nothing had happened. 'When I first started, I had no allies. I decimated entire kingdoms single-handedly. Soon, my reputation was such that kingdoms would surrender me long before I could even walk close to them. Fear is a powerful thing, but it will only get you so far. To keep those kingdoms, I had to make it clear that I could be a generous ruler. That any noble who swore themselves to me would reap the rewards and protection that came from my rule. Do I make myself clear?"

Claire kept her eyes on the ground, unable to meet Sable's gaze. "Crystal clear!" Claire said, nodding frantically. "I promise that I won't do it again!"


"Your promises aren't good enough!" Sable shouted. "Your actions were a disgrace to this family, and to the kingdom!"
Claire watched as Sable raised her boot above one of her tiny servants. The terrified servant cowered in fear as Sable slowly brought it down upon him, her fury burning brighter than the light of her horns.



The silence lingered for another few moments before Sable finally spoke again. "It is clear that you two do not understand what I have done for this kingdom," She said calmly, turning back to face them.

In one swift motion, the queen brought her boot down on the terrified servant. He let out a pitiful whimper as his tiny body was crushed beneath her boot. With a sickening crunch his body was crushed into a thin, red gristle.

Belle and Claire could only watch in silent horror. Both of them had seen countless servants crushed under the queen's foot, and had crushed countless servants themselves, but this felt different. This time, a strange new thought occurred to them... that they could be the next ones to be crushed underfoot.


Sable slowly rose to her feet, growing all the while. By the time she stood straight up, her horns nearly touched the ceiling. She stared down at her daughters, who looked positively miniscule before her.

"You may think me cold, or cruel, or harsh, but I have been generous with you... up until today. By attacking my allies, you have committed treason. Give me one reason why you shouldn't both pay the ultimate price!"

The sisters looked nervously at each other. Neither of them wanted to sacrifice themselves, and neither wanted to give the other up. Finally, Claire turned towards the queen. "Please, Mother! Forgive us!"


The queen's face softened for a moment, but she quickly composed herself. "You will call me Queen Sable! Now come here. It's time for your punishment!" With one giant step forward, she raised to her full height, and the ground shook beneath her boots. She took another step, carelessly knocking aside a chandelier.
Belle and Claire looked on in horror as the queen began to chase after them through the throne room. "Queen Sable, please forgive us!" Belle pleaded.


Soon, the queen's horns pressed against the ceiling. Too tall to stand, Queen Sable knelt down. She stared down at her daughters, her eyes full of fury.
Belle couldn't stand the queen's withering gaze for another moment. She turned and ran down the hall. "Claire, run!" she called out to her sister, who followed after her.
"How dare you try to run from me!" the queen shouted, her voice echoing through the throne room.


The queen reached out after her fleeing daughters, and quickly snatched both of them up in her powerful hands. "You should be grateful that I am so generous," the queen said, her voice softer now. "I could have crushed you both like I did your tiny servant. Instead, I have another fate in mind for you."


"And what fate would that be?" Claire asked, trembling in her mother's vice-like grip.


Queen Sable let out a cruel laugh. "What do you think I'm going to do?" she snarled, raising Belle closer to her mouth. The queen licked her lips as she prepared to take the first bite—but then, she stopped herself.



The queen opened her hands and dropped both of her daughters. Belle and Claire hit the cold marble hard, and let out a cry of pain. Looking up at their mother in confusion, they slowly picked themselves up off the ground.

"Now you know what could have happened," Queen Sable said sternly, her voice full of warning. "If something like this happens ever again, you will both regret it more than you can ever imagine. Never forget my lesson."

Groaning with discontent, Belle slowly picked herself up off the ground. "So you're not going to eat us after all?" She asked.


The queen glared down at them with a flash of anger that slowly faded from her face. "You are fortunate that your mother is so merciful," the queen said. "I love you too much to harm you, my daughters, even when you anger me so... but there is another reason besides. I fear that your folly may have started a war... And for all your stupidity, you make passable warriors. But if you ever, ever thought about hurting one of your sisters, I would bring a pain upon you worse than anything that you could hope to imagine. Do you understand?"


"Yeah, yeah, we're not going to eat each other," Belle whined. She cracked her neck, which was still stiff from the fall. "I'd love to go on more battles, though... as long as I don't have to wake up so early every time!"


As Claire imagined herself in battle, a sly grin crept across her face. "If we go to war against other nobles... Perhaps I'll be able to eat some more noblewomen after all," Claire said.
"Perhaps," her mother answered.


End Of Part 1


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