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Monique surveyed the scene; the atmosphere was certainly appropriate enough. Creepy old church after hours, young women dressed all in black, eight sided stone table lit by candlelight. It wasn't too much of a stretch to imagine she was back home performing a ritual on her own turf. But this was an opportunity too enticing to pass up: the possibility that these seemingly ordinary women from her school were, like her, gifted. Her host stepped over to the long stretch of fabric covering the objects on the table.

"And here... we... go!"



Penelope removed the cloth with a flourish, her face the very picture of delight and excitement. "We're playing Dungeons and Dragons!"

"... Dungeons and Dragons!" Monique was less than excited. This whole event, all the hype, all the build-up, all the cryptic invitations... for Dungeons and Dragons?"

"You bet! Isn't it great?"

Monique closed her eyes and sighed inwardly as the realization washed over her. Of course these girls didn't share her powers. Of course they hadn't invited her out to take part in an actual summoning. It was all just for the sake of a game.

"Great choice for a location by the way Pen," Laura piped up, settling her ample posterior on one of the stone chairs in preparation for the game, "the whole 'creepy old cathedral' thing really adds to the vibe!"

"And it makes for great privacy. I'd bet that nobody else besides us is going to be here tonight!" Marishka slid into the chair beside Laura, brimming with anticipation. "You guys remembered the candles, yeah?"

"Sure did!" Both Laura and Rebecca replied in unison, unpacking a handful of candles from their bags and setting them up carefully around the edges of the stone font in the center of the group.

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As the rest of the girls got set up for the game, Monique quietly thought of all the things she could be doing with her evening besides wasting time with silly board games. She could be back at home tormenting her ex-boyfriend. She could be working on her latest miniature maze to test her 'toys' with. Penelope's message asking her to come join them for a night of magic at the cathedral outside town had made her think for one brief, wonderful moment that maybe she wasn't the only one like her… she loathed being wrong.

But the night was still young, and just because the event hadn't been what she was expecting, didn't mean it couldn't still be salvaged. So she played along with their silly game; she made a character, named her, gave her a suitably grim backstory. She even amused herself with dropping cryptic clues about what she had planned for her classmates, but of course, the hints sailed clean over their oblivious little heads. Finally, after nearly an hour of mind-numbing tedium, a suitable moment presented itself.



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Clearing her throat, Monique stood and picked up one of the candles. Holding it in one hand like an object of power, she flashed a toothy smile at the rest of the group. In a sultry, malicious tone that was bolstered in volume by her own inner power, the young woman spoke.

"What have we here? A pathetic group of wriggling insects that DARES to enter my domain? None of you know what you've brought upon yourselves by coming here this night."

"Monique, it's actually day-time and- " Marishka was silenced with a glance from Monique. She couldn't say why, but something about that look made her very uneasy.

"Perhaps you think you're clever or brave, sneaking into this place with no back-up, with your feeble minds that cannot comprehend the magnitude of my power." With each word that she spoke, her voice resonated more and more, the circle of girls starting to look decidedly nervous.

"Wow, uh, you're really good at thi-"

"WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO SPEAK TO ME?" With a surge of energy, Monique summoned the spell within herself, pressing it to the very tips of her fingers as she stretched them out at her classmates, a devilish smirk on her face. This was the moment she'd been looking forward to this whole, tedious evening.

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And scream they did as a pulse of violet light shot forth from Monique's hands, blinding the circle of girls and sending them tumbling back off their stone seats. It only took an instant; her powers were efficient like that. By the time the glow died down, the blue-haired Goth was alone in the abandoned cathedral, surrounded by dice, playing pieces and several piles of discarded clothes.

Well, technically she wasn't alone, but in her mind she might as well be. A deep sigh of satisfaction left her throat as she relished the sensation of unleashing her will on a group of tiresome plebs.

"That never gets old."

Sauntering over to the first pile of rags, Monique stooped down and set about fishing through the garments, searching for their owner. After a few flicks of the wrist she reached the plain white panties in the midst of the stack. There, sure enough, was the diminished form of Penelope Anderson. The shrunken woman was scarcely an inch tall, her fiery red hair sticking out like a blood-stain against the fabric of her underwear. At the sight of Monique's gargantuan form, her tiny face contorted in an expression of confused terror, her mouth open in what could only be assumed was a wailing screech of gut-wrenching fear.

"Oh drat, I always forget you grubs lack the lung capacity for a satisfying scream. Hang on, let me fix that." With a snap of her fingers, the magically-enhanced cry of horror finally reached her ears. "Mmmmm… that's much better."

"MONIQUE WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?!"

"That is not my name you wretched creature, I'm 'the Sorceress', remember Selindrys?" Monique addressed Penelope by her character's name, adding further confusion for a few moments before the pint-sized woman's brain finally kicked back into gear.

"This… can't… real…"

"Oh I'm afraid it is. You and the rest of your pitiful band of adventurers have taken your rightful place as heroes of the insect kingdom!"

Monique might not have had any interest in tabletop games, but she'd be lying if she said she didn't love being needlessly dramatic.

"Why are you doing this?!"

"Because I can."

Reaching down casually, Monique pinched a pair of log-sized fingers around Penelope's slender waist, eliciting another squeal of fear from the tiny, naked lady.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd best collect the rest of your rag-tag company."

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Closing her fist around the squirming little bug, Monique made her way gradually around the circle, repeating the same process with the rest of the girls. She assumed they'd all heard her dialogue with their friend, and if they hadn't, tough.

One by one, she gathered up the entire group until she had them all struggling in her right hand, their miniscule, nude bodies all pressed together in the vice-grip of her palm. She took a moment to drink in the feeling of total, unchallenged dominion... she loved that feeling.

A moment later, the young Goth turned to the playing board and opened her hand, allowing the group of girls to spill unceremoniously out onto the field next to their playing pieces, each roughly the same size as its owner.

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"Pay attention you putrid mass of repulsive insects, I don't like repeating myself and I will punish anyone who fails to follow my new set of rules." Monique knew she wasn't being fair on her classmates; it was a stretch for them to comprehend human speech again in such a short time span, let alone absorb vitally important information.

"M-Monique, w-wha-"

"Rule number one: my word is law. You will answer any questions I ask immediately and truthfully. You will obey any command without hesitation. If you do not, you die. Understood?"

Penelope nodded frantically, having had more time to adjust to this new reality than the others. Rebecca also nodded, though much more slowly. Laura just gaped like a stunned fish, whilst Marishka burst into tears. She sank to her knees, shaking her head back and forth madly as she heaved great sobs of despair into her hands.

"No, no-no-no-no! I don't wanna die, I DON'T WANNA DIE, p-please Monique, j-just l-let us go!"
"YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS 'SORCERESS', and ONLY when I give you express permission to do so! Do you understand you idiotic little barbarian?"

Unable to bring herself to formulate words anymore, Marishka just shut her mouth and nodded feebly. Satisfied, Monique planted her palms either side of the gathering, a grin of wicked anticipation on her face.



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There was silence as Monique glared coldly down at Penelope, her eyes narrowing. A moment later, the dice in her hand hit the table with a clatter, rolling to a halt a few inches away from the girls. The titanic Goth inspected the result.

"Very well, if you don't wish to participate in my games, you may leave."

Penelope looked taken aback. She wanted so badly to believe that she'd managed to talk her classmate out of whatever psychotic games she had planned.

"R-really?"

"Of course, here, let me just get you down from there." Carefully, Monique plucked Penelope from the tabletop. Immediately, the tiny woman felt a pang of dread. Why was it just her? Why not the others?



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"I... I changed my mind! Put me back!" Penelope called out impulsively, but with no effect. Monique bent at the hips and deposited the shrunken, naked little teenager on the stone floor of the cathedral.

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From her position on the ground, Penelope craned her head back to stare up at the monstrous Goth... the speed at which she moved seemed impossible, her immense form surely defying the laws of physics with its fluid movements. In the flickering light of the candles, Monique really did look like some sort of almighty deity... Penelope could only wonder how she looked, trembling in the shadow of all that power.


"No, I think not. I have no time for flakey, weak little cowards Selindrys. If you will not stand like a hero and face my challenge, then you will die in the dirt like the maggot you are." Monique lifted her colossal foot into the air as she concluded the sentence, the dirty sole hanging blotting out the light for Penelope like a nightmarish eclipse.
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"NO! MONIQUE, PLEASE DON'T, PLEASE, YOU CAN'T!" The tiny woman's begging spilled from her throat like a wave of empty air, providing no defense as the meaty sole of her classmate descended on her. Her mind screamed at her to run, but her knees just buckled and crashed to the ground. Knowing it would do no good, she thrust her palms into the air, shaking her head back and forth madly. "Not like this, not like this! NOT LIKE THI-"
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Monique's foot landed on her with such speed and force that the 'BOOM' was audible from the tabletop. A cry of denial sprang forth from Penelope's friends as she was snuffed out by the Goth's callous tread... in the end, her reward for trying to extend the branch of friendship to the socially isolated teen was a swift, brutal execution beneath the Monique's heel.

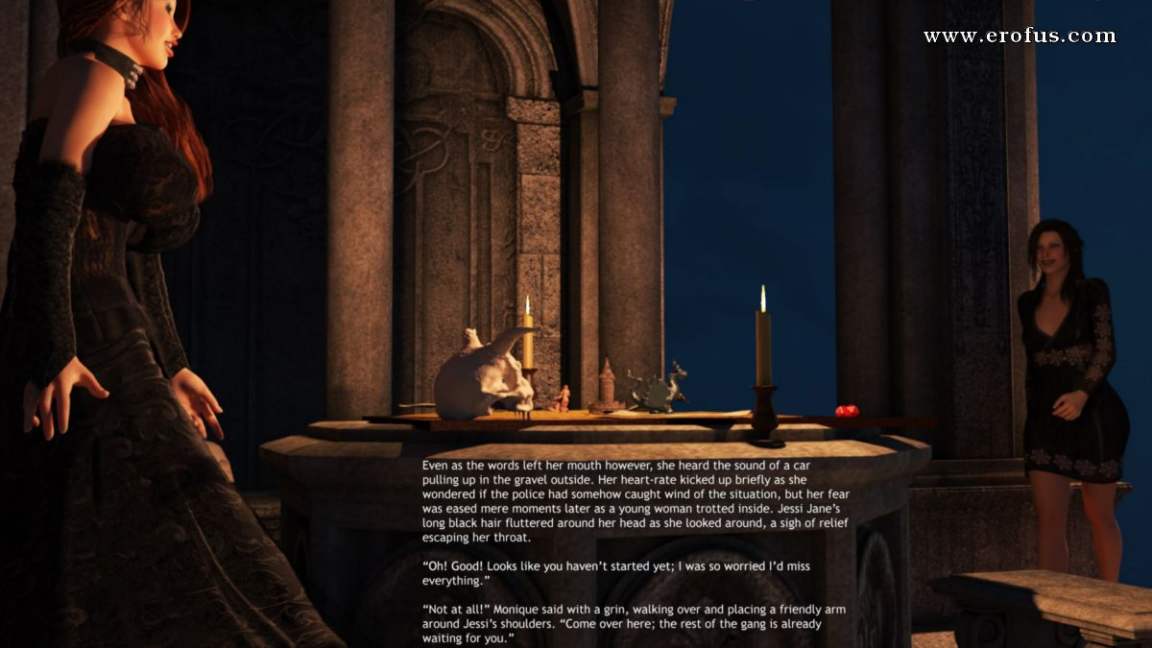
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Silence greeted the suggestion, save for the ceaseless sobbing of Marishka.

“Alright then, if everyone’s ready to play my game, let’s get started.” Scooping up a pair four sided die, Monique rattled them back and forth in her palm, pointing to each girl in turn and assigning them a number. “Laura will be number 1, Marishka will be number 2, and dear Rebecca will be number 3… but don’t think for a second that a higher number means I value you more; you’re all equally worthless to me.” She paused, tapping her lip thoughtfully. “Hmm, perhaps I should have spared Penelope a while longer… we no longer have a fourth player now.”



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Even as the words left her mouth however, she heard the sound of a car pulling up in the gravel outside. Her heart-rate kicked up briefly as she wondered if the police had somehow caught wind of the situation, but her fear was eased mere moments later as a young woman trotted inside. Jessi Jane's long black hair fluttered around her head as she looked around, a sigh of relief escaping her throat.

"Oh! Good! Looks like you haven't started yet; I was so worried I'd miss everything."

"Not at all!" Monique said with a grin, walking over and placing a friendly arm around Jessi's shoulders. "Come over here; the rest of the gang is already waiting for you."


The pair strolled over to the table, a smile of pleasant confusion on Jessi's face as she looked around in vain for the rest of the players. It was only when Monique gestured at the cluster of trembling little women on the table that her expression began to change. Whether it was through fear of being punished by Monique or uncertainty as to whether or not Jessi was in on it, it took several seconds for Laura to scream out at her.
"RUN JESSI! IT'S A TRAP!"
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She didn't even have time to turn and look at Monique before the flood of purple light was overtaking her. Rolling her hands around the glowing sphere of energy like it was made of glass, each rotations of Monique's fingers dragged away another few inches of Jessi's height. Unable to fully comprehend the reality of the situation, the new arrival could only gape in confused dismay as the weight of her own garments grew heavier on her shoulders.
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Her clothes sank slowly to the floor covering the struggling little thing as Monique went about the business of fishing around for her. Eventually, with all the care and grace of a bored mother cleaning up her children's toys, the Goth witch dumped Jessi amidst her friends.




"Perfect! We have our fourth... and you are..." Monique checked the late arrival's sheets for a character name, "...Olga Date? Gee, aren't we just the beacon of creativity. So; shall we?" Before the group could respond, the dice were already in motion.
"And our first contestants are..." the dice came to a rest with 1 and 2 respectively, "Laura 'Red Shelley' Burns and Marishka 'Dizi Dazzle' Sharpe!"
Marishka scurried over to Laura and threw her arms around her, clinging onto her tightly and burying her face in the weeping girl's shoulder.
"I wouldn't get too cozy with Shelley if I were you Miss Dazzle... you two are going to have to compete to stay alive, and I don't do ties."
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Marishka raised her gaze to Monique, opening her mouth as if to protest, but a sharp glare from the towering Goth silenced the cry before it ever began. Stiffly, bitterly, the two brunettes stepped away from each-other. Marishka was slightly taller than Laura and her hair was considerably longer than the short-cut bob sported by Laura, but the smaller girl did have the advantage of raw strength, having been considerably more athletic during her daily life.
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“The contest between you two shall be one of…” The dice rolled across the tabletop. “…strength. You will both attempt to scale a mountain of flesh, but only one of you will survive.” With a flick of her wrist, the two tiny women felt a force pulling at their feet. Whipped off balance and sent crashing onto their backsides, the girls were dragged along the wooden board towards Monique, the grinning Goth chuckling darkly as her classmates skidded to a halt in front of her.

She expected some form of questioning, or for one of them to utter some disbelieving statement akin to ‘you can’t be serious!’ However, as it turned out, she had given them too much credit already. Both girls had immediately rolled onto their stomach; hands reaching back to grasp their backsides, furiously rubbing in an attempt to relieve the pain.



"Oh for the love of…" Monique slammed her fist down on the table again, jolting both of her little toys into paying attention, "… I don't have all day."

"W… where… what are we supposed to climb?" Marishka looked around for something they could potentially scale.

Monique smiled.

"Me."

"W-what?! Y-you… you c-can't be serious!" Monique laughed internally, resisting the urge to scoop up Laura and kiss her.

"Quite serious my little adventurers. It is a treacherous climb, but one of you must succeed… As I said, I don't accept stalemates, and either one of you wins, or you both lose."

The pair of puny players just gaped at Monique, ex[illegible]

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Then Marishka dashed forwards, hurling herself off the side of the table and catching hold of Monique's shirt, clinging on long enough to make sure she was steady before she started pulling herself gradually upwards.

"AND SHE'S OFF!"

In a panic, Laura pelted after Marishka, leaping across the gap and scrabbling furiously to snare herself on the cloth. It looked for a second as though the contest would be over before it even began - but moments before she would've plummeted to her death, the flailing little woman caught a fist-full of fabric. Taking a moment to catch her breath, she too began her ascent up Monique's body.

The Goth was in Heaven. Normally such situations involved maybe one or two people at most, but having enough people to maintain an audience as well was more than enough to plaster a huge grin across her face. Her hands slid onto her hips as she gazed down in contemptuous amusement at the slow, struggling forms of her classmates.

"Don't even think about it Olga." Monique shot a piercing glance at Jessi, the long, black haired woman trying to sneak behind a bag of dice to hide. She froze in place, going red in the face before slinking sheepishly back into place beside Rebecca.



The Goth turned her gaze back to the action; Marishka had almost reached her breasts, while Laura was just above her belly button.

"Looks like Dizi Dazzle is in the lead! But Red Shelley isn't far behind; can she stage a daring comeback?" The climbers inched upwards, but Laura seemed to be gradually gaining on Marishka. Years of exercise had given her the ability to endure such conditions with greater ease than her friend, and as Marishka reached the top of Monique's ample chest, she saw Laura out of the corner of her eye, clawing her way up mere inches away.

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"They're neck and neck! But who will survive?! AND WHAT'S THIS?" Picking up a dice, Monique cast it across the tabletop. In her adrenaline-fuelled enthusiasm, she'd flicked it a bit too hard towards the other two girls; Rebecca was nimble enough to dodge out of the way, but Jessi took it full-on, her tiny frame bowled over backwards as she clutched her stomach in pain, doubled over in agony as the oblivious Monique continued her game.
"An earthquake!"
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With a 'slight' shake of her torso, Monique sent a ripple of motion through her chest. Laura dug in her fingers, tightened her grip and hung on for dear life... but Marishka wasn't so quick. Torn loose from her position, she shrieked as she tumbled backwards down the inside of Monique's shirt, landing heavily in the gap between her mountainous breasts.


"Oop! Red's nearly won the contest, but worse still for her opponent, it seems the walls are closing in; can she escape in time?"
Marishka looked around in confusion, 'walls closing in?' What was she talking ab- oh no...
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“No! NO! NO-NO-NO-NO-” Marishka frantically tried to scramble up the inside of the Goth’s shirt, but the sweat on her hands and the exhaustion of climbing had taken their toll on her.

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Far above, she saw Laura drag
tears in her eyes as she looked down
over her shoulder at Marishka as she
vanished within the titan's cleavage.

"We have our winner! But more
importantly..."





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Nobody heard a thing... but Monique certainly felt it. The 'crunch' as Marishka burst like a grape between her breasts, the oozing trickle as her blood dripped a few inches down her skin. With a perverse grin of malicious delight, she rubbed her tits together a few more times, making sure to smear what was left into an unrecognizable paste.
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This is what the scene looks like in the real-time preview window. It's not quite as pretty...

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...and here it is properly rendered. Much better!
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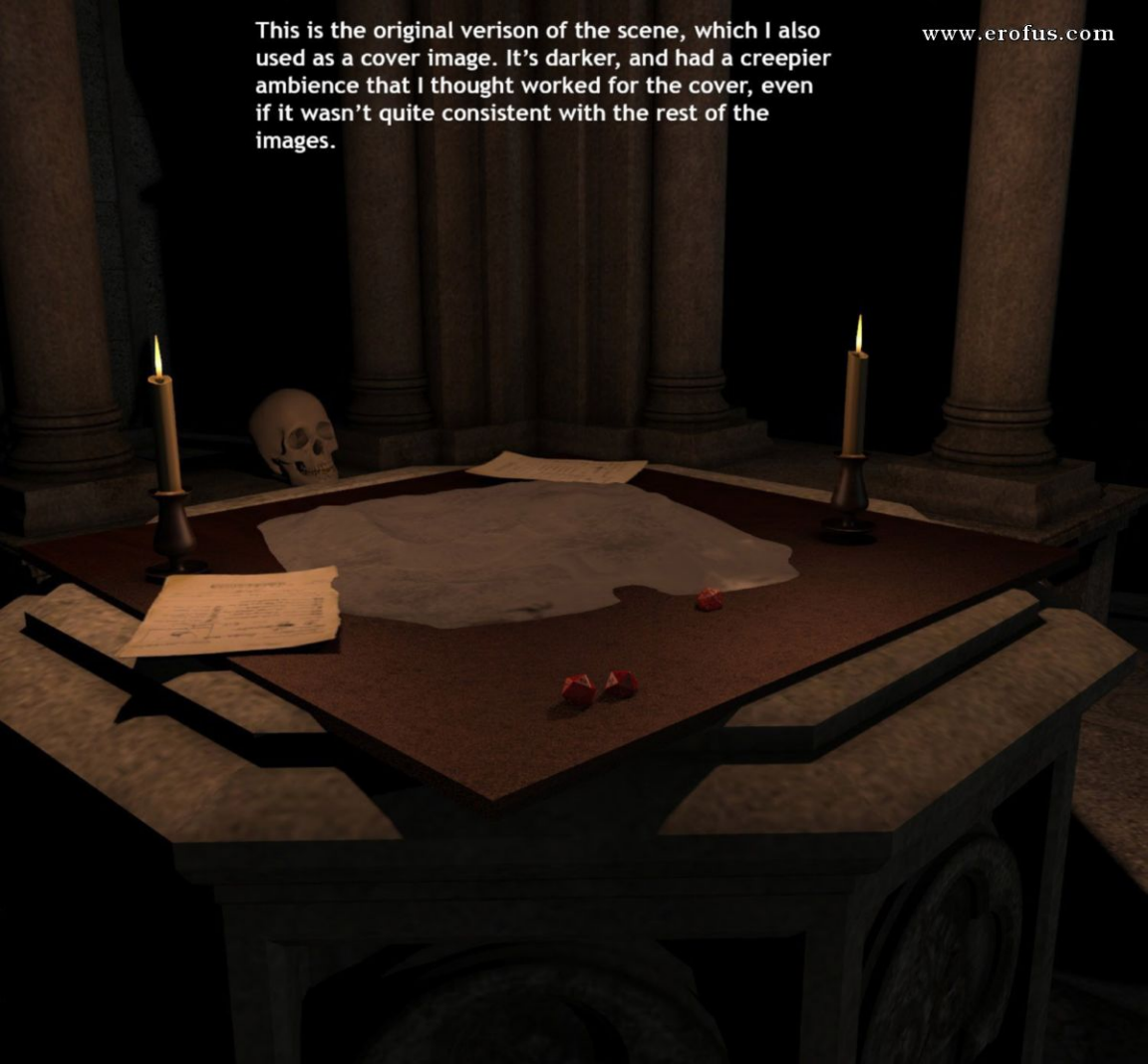
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THE WITCHING HOUR: PART 2
STORY BY BYTHMEAR
ART BY REDFREDOS
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Monique gazed down at her chest, so that the others could see the blood that was splattered between her cleavage. “Take a good look, because that’s all that’s left of your friend… whatever her name was. What a gross little thing. Let’s get rid of that, shall we?”

Monique stared down at the bloodstain, and in an instant it simply vanished.

“You know, the breeze feels rather nice. I don’t suppose any of you would have any problem with me spending the rest of the game with my top off?”

Of course, none of the other girls protested.




Scooping up the pair of four sided dice, Monique paused in thought.
"Hmm... there's really only three of you left now, so I suppose a regular ol' dice will do." Tucking them back into one of the bags, the Goth plucked out a pair of six-sided dice, rattling them in her hand.
"Okay, this time I think... one and two will be Jessi, three and four will be Rebecca, and five and six will be Laura. Sound good? Alright then."
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"A break? You forget tiny, idiot heroine… My power is limitless; giving you your breath back is the very least of my abilities." With a snap of her fingers, Monique watched as Laura's entire body glowed for the briefest of moments, her mouth opening wide in a gasp of astonishment. Vigor flowed through her veins, the fatigue of climbing the colossal Goth completely evaporating in an instant.

"Holy shit!"

"That's the spirit!"

Monique chuckled inwardly as the rush of energy abated, Laura's mane of long hair fluttering slightly as she stared at her hands. An idea gradually formed in the Goth's head, her eyes narrowing as she watched the disbelief on the shrunken girl's face.

"Tell you what 'Red Shelley', how about we make this a little more in-character?"

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Summoning the character sheets to herself for a moment, Monique glanced at the profiles for both Red Shelley and Cassandra Sh'lay, eyeing Laura and Rebecca pensively. Once she was satisfied with the results, she let the sheets fall back into place.

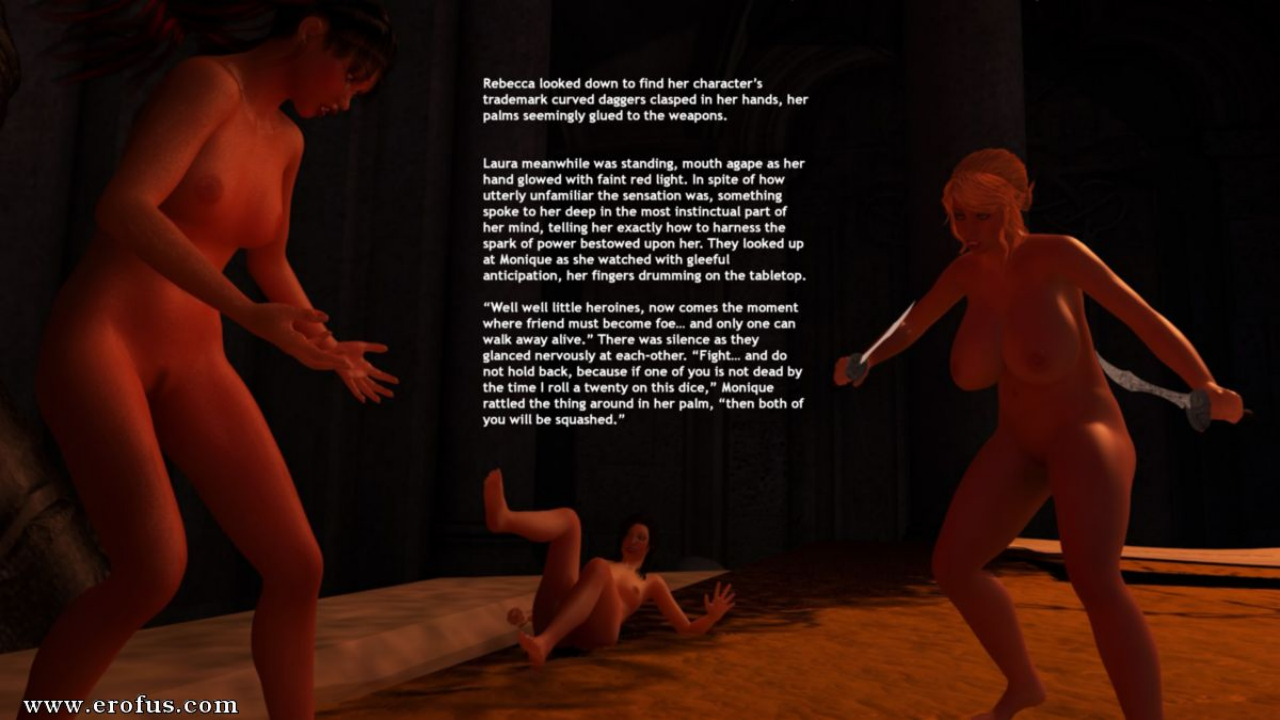
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"So... a fire mage and a rogue? Pretty standard adventuring fare I suppose, not that I'm complaining of course; it just makes it simpler for me."

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Rebecca looked down to find her character's trademark curved daggers clasped in her hands, her palms seemingly glued to the weapons.

Laura meanwhile was standing, mouth agape as her hand glowed with faint red light. In spite of how utterly unfamiliar the sensation was, something spoke to her deep in the most instinctual part of her mind, telling her exactly how to harness the spark of power bestowed upon her. They looked up at Monique as she watched with gleeful anticipation, her fingers drumming on the tabletop.

"Well well little heroines, now comes the moment where friend must become foe... and only one can walk away alive." There was silence as they glanced nervously at each-other. "Fight... and do not hold back, because if one of you is not dead by the time I roll a twenty on this dice," Monique rattled the thing around in her palm, "then both of you will be squashed."

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It only took a few seconds for the reality of the statement to sink in before one of the girls made their move. Still riding a wave of vigor from her previous victory, Laura turned and threw up her palms in front of her, sending a sphere of incandescent flame hurtling at Rebecca.
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She almost couldn't believe she'd just done it, but evidently her friend was even more surprised than she was as the blast collided with her. It was certainly less licking tendrils of fire than Monique had expected: it was more of a sphere of burning light that packed a searing wallop as Rebecca was knocked off her feet. Still, that was the reality of granting power to people unfit to wield it; they never quite got the spells right.
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Had it been a proper use of the magic, Rebecca would be little more than ash and cinders in that moment. Fortunately for her, while she felt singed and overheated, she was more than capable of taking the hit and rolling with it. With an agility she'd never felt in her voluptuous figure before, the blonde bombshell launched herself towards Laura, covering the distance in a few heartbeats. Laura's eyes widened as she stumbled backwards, narrowly avoiding a slash of the daggers as Rebecca swept at her belly.
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Monique's hands clapped together happily as the two school friends tried openly to kill each-other beneath her nose. It was no small source of amusement to the gifted Goth that such fleeting loyalties could crumble so quickly in the face of certain death. Her eyes glinted wickedly as she watched Laura trying to keep her distance from Rebecca, blasts of searing red power blazing from her palms as the rogue ducked in and out of the attacks.
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"Oh! Yes! The dice... hmmm,"
Monique rolled the clunky red lump
the brawling beauties, "seventeen."
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"Twelve."
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Laura ducked away from a lunging stab towards her chest. She narrowly kept her distance, dodging stab after stab as she stayed just out of Rebecca's range.
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"Five."
Spinning on her heel, Rebecca lashed out with one of her feet and smacked her heel right into the side of Laura's face, sending her tumbling to the ground.
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"Two."

Storming over and planting her foot on the fallen girl's chest, the rogue kept her firmly pinned beneath her considerable weight. She raised a dagger into the air, preparing to bring it down.

"Nineteen."

She paused, unable to make herself continue with the attack. Her arm slackened.

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"Eleven."
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A blast of red, raw energy punched into Rebecca's chin with the force of a dozen simultaneous punches. Such was the force of the impact that she was lifted bodily off the ground, her entire body suspended for a moment before crashing down on her back, dazed and groaning.

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"... Slave?" Laura muttered under her breath, the raw power coursing through her veins momentarily forgotten as the veil lifted from her mind. She stared down at her friend, Rebecca. Her friend, who she was mere seconds away from exterminating for some insane Goth bitch who she barely knew. Her fingers curled tight into a fist.
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Laura raised her hand to try and sling another fireball, but found herself instead entirely drained of all the power previously at her command. She wasn't surprised of course; the power belonged to Monique and all she had done was retract it from the tiny woman's veins. Exhausted, despairing and utterly defeated, Laura collapsed to her knees and just closed her eyes. She didn't know what swift, brutal splattering was in store for her, but she knew that whatever it was had to be better than spending the rest of her life knowing she'd murdered one of her friends.
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She was dimly aware of the sound of Rebecca scrambling away behind her as the motion of Monique's vast bulk acted on her distant senses. A moment later she felt the impossible vice-grip of the towering Goth's fingers curl around her, squeezing with a firm gentleness that allowed no real movement, but wasn't sufficient to squash her. Her eyes jerked open involuntarily as she felt herself lifted from the tabletop, her breath dragged into her stomach as Monique leaned back on her stool. There was no real expression on the witch's face, merely a steady, unconcerned gaze as she watched Laura's face carefully.

"So, you have chosen not to betray your friend, Red Shelley? You reject my offer of sanctuary and servitude in favour of some misplaced loyalty?"

Laura's eyes welled with tears. Something about the whole situation felt bitterly unfair; it was just a game. It was only meant to be a game. They had tried to reach out to her, and this was their reward?

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"At least I have friends I care about, and who care about me! You sat around by yourself all the time and we felt sorry for you! We wanted to offer you a place in our group, but oh no, you're the queen bitch of being insane! Obviously you're so fucking fucked up that you probably don't know the meaning of friendship or loyalty, but to people who don't consider casual murder to be a worthwhile past-time, companionship with others and being around those who love and value you is the greatest feeling there is!"

Monique's expression momentarily flashed with a look of pure, malevolent dislike. Laura might not have realized the full force of what she had said, but it was enough to make her colossal captor clench her fingers angrily. She choked as the breath was squeezed from her, her head shaking involuntarily as a few of her ribs snapped. Within a few heartbeats however, Monique's frown curled into a wicked smile, her eyes narrowed as she chuckled quietly.


"It's really truly adorable that you think the offer of hanging out with your pitiful little band is anything but an insult. I am so beyond your feeble ideals that I'm honestly surprised you think I could care a jot for your company. However, the sweetest, most naïve thing you've rambled at me is that you think either of these little grubs on the table gives a damn about you."
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Her gaze snapped to Rebecca and Jessi beneath her, huddling in undisguised fear as they watched Monique practically crushing Laura like a piece of ripe fruit.

"Bearing in mind," she addressed the two sharply, "that the last woman standing out of you three will be given the chance to live past tonight and perhaps even go back to a normal life someday, I offer you this opportunity to save your dear friend here. I am going to eat her you see," Monique's eyes momentarily flicked back towards Laura, pleased by the look of revolted horror she saw, "and it will not be quick.

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I will chew her up just enough to break her bones, render her arms and legs useless, and only then will I swallow her. Make no mistake; she will be quite alive when this happens. She will be squeezed down my throat and into my belly, where my magic will keep her fully alive and conscious as her body is melted down, piece by piece.

But even then, she will find no salvation in death," Monique's voice had become a cold hiss, "because I will ensure that her soul spends the rest of time trapped inside me, screaming eternal as she pounds uselessly on the dark walls of my power. Perhaps I'll even trap her senses inside my buttocks so that every time I sit down she will feel the infinite, crushing weight of my superiority pressing down on her."

Monique paused for a moment to let it all sink in, particularly to Laura whose grim façade of determination had all but vanished.

"So then... bearing all that in mind, I will happily allow either of you to save her life by taking her place. She will be placed back with the other survivor for the chance at salvation, while the brave, loyal volunteer will be subject to all that I have just described. So, any takers?"

There wasn't a moment's hesitation between Rebecca and Jessi. They shook their heads furiously, spluttering 'no' over and over, their eyes cast down shamefully at the tabletop.

Laura's mind very nearly snapped.



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"P-please Monique, please don't. Don't do it, I beg of you, p-please d-don't do this. I d-don't want to d-die, I'm n-not r-r-ready, it's t-too m-much!" Even as the words came out of her sobbing mouth, Laura felt herself being drawn to the Goth-Goddess's parting lips. A wave of hot breath rolled out over her skin, prickling her senses and sending a fresh surge of panic through her body.

But there was nothing she could do to resist. She could only scream and holler in petrified futility as she was dangled over Monique's gaping maw like a piece of meat. The Goth laughed heartily, a note of victorious satisfaction in her words as she briefly halted the process.

"So much for, [illegible]

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"NNNNNOOOOOOOOOO-" The scream was cut off as Monique's jaws snapped shut with a 'clack', a gurgling cry of pain dimly audible within. Rebecca and Jessi sank into a sobbing puddle, trying to ignore the crunching, chewing noises above them.
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For her part, Monique just smiled pleasantly, enjoying the familiar taste as she resisted the temptation to just chew her prey into bloody red paste. Eventually, with a tilt of her head and an audible 'gulp', she consigned Laura to her fate.

“Well, that was delightful.” She said conversationally, slamming a fist down beside the final two women. They jumped up and scrambled away reflexively, looking between Monique’s face and her curled fingers. “Only two of you adventurous little splats left now. And only one has the chance to leave this place alive; what fun!”

The tiny women glanced at each-other.

“Only crunchy Cassandra and wobbly Olga remain to prove who the best adventurer is!”

She raised a finger to her lips and tapped thoughtfully, pondering a suitably grand final challenge.

“We’ve had a courageous contest of climbing, a typical test of bravery to even stay in the game, a frantic fight between ferocious little fleas… hrm…” Her fingers strayed idly to the dice, scooping a pair of them up off the table and letting them spin in the air over her palm. Though her fingers moved in a mimicking motion of rolling the things, they were hovering in circles inches away from her skin. Her gaze gradually focused on them, and an elegantly simple solution sprang to mind.

“… of course, we could make the final decision quite thematic. Let it be decided by the very essence of this silly little game…” She smiled down at the remaining two women. “Let us let it be decided by fortune. Whichever one of you specks has the favour of lady luck behind you will be the one who walks away. And the loser…”

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"The loser will end up under these." Marishka proceeded to demonstrate what exactly she had in mind. Monique raised her hands beside her chest. The same breasts she had used to kill Marishka rapidly started to expand. Her already impressive bustline quickly grew gigantic, as her womanly orbs rapidly grew bigger and heavier.
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"Hmm... She simply waited for them to grow even larger, like a bartender waiting until a bottle was about to spill over before turning off the tap. Then, when they were truly huge, she finally stopped the growth.
"There, that should be more than sufficient. As effortless as it was smashing your little friend between my cleavage, these will make it almost too easy..."
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"What?! How!? You just... roll a dice and squash whoever it chooses?"

"Ha... not quite my dear Olga. That would hardly be an exciting climax, now would it?"

With a snap of her fingers, Monique summoned four of the six-sided dice from the table to her palm. Rolling them down before her victims, she gestured to the cubes.

"Take one each. They may be quite large for you, but you'll just have to manage." The Goth waited patiently for the fearful little ladies to trot over and drag aside one dice each, watching her all the while lest she decide to sneak attack one of them.

"Now," the titan began with a deafening clap of her hands, "the rules of the game are simple. I shall roll two dice, you shall each roll one. If the number shown on your dice is different to the numbers shown on mine, you live! If they are the same however..." Monique made a rather undignified squelching noise with her mouth before grinning excitedly at Jessi and Rebecca.


"W-when do we roll the di-"
"RIGHT NOW!" Monique shouted with needless flair, tossing her dice down at the dinky dames. With a fearful yelp, the two remaining players hurled their dice as hard as they could, sending them skittering only a few times before they thudded to a halt.
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"Five, six, two and three. No matches! Roll again!"
Rebecca's gaze darted back and forth between her own dice and Jessi's, her lips mumbling prayers to every deity she could imagine, and even some she hadn't considered yet. Hurling the cube away from her, she watched it spin on its corner for a second before clattering into place.

"One, four and two sixes..." Rebecca whimpered as Monique smiled, "but lucky for you grubs... both the sixes are mine. Roll again!"

Practically choking with anxious worry, Rebecca hoisted her dice and tossed it a few inches across the table.



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"Oh dear, it seems we have a loser..." Rebecca looked at her own dice frantically, as well as the nearest of Monique's dice: a two and a three. Shooting a look over at Jessi's dice, she saw the three clearly facing skyward. A shuddering groan of relief left the busty blonde as she sank to her knees. "... two losers in fact." Her heart skipped a beat as she shot to her feet, eyes staring in disbelief at Monique's second dice... another two.
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"No..." she breathed, "no... no no no..."
"What a shame." Monique said in a tone of deep amusement, "I suppose the only one walking away from this little game will be... me."
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"This is going to be fun for me."
Leaning forward, Monique lifted her right breast above the pair. The magnificent orb made Rebecca stumble backward and knocked Jessi off of her feet.
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Rebecca sprinted for the far side of the table. In all p... the fall, but even that would be preferable to what the psychotic witch had in store for her. Would she punish Rebecca's fleeing with an even crueler fate?





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"Well, since you're the only one left and I shan't have the chance to mention this to the others for... obvious reasons... I really, really appreciate you all inviting me out here tonight. I've had an absolute blast."
It might have sounded callous if she had merely been putting on an air of false sincerity, but to the flailing little women, the most chilling thing was that she sounded quite sincere.
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"Sure, it wasn't what I'd been expecting... but I don't often get a chance to use my powers on other people in such a unique setting. Normally it's just 'stop staring at my chest' or 'I don't really want a ticket officer' or some such practical use." Hands on her hips, Monique smiled faintly as her victim reached her final resting place atop her stool. The chains of magic held them firmly still as she turned her back on them.

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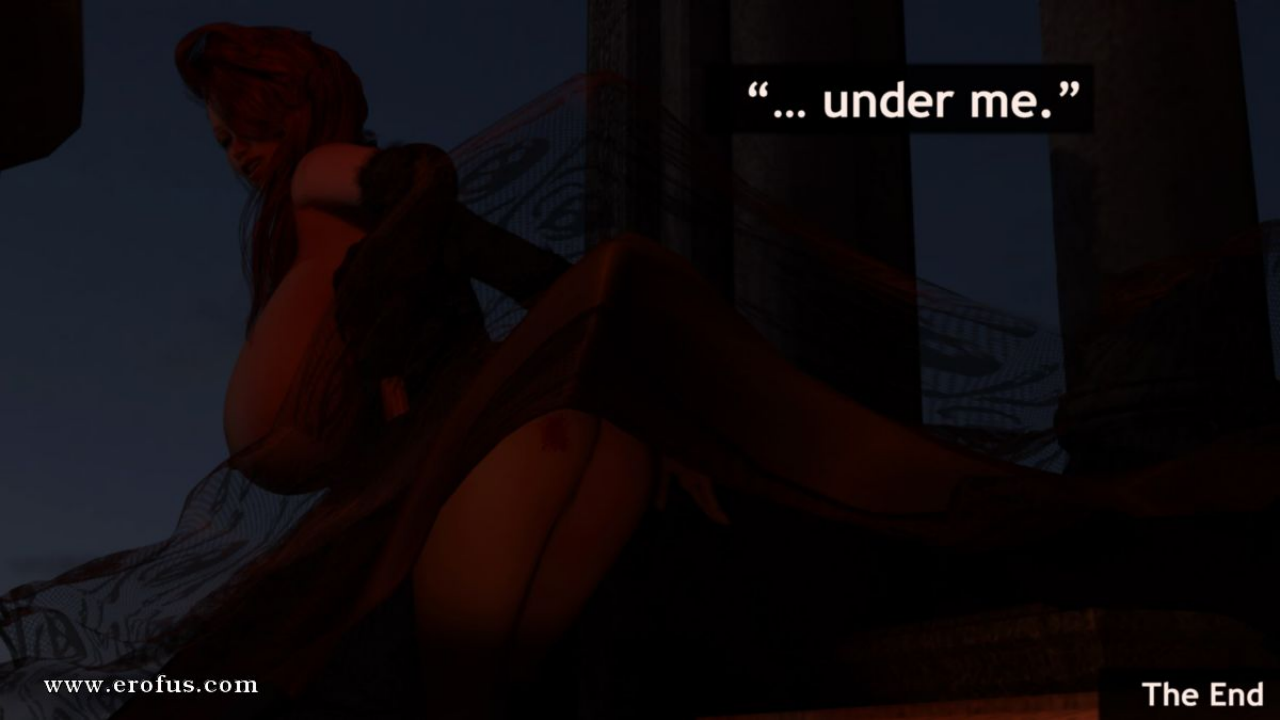
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“... under me.”
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The End


Rebecca
Lara
Mariska
Penelope
Monique
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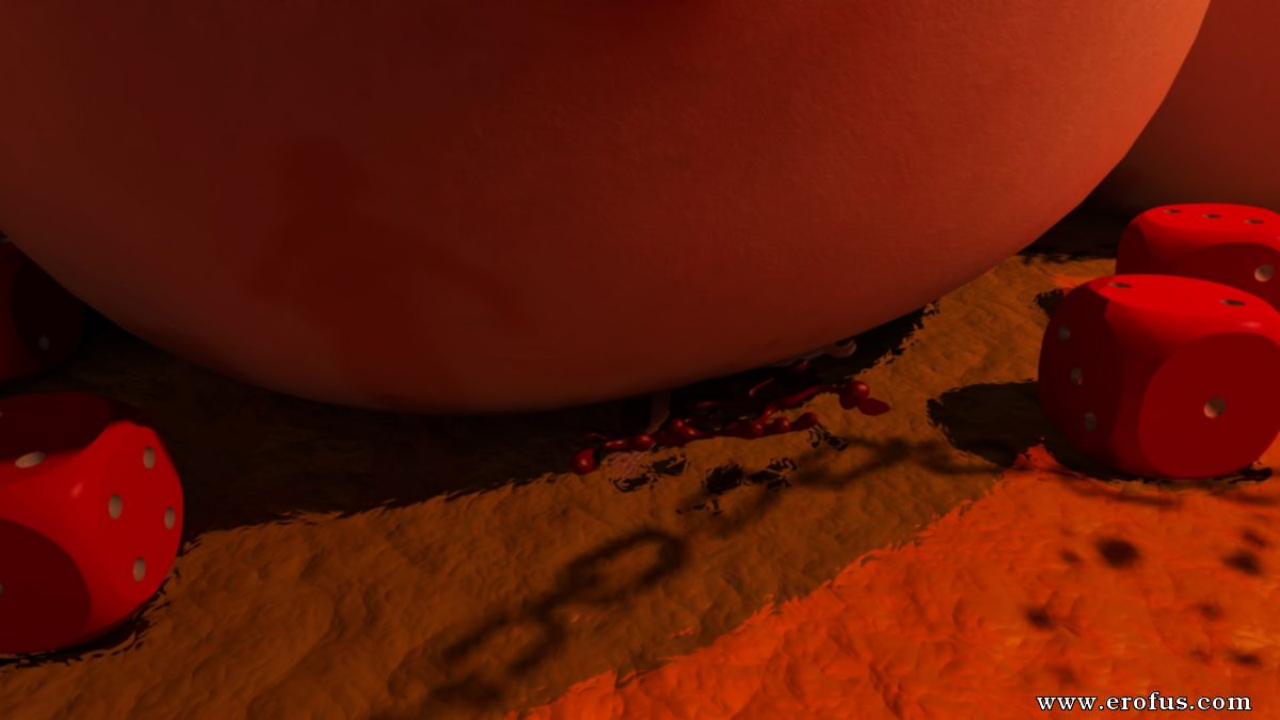


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