

Warm Hearts Wet Stomachs

Story by Brazzel Art by SeekGr



Warm Hearts, Wet Stomachs

a Vore Anthology

by
Brazzel

art by
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“We hope you enjoy the stories”
Brazzel & Seek



“Tonight we honor gluttony.”

Prologue

As the sun set over the clearing in the woods, two women knelt over a circle of stone, placing and replacing logs until the first woman, a busty redhead, was satisfied.

“If you don’t give them space, the flames will smother,” Willow explained, pointing to the pattern. “And if the fire goes out in the middle of the night, then we’re in big trouble. Do you have the matches?”

“Favor has them,” Shade said, scratching her arm. A new tattoo lay fresh on her skin and the itching was becoming unbearable. “When do we start? I’m starving.”

“Soon,” Willow laughed. She gestured to the tent they had set up at the edge of the clearing, then at the pile of firewood and the truck with the rest of their supplies. “You have to make camp before you can focus on anything else. Exposure will kill you quicker than starvation; more brutally, too.”

“Doesn’t feel like it,” Shade grumbled, rubbing her stomach, aware of just how heavy it had grown. “Anyway, can’t we just have a snack while we wait?”

“Afraid not. Help me stack more logs. Favor will be back soon.”

Shade sighed, but she didn’t complain. It was unseasonably warm for a night in October, yet a chill was already creeping into the breeze flowing through the trees, bringing with it the taste of the springs where Favor was bathing. None of the women were wearing jackets; in fact, Favor hadn’t been wearing much at all, even before she had gone to bathe. Shade looked at Willow in her white, belted gown, then down at her stomach which hung out from beneath her crop top. Her jean shorts were starting to chafe her thighs.

The stars had appeared high above them by the time Favor returned from the woods, materializing like a wraith at the edge of camp. Her dark skin melded beautifully with the surrounding night and though she wore a gray shift, the fabric was so sheer that Shade could make out every curve of her shapely body. Favor observed the formation of the logs and nodded. Willow wiped her brow.

“It’s Shade’s first night in the woods,” she said, “so I figured we’d let her do the honors, if that’s alright with you.”

“Perfectly fine,” Favor said, smiling at the newcomer. From under her dress she drew a box of matches and tossed them to Shade who fumbled, murmuring in embarrassment. Favor came to join them at the edge of the logs, brushing Willow’s arm as she passed. “Does anyone want wine?”

“I do,” Willow said.

“I do,” Shade agreed.

Favor returned from the truck with a glass pitcher and three glasses which she filled to the brim; handing them out, then raising her own. It caught the reflection of the stars and the flicker of the flames that licked the tinder.

“To a girl’s night out,” she said.

“To us,” Willow agreed.

“Here here,” Shade said.

They drank deeply, then set their glasses down. The warmth of fire and wine was already settling in their bones and minds as they looked at each other, waiting. Shade spoke first.

“So,” she said. “The theme of tonight was Gluttony.”

“The most pleasurable of sins,” Favor nodded.

“Only trumped by lust, its cousin,” Willow said.

“Yet we cannot eat?” Shade ventured.

“Not yet.”

“Soon enough.”

“Then how do we pass the time?”

Willow and Favor exchanged glances. Shade’s knees were drawn to her chest and in the reddening light, her black hair and makeup gave her gothic appearance credence. It was only appropriate that they had chosen the night of a full moon for their rendezvous. Favor chuckled to herself. Willow allowed herself to smile.

“We tell stories,” Favor said. “Themed stories.”

“About gluttony?” Shade asked.

“And madness,” Willow said, wiggling her fingers.

“Lust.”

“And acceptance of all the above.”

The girls giggled. Favor refilled their glasses from the pitcher. Somewhere in the woods, a raven croaked, and though the fire was

warm, they huddled together, comforted by skin on skin. Willow reached into a pouch on her belt, tossing a pinch of dust into the flames. A sweet smell rose to greet them as they all breathed deeply.

“Alright,” Shade said, settling back in the dirt. “So who starts?”

“I will,” Willow said, standing. “I’d like to start this meeting off with a classic: a horror story.”

“Ooooh,” Favor said. “Truth or fiction?”

“‘Tis for you to decide,” Willow said with a wink. “It concerns a group of ghost hunters biting off more than they can chew, but not more than they can swallow.”

“It sounds interesting,” Shade said, wide eyed. “How does it start?”

“Well-”

The House of the Living Armor

On the night that Jeanette ate her friends, the moon rose high above the Malbrook Mansion, reflecting its white iris in the black lake that surrounded the property. Six ghost hunters unloaded their van onto the rickety steps that led to the stained double doors, chatting in quiet voices, unaware of their impending digestion.

“Looks like other ecto nerds have been here recently,” Greg said, nodding at the trash that littered the porch. The muscles in his arms bulged as he hauled the camera equipment up the steps, leaving it next to the front door. “Gotta watch out for booby traps.”

“Remember the one the Poms left us in Connecticut?” April asked. She was helping Jeanette unload the last of the camping equipment. Their blonde hair and similar builds might have made them twins but for April’s freckles and Jeanette’s enormous rack. “When we opened the door and the paper ghost swooped down?”

“Brady almost fell off the damn porch,” Greg laughed.

“Don’t pretend you didn’t also jump,” Brady grumbled. He knelt in front of the door, thin fingers dancing as he flicked through a set of picks. When he turned his head, the moon reflected in his thick glasses. “Also, no point in picking. Door’s open.”

“What?”

Greg pushed past Brady and placed his palm on the door. The rotted wood groaned as it moved inwards, engulfing them in a rush of dusty air.

“Warning next time, Greg,” Leah coughed. She had been looking through the windows, careful to avoid the gaps in the porch along with her boyfriend, Neil, who trailed along behind her like a scared puppy, jumping at every sound.

“Are you quite sure this is legal?” Neil asked.

“Absolutely not,” Greg said bracingly. “Everyone ready?”

The chorus of crickets and frogs that sang from the lake seemed to grow louder as the group gathered on the steps. It was like nature itself was warning them, urging them not to move closer. Wind howled through the rafters in a primal moan, rattling the windows. Neil squeezed Leah’s hand. Greg shifted impatiently. April held her

camera aloft and Jeanette, hovering near the back of the group, exchanged glances with Brady. He gave her a reassuring smile as Greg stepped forward and threw the doors wide open.

His lantern caught in the crystals of a broken chandelier, reflecting its strange shadows throughout the foyer.

“Jesus, it’s dusty in here,” April whispered.

The black and white checkerboard tiles were covered in a thick coat of gray film which seemed to suffuse every surface in the foyer; from the pedestals that had once held family heirlooms to the spiderwebbed banister of the broken staircase leading to the second floor. Three arches were set into adjoining walls. Two seemed to exit into hallways while the third was guarded by a set of padlocked doors. Greg raised his lantern higher and Neil yelped. A figure had appeared in the gloom.

“Calm down,” Leah said. “It’s just an old suit of armor.”

Closer inspection proved Leah to be right. It was an old suit of armor, as dusty as the rest of the room, placed precariously in one of the archways as if someone had left it there by accident. The gray metal looked old, but untarnished, and while the visor on the helmet was down, the group couldn’t help but feel like it was watching them.

“Creepy,” Brady said. “The other blogs didn’t say anything about suits of armor, nor did it turn up in the Poms video.”

“Maybe somebody brought it recently as a prop,” April said. She and Greg were already at the foot of the stairs setting up a thermal camera. Jeanette had an EMF gauge in hand and was sweeping the hall while Leah patted Neil’s arm, handing him a flashlight.

“There’s another in this hallway, too,” Leah said.

Her flashlight fell on an identical suit of armor, similarly situated to be looking out from the hall into the foyer. This one’s hand was raised, a mailed finger pointing at the ghost hunters. Neil began to whimper. April, however, laughed.

“Yeah, someone’s fucking with us,” she said. “Some other group must have found these relics in the attic and carted them downstairs. See? There are footprints in the dust.”

There were, indeed, footprints in the dust leading toward both of the suits of armor. Everyone’s shoulders lowered.

“Spooky,” Brady said.

“Irrelevant,” Greg snorted. “We’ve only got until sunrise to get the footage that we need and we’re never gonna get it if everyone’s gawking at the scenery! I say we split into groups. Two, two, two.”

He pointed at himself and April, Brady and Jeanette, Leah and Neil. When nobody challenged him, he took April’s hand and led her, giggling, up the stairs.

When a door slammed, Jeanette turned to Neil.

“Here’s something we’ve learned,” she said. “If you hear moaning, it’s not a ghost; it’s April.”

Neil’s shoulders relaxed somewhat as he smiled. Leah shot her an appreciative look.

“Well,” she said, squeezing his hand. “We’ll check the east wing if you want to check the west. Everyone has walkies, so give us a shout if you find anything interesting.”

Brady held his radio to his mouth.

“Roger roger,” he crackled.

Leah and Neil disappeared past the creepy armor leaving Brady and Jeanette alone in the foyer. They stood around for a few moments, fiddling with their equipment until the sound of squeaking from upstairs made the silence awkward. Brady pointed toward the west wing.

“Er, let’s set up thermals in there,” he said. “There’s supposed to be a kitchen, a dining room, a pantry and a basement if you’re feeling particularly brave.”

“I’m not,” Jeanette admitted, glancing at the armor blocking the path. Was it her, or was it closer to the middle of the archway than it had been the last time she looked? “We’ll save the basement for when everyone’s together. Isn’t there also supposed to be a library?”

“Somewhere in the middle,” Brady said. “We can ping Leah on the radio when we get to it. It goes up both floors, but the spiral staircase leading up to the second is supposed to be majorly rusted. Some blogger had to get a tetanus shot after falling and scraping her knee. We can explore the first floor portion, though, then get to the second once Greg and April are finished.”

“So in two minutes.”

“Yeah, just about.”

Brady cleared his throat and pointed at the archway.

“Ladies first?”

“Oh, such a gentleman,” Jeanette breathed, approaching the armor. She walked past as quickly as she could, entering a dining hall with a long, wooden table and a set of broken chairs. Everything in the room was covered in a thick smear of cobwebs and dust except for the mirror that dominated the far wall. Moonlight filtered into the room through high windows, revealing the scrawl that previous explorers left on the table.

“I hate when people do that,” Brady said, placing a hand on the scarred wood. “Carve shit with pen knives. It ruins the atmosphere.”

“I don’t think so,” Jeanette said, looking up at the ceiling. More cobwebs cluttered the rafters. “I think they do it for comfort. It shows that others have been here before and more will come after. A living diary.”

She wrapped her arms beneath her breasts. The day had been warm and she was only wearing a crop top and a pair of jean shorts, but now that night had fallen, a bitter chill spread through the house. Noticing her shiver, Brady pulled off his jacket and tossed it her way.

“Thanks,” Jeanette said.

“Anytime.”

They were standing close together. Jeanette could still hear Greg and April upstairs, floorboards creakings, and both Leah and Neil were across the house. Brady must have sensed the tension too because he cleared his throat and backed away. Jeanette was just trying to decide whether she should pull him closer when a flicker of movement caught her eye.

“What was that?” she gasped.

“What?” Brady asked, whirling on his heel. “Ectoplasm? Ghost light?”

“No,” Jeanette said. “Something moved.”

Brady swept his flashlight across the hall. Nobody was there except for the suit of armor. Dust motes crossed the beam, creeping through the foyer. Another sound made him jerk around. In the faded mirror, a circle had appeared in the dust. A circle centered on the suit of armor.

“It’s not funny,” he yelled into the silence. “Leah? That you?”

“Maybe nothing,” Jeanette said as Brady came toward her. “But we should stick together. The real threat in haunted places aren’t ghosts, they’re-”

“Squatters with knives.”

Brady cast another, nervous look over his shoulder, then took his place beside Jeanette. She grabbed hold of his arm, pushing her breast into his warm skin as he made a noise in the back of his throat.

“Should we, ah, keep going?” he asked.

“Sure,” Jeanette said.

Her heart was thudding in her chest. She wasn’t sure if it was from fear of excitement. Her grasp tightened around Brady’s arm as he led her through the kitchen which remained surprisingly intact, then out into another hallway. A light flickered at the other end.

“Hello!” Leah called. “Checking the guest rooms here! Meet you in the library in twenty!”

She giggled as she dragged Neil into a room.

“Guess we’re going to be hearing lots of ghosts tonight,” Brady said. “Do you want to, erm, head back to the foyer, or should we get first crack at the library?”

Jeanette was painfully aware of the door behind them. Another guest room. Brady was looking everywhere but her face and his hands, clasped tight around the flashlight, were sweating. The chill she had felt in the previous room had yet to leave her. She needed more than the jacket to keep her warm; keep her safe. She was just about to pull him toward the door when a sound stopped them dead in their tracks. A thud, not from upstairs or at the end of the hall, but from the library to their left. Brady and Jeanette exchanged frightened glances.

“I’ll, uh, go first,” Brady said.

There is a certain thrill to being scared with your friends; to the tense, shoulder-raising exhilaration of creeping down to the hall toward the source of the noise, followed by the catharsis of realizing that it was nothing after all.

This wasn’t like that.

Because Brady and Jeanette knew where their friends were. They knew what kind of sounds a rickety old house could make. Creaks and groans as it settled on its ancient foundations; whistles and sighs as the wind crept through hidden cracks. The thud they had heard was not a whistle or a groan or a sigh or a creak, though. It was footsteps, clear as could be, milling through the library, stopping and starting. They stopped when Brady and Jeanette halted by the doors and didn’t pick

back up. Something was waiting for them. Brady's knuckles shone white on the back of his flashlight.

The entrance to the library was a set of two, immense mahogany doors. Brady, to his credit, placed himself in front of Jeanette as he put his palm against the wood and pushed. A billow of dust rose from the crack as the door grated inward, admitting them to the library.

Nothing was there.

"Could it have been April and Greg playing tricks on us?" Brady asked.

Jeanette shook her head and pointed toward the ceiling. The sounds of their friends rigorous sex lives came through loud and clear. And they had watched Leah and Neil go into the guestroom, so the only other answer was-

"Either there's someone in here, or it's a booby trap set up by another group," Brady said, sweeping his light through the room. "Motion activated speakers or something. Remember Charleston?"

"We set up one of those little shriekers from the dollar store," Jeanette laughed. The sound echoed a little too loudly through the open hall, disingenuous in the face of her terror. "The kind that screams when someone steps in front of it."

"Some amateurs came by the next night and shit themselves."

"I literally don't know why they decided to take pictures of that."

Their shoulders lowered as they giggled. A preliminary glimpse at the library showed that the dusty room had been unoccupied for some time. There were cobwebs hanging from the chandeliers running up toward the dark rafters; a thick coating of gray covered all of the desks, the chairs, the grandfather clock in the middle of the room, and the suit of armor standing sentinel before the enormous wall of shelves. The bloggers had been right: there was a rickety spiral staircase leading to a second floor landing.

"No ghosts," Brady said.

"Then what was that noise?" Jeanette asked.

Brady pulled out his infrared camera and swept the room. If there were any hidden cameras or speakers, he would have picked them up, but the space was cold and dead. Jeanette moved toward the shelves. A few of the books looked newer. She couldn't help but giggle as she picked one up and opened it to the title page.

“Little ghost hunter library,” she said. “Journals from people who spent the night.”

“See if any of them mention the armor,” Brady said. He was crouched near the foot of the spiral staircase, contemplating the risk and the reward of climbing the thing. Jeanette found a chair and slapped most of the dust off, collapsing into it with a journal and her flashlight.

And that’s when it happened.

Brady had just set foot on the bottom step when the bottom six stairs flipped diagonal, turning the staircase into a ramp. At the same time, a door opened beneath him, sending him plummeting into the darkness.

“Jeanette!”

Jeanette leapt to her feet, spinning the flashlight toward where Brady had been only moments before, but all she could see was his own flashlight spinning aimlessly on the stairs which had returned to normal. The trapdoor was closed.

“Brady?” she called. “Brady?”

The hair on her neck rose. She could hear something behind her, something close, something breathing. Sweat dripped down Jeanette’s brow. Trembling, she turned.

It was the armor. Somehow it had moved across the room. The breathing was coming from beneath the visor where Jeanette could see the shadow of something moving.

“B- Brady?” she asked, her voice shaky.

The helmet shook from side to side.

“Greg? April? Leah? Neil?”

Shake, shake, shake.

Jeanette took a deep breath, nodded, then sprinted toward the door. The thing’s gauntlet closed around her arm before she could take three steps, wrenching her painfully as she screamed.

“Help! Help! I’m in the library!”

She heard something thump overhead. Greg and April were on their way! Meanwhile, the armor was dragging her closer, ignoring her screams just as it ignored her flailing fists. She felt the warm metal press against her chest as something gooey spread over her clothes. The armor was opening like several, fleshy fingers, feeding her into itself.



Jeanette screamed louder.

Red tendrils wrapped around her wrists and ankles. Something sharp—a tooth—cut her shirt down the middle, exposing her breasts to the creature’s hot breath as slime dribbled down her neck and shoulders. The tooth continued down her body, cutting free her shorts, her socks, and her shoes as the walls of the armor wrapped around her, consuming her, absorbing her. Flesh wrapped around her fingers as her hands were forced into the space where the gauntlets opened. Her head was thrust into the creature’s throat where her screams were silenced by a steaming tendril sliding down her throat. She felt warmth spread through her stomach as something pricked her from the inside, but by then her vision was already wavering. The creature was turning her, slotting her naked back and shoulders into its chestplate which closed over her skin. The gauntlets snapped shut around her hands. The boots twisted around her ankles. The visor closed over her eyes and then there was darkness and the slobbering sound of the creature’s tongue which covered every inch of her body, licking,

tasting. Only her stomach, breasts, and mouth remained exposed to the open air. The rest of her was one with the armor.



Jeanette groaned. The tendril in her mouth had pulled itself free, leaving her gasping. Immense quantities of drool dripped onto her breasts which looked oddly distorted through the slits in the visor. They seemed to be growing, as were her hips and stomach, warmed by the pulsing clutch of the creature's maw. Something wet slopped against her cunt. Jeanette's eyes crossed as another tendril was inserted inside of her, followed by the familiar prick as heat spread through her cervix.

"What's happening?" she wheezed. "What is this?"

More drool coursed over her chin. She sank to her knees, clutching her head, and as she moved, the armor moved with her. Jeanette raised a gauntleted hand to her face. She had to find help. She had to find-

Suddenly, she felt her limbs relax. A tendril along her spine had released the pressure in her shoulders as something like dopamine



leaked into her brain. She was aware of herself standing, moaning as the doors of the library were flung open and Brady, covered in dust and cobwebs, flew into the room.

“That fucking trapdoor dumped me into the basement and my flashlight went out- Jeanette?” His wild eyes took in her appearance as he skidded to a halt.

“It’s me.”

It was hard to speak above the slobbering. The armor was moving around her body, guiding her forward. Brady took one step toward her, then one step back. He glanced at her chest and shuddered.

“What...what happened to you? You know you’re...kind of naked?”

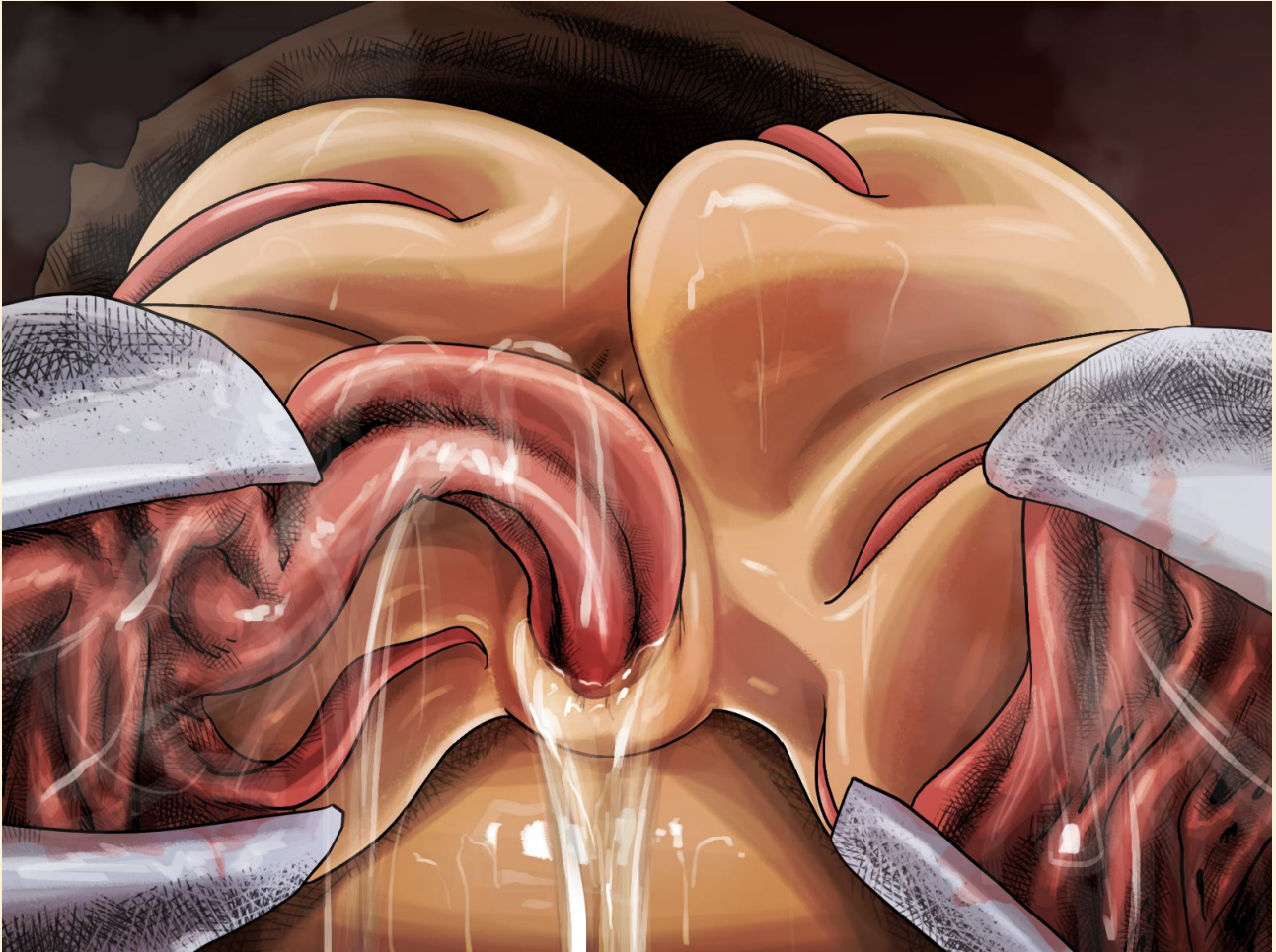
Jeanette looked down to see that both her breasts had expanded to the size of watermelons. Her stomach hung just below, bloated and round, yet empty. She was painfully aware of how empty it was. In fact, she had never been so hungry in all of her life. What was happening to her?

“Food,” she managed.

“Food?”

“Food.”

Brady pulled his bag off of his shoulder and rummaged inside of it. As he did, Jeanette felt a stirring inside of her. Warmth was radiating from her crotch which now also felt desperately empty. Brady looked up as she stood above him. The armor over her cunt slid aside to show him her moistened slit.



“Come,” she said.

“What?”

He yelped as she grabbed his arm and dragged him toward a chair. She was much stronger than she ever remembered being. Throwing him onto the velvet cushion, she all but tore away his pants and shirt until he sat trembling beneath her, cock stiff and ready in his lap. Jeanette nodded and took it in her hand. Brady gasped as she gave it a lick.

“Good,” she muttered. “You taste so good.”

She continued to hold his arms as she went down on him, her thumbs digging into his shoulders, preventing him from squirming. At first, Brady resisted, but the longer she spent licking his cock, the more relaxed he became until he was all but melted into the chair, letting her mouth do all the work. As his salty taste spread across her tongue, Jeanette felt the tendrils stir.



“This is...good,” Brady said. His eyes were half closed and he was gripping the chair tight. Jeanette’s head was in his lap. The armor creaked as she sucked. “What are you...?”

There was something weird about the blowjob, and not just the fact that Jeanette was wearing a suit of armor while giving it to him. For one, she was licking his cock like it was a slab of meat, running her tongue up and down with enough force to drive it backward against the roof of her mouth. For another, the roof of her mouth no longer felt like the hard upper palate he was used to, but rather a sponge that leaked heavy amounts of warm, bitter-smelling liquid over him every time he was pressed against it. It felt good though.



Fantastic, even. Just not...normal. Brady closed his eyes fully. He was about to cum.

“Good,” Jeanette repeated. “So fucking good.”

His warm meat stick was exactly what she wanted. Why had she hesitated before? She wanted to stuff it fully in her jaws and realized with only the briefest surprise that she could. She took Brady’s cock and let it wander down her throat, then pressed forward and took his balls as well, sucking the whole package from taint to tip, leaving it a damp, tingling mess as she straddled him and took him in her cunt.

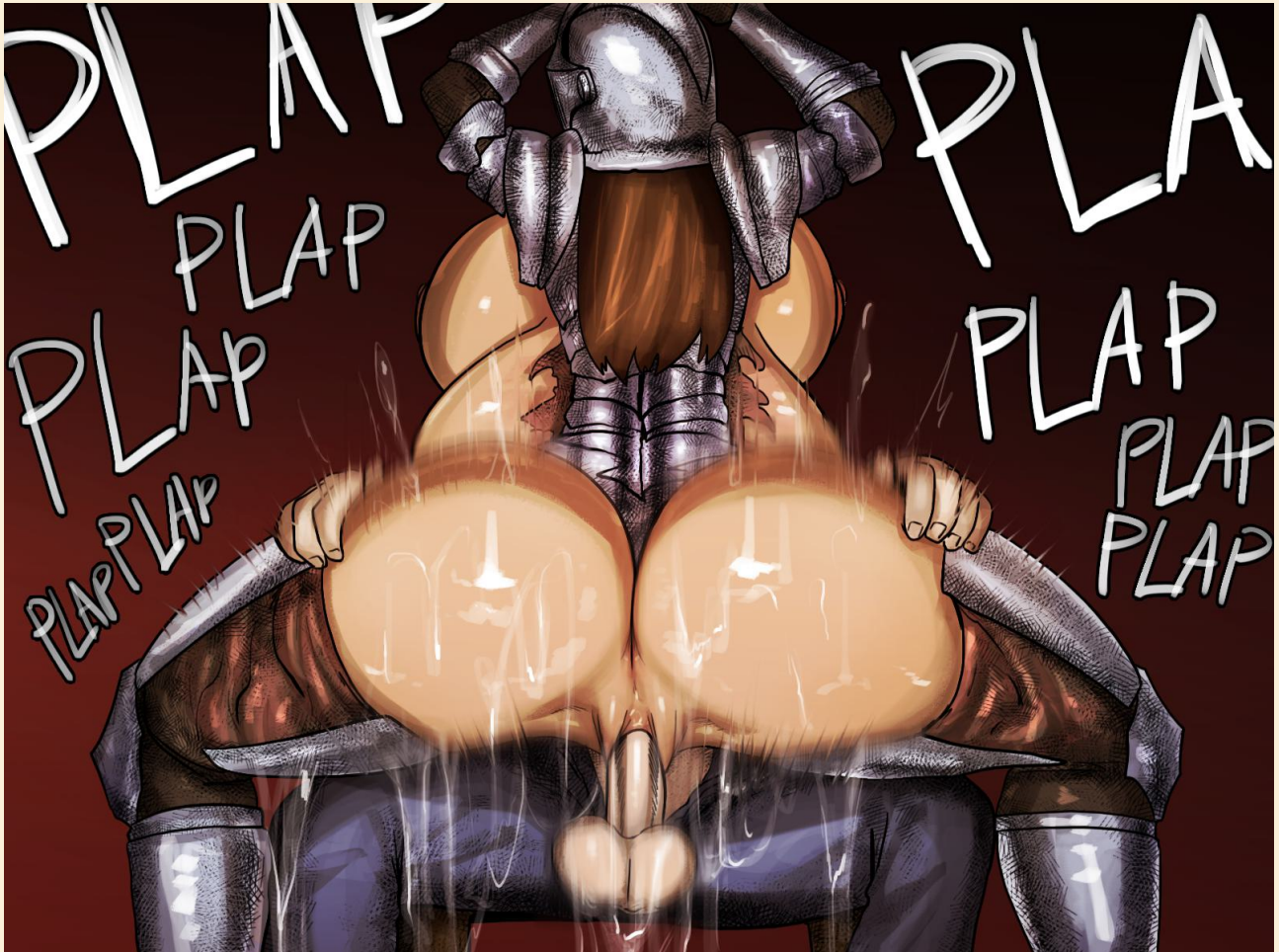
“Jeanette,” Brady said. “I’ll cum.”

She shut him up with a kiss. No talking right now. Only fucking.

Relief like nothing she had ever experienced flooded Jeanette’s brain. She took Brady by the shoulders and stuffed him into her breasts, smothering him as she settled herself into a good position. Her stomach rumbled against his chest. She ignored the hunger, focusing on her lust instead.

The first two pumps sent electric shocks through her spine. Her entire body was being stimulated by the flesh of the armor which

urged her on as she sank toward Brady's balls. His breath hitched against her breasts as she sheathed him, clenched up his shaft, then sank back down. There was a squelch as her wet cunt sucked at his head, followed by a full-body spasm from Jeanette. Drool poured onto Brady's shoulders. He pulled himself away from her to see her mouth open, breath ragged as she rode him.

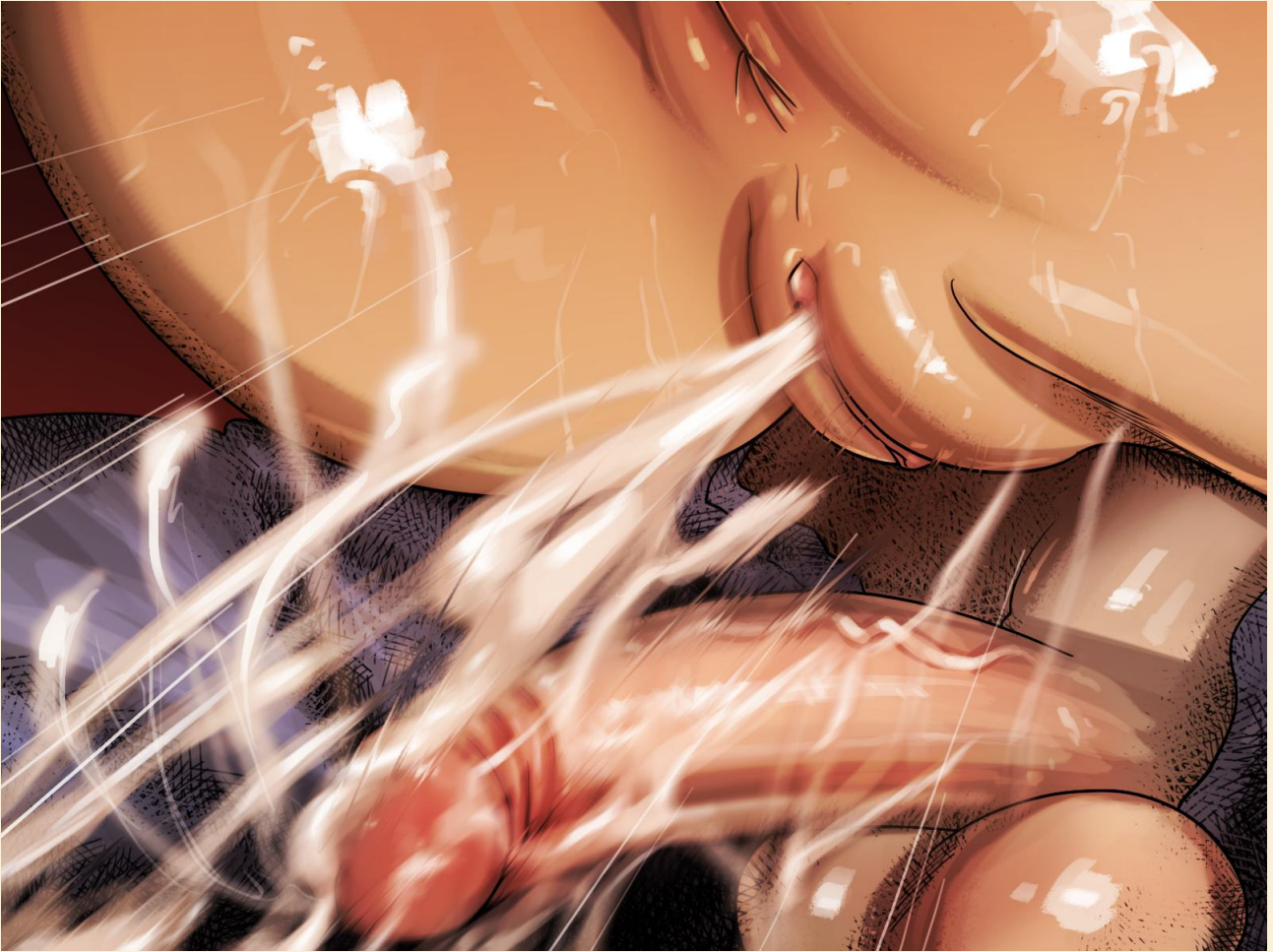


“Jeanette,” he started, but another pump left him speechless. Jeanette had to answer to the hunger; the itch that radiated through her, setting her limbs ablaze. She had forgotten the living armor that she was wearing. Instead, she focused on collecting what was due to her.

Brady held on for a respectable amount of time given the circumstances. A minute, maybe, or two, but with his pent-up feelings and Jeanette's engorged breasts in his face, he couldn't help but whimper as his cock throbbed against her sloppy cunt. She rode him hard and fast with the ease of a professional and when he went to pull out, she instead put all of her weight upon him, holding him steady as

he came inside of her. When she pulled away, semen dripped out onto the chair. Brady held the armrests, completely exhausted.

“Holy shit,” he murmured. “Holy-”



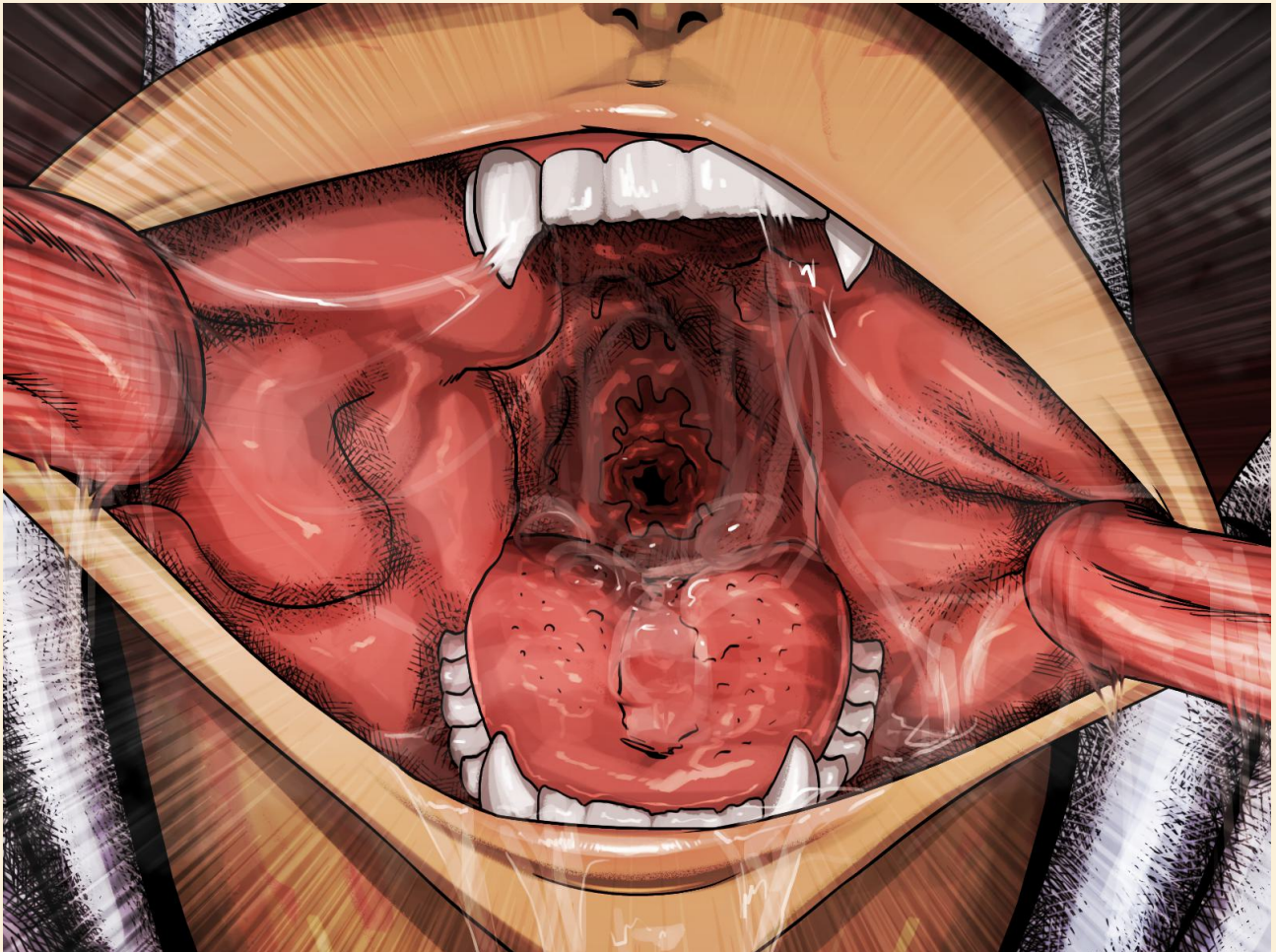
Jeanette grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him upright. His seed had been the first course. Now she hungered for something else entirely.

“Jeanette?” Brady said as her mouth opened wide. “What are you doing?”

That made her pause. What was she doing? The living armor slithered across her naked skin, urging her forward, but for a second, she resisted; the fear and strangeness of the situation crashing over her as she looked into her boyfriend’s startled face. But she was hungry, so hungry. Her hands tightened around Brady’s wrists. What was she doing? Her mouth was getting closer. No, she couldn’t! Her tongue came out to lap against his face.

He was salty and delicious. So delicious. She licked him again, then again, lapping away at his face like a dog. There was a whining

in her brain; a shrilling in her ears. She needed him. He would fill her just fine. The armor guided her hands as she lifted him up to her mouth where two thin tendrils hooked into her cheeks, prying apart her jaw so that Brady was staring straight into the depths of her alien throat where the red flesh moved as it did in the armor, caressing his skin as she pushed him forward.



“Wait, Jeanette, no-”

GULP!

Blessed satisfaction exploded through Jeanette’s brain. This was better than an orgasm; better than anything she had ever experienced. Brady’s face was lodged against her throat where his lips moved soundlessly, tickling her gullet. Her stomach roared as she tipped him forward, letting gravity guide him down the slick passageway into her innards, and her fevered eyes watched as her belly expanded to accept him, slapping against the cool metal of her armored legs. Globbs of saliva splattered over everything in the room. Jeanette ate with sloppy abandon, gulping until her boyfriend was completely consumed.

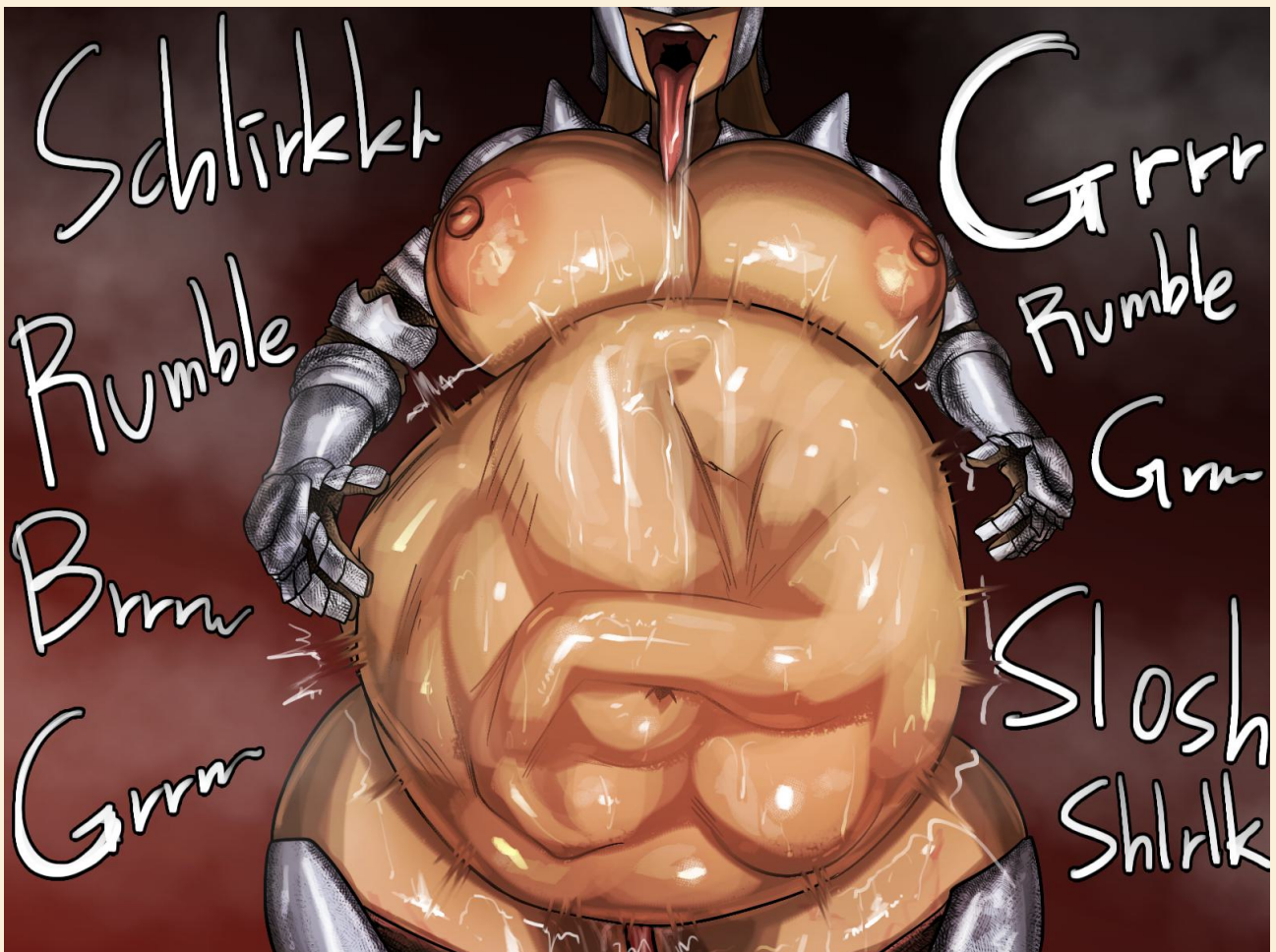
UUUurrrRRRRRP!

Her stomach bulged where Brady's fists and elbows made indents in the skin. Jeanette leaned forward, sighed, then straightened up smiling.

"Good," she whispered. "You tasted so good."

She placed a hand on her stomach and rubbed it gently. The little bumps that he made were so cute, so...unnecessary. Heat coursed through her as she released gallons of stomach acids into the waiting chamber. His taste lingered on her tongue. His sobs echoed through her skin.

"Fantastic," she said, standing upright. Feeling his weight only solidified the potent sense of purpose she felt staring at her bloated stomach. He was a start. More would come soon. "You tasted fantastic, Brady."



"Let me out," he bawled. "What's happening? Jeanette?"

UuurrP!

Jeanette thumped her chest. The belch only brought up more of his taste as well as the acrid stench of her stomach acids working on his flesh.

“Calm down,” she said. “It will all be over soon and you’ll be soft, soft, soft. Just a big ball of dough. On my stomach. My hips. My tits. I love you, Brady.”

Someone was knocking on the library doors. When had they closed? She stumbled forward, getting used to her new weight, using the armor to infuse her limbs with the strength that she needed. The pounding on the door got louder.

“Jeanette? Brady?”

“Le-ah?” Jeanette said. The name felt heavy on her tongue. She could smell her friend through the crack in the doors; she could almost taste her warmth.

“We heard a scream,” Leah said. “And we can’t find April and Greg. Are you guys okay in there? Why is the door locked?”

“Le-ah.”

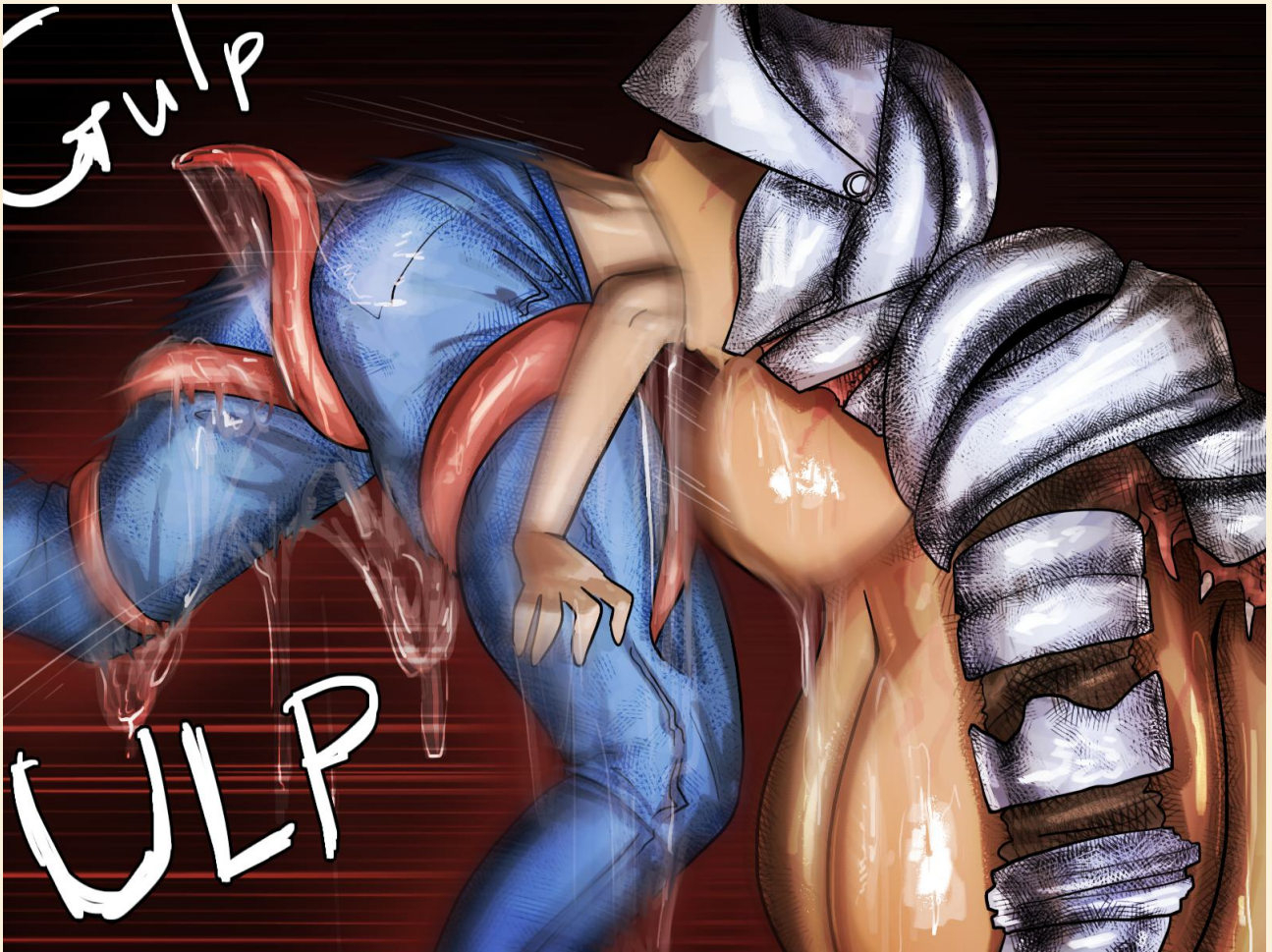
Jeanette took the handle of the door and wrenched it open. Leah had just enough time to shriek as Jeanette’s gauntleted hand closed around her throat, stuffing her unceremoniously into her ravenous gullet. Her eyes flicked sideways toward Neil.

“M- m- monster,” he stuttered, taking a step back. Half of Leah’s body remained outside of Jeanette’s mouth. With one hand, Jeanette stripped Leah of her shoes and shorts and with the other, she tipped her forward, slurping her down much as one would slurp down a noodle, gasping as she collided with Brady in her belly.

GGGWwwwwoooUUUURRP!

Jeanette blinked. Had she really just swallowed her friend? Neil was just standing there, frozen in terror, and that unquenchable ache in her loins was back. A normal cock would not satisfy, oh no. Her insides had expanded and so too had her lust, thus, marching forward, she grabbed Neil by the hair and pushed him into her crotch where he whimpered against her cunt. The thick lips opened to dump a gallon of goo onto his hair. When he looked up, he screamed, but whatever he saw, Jeanette paid no mind. She was too busy working his shoulders into her cunt, squatting over his kneeling body while her muscles clenched and writhed around him.

“So good,” Jeanette muttered.



Her stomach had grown well past the point where it should have been possible to lift it. Even so, Jeanette stood, shivering as Neil's face pushed against the walls of her womb. She rocked back and forth, working him deeper, masturbating with his body until the entire lower half was drenched in her cum, after which she slid down him easily, landing with a thump on the floor. Resting her elbows on his head through her skin, she wiggled.

"You'll make a good snack for later, Neil. For now, simply feel what my stomach is doing to the others. Ignore the screaming. They'll like it, once they become one with me."

Neil screamed even louder than the other two, causing Jeanette to moan in uninhibited bliss. His lips worked soundlessly on her wet inner flesh which coursed around him, moving in alien patterns. She could digest him in there if she wanted. Tendrils reached out and gripped his arms, holding him still as she considered her course of action.

"No," she murmured. "Better idea."

The tendrils rubbed him even harder inside of her cunt as she watched his legs kick like a marionette between her own, enlarged thighs. Something about his struggles were making her horny. Stuffing him deep into her womb, she clenched around him, locking him in.

Three humans thrashed against her innards. Two to be digested and one to be saved for later.

Still she was hungry.

She looked to the ceiling where footsteps could be heard creeping down the hall. A gurgling cry resounded through her stomach, causing her to pause, but when she saw that it was Brady, she slid a hand between her legs and buried a finger in her hot cunt. Something told her that it would take weeks for him to digest—weeks of his gentle squirms and seductive moans for her to look forward to. Another orgasm caused her to drop to her knees. Unimaginable pleasure flooded her brain.

“More. More.”

Two other suits of armor greeted her at the end of the hall. Had they been there before? She didn't know. All she knew was that their heads turned silently as she passed, watching her with their eyeless gaze. Her boots clanked across the floorboards. She climbed up the stairs, leaving a trail of drool behind her. At the top she found Greg, white in the face, bound to a stool by another suit of armor standing behind him. The armor's breastplate had dissolved, exposing a dark pair of breasts and a stomach the size of Jeanette's own. It bounced against the back of Greg's head, emitting gurgles and shrieks. Jeanette thought she recognized the voice of Cathy; one of the Psychopomps, another group of ghost hunters they knew well. No wonder she hadn't been returning her texts.

“Please don't hurt me,” Greg whispered. “Please.”

He didn't recognize her. His face and knuckles were bruised and his torso was bare and glistening. Apparently the other armor had used him as Jeanette had used Neil, pre-lubricating him for Jeanette's satisfaction. She nodded at the other armor which nodded back. Then she turned and pressed her naked ass to Greg's face. He sputtered against her massive cheeks.

“Please, please,” he whimpered. “I don't understand. This shouldn't be real. This is all a dream.”

“A dream,” Jeanette said. “Yes, it feels like that.”



Jeanette sat back. His breath tickled her asshole which twitched against him, tasting his tender body. When Greg didn't get the hint, Jeanette reached back and forced him forward until she felt his tongue lapping at her, licking away the sweat. Jeanette groaned and spread her cheeks further. The hunger was rising, but riding him would be redundant. She already had Neil squirming in her cunt, stimulating her in ways that a cock no longer could. But there was one hole she had yet to fill and at the thought of it, her eyelids rolled back in her head. Greg whimpered as she rose to squat over him. Then she sat down, sheathing him in her ass.

“Mmmph! Mmph!”

His hands pounded at her cheeks, making ripples in the pudge. Jeanette hissed, then sighed as her intestines opened to accept him, spreading far past their normal capacity to allow his head and shoulders to slide through her dirty walls where the smell and the heat made quick work of smothering the poor, wriggling occupant. The more Jeanette sank over his body, the more desperately he struggled and the more she felt the flame inside of her grow, grow, until she was

jerking, gasping, kneading Neil to incite him into a feverish dance as she clenched around each and every one of her prisoners, causing them all to scream. There was a sputter as her hips closed around the stool. The other armor kicked it out of her way just as her ass hit the floor.

GLURT! SPLUuuURRT!

Only Greg's legs remained in a sitting position, crushed beneath her thighs. When Jeanette stood, they dangled from her ass before she sucked them up with a pull of her muscles, increasing her capacity to four. Her stomach now expanded so far that she had to hold it up in her hands.



“Struggle well, Greg,” she said. “Struggle well and I might let you digest in my belly before the others finish stewing.”

The other armor shook its head, bemused.

“Where?” Jeanette asked.

The armor pointed. There was a door on the other side of the hall that had been barricaded from the outside. April could be heard

crying, pounding on the wood, and the sound made Jeanette wet. Her heavy footsteps clanked down the hall. Several suits of armor were now watching her, their own breasts and stomachs exposed in various stages of digestion. An entire platoon of ghost hunters and squatters, bubbling away.

“Let me out,” April sobbed. “Please, Greg, it’s not funny anymore. Let me out!”

Jeanette pulled aside the chair that was blocking the door. The knob turned and April stumbled forward right into her stomach where she stopped, face pressed into distended skin, and whimpered as another face pressed against hers from the inside, mouth open in a silence shriek. Jeanette tilted April’s face upward.

“April.”

“J- Jean? Is that you?”

“No.”

Jeanette grinned. Saliva leaked past her teeth to rain upon April’s head as her stomach emitted a loud rumble. The armor clamped tighter around her skin, its soft membrane caressing her, absorbing her.



Slowly, she pressed April deeper into her stomach which rippled, accepting the offering. April gasped as something wet touched her cheek. The stomach was unfurling like the petals of some macabre flower, revealing the carnage within.

April screamed and screamed. Jeanette merely watched, passive, as her stomach closed around her prey until April was just a tangle of limbs twitching against Brady and Leah.

Seven suits of armor stood in a circle around her, wearing their hosts. The eighth turned to join them and together, they spread through the house, watching, waiting, until the sound of a van turning into the driveway made their stomachs rumble in unison.

Fresh meat for the house of the living armor.



Interlude 1

Favor and Shade blinked in the glow of the flames. The fire had grown during Willow's tale, yet their skin prickled with a chill that came as much from within as without. Willow sat back down next to Favor and refilled her wine. As she sipped, she winked.

"Good story, eh?" she said.

"A riff on the haunted house formula," Favor said, "with far more sex and violence."

"I wouldn't call it violence," Willow scoffed. "Is eating people whole and digesting them considered violence? And besides, horror movies are all sex and violence nowadays. I merely added a gluttonous twist. I've often wondered what it would be like to keep an ex trapped in my stomach for weeks on end, listening to the slow bubble of their body melting within mine-"

"Willow!" Shade said.

"Sorry," Willow laughed. "It's the wine. Besides, my tits are big enough without adding a couple hundred pounds of meat to them."

"Same," Shade said.

"Fuck both of you," Favor said, raising her hands to her own, flat chest. Willow chuckled as she glugged more wine. The entire clearing was bathed in the glow emanating from the center of the circle. More dust was added to the flames. More, sweet-smelling vapor clouded their thoughts, releasing their inhibitions.

"So who's next?" Shade asked. "I'm getting hungry and I'd welcome the distraction."

"Then feel free to tell your story," Willow said. "Have you come up with one yet?"

"Kind of."

"Kind of is good enough," Favor said. Her stomach growled, reminding them of the gnawing hunger they had yet to satiate. "What story of gluttony and lust will you spin for us tonight, Shade?"

"It's about a ghost," Shade sighed. "A ghost that sucks dick."

The Curse of the Dick Sucking Ghost

The blue light of the television screen flickered in the darkness of the bedroom. Ian, with his arm wrapped around his girlfriend's shoulders, clicked aimlessly through the thousands of shows available, his tired eyes reflecting the shifting tide of rom-coms and documentaries. Lottie muttered something incoherent.

"You're fine," Ian said, running his hand through her golden curls. He couldn't help but smile down at her slender face tucked up against his chest. "Is there anything in particular you want to fall asleep to?"

"MMnmrr..."

"Okay, I'll choose."

Ian continued to wander aimlessly through the dramas and the comedies, unsure of why he even bothered. He just wanted background noise. Something to keep the darkness at bay. He had fallen asleep with the TV on since he was a child, getting up every hour and a half to rewind the Rugrats tape before settling back into his bed. Now, with the proliferation of streaming services, he could choose from the vast ocean of content, though he normally played the same ten seasons of Friends.

"Guess we'll just do the usual," he murmured, scrolling back up. He found the recently watched section and-

Nothing. There was a blank square where Friends usually sat. Ian stared at the anomaly for a second, blinking, then clicked away and back up to the recently watched section. Still, the blank square remained.

"Must be a glitch," he said.

"Hmm?"

Lottie opened one eye and looked blearily at the TV.

"What's wrong?" she whispered.

"Nothing," Ian said, patting her head. "It's just..."

He paused. Something had appeared in the blank square for a fraction of a second. A dot, maybe, or a face. An unsettling awareness of his surroundings made the hair on Ian's arms stand on end. He looked at the closet, the bedroom door. Both closed. He listened

closely. Nothing. What had alerted him to a presence, he couldn't say, but he returned his gaze to the blank square, frowning.

"Just a glitch," he said. "I'll just click it and see what happens."

He clicked. The screen went black.

Ian tense against the pillows. He could hear Lottie's gentle breathing, but he could now hear something else as well. The static of the television. A soft, sloshing sound, like a wet rag being squeezed, followed by a rumble. There was a ringing in his ears that kept getting louder, muffling his thoughts, electrifying his limbs and he couldn't help but stare at the hole his television left on the dark wall, watching, waiting-

CLICK!

He jumped. Light flooded into the room as the television turned back on. Joey and Chandler were sitting in Central Perk. Monica was speaking in soft tones.

Ian laughed and nestled himself into the pillows. A power surge. That's what it must have been. He gave Lottie a cuddle, making sure to kiss her three times on the forehead before he closed his eyes. Soon, his breath evened out, and in their stupor neither noticed the black dot spreading across their television screen, nor the way the glass bulged toward them, seeking their warm bodies.

At three in the morning, Ian stirred. He had been dreaming about a girl with long, black hair, sitting in a field of dandelions. She never turned to face him, but he could see from her figure that she was rather plump, and her skin glowed the same, static blue of the television set. Her hands traveled over a bulge in her white dress. Her stomach? No, it couldn't be. It was disproportionately large compared to the rest of her body. The girl stood, carrying the bulge with her, and then she reached back and lifted her skirt.

Ian gulped.

Her ass was as pale as the girl itself, forming into two, perfectly round orbs of jiggling fat which she spread with small fingers, revealing a ring of sucking, pink flesh. It took Ian a moment to recognize that it was her asshole. She dipped her middle finger into it, pulling aside the wrinkled skin, then let it snap back into place. Her

ass was getting larger, or perhaps Ian was getting closer, drawn to the hole by some manner of compulsion he couldn't comprehend. The ring grew in his vision until his nose was pressed against it and then he could feel its warmth and smell its musk as it spread over him, dominating him, drawing him in. The girl chuckled. Then she sat back, burying him completely.

Ian woke with a shiver. The room was cold and it contrasted with the warmth he swore he had just felt as the clutches of the girl's intestines closed over his screaming mouth. Burrowing deeper into his blankets, he kept his eyes closed. He could feel Lottie still clinging to his chest. Everything was alright. Well, almost everything.

The television had gone quiet again.

It was still on. Ian could see the blue light glowing through his eyelids. Had it gone back to the menu? Was it just buffering between videos? No. There was a sound, but it was that same, wet squeezing noise that he had heard earlier. And also grunting. Small puffs of breath. Cloth rubbing over metal.

Ian opened his eyes.

An ass had appeared in his television screen. It wiggled slightly as more of it poured into the room.

"Oh," Ian said. "I'm still dreaming."

It was the girl that he had seen in the field. Though he couldn't see the rest of her body aside from her feet and knees tucked beneath her, he recognized the bluish glow and the enormity of her perfect buttocks. And her asshole, twitching, clenching, situated only an inch away from her wet cunt which was spread as if prepared especially for him. Ian stood, gently extricating himself from Lottie's arm. He approached the ass and the ass wiggled to greet him.

"Er?"

There was no doubt in his mind that he was dreaming, but he had never had a lucid dream before. What was he supposed to do in this situation? The girl went still, waiting for him. He could see a bit further past the TV now to where her dress was bunched up around her lower back. Her stomach was being dragged backwards across the grass.

"Do you need help?"



More movement. Was that a yes? The TV was placed on top of their dresser at hip level, so Ian had to take a step back to grab hold of her butt and-

His hands went through her. He stared at them, baffled, but then she wiggled and he felt her smooth skin bounce against his palm.

“I can’t touch you?” he said.

Shake, shake.

“But you can touch me?”

Wiggle, wiggle.

“Then how am I supposed to help you?”

A beckoning finger appeared through the screen. Two, bluish hands motioned for him to step forward, then motioned again for him to hold her ass. This time, his hands made contact, and he gasped at the silky texture of her buttocks, so soft and large. It shook against him. The hands beckoned once more.

“What?” Ian asked. “Do you want me to pull?”

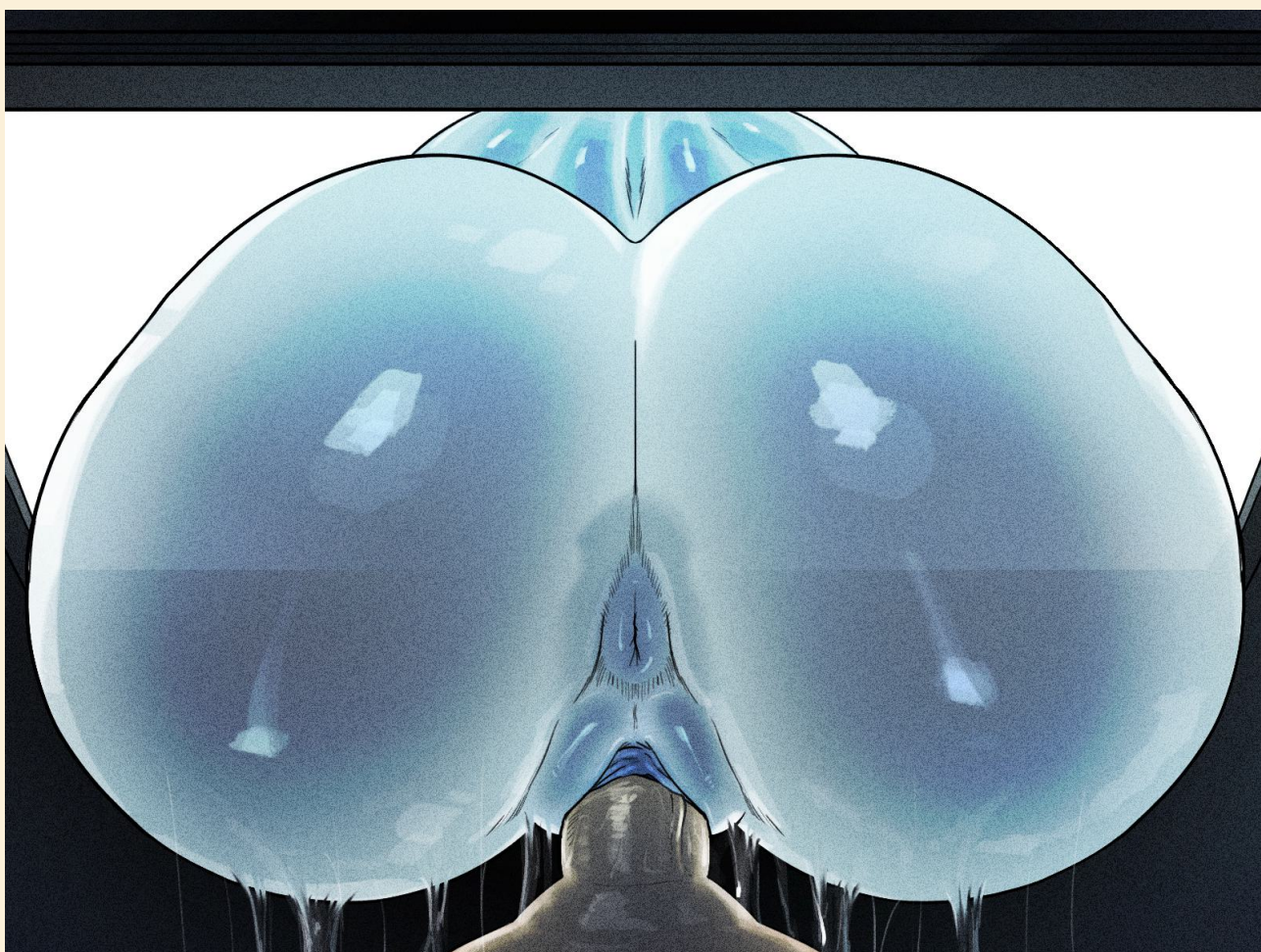
Shake, shake.

The fingers pointed first at her cunt, then at her asshole, then swirled. Ian gaped for a moment, then blushed.

“You, uh, want me to choose,” he said.

Wiggle, wiggle.

His cock had grown stiff against the front of his boxers. Drawing down the waistband, he let it flop against her ass where it warmed against her skin despite the apparently unreality of the girl herself. Throbbing, Ian clutched his cock and let it brush up on the girl’s asshole. She wiggled hard. He then brought it down to her cunt. Apparently impatient with his lack of decision, the girl thrust herself backwards and took him inside of her.



“OH!”

Her tight pussy clenched around him as she worked him into position. Ian squirmed, looking over his shoulder at Lottie.

“Some dream,” he whispered.

Ian kneaded the girl’s plump asscheeks as they came up and around his waist, warming his torso. He experimented with a thrust.

The girl's knees braced against the TV, shaking it while she held in position, but the result was the satisfied squelch of his cock hitting home. Ian gripped her ass harder and began to fuck her hard.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!



His balls slapped against her stomach which stuck out beneath the frame of the television. The further he went, the harder he got, until with a guttural cry, he came inside of the spectral pussy, creaming over every inch of the warm surface. When he pulled out, he saw that her skin was transparent. His cum floated around inside of her.

“Wow,” he said.

Lottie snuffled in her sleep. Ian looked toward her, his shame tempered by the renewed hardness he felt as he slapped his cock back between shapely asscheeks. The girl wriggled.

“Alright,” he said, pressing his tip to the clutching petals of her pucker. “If this is what you want.”

His eyes rolled back in his head as the tightness of her bowels closed around his cock, gripping it hard. He had to work forward, pressing his hips deep into her ass which only incited the girl. She backed another inch out of the TV. Soon, he was holding her up by her legs as he fucked her ass, bucking and thrusting, oblivious to the sound of the TV hitting the wall or of Lottie's tired yawn. Only right before his second arrival did he hear the gasp, but by then it was too late:

He came inside of the dream girl's butt and in doing so, realized that he was wide awake.

"What the fuck, Ian?" Lottie screamed.

The next few seconds were pure chaos. Ian fell back, screaming himself, and tripped over his pajama bottoms onto the bed. Lottie threw the remote at the TV, still screaming, where it miraculously passed through the girl who remained despite their wakefulness. The remote passed into the TV and landed somewhere in the field. The girl heaved her bloated stomach over the edge of the TV, letting it flop onto her thighs as she turned.

More screaming. More scrambling. Ian threw himself over Lottie to protect her as she beat against his chest. The spectral girl stood before them, scratching her stomach.

Long, black hair covered her face, exposing only a single, red eye. Her chest and stomach were clothed in a tight, white dress which bundled around her groaning gut and her feet hung a few inches from the floor. The light of the TV shone through her body. If Ian squinted hard enough, he could make out the indent of her nipples against her dress as well as the cum he had left floating within her. Lottie let out a groan.

"A ghost," she said. "It's a ghost."

The girl hovered above them, watching in silence. When Ian tried to wave her away, she smiled.

"What does she want?" Lottie asked. Then, more prudently: "Why were you fucking her?"

"I thought it was a dream!" Ian said. "How was I supposed to know there was a real ghost in our bedroom?"

"What does she want?" Lottie repeated.

"I don't know! What do you want, ghost?"

The ghost tilted her head to the side. She pointed first at Ian, then at Lottie, then at the cum floating inside of her stomach. Her feet brushed up against the bed as she hovered over it. Ian and Lottie cowered against the headboard.

“Do you think she wants to eat us?” Lottie asked.

“I think,” Ian said, lips trembling, “I think she wants to fuck us.”

The ghost nodded. Pulling aside her dress, she showed them both her glistening cunt. A raspy groan rattled from her throat as she descended toward them and lay on the sheets, legs spread, ass tilted, waiting for them to make a move. Ian clutched Lottie’s hand. They exchanged glances, then looked at the spirit.

“Maybe she died lonely,” Lottie ventured. “Maybe she needs to be satisfied to be set free.”

The ghost’s ass wriggled on the sheets. It seemed a sign of approval. Lottie left Ian’s side and crawled over the sheets toward the ghost who lifted her dress, exposing two, glowing breasts. Lottie shuddered, then placed her lips upon the ghost girl’s nipple, sucking gently as her fingers rouged the spirit’s cunt. When that elicited a positive response, Lottie slipped off her pajama bottoms and straddled the ghost girl’s head. She found her mouth amidst the hair and placed it slowly to her own clit until she felt the brush of a warm tongue. Lottie grasped her throat. The ghost girl knew her way around a cunt.

“Come on, Ian,” she said. “Fuck the poor ghost girl.”

“I, uh, are you sure?” he asked, crawling forward. Her legs were still parted in dreadful need. His cock twitched at the prospect of cumming inside of her once more. “You won’t be mad?”

“I was,” Lottie said, “but that was before I understood the situation. If what this spirit needs is a good fucking, then by golly, we’re going to give it to her, and once we’re done, perhaps she’ll move on. I would hope that another couple would do the same for us if we were trapped in this realm as ghosts.”

Ian thought that Lottie might have been listening to too many TikTok astrologists, but he kept that thought to himself as he mounted the ghost and once more felt the cold prickle of her skin, followed by the heat of her innards. With a sigh, he plunged into her warm cunt.

“That tickles,” Lottie laughed as the ghost moaned.

She grabbed her lanky black hair and pulled her up into a better position, softly bucking her hips against the ghost girl’s mouth. The

ghost girl reciprocated with an even more vigorous tongue fucking. Her tongue was longer than a humans, hilding itself deep inside of Lottie before unwinding back to the clit with a loud and very wet slurp. Meanwhile, Ian was railing her from the front, his own, flat stomach pressed against her pudgy one, causing waves to appear in the ghostly skin. He had grabbed hold of her thighs, enjoying the way they bunched in his hands.



“This is amazing,” he said. “An actual, spectral encounter.”

“We’re saving her,” Lottie said, eyelids fluttering. “We’re helping her pass on.”

The blue flicker of the TV lingered over the room as they took the ghost girl from multiple positions. Ian lifted one of her legs and pounded her from the side as Lottie cleaned off the ghost’s mouth and used it for her own purpose, exploring every crevice of her oral cavity with her tongue. Then Lottie was on the bed and Ian was fucking her while the ghost girl rode her face, smothering her in her large, transparent ass. Whenever she needed to breathe, the ghost would

simply pass through her, keeping her in her stomach to watch as her boyfriend hilted and quaked; a gush of warmth flooded Lottie's cunt.

"Alright loverboy," Lottie said. "It's your turn to pleasure the ladies."

Ian was too exhausted to argue. He lay on the bed and was himself sat upon by the ghost who pushed all of her weight back on him, flattening him against her asshole. Meanwhile, Lottie was busy kneading his cock back to life after which she squatted and wriggled until she was sufficiently screwed.

"Don't cum," she demanded, trying to find her spots. The ghost had moved on to using Ian's face as a makeshift dildo, slobbering all over him in the process. "Give me a second."

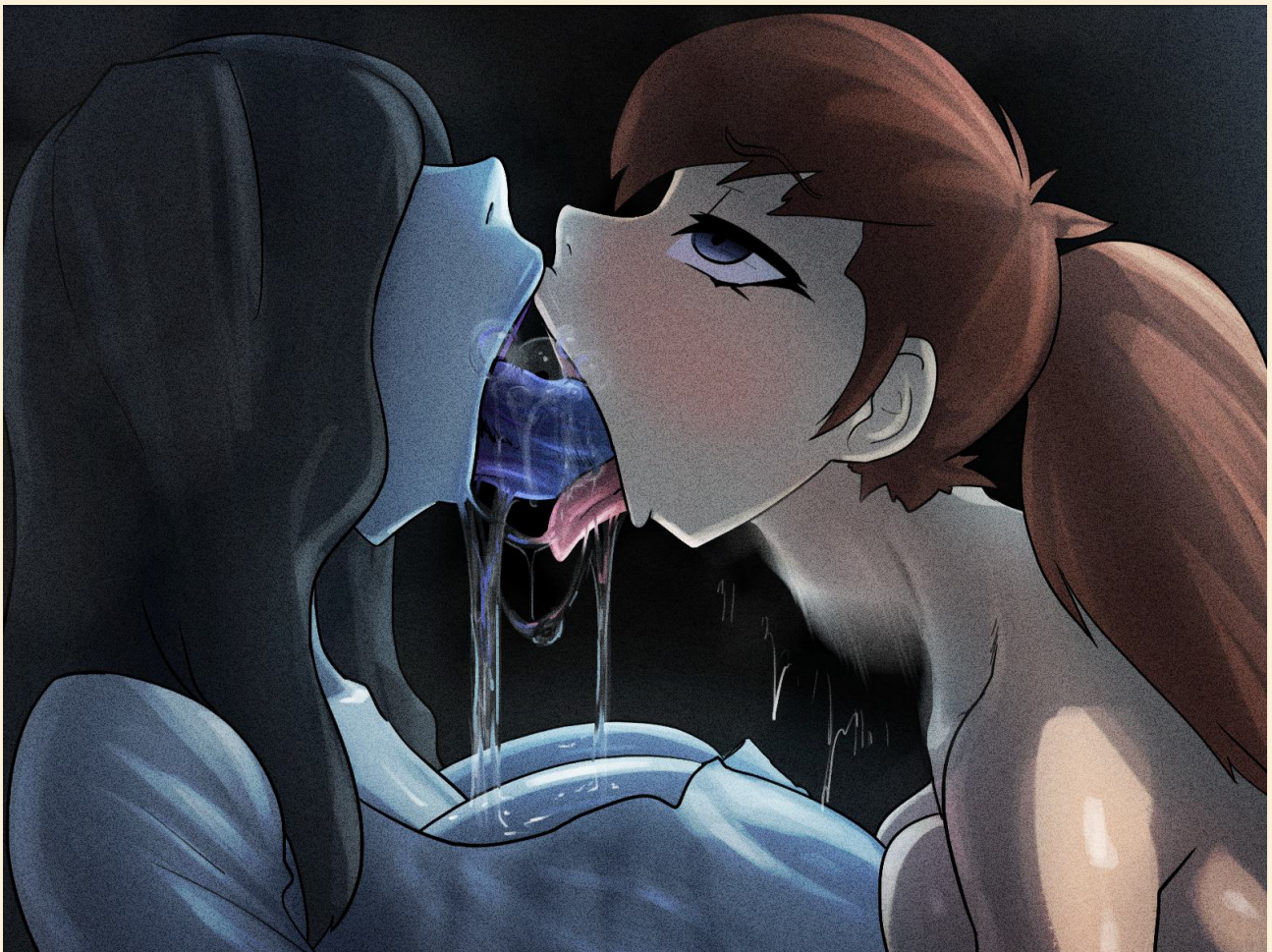
She bit her lip. There was a specific place she kept hitting that felt good, but every time she found it, Ian would move, robbing her of her satisfaction. The ghost's back was to her, but she could see his dumb face through her body, messing about with her pussy. He never ate her out that vigorously! Seething slightly, she tugged on the ghost's shoulder and the girl turned, black hair still covering most of



her face and breasts. Lottie pushed it aside, giving her a kiss before whirling her around completely. The ghost's ass pushed Ian deep into the mattress. Giggling, Lottie kissed her. Warmth pulsed through her pussy.

“This should be fun.”

It was cramped on her boyfriend's torso. The ghost's enormous stomach and breasts took up most of the space between them, but that was okay, because Lottie was leaning against her, their tongues locked in carnal bliss as Lottie squeezed her way up and down Ian's cock which was starting to feel suspiciously tight. She grabbed his balls. He gasped against the ghost's asshole, but she wouldn't let him go. His face was almost inside of her pelvis.



“Don't suffocate,” Lottie said. “I need you for just...another...second...aaaah!”

She pulled away from the ghost; a line of spit connecting their tongues. Her hips wouldn't stop shaking. Sitting up, she found that Ian actually had cum, but in his stupor, he hadn't given any indication. His

head was still lodged firmly in the ghost girl's ass, mouth working silently against her pale skin. The ghost was rocking from side to side.

"Does that feel good?" Lottie asked.

The ghost let out a groan that she took to mean 'yes'. Her pussy was leaking all over Ian's neck.



"Use him all you like," Lottie giggled, rolling onto the bed. "I'm just gonna go take a shower and maybe get some water or a-"

A cold hand gripped her shoulder. The ghost was looking at her with those deep, red eyes. Ian's head was now further inside of her body, bending at an unusual angle. His arms were pinned to his sides.

"Er..."

Lottie pushed her hand up against the ghost's stomach. It was solid and flabby and soft to the touch, but more importantly, it was gurgling hard against her palm.

"Oh!" Lottie said. "You're hungry! I didn't think that ghosts could eat food, but maybe you died of starvation, poor thing. Let me just-"

The hand on her shoulder stayed firm. Ian was now thrashing about on the sheets. His shoulders had disappeared into the confines of the ghost's ass and his neck and shoulders were being bent forward in her stomach, almost like he was going over an imaginary bend. Lottie grabbed Ian's legs and tugged. The motion did nothing.

"Er, let him go, please."

The ghost's mouth opened. Despite her transparent skin, Lottie had no problem tracing the path through her gullet. It looked tight and wet and altogether unpleasant.

“No, no,” Lottie said as the ghost pulled her forward. “Er, bad ghost. Don’t you dare. Hey! That’s naughty. Whoa! Oh no!”

ULP!



Through the ghost’s bowels, Ian watched as Lottie’s head was stuffed deep into the gullet, her face a mask of panic and righteous indignation. His own head was being squeezed from all sides, locked tight in the intestines of the specter that had been slowly consuming him for the past ten minutes. Slime traveled past his neck and onto his shoulders. The ghost let out a low murmur as more of his body was fed past the bend, bulging her stomach forward into Lottie’s hands.

“Let me go, you stupid ghost,” she was screaming. “Bad ghost!”

Lottie tried to grab the ghost’s shoulders to no avail. Her hands passed right through, just as her fist did when she tried to punch the ghost in the stomach. As a last resort, she stood on the bed, using the muscles in her back to bend herself in the opposing direction, finally managing to eject herself from the ghost’s throat in a spray of spittle. The ghost didn’t seem to mind. In fact, she was floating a few inches



off of the bed, using her weight or lack thereof to descend over Ian's torso. His body had been folded into a wide 'U' in her intestines with his face smashed up against a set of warm, throbbing bowels. His nose was level with her asshole. The ghost let him phase through between her cheeks, then rubbed them together, smothering him in flab.

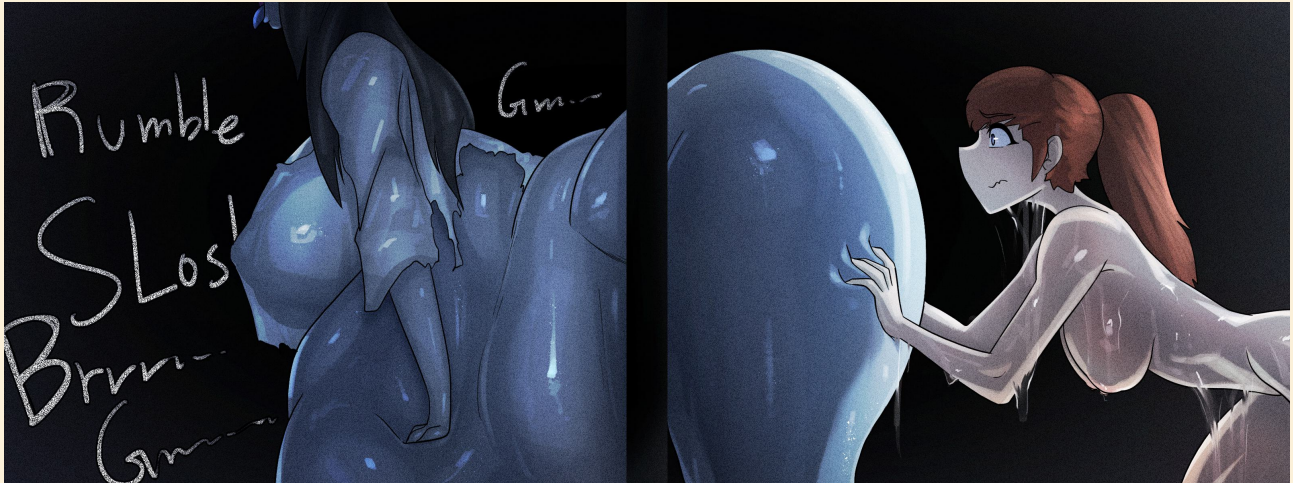
"Let him go!" Lottie yelled.

She threw another punch with the same result. The ghost, apparently impatient with her slow conquest, propped Ian's feet up against the mattress and jammed him into her ass with a growl. His body contorted into the seething mass of her innards where he was bombarded with the uncomfortable truth that he was now locked within the very real and very active bowels of a spirit. The ghost girl then floated over to the wall where she phased through, Ian and all. Lottie stood on the bed with her hands on her hips, baffled.

A stomach appeared through the wall, jiggled, then disappeared. Then an ass appeared, fully spread. The ghost tapped her asshole twice. Lottie wrinkled her nose.

"You want me to lick you?" she asked. "That's more Ian's thing."

The ghost tapped her asshole again, impatient this time. Sighing, Lottie heaved herself off of the bed and approached. When her face was close enough, the ghost spread herself, a puff of warmth emanating from her twitching butthole. Lottie stuck out her tongue. Slowly, and with some revulsion, she lapped at the ghost's asshole.



On the other side of the wall in the living room, Ian continued to slide through the ghost's intestines. He was a mere bulge in her stomach which hung heavy over the couch and he could see the ghost's mouth twisting into a smile as he writhed within her cushioned guts. The ghastly slime that covered her bowels allowed for a frictionless ascent, but that didn't mean that it was any less cramped. His neck cricked as he went over another hump, face gliding through the mucky walls which flashed in and out of existence. Sometimes, he could see through her. Sometimes, it was only the pink sea of ebbing intestines.

Lottie was licking for five minutes when the ghost disappeared. Her nose bumped the wall, causing her to leap back, clutching it, as she glared around the room.

"Hey!" she said. "What was that for?"

The only answer she got was a thump from the other room. Lottie went to the door and listened.

It hadn't occurred to her that Ian was in any real danger. He probably liked being in the ghost's smelly ass. He certainly seemed to enjoy fucking it. But Lottie was tired and she was ready to get her boyfriend back for the night. Flinging open the door, she stomped into the living room where she found...nothing.

A rattle came from the basement.

“Come on out,” she said, kicking the floor. “Come on-”

Her foot landed on something wet and squishy. Looking down, she realized that the ghost had floated through the floor, mouth open, taking in both of her legs in a single, rancid gulp. Unable to move, all Lottie could do was watch as the ghost traveled up the length of her body, swallowing frantically, feeling the muscles and the heat of the stomach spreading over her toes where she was being compacted. And then she could smell the ghost’s breath and feel it on her throat as the mouth came higher, higher, until the tongue she had been humping lapped over her face and pulled her down into the grasp of the throat. A heavy gulp sent her gliding into the stomach where the ghost’s stomach closed over her, sealing her fate.



“Hey!” Lottie yelled, pounding the heaving walls. “Let us out!”

The ghost responded with a groan and a belch, floating back through the door into the bedroom. In the glow of the television, Lottie could see Ian twisted beneath her, stewing in the ghost’s bowels.

“Are you okay in there?” Lottie asked.

“Never, urk, better,” Ian gasped.

He could feel the intestines clenching, preparing for something big. He took a deep breath, anticipating his entry into her stomach, but instead, he was forced back through the loops he had just come through, a massive bowel movement shooting through her colon to be squeezed through her asshole onto the cold floor. There he lay, gasping, as the ghost hovered above. Her stomach quivered with the form of his girlfriend. Her cries for help were muffled from the outside.



“What?” he asked. “What do you want from us?”

The ghost brushed a foot against his cock. Despite his near-death experience in his bowels, it was still hard from the heat and friction of her bowels. The ghost floated backwards until only her face was visible through the wall. Then she thrust her stomach through as well and knelt down so that her mouth was level with Ian’s hips. He stood shakily.

“You want to...suck my dick?” he asked.

The ghost patted her stomach.

“Fill me up,” seemed to be the message.

Ian glanced at her drooling tongue, then at her stomach. Lottie was looking at him, brow furrowed, arms folded. Coming on her would only incite her rage.

His erection throbbed. He placed it against the ghost’s lips.

“Alright,” he said, “let’s fill you up.”

The tip of the tongue rubbed against his shaft, traveling slowly down to the balls which were scooped up and played with, tickled

against the ghost's lower lip. Then she closed her mouth and pulled her head back. Ian bucked.

"Gentle," he said.

The ghost did not heed his warning. She bobbed her head forward, locked her lips, then sucked like she was trying to pull his soul out from his cock; which, to be fair, she might very well be able to do. Ian could only hold on as he was pulled into her throat. As the heat clenched around him, he released, then released again, drenching her gullet and his girlfriend in the process.



"Ian, you son of a bitch, when I get out of here!"

"Sorry," Ian said, squinting down at his now splooge-covered girlfriend wriggling away in the ghost's stomach. "I didn't mean to-oh!"

While he had been distracted, the ghost had slipped her dress over her shoulders, exposing two, voluptuous breasts. His cock was now sandwiched between them, the red tip just barely poking out over

the glowing blue skin. One experimental pump got him hard. The next made him squirm.

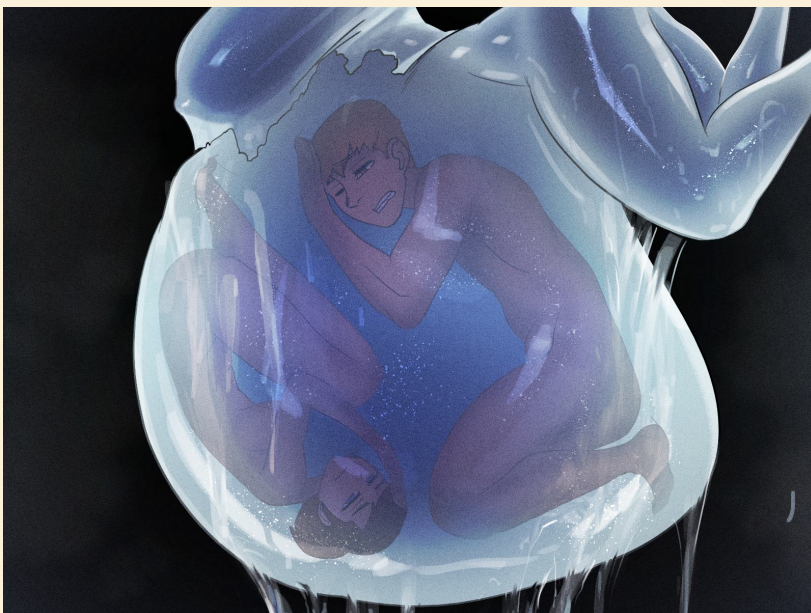
“Mercy,” Ian gasped, but either the ghost didn’t hear or didn’t care. She mashed her breasts together and fucked him like it was her business.

The breasts glided down his shaft to pool against his hips, then came up, pressed together just tightly enough to create some friction. With each pump, the motion passed through her breasts, causing them to fan out, then slap together around the head of the cock. The ghost made Ian rest his balls on her stomach. The incessant gurgle only added to his pleasure as her hard nipples danced across his skin.

Ian came again: once in her tits and once in her mouth so that another load spilled into the juices now bubbling in her stomach. Sweaty and exhausted, Ian stumbled backwards. The ghost floated the rest of the way out of the wall, poking his flaccid cock.

“No more,” he panted. “I’m spent. Release Lottie and maybe we can pick it up tomorrow.”

The ghost paid no heed as she floated up over Ian’s head. Reaching into her crack, she grabbed hold of both sides of her asshole and pulled it taught, creating a damp, twitching tunnel for her newest victim.



SLURP!

“You brute!” Lottie yelled, slapping Ian through the intestines. He was bent so that his face was thrust up against the bottom of the stomach where his drenched girlfriend was being pressed on her hands and knees. “There’s cum in my hair!”

“I don’t think

that’s, urk, the problem right now,” Ian said.

The ghost's belly hung beneath her as she floated toward the TV. Suspended in her guts, the two humans could only watch its approach. The bottom of the stomach hit the frame with a squelch.



“Unf!”

“I told you we should have bought a 70-inch,” Lottie said as the stomach compressed around her. Ian’s head was right between her asscheeks. “You said that the 50 would be fine!”

“I didn’t consider this fringe scenario,” Ian mumbled into her butt. “Sorry.”

The ghost rammed the television over and over. When that didn’t work, she pushed her arms and shoulders through and pulled.

CRUNCH!

“Well, there goes the TV,” Ian said as the static grew to fill their vision. They were flying forward at an alarming rate, leaving the world of the living behind.

“Who cares,” Lottie said. She had flipped herself over so that Ian’s face was between her legs. “How long until you get to the stomach?”

“Maybe ten minutes,” Ian said. “Give or take.”

“I can wait. Will you be ready?”

Ian’s cock stiffened against the walls of the intestines. The ghost seemed to shiver as it dragged through her bowels.

“Yeah,” he said. “I think I will be.”

Interlude 2

Shade let her hands fall to her sides. Willow and Favor burst out laughing.

“Fucking goddamn television ghosts sucking everyone’s dick out here,” Willow howled. “Eating people ‘n shit.”

“Oh no, my boyfriend is fucking a television ghost,” Favor snickered. “Better release its spirit through righteous orgasm.”

Shade’s face fell. She sat down self-consciously, drawing her knees back up to her chest. Willow and Favor put their arms around her shoulders and pulled her close. They all fell back into a giggling heap with Shade in the middle.

“It was rather silly,” Shade hiccuped.

“It was fucking awesome,” Willow said, kissing her cheek. Her lips left a wet stain that nobody bothered to wipe away. Favor, too, was drooling, though perhaps it was because the fire now smelled like cooking meat. The edges of the clearing were invisible in the brightness of the flames which reflected in all of their eyes; a fervor.

A hunger.

Shade sat up and in doing so, bumped into Willow with her stomach. A change came over Willow’s face; something like paranoia at the touch of the doughy skin crept through her consciousness, then disappeared almost as suddenly as it came. Shade didn’t notice. She was staring into the flames in wonder.

“How pretty they look,” she murmured. “Can we eat now?”

“Not yet,” Favor said, leaping to her feet. She danced to the other side of the circle where she struck a pose. “I have to tell my story first.”

“Favor,” Willow warned.

She had danced dangerously close to the flames. Taking a step back, Favor bowed. Her black curls bobbed against her cheeks.

“Tonight we honor gluttony,” she said. “Often confused with greed. Greed, you see, is the excessive desire for things, while gluttony is the lack of self-control—the overindulgence in the base desires. Gluttony and lust go hand in hand, as does pain and pleasure.

Tonight I will tell you a tale of a witch and her human familiar whom she overindulges in often.”

A final pinch of powder was added to the fire. The logs burned away to show the sigils drawn on the circle beneath, illuminating the faces of the three women whose hunger would soon be sated.

The Witch's Familiar

Roger Bilton sat with his knees to his chest, wondering how Mathilda would digest him today. From his cage, he could see her standing over her cauldron, chanting to herself, singing in an unknown language.

“Malicef, arcanum, nimbus,” she called. “Vericamp, alloran, seer!”

A great puff of green smoke exploded out into the tower, filling it with the scent of rotten fruit. Mathilda's wand tapped against the workbench as she put a finger to her lips.

“I can't tell what I'm missing,” she said. “Roger?”

A flick of the wand sent the chain carrying the cage skittering down the rafters. Roger felt the metal drop out beneath him, then yelped as his head collided with the bars. When the cage came to a halt, he lay, dazed, face level with Mathilda. She grinned at him.

“Wake up, my little familiar,” she said. “We have work to do.”

Her silver hair had been cut in a straight line to form her bangs. The rest of it piled onto her shoulders from beneath her hat, impatiently pushed aside to reveal her prodigious cleavage. She might have been thin and beautiful if it wasn't for her eating habits. As it was, her hourglass figure looked like it had been poured into her black silk dress with her stomach and hips stretching the fabric to its limits. Her red lips completed her Cheshire smile. She prodded Roger through the bars, making him swing.

“I could cast a spell of binding on you, you know,” she said. Her breath smelled like peppermint. Roger knew that farther down her throat, it smelled much different. “That way, I don't have to deal with your pesky escape attempts and you would no longer have to sleep in a cage. I've offered you my bed, you know.”

“I would rather die,” Roger said.

“Silly man. You know that's the one thing you cannot do.”

She booped him on the nose and turned, her ass shaking beneath her skirt. Approaching the cauldron, she took a ladle full of the green liquid and brought it back to Roger, holding it up to his mouth.

“Drink,” she said.

Roger's lip curled. The concoction smelled awful. Mathilda tilted the ladle into his mouth and he swallowed quickly, hoping that the taste wouldn't linger. When Mathilda raised an eyebrow, he sighed.

"Rat tail," he said. "You forgot the rat tail."

"Thank you, dear."

A click of her fingers sent Roger's cage back to the rafters where he watched Mathilda approach her dusty shelves, selecting a jar from amongst the several strange bottles she kept for brewing. The knowledge of the potion lingered in Roger's brain. If he thought hard, he could conjure up any manner of arcana. Thus was the benefit of being a witch's familiar and thus the reason for his imprisonment.

Immortality. Such a stupid thing to trade away his freedom for.

Mathilda hummed as she pulled a rat tail from the jar and added it to the mixture. The concoction went from green to pink to purple before deciding on a nice, mauve color. Mathilda set the cauldron to simmer, then tapped her forehead with a long fingernail.

"How long-"

"Three hours," Roger answered automatically. "It simmers for three hours."

"Thank you, dear."

Roger huffed and settled back against the bars of the cage. It wasn't like he was compelled to speak; it was just that if he didn't, Mathilda would swallow him, and when she swallowed him...well, some things were worse than the cage. Besides, the potion she was brewing was a shrinking potion. Best not to give her an easy test subject.

"Well, that should do it," Mathilda said, clapping her hands. "Now, if I let you down for some tea, are you going to try to jump out of my window, or are you going to be a good familiar and chat with me?"

"That depends," Roger called. "Am I going to be served with the tea?"

"Nonsense, dear. The potion takes three hours to brew."

Damn it. He knew it was for him. Either way, his legs were getting cramped and the prospect of three hours of freedom was too good to pass up. He nodded at Mathilda who pointed at the cage, sending it down at a reasonable speed. When it clanked to a halt, the door opened.

“Come,” Mathilda said, bouncing toward the staircase.

The tower had three levels to it: the library, the workshop, and the living quarters. Mathilda passed by the library without a glance as she traipsed down the spiral steps, followed by Roger who also skipped the library. It wasn't like there was anything in there that he didn't know. He jammed his hands into his pockets as he entered the kitchen where Mathilda was already pointing at various objects, causing them to float across the room. She sat down at a small, round table. Roger sat across from her, ducking to avoid a jar of jam that whizzed over his head.

“There,” Mathilda sighed. She wiggled her hips in her chair, causing it to groan. Roger shuddered, remembering that most of her furniture were actually the transfigured bodies of her past lovers. “All cozy. Any preference for tea?”

“Camomile,” Roger said.

A teapot poured him a cup. Mathilda took hers with six scoops of sugar. A cool breeze blew through the window which looked out into an autumn valley. The trees below lay like a carpet of reds and browns, ripening with the earth, filling the air with the scent of fallen leaves and loam. Roger's heart twinged. It had been months since he had last been outside. It had been a brief excursion. A few seconds at most. The tower wasn't that high.

“So, what's new?” Mathilda asked.

He glared at her. She smiled.

“Oh, I've just been hanging around,” he said. “Same as always.”

“If you didn't keep trying to run away, you'd get more privileges,” Mathilda said.

“If you didn't keep eating me, I wouldn't keep trying to run away.”

“I beg to differ.”

Roger clicked his tongue against his teeth and went back to staring out the window. She was probably right. Mathilda continued to sip her tea, oblivious or perhaps just apathetic to his misery.

“I'm excited to try the shrinking potion,” she said. “You've explored my bowels through any manner of methods. The stimulation gel was particularly effective—we should try that today—and the anal suppository for elasticity? Mmmph. How did you describe that journey, my dear?”

“Messy,” Roger growled.

“Well, yes, but it’s all clean now, so perhaps you would mind a repeat?”

Mathilda shifted in her chair, watching him with her intelligent, green eyes. Her hands were folded over her belly which rumbled in anticipation.

“We don’t have to be enemies,” she said after a minute. “Our needs are not so different and I am very fond of you. When we made our bargain, I’ll admit that I had been searching for a familiar for years. Witches live for a very very long time and now, so will you. So come on, Roger, why can’t we be friends? More than friends?”

Her raised eyebrow made Roger snort. He folded his knees up to his chest and continued to ignore her, though the sound of her stomach was making that difficult. Mathilda leaned over the table, resting her breasts on his elbow.

“I see the way you look at me,” she whispered. “I noticed it the first time we met. Don’t be ashamed of your attraction, Roger. I’ve offered you my bed numerous times and yet you stubbornly refuse. We’re going to be together for eternity. Eventually you’ll get lonely. Eventually, I’ll whittle you down and you’ll see what this body can provide. Why not end your self-induced suffering early? Take my hands. We have three, long hours before I defile you. Let’s spend them in indulgent pleasure instead of our usual cat and mouse charade.”

Roger’s attention wavered. He could feel Mathilda’s soft flesh on his arm, warm and human. He could feel her breath as it wafted on his neck and he imagined kissing her large lips, their tongues intertwining as their bodies came together on the feather mattress. His muscles longed for the exercise of thrusting, pulling, and pushing into Mathilda as he stared into those emerald eyes, the windows to the soul.

But then he remembered the swish of her innards. The gurgling, sloshing clutch of her stomach and the tight, kneading labyrinth of her intestines; the heat, the begging, the screaming. His jaw tensed. Mathilda watched the change with interest.

“What about my stomach disgusts you?” she asked.

“Why do you swallow me so often?” Roger asked.

He turned and took hold of Mathilda’s elbows. They were inches apart. Her infuriating grin made him want to punch her, but the

tension quickly diffused when she bent and kissed his forehead. Roger gritted his teeth.

“Because it’s enjoyable,” Mathilda said. “There is no other reason. I want your body in my body and I own you, so I do so, and while I know that it is unpleasant for you, the thought gives me such intense pleasure. The juxtaposition between your beautiful body and my icky insides. Lathering you in my juices. Digesting you, breaking down your form into a manageable lump of dough only for you to reform in my spell circle, as good as new. And then I like to see how bouncy you’ve made me. How fat. You always blush when you see how much you’ve added to my tits and seeing you blush makes me all the hungrier. Does that answer your question?”

Roger nodded. The answer gave him no satisfaction, but the witch had never lied to him. She didn’t see the point. Now it was his turn to answer her question.

“What disgusts me about your stomach?” he said. “It’s everything. The sight, the smell, the feeling of you wrapping around me sends such a wave of revulsion through my brain that I am tensing just thinking about it. Vomit. Your stomach smells like vomit. And yet, when you sharpen my senses with your spells, I can pick out the exact digested particles that make up the horrid concoction that I am brewing in. I am aware of the melted pieces of myself in vivid detail.”

“How terrible,” Mathilda muttered, pinching her stomach. Drool was collecting in the corners of her lips. Her legs rubbed together beneath the table. “Continue.”

“The heat is unbearable,” Roger said. “It’s not just the air, but the walls themselves which smother me. If I brace against them, I can feel them move, and beyond, your own squirms and cries of satisfaction.”

“Mmm. You can hear that, can you?”

“Among other things. The beating of your heart. The sluice of the stomach acids as you rock from side to side. The squelch of your body on mine when you roll onto your stomach and crush me beneath your weight as well as every damp burble of slime in my ears.”

Mathilda lips pressed against his but briefly. Her hungry mouth traveled over his cheek, his neck, his shoulders, hot against his skin and brimming with need. She did not cajole him as she normally did. Roger knew that he had a choice. He could back out now, return to his cage, but he didn’t. Instead, when she took his hand, he followed her

across the room to where velvet curtains concealed her bed. She drew them aside and threw Roger down on the mattress where her soft lips made urgent his movements. Her dress and his clothes slid onto the sheets at the same time. Then Roger felt her warmth from the outside igniting him like a bonfire. He burned against her. She fed the flames.

“Keep talking,” she said.

Roger was vaguely aware of the restraints she was securing around his wrists. Her stomach brushed against his face as she leaned over him, tugging each rope.

“It’s despicable that this turns you on,” he said. “Are all witches this deviant, or are you just one of the worst?”

Mathilda took a jar of something from her nightstand and scooped a dab from it. Roger’s eyes rolled back in his head as her fingers closed around his cock, spreading the stimulation gel over every inch before she kneaded his balls for good measure. The friction of her skin was enough to make him buck. As she descended upon him, he couldn’t help but whimper, for the clutching heat of her cunt was amplified threefold, augmented by his shame. Mathilda’s weight settled on his hips as she wiggled from side to side, testing the fit.

“You’re going to grow to love my deviancy,” she said.

He reached up and plucked her hat from her head, letting her silver hair fall in an arc around him. Her lips touched his own, once, twice, before the stimulation gel worked its way through their systems, causing Roger to spasm. Every nerve in his penis felt the warming embrace of her cunt and every nerve in her cunt felt him harden to her touch. Their voices mixed as their backs arched in unison, bringing them both to a shuddering climax that left them gasping for air. The total time of their union was around five seconds.

“T- too potent,” Mathilda hissed. She rose, clenching, then squatted over the stone floor, letting Roger’s seed dribble out over her ample thighs. Roger, chained to the bed, could only watch. Even the cold air coming from the window felt overstimulating. “Needs to be, ah, diluted.”

Another dab of cream was scooped from a different jar. Roger bit his lip as she rubbed the balm on his cock, cooling the fevered nerve endings.

“Sorry,” Mathilda said, squatting over him once more. “This is the only way to apply it.”



Again, she sheathed him inside of her. This time, they endured the warmth and found themselves breathing heavy gulps of air. Mathilda looked down at Roger. Roger looked up at her.

“Anyhow,” she said. “What’s it like being inside of my ass?”

“You won’t drop that topic, will you?”

“Not at the moment, no.”

“It’s tight,” Roger said. Mathilda began to pump, encouraging him. “There’s always a moment right before you sit on me when I’m watching your asshole spread where I have to brace myself, then relax, because if I enter your bowels with rigid muscles, then I know it’s going to be a while until I can move again. The smell is indescribable. Worse than your stomach, and because gravity isn’t helping me, I’m being pulled by the walls and the suction of your intestines which is a cramped and uncomfortable experience.”

“Too clinical,” Mathilda grunted. She let his cock slap against his stomach as she turned, wagging her ass in his face. Then she settled it on his hips, sheathing him backwards instead. “Get to the good parts.”

“What?” Roger asked. “You want me to describe how gross it is? The foul air you force over me? The contents within? You want me to talk about how I count the hours to keep myself sane as you walk around the tower, forcing me into increasingly difficult positions until I beg for the release your stomach provides, where at least you have the decency to digest me?”

“And then send you right back through my tubes,” Mathilda said. “Yes.”

A sharp intake of breath told Roger that he had hit a good spot. Bound as he was, he couldn't grab her ass, so instead, he rotated his hips, rubbing her, thrusting where he could, and watched her ass jiggle in response as she looked over her shoulder, impressed.

“Is this better than being in a cage?” she asked.

“You know that it is.”

“Then why do you resist me?”

“Because I don't want to be swallowed.”

Mathilda rose until she had just the tip of his cock clenched within her throbbing walls and then slowly worked her way back down until Roger was gasping, writhing on the sheets.

“You will,” she chuckled. “Soon, I'll make you beg for it.”

She rode him carelessly, but enthusiastically. His confinement had whetted his appetite enough to make him an easy mark, and once more, he was made to cum inside of her. Mathilda purred with satisfaction.

“Have you ever considered cumming inside of my stomach?” she asked.

Roger hadn't, though he remembered the incident with the stimulation gel where his naked body had been rubbed up against her bowels. He had cum then and Mathilda hadn't let him live it down; the image of his seed squirting from between her cheeks as she masturbated to the sound of his groans. The notion of getting off in her stomach repulsed him. Or, at least, he thought it did.

His cock had other plans.

“I see that the idea isn't entirely abhorrent to you,” Mathilda laughed as he hardened in her hand. Her stomach was growling louder than ever. She pressed it to Roger's face, keeping his dick firmly in her grasp as she rubbed her sweaty belly over his cheeks. “Want to give it a try?”

“Can’t we just have sex?”

“Mmm, no.”

Mathilda rolled off of Roger and undid the binds on his wrists. He rubbed them ruefully as she sat at the foot of the bed. The way the light hit her naked body made her look almost pleasant for a moment, at least before she belched and ruined the entire effect.

UUUurrrAAAAP!

“You know, on second thought, I think I’d rather go back to my cage,” Roger said.

Mathilda burst out laughing.

“Ohoho, no no. You belong here now-” she patted the bed, “-and I’ll make sure that it’s worth your while. But you still have to indulge me. You are, after all, my familiar.”



Roger sighed and swung his legs toward her. He knew that resistance would lead to her casting a paralysis spell on him and who knew what kind of embarrassing deeds she would conduct on his inert

body? No, better to let her get it over with. It wasn't like he wasn't used to being swallowed at that point.

Mathilda licked her lips as Roger came to sit at the edge of the bed. She took his ankles first, licking along his calves, and then went higher to taste his hips, his neck, his face. Finally, she bent down and licked his cock, her hot breath inciting both lust and apprehension as she returned to his feet and placed them lovingly on her tongue.

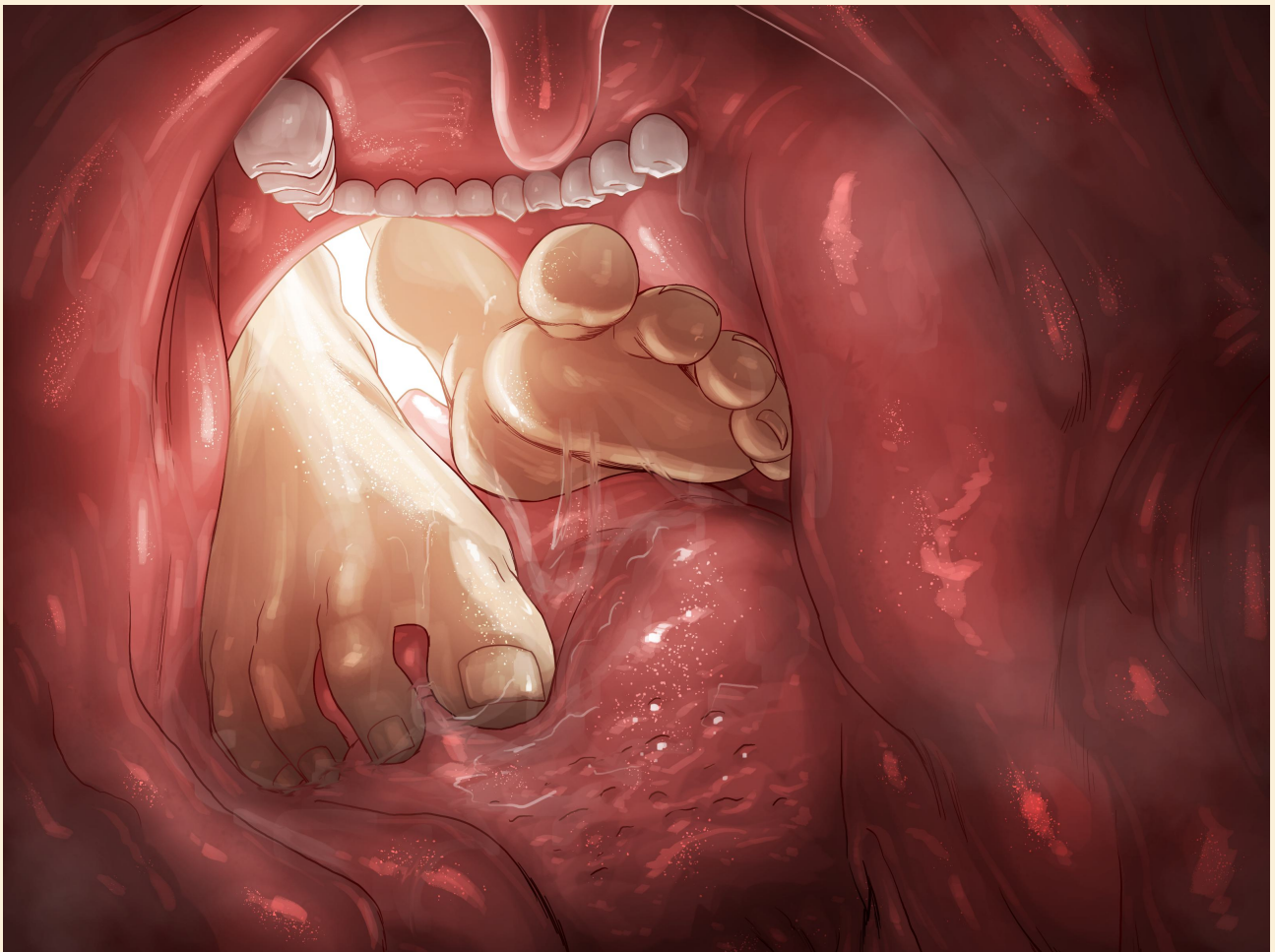
“Oh,” she said, letting them drop. “Almost forgot.”

She bounced over to the jar of stimulation gel and got another dab. This time, she didn't bother to dilute it; she merely rubbed it into Roger's cock and let it take effect knowing full well what the rest of his journey would feel like at triple the sensitivity.

“Sliding down my throat should be fun now,” she said when he wrinkled his nose.

Roger hated that she was right.

Opening her mouth, she placed his feet on her tongue and let them bounce up and down. The soles of his feet conformed to the shape of the dampened muscle which sucked him forward until his



toes were at the edge of her throat. Goopy strands of saliva broke against his ankles. The warmth of her mouth gave way to the heat of her gullet which widened, bit by bit, until it formed a quivering, pink hole against the backdrop of her gluttonous stomach where Roger would be spending the rest of the evening.

Mathilda winked seductively. Taking a deep breath, Roger placed his other foot on her tongue and pushed forward off the bed.

GLUK!

He sank up to his knees. The slimy depths of her throat closed around his ankles, suckling his feet as his calves were kneaded by rows of delicate muscle and flesh.

GLUK!

Now Mathilda's lips were up to his thighs and his feet were in her stomach. The wrinkled walls made him shudder, toes edging between the mashed remains of her breakfast. He could see them against the front of Mathilda's skin, an indent in her gut, and the thought of those same wrinkles walks closing around his penis made him tremble. Knowing this, Mathilda reached up and stroked his cock.

“Ah!”

GUuuUUULP!

She stood and brought him with her. Now he was up to his hips and his penis rested against her lips. She kissed it, sensuous and deep, then folded it into her mouth and sent it down her throat in a swallow that left him speechless. The heat and the motion were overwhelming. As the slick walls closed around his erection, he let out a cry and burst against her tonsils, earning himself a chuckle and another, wet swallow. The stimulation gel was still in full effect. Only moments after cumming, he was hard again, groaning at the feeling of her esophageal knot spreading over his cock, entombing it in her stomach with the rest of his lower body. Now all that remained were his arms, shoulders and head. Mathilda folded his hands into her mouth and let her throat open to accept them, leaving him completely and utterly at the mercy of her cruel body.

She walked over to a mirror.

Upside down, Roger was made to witness his head sliding over her tongue. Saliva clung to his skin in webs, glistening in the light, and her lips formed an 'O' over his eyes and nose as they brushed up against the hard upper plate of her jaw. She bounced him there for a



moment, humming, shaking from side to side to show off her stomach where the rest of him rested. With one finger, she traced a path down her throat and winked. Then she kneaded her stomach until she found where his cock was and gave it a flick. He whimpered.

“Still afraid of my stomach?”

The words appeared in midair. Her wand was clutched in her left hand.

“Yes,” Roger said.

“Good.”

With a tilt of her head and a deafening slurp, she sent him down her gullet where the fading light could not reach him. He landed in a heap, quickly folded by the walls gliding over him. Mathilda belched.

UUurrAaaAAAP!

“Phew! I can barely taste your cum anymore. Maybe you should pour a few more gallons into my stomach acids so that once you dissolve, I can still enjoy a good, salty burp.”

“Disgusting,” Roger said.

He braced the stomach wall with his forearm, creating an umbrella of sorts. Without it, goop would constantly be falling onto his face. The gentle bubbling of the acids made him twitch as his cock was subjected to the full scope of her stomach’s hospitality—lathered in foam and sucked up against the bulbous outer curve of the stomach. Mathilda had a bit of extra room on her hips. She used it to swing him back and forth, chuckling whenever she made him flinch.

“How does it feel knowing that this is what you’re going to get off to from now on?” she asked.

UUurrP!

The vibration made Roger clench his jaw. He was resisting with everything he had, but the stimulation gel was overriding his nerves. Slowly, he began to rock his hips, letting the tip of his cock bury itself in a wet fold.

“You’re a nightmare,” he said.

“Mmm, I think I’ll train you to enjoy all matter of gross things. Oh, don’t you click your tongue at me. I enjoy them, so it’s only fair that you do too. That way, our pleasure can be mutual. Hmph!”

She sat down hard on the bed. Roger’s eyelids fluttered as her hand found his cock again, giving it a rub through all of the fat and muscle. He was floating on his back, cradled in her lap, and she was

taking full advantage of his spread legs to push and press, mashing his cock into her gelatinous walls. A tightness was forming in his crotch. His breath was getting faster. He tried to think about the disgusting things—the billowing vapors, the caustic slime—but her hand was insistent and he was weak. He spasmed, cumming in her fold, then collapsed as she clenched, stuffing him deeper into her most intimate nook.



“I think some of that gel must have rubbed off on me,” she said. “I feel all tingly inside. All of your little movements send such a thrill

through my spine that I'm sure you wouldn't mind if I indulged myself to the sound of your squirming? No? Good."

Her arm came up and underneath him, lifting the stomach slightly. The jiggle made him hard again. Roger buried his face in the fold as a wave of pain and pleasure passed over him, spurred by Mathilda's moans.

"That's right," she said. "Kick a bit more. I'm going to digest you, after all, and you won't like that, oh no. But melting you? Watching my stomach soften? Oh, it gets me going like nothing else. Maybe I should paint your reformation circle inside of my stomach. Then I could digest you over and over and over again and you'd never get a breath of fresh air. Hehe. The time in the bathroom alone would make that terrible. I'd get so fat. But maybe as a treat for a day or three. Roger? Oooh! Naughty, naughty boy."

Roger had forced his knees into the front of her stomach, bulging it out to give himself more space. His hand had strayed toward the tip of his cock which was still tingling. Though the slime of the stomach was disgusting, it did act as lube, and the more he stroked, the harder it became to stop. Mathilda giggled and stroked with him. He heard the cap of the stimulation gel come off once more.

"That's, ah, probably not a good idea," he said.

His voice was muffled by the groans of her stomach. Mathilda must have heard him, though, because she hesitated.

"Nonsense," she snorted. "What do you know- OH!"

A sudden contraction sent Roger's head into Mathilda's knee which had jerked upward. Luckily, the wall was padded, but it was still painful. Mathilda shuddered once, twice, then settled with a hiss through her teeth. Her hand came up to rub her stomach.

"We need to make a diluted batch," she said. "With clear labels. Do you know how-"

"More water. All it needs is more water and more pork fat."

"Thank you, dear. You're a wonderful familiar and we are going to have a wonderful eternity together."

Roger rolled his eyes. The thought used to fill him with such dread that he had regularly flung himself from the tower. It didn't help, of course. There would be a brief moment of nothing, like sleep, followed by a flash of light and Mathilda's smiling face as he reformed in her magic circle. She usually ate him for his insolence.

But now?

Now he wasn't sure. Because it was still painful, digesting inside of Mathilda, and still gross and humiliating and uncomfortable. The worst part wasn't usually the pain, but rather the boredom of being cramped into a meat cauldron to brew for hours on end. His back arched as he thrust it harder into the wall. The gurgling was getting louder. His time was almost up. Mathilda was removing the gel and reapplying it with the diluted version. He was pretty sure he heard her set her wand to vibrate.



“Alright,” she said, heaving herself onto the bed again. “Let’s try this one more time. Are you ready, dear?”

“Mmhhh.”

“Make sure to scream nice and loud so that I can hear you.”

“Whatever you want, Mathilda,” Roger said, closing his eyes.

His reformation happened instantaneously. One moment he was screaming and kicking and crying and the next, he was sitting inside of the magic circle, naked and grumpy, watching the door. Mathilda was two floors down and full of his soupy remains. She probably wasn't coming up to get him.

"Bastard," he mumbled.

The potion was bubbling at a steady pace in the corner of the room. The flames beneath it crackled blue, set to a steady simmer which cast its pallid glow on the cobwebbed shelves. Outside, the sun was sinking through the trees, and as Roger watched, a pair of larks flew off into the distance, crying out against the cotton candy hues of the low hung clouds. Such a sight had once brought sorrow to his soul. Now, he just smiled and sniffed the potion. It was finished brewing.

"I could sabotage it," he said to himself. There was hemlock in the cupboard. If he sprinkled some of the root into the potion it would spoil. "Or I could sneak it into her tea. Shrink her down. Make her do my chores."

The thought made his smile widened. He'd spoiled her potions a few times out of spite and each time, he paid for it. Killing her was out of the question, too. His contract wouldn't allow him to harm her, not that such a macabre idea had ever entered his head...

In the end he merely scooped some of the potion into a glass vial and headed back downstairs where Mathilda was waiting on the bed, scrying orb in hand.

"You thought about it," she said.

"I certainly did," Roger said, handing her the potion.

Her stomach was even larger than it had previously been, malformed over her knees with bulges where his bones lay scattered about within her. She had put on her dress while she waited. Her eyes were hooded with fatigue.

"So," he said, "are you going to swallow me and force me to bathe in my own remains or are you going to stuff me up your ass so that I can experience them coming out?"

Mathilda reached up for him and he joined her on the bed. Her body was warm against his side.

"Neither," she said sleepily. "If you had meddled with the potion, I was going to do both. Eat you, digest you, right up the ass. Who

knows? Maybe in some alternate reality, that's exactly what happened."

"There are alternate realities?"

"Shut up and go to sleep."

She rolled over on top of him, burying his torso beneath her as one large thigh came up over his legs. When she kissed his cheek, Roger reciprocated. Her smile told him everything he needed to know.

"You're going to eat me tomorrow, aren't you?" he said.

"As soon as I wake up," Mathilda said. "You're mine for eternity, Roger, but you needn't be miserable. And tomorrow? Maybe tomorrow we can go for a walk in the valley."

Roger kissed her again, in earnest this time.

"I'd like that very much," he said, and soon he fell asleep to the sound of a gurgling stomach and gentle pitch of a witch's breath.

Gluttony

The fire had burned down, but the glow remained, emblazoned in the runes Willow had drawn on the circle of stone. All three women stared at the pulsing shape that was starting to form in the smoke. A mouth. A tongue. Favor cupped some of the smoke in her hands and held it to her face, inhaling deep. Her eyes fluttered for a moment.

“It’s ready,” she said.

The edges of the clearing had disappeared completely. There was no moon, no stars, no woods left; merely void. The runes in the circle echoed throughout the patch of campground remaining, veins of red energy radiating out from the center to fill the space with the color of meat. Shade stared at her surroundings. The other two edged closer to her, wet mouths agape.

“Incredible,” Shade whispered. “I didn’t believe you at first, but now I can feel it. Do you hear the whispering? Do you hear the groans?”

“We’re in its stomach now,” Favor said. “The core of gluttony is consumption. It is summoned by the act.”

Willow had taken her place behind Shade. Favor stood in front, her dress billowing in an invisible wind, feeling the twisting hunger gnawing at her insides. Emptiness. That’s what hunger felt like. A total lack of rationale for anything aside from the secession of that emptiness and the anticipation of filling that space with something large and squirmy. Favor looked down at Shade, fat like a calf, and the drool waterfalled over her chin to form a puddle at her feet. There was a sound like a heartbeat enshrining the clearing.

“So what now?” Shade asked. Her weary gaze had fallen on Favor who was now staring at her with naked yearning.

“Now,” Favor said, “we eat.”

Willow grabbed Shade’s arms from behind, but did not anticipate the force which Shade mustered. The larger girl’s hands found Willow’s waist and threw her forward over her shoulder onto the edge of the circle where she tumbled into Favor, taking them both down.

Favor and Willow leapt to their feet, circling like wolves. Shade held a hand out to each of them, frowning.

“So this is why you invited me,” she said. “A sacrifice?”

“It wasn’t for your charming personality,” Willow said. Through the thick smoke, her body appeared to twist and grow. “You are as annoying as you are plump.”

Favor made a lunge toward Shade who backed up to the edge of the clearing. Her ass hit one of the walls; it came away wet. Wet and steaming. Favor and Willow continued to advance, albeit cautiously now that Shade was watching them.

“Submit,” Favor said. “We’ll make this quick.”

“I won’t,” Willow laughed. “Maybe we should make her choose, Favor: your stomach or mine. I’m sure that would please the entity.”

“I’m sure it would,” Favor said with a smile. She took a step back and gestured forward at Shade. “But I think that you should do the honors.”

Willow cracked her knuckles and strolled toward Shade who dropped into a fighter’s crouch. The two circled each other, hands raised, eyes flitting until Willow lunged.

“Gyah!”

Her fist clipped Shade’s arm. Willow pushed forward, swinging again, but this time Shade was ready, and she ducked the blow, coming up with a hook of her own which landed on Willow’s flat stomach. The punch staggered Willow.

“Bitch,” Willow spat.

Shade’s mouth flattened into a line. She drove her arm back, then let loose a barrage of punches. Some of them landed. Most of them didn’t. Willow weathered the blows as best as she could, only to unleash a hook of her own, driving forward with all of the power that she could muster. The punch was aimed at Shade’s jaw. At the last minute, however, something changed.

GLUK!

Willow’s punch was arrested by something warm and spongy. She pulled at her arm, but it wouldn’t budge, especially as Shade’s tongue came up under her bicep and tugged her further. Black lipstick smudged Willow’s shoulder. She drew back her other hand only for Shade to grab it. The plump girl was stronger than she looked.

“Wait,” Willow said as Shade’s lips advanced over her collar. “Favor, help.”

She kneed Shade in the stomach twice. Both times, the blow was rebuffed by Shade’s girth, causing Willow to stumble off balance. Shade used the momentum to stuff Willow’s other arm into her mouth. Now her throat clutched both as her jaw worked around Willow’s shoulders.



“Favor,” Willow whimpered into Shade’s open mouth. Her tongue lapped at Willow’s face, tasting her, slathering her drool. Hot breath billowed from the cave of her throat whose muscles pulled her forward like a conveyor belt. Her nose touched Shade’s tongue. Then her chin. Her neck. “Favor, please!”

Favor stood in the center of the circle and watched, her arms folded beneath her miniscule breasts. Shade’s throat was beginning to bulge. Two handprints had appeared against the skin of her stomach.

“Sorry, Willow,” she said. “The ritual has already begun.”

“You bitch! You absolute-”

the warm nest of her stomach which accepted the sacrifice without question. Her belly doubled, tripled in size. As it jiggled to a halt, she stumbled back, adjusting to the weight.

“I didn’t know,” she mumbled. “I didn’t know I could do that. I was so hungry. So so hungry. And she feels good. Hands and feet. Rubbing. I want...I want her to scream. I want to feel her scream.”

“I’m sure you do,” Favor’s voice whispered in her ear. Shade felt her slender hands close beneath her armpits, but it wasn’t until her head was bent back into Favor’s jaw that she saw her fate looming before her; a slimy, greasy gullet and a wet stomach to boot. “Now be a good meal and scream for me, too.”

UUuuuULP!

Half of Shade’s body was consumed in one gulp. Her breasts rested against the roof of Favor’s mouth, nipples hard against the ridge and harder for the gentle kneading of her soon-to-be devourer. Her head had slid all the way down into Favor’s stomach where the knot of her throat had closed around Shade’s neck like the string being pulled closed on a rucksack. Favor hummed in resonance with the hunger within and the promise of food in Shade’s bulging stomach. The rest of Shade’s body was more difficult. Favor had found that her jaw could slide almost



down to her breasts and that her throat could open as wide, but Shade was blubbery, swollen like a tick on the still wriggling form of Willow whose screams were just as soon mistaken for gurgles. Favor lifted them both and leaned back, taking it slow, and as she did, her tongue ran over the length of Shade’s spine. Such a supple prey. Such a sacrifice to her stomach.

With a gluk, she managed to fit Shade's fat stomach in her throat where it lodged. Favor had to clamp her lips and compress them both to get any traction, and even then her throat muscles screamed in pleasant agony as little by little the bulge lowered until only Shade's thighs remained nestled on her tongue. These, Favor licked between with gusto, letting her tongue stretch and twist around the padded legs as Shade stretched her to her limit. This is what it meant to be full. Gluttony embodied in one, small girl.

When Favor's throat closed around the last of Shade's body, she stumbled forward into the circle. The red light had turned pink; the sigils hissed against her feet.

"Come Gluttony," Favor choked. "Accept this sacrifice and bestow upon me the fruits of my labor."

Suddenly, her stomach became very hot. Favor gasped in pain as bile leaked out between her lips, spilling in a pool on the circle. She



lurched forward, holding her thighs, and the two girls in her stomach screamed as the walls compressed, the acids hissing and biting and melting at an exorbitant rate as smoke rose through Favor's throat. It was pain, yes, but pain was infinitely better than the emptiness that Favor had known. She threw back her head and howled as her stomach softened into a blob, then receded against her, taking the pain and leaving only pleasure.

Then her body began to change.

The sigils stretched from the circle to etch

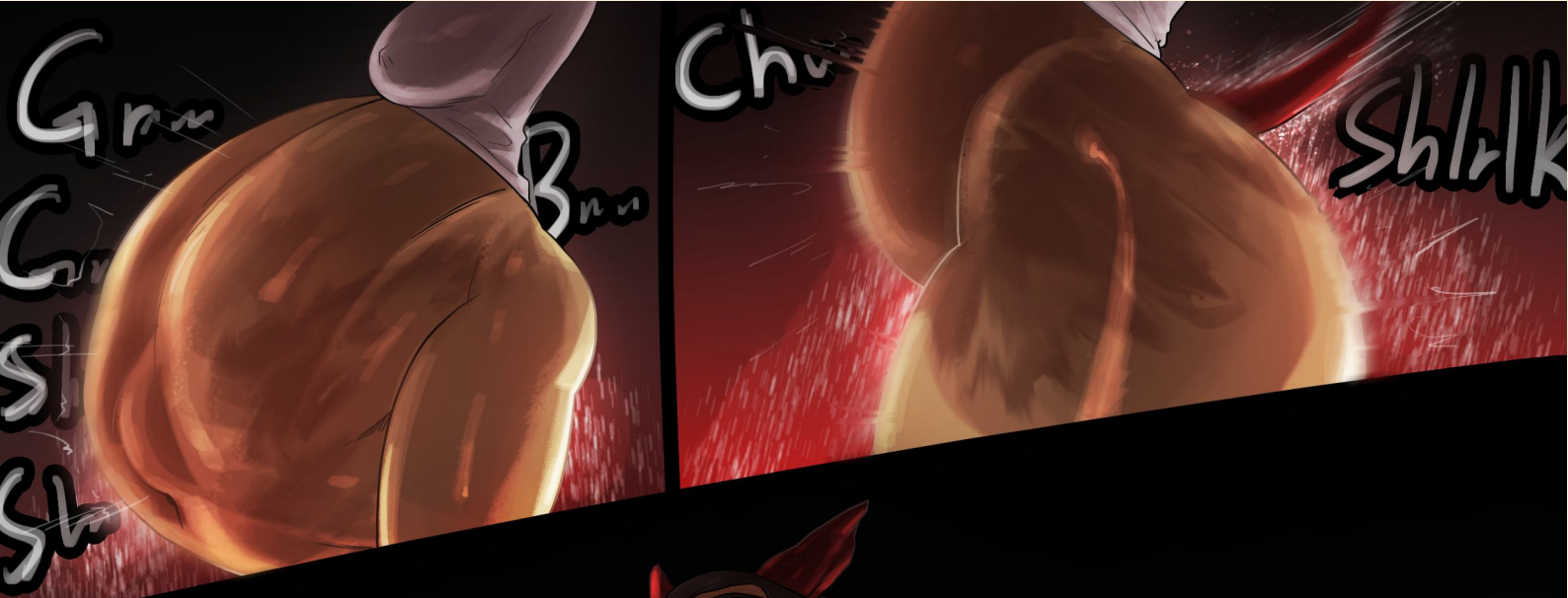
themselves onto her skin. They wound past her calves like snakes and struck up her rotund stomach to latch around her arms and neck. Everywhere the sigils touched glowed and everywhere her body glowed, it grew.

Her stomach hung like a padded ball over her swollen hips. The already abundant curves of her ass pushed outward, proportionate to her height. Her shoulders broadened. Her spine stretched. Her canines pushed out to jut against her jaw which throbbed as a pink sigil was drawn against it. A tail sprouted from her rear and twin horns erupted from her scalp. Favor's sense of smell expanded to encompass the entire forest. She gripped a hand over her mouth. Drool leaked between her fingers.

"And yet my tits didn't grow at all," she uttered as the sigils reached her eyes.

Her vision blurred into one color, then faded to black. All she could hear was the pulse of her own stomach closing around her and the chuckle of the entity now in full possession of her body.

"Thank you for the meal."





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