Love of Fear

Jill groaned as she pulled her car into the driveway. Her boss made her stay late in order to make someone else’s deadline. Sometimes being a good employee meant getting treated worse. Then again, doing work like that is what led her to become a mid-level executive at the ag of 29. At least she had the next day off. With that small comfort in mind, she got out of her car and walked to her dark house.

Once inside, it was hard to see much of anything. With no lights on, she felt along the wall for a light switch. But as her fingers flipped the switch, a solid mass crashed into her! In an instant, Jill was immobilized against it.

“Well, human? How does it feel to have no means of escape? To know that your life is all mine?” The plump woman had pinned the Jill to the wall, hands on her wrists. Her purple eyes were filled with bloodlust as she stared down the smaller woman in her grasp.   
“…Kya. Please. Don’t.” Jill responded, deadpan.   
“C’mon, honey, can’t you be even a little scared?”   
“Why would I be afraid of you? We’ve been married for over a year already. My scared phase ended a few weeks after you kidnapped me.” The trapped woman wiggled a finger with a gold band on it. Honestly, she’d been in this type of situation so many times it was beginning to bore her. Her plump wife, Vivi, was quite playful and insatiable. This situation usually ended with her in a belly or handcuffed to their bed.   
“But you could pretend, right? You’re so cute when you get frightened. You used to get so scared when I did stuff like this…I just wanted to eat you up!”  
“It was reasons like that which made me scared. You threatened to eat me every day.”  
“Oh, so if I start doing that again…” she mumbled, licking her lips.   
“You would never eat me. I’m your wife.”   
“Mmm…wife stew sounds good right now…”  
“Nice try. That’s not going to work on me. You might swallow me every now and then but we both know you’ll always let me out.”  
“That can easily be changed…” she said, her tongue gliding up her cheek.  
“Honey, do whatever you want. I don’t have the energy to resist anymore…”

Jill sighed and closed her eyes. There were days when she would enjoy or even play along with these types of games. But Vivi couldn’t really read the mood well. After a long day at work, she just wanted to relax. What she got instead was her wife pressing her against the wall.

Their meeting was rather odd. Vivi was a year older than Jill. For almost a year they shared a dorm room at college until Jill saw something she wasn’t supposed to. After a party, Jill was helping her drunken roommate back inside their room when Vivi got angry and magically blasted the door open. The thick woman was a witch.

She tried to run away, but Vivi shrunk her down and shoved her into her cleavage before passing out. It was right before a long break, and by the time Jill was found she was on a train out of town. Apparently Vivi’s entire family was magic…and had a strict code about being found out by outsiders. Either killing, enslaving, or marrying. Luckily, Vivi didn’t like those rules and decided to help her instead. As long as she remained hidden, her family never needed to know about Jill. Then there would be no reason to ‘dispose’ of her.

Jill ended up spending the full break hidden from Vivi’s family. Getting squished, smooshed, eaten and played with for two weeks. By the time it ended, Vivi was prepared to never speak to her again. Except Jill asked her out.

They had many misadventures over the years until they ended up married last year. Some were fun. Others were painful. Hell, she spent a week up her mother-in-law’s butt once. A few weeks before that, her sister-in-law tried to eat her (including digestion). Then there was the incident where Vivi traded her to her horny aunt for a weekend (which later resulted in a huge fight). All in all, she enjoyed her unusual life. But just for once she wasn’t in the mood to be used like some sex toy.

She opened her eyes again and scanned her wife. Her golden blonde hair was tied back in a messy bun, giving her a full view of her naturally purple eyes. She used to disguise them as green, but after Jill knew about her magic she stopped around her. Her full red lips were curled into a pleased smile. Vivi had a bit of belly, but Jill couldn’t see due to the large breasts pressing against her own. She finally noticed that Vivi was only wearing a thin night gown.

A small moan escaped her lips when Vivi started nibbling on her neck. Vivi’s knee slid up between her legs as her teeth gently pulled at her neck. Even if she was tired, her lover knew exactly how to make her excited. She winced after a slightly painful bite. The plump witch pulled away with a hungry smile.

“Trust me sweetheart, I was already going to do what I wanted.” A familiar numbness came over Jill and her mind quickly became black. Apparently whatever Vivi wanted, it included her being unconscious.

Vivi carefully pulled her wife into her arms after charming her into slumber. She clearly wasn’t in the mood for anything but rest. The witch lovingly looked at Jill with a smile. Years after meeting her, she was still as beautiful to her as ever. Her lovely brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, the rest of her face still touched with make-up. Even while closed, she loved her wife’s blue eyes. With a snap of her fingers, the make-up on her face evaporated into the air.

Her thin body was easy to carry towards the bedroom. She could have just levitated her to the bedroom with magic, but she liked holding her more. It felt more intimate than just using her spells for everything.

Once in the bedroom, she gently stripped Jill to her underwear and put her to bed. They had sex nearly every night, so she was willing to wait a while for fun. But that didn’t really help with her frustrations.

She jumped Jill when she came inside because she was feeling frisky. Witches experienced random pheromone changes as they get older, causing them to be rather sexual beings. They knew how to maintain control of themselves…but rarely wanted to. The changes couldn’t be predicted and had different effects. Some days Vivi would simply want to cuddle. Others, she couldn’t stand five minutes without her beloved inside her belly. Or tonight, where she craved fear from her spouse.

But not only was Jill not in the mood, she hardly even reacted. Back when they were first going out, Jill was a bit of a coward. Every time Vivi shrunk her or pinned her, she looked terrified. There were many times the woman thought she’d lose her life. Her fear drove her to tears more than once. While a part of her felt guilty of being mean to her, she couldn’t deny that she loved that look of terror. That primal arousal of a predator catching a timid prey. It made her wet just thinking about it.

But Jill outgrew her fear. Spending every day together made the human immune to her tactics. Vivi had to admit that she missed those times. She lightly skimmed her finger against Jill’s lips before planting a small kiss on them. Was it so wrong for her to embrace her wife in a way only they could?

Then an idea came to mind. An idea that gave the witch an evil smile. One that could theoretically make everyone a winner. Where Jill could sleep, and Vivi could savor her wife’s fear once again. She greedily licked her lips again as she started casting another spell.

When light hit her eyes, Jill moaned angrily before sitting up. Once she was awake, she was awake for the rest of the day. Which sucked, since she was still sleepy. Reaching to the other side of the bed, she checked for her wife. But the warm presence was absent.

Which was odd, considering how Vivi was such a late sleeper. Looking under the covers, she noticed that she was still in her underwear. With a heavy sigh, she remembered her behavior the night before.

She didn’t have sex last night. The last thing she remembered was Vivi knocking her out, so she assumed that she’d wake up in her stomach. Jill couldn’t help but smile at her wife’s care. She must have put her to bed instead of having fun.

Well, no point in not returning the favor.

Throwing off the covers, she went looking for Vivi. Knowing the chubby woman well, she checked the kitchen first. Several pots and pans were stirring themselves on the stove from Vivi’s magic. Seeing such things used to fill her with wonder, but now it was an average experience.

Sitting at the table was her lovely wife munching happily on eggs. Jill took the seat next to her and placed a hand on her thigh.   
“Good morning, love” Jill said, giving her a peck on the cheek. Vivi looked up from her meal and smirked.   
“It’d be a much better morning if you made this breakfast taste better.”  
“You know you’re a better cook than me.”  
“And you know that’s not what I meant.” With a wink, Vivi’s magic sparked towards her wife.

Jill felt the clothes around her becoming larger as her body shrunk. A small smile came to her lips at the familiar feeling. While being toyed with at doll size wasn’t always fun, it at least made her woman happy.

Once she reached around three inches in size Vivi reached over with her manicured hand. Jill didn’t even try to struggle or avoid it anymore. She enjoyed being held like this, it was soft, warm, and secure.

The shrunken woman was brought before the giant, hungry face of Vivi.   
“Well well well… look at what I caught. A cute little treat. Oh no! So early in the morning and you feel so cold! I should put you someplace warm, shouldn’t I?” she teased. Remembering the conversation from the night before, Jill brought out her best acting skills.

“Oh, please! I’d do anything to be warm right now! It’s so cold…”  
“Well I can’t have that. I know just the place to warm up little treats.” The giant witch licked her lips hungrily before opening her mouth.   
“No! Please miss, don’t eat me!”  
“Don’t be shy! You’ll love it! It’s nice and warm in my tummy. Plus there’ll be nummy treats for you inside!”  
“Well, I can’t argue with that logic” Jill giggled.

Vivi quickly shoved Jill’s whole body into her mouth and began to savor her. The hot wet tongue wiped across her naked body swiftly as her wife tried to suck the flavor from her. She couldn’t help but laugh at the ticklish sensation of having the slick appendage run across her bare skin.

She moaned as the tip of the tongue found its way between her legs. With pinpoint accuracy, the large muscle dove for her womanhood. Jill cried out as tip forced its way partially inside her. It was too large to fit all the way, but Jill could manage with just the tip.

Vivi moaned from the sweet taste of her wife’s pussy spreading across her palate. Out of all the people she had eaten, she loved Jill’s taste the most. Everyone had a unique flavor, but Jill was even outside the norm. Every member of her family that had eaten her as well agreed. Most people had a rather salty taste, but the human was frighteningly sweet.

Even more so when she was aroused. Vivi’s tongue grinded against her womanhood furiously, trying to get as much sweetness as it could out of the shrunken woman. Having her folds assaulted with so much vigor, Jill could hardly form words.

“Ah…hah…honey…not…not so rough…ngh!” Jill moaned, tears forming in her eyes. Her complaint went unheard as the wet muscle continued its assault. Listening was always a weak point to Vivi, but she usually respected her wishes during intimate moments. But something felt different this morning. Instead of slowing down or being gentler, the tongue pushed harder. More of the soft muscle entered Jill as she squirmed under it.

“No…not…ah…AH!” she cried out. The last push had managed to bring her to a quick climax. She bucked and hollered for a few moments before collapsing against the squishy tongue. But the muscle refused to give her a break. Even after tasting her sweet fluids, Vivi continued to rub her down.

Jill tried to push it away, but the relentless muscle rubbed, poked, and prodded her all over anyways.   
“Stop already!” Jill yelled. The tip of the tongue found itself licking between Jill’s butt cheeks, eliciting a yelp from her. “What the hell?! I said stop!” she cried out.

Something wasn’t right. Vivi usually liked taking things slow and easy. The last time Jill was in her mouth, she was inside for several hours. But she always gave her time to recover after each orgasm, and NEVER ignored her when she wanted to stop.

It seemed like Vivi finally grew tired of her fighting, or at least sucked enough flavor off of her, because everything began tilting downwards. The vicious tongue scooped itself underneath Jill and pinned her to the hard palate. In one quick motion, Jill felt her legs hit the throat.

**GULP!**

Strong muscles grip her from all sides, pulling her down the fleshy tube of Vivi’s throat. Jill was no stranger to being swallowed by her wife. It happened often enough that it felt normal to her. But today was the first time in years that she felt scared. It was only a little bit, more nervous than afraid, but it was there.

After a short trip, Jill was dropped down into a waist deep pile of masticated eggs. She tried to sit up, but the pile of mush shifted with every move she made. In a fit of frustration, she threw chunks of food everywhere to get it off her. Once she had enough off, she stood up and ran to the nearest wall and began pounding on it.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?!” she yelled.   
“What do you mean?” Vivi asked innocently.   
“Oh, so you DO hear me?! I wasn’t sure after you refused to stop tongue fucking me! What the fuck was that?!”  
“I ate you. You know I like savoring my food. To get every last bit of taste out of it…” she stated matter-of-factly. A trickle of fear resurfaced at her wife’s comment. After all their years together, Vivi never referred to her as “food” when she wasn’t joking. But she sounded so…normal this time.

“Look, this isn’t fun anymore. Just…get me out of here already…” Jill said.  
“Why would I do that?”  
“Um…because I’m your wife?”  
“Were.”  
“What?”  
“You WERE my wife.” A wave of dread came over her Jill upon hearing that. Tears were forming in her eyes just from the insinuation. Could it be…Vivi was actually going to leave her in there?  
“W-what do you mean?” she asked, voice cracking.  
“Well…after last night, it seems like you’re bored of me. There’s no fun in that. I don’t see a point in keeping a wife that doesn’t like to play with me.”  
“Y-you mean…you want a divorce?” Jill asked. Tears began streaming down her face at the realization that she could lose Vivi. “Please, don’t be rash. I was just tired! Babe, I still love you!”  
“I know. But first off, I don’t want a divorce. We witches don’t believe in that stuff. Instead, I’m going to digest you.”  
“W-what?”  
“Yeah. Anytime we want a new spouse, we just eat them. That way, they always stay as a part of us.”  
“…You…want to kill me? Just because I didn’t want to have sex ONE time?!”  
“Sweetheart, don’t think of it as me killing you. Think of it as…getting as close to me as possible. Look on the brightside! You’ll probably end up on my breasts you love so much, and I get a new lover!”

Jill collapsed against the stomach wall, unable to stand what she was hearing. Years spent as lovers…a year as spouses…only to be thrown away after one bad night. Was she really that replaceable? Were all the times Vivi kept her alive just a matter of amusement?  
“Baby, please don’t do this!”  
“Jill, please don’t make this difficult. I thought you of all people would accept this with dignity.”  
“Dignity?! You think I’d be alright with my wife to kill me?! To kill me, and then move on to another woman?! How could I possibly be alright with that?!”

Vivi went silent for a few moments. A flicker of hope went through the shrunken woman’s heart as she sat in the gurgling belly. But she could hear her captor sigh in annoyance.   
“Look, I know we’ve had some fun…but that’s over now. So if you don’t mind, I’m just gonna…” she trailed off. The tingling feeling of magic came over her once again. But unlike every other time, where it was cast upon her, it felt as though something was slipping away.

Jill’s eyes widened as she realized what she was doing. Early in their relationship, Vivi came close to digesting her. To prevent that from ever happening again, she found a spell that would make her permanently indigestible.

But as the feeling of magic faded, Jill could feel that the magic was taken back.   
“No! Baby, please! Don’t do this!” she cried out. But it seemed Vivi had stopped listening. The only response she was given was the groans and gurgles of the stomach around her. Emotions raged within her. Sadness from losing her soulmate. Anger from her betrayal. Guilt from driving Vivi to do this.

But most prominent was fear. The fear of death made her heart pound hard enough to hurt. Fear pushed Jill to punch and pound at the fleshy walls, even though she knew it was futile. Jill let out the howl of a dying animal as she attacked the moist surface.

Even though it was pointless, she struggled. Even as she felt digestive acids begin to wash over her, she fought. Eventually, she realized that she couldn’t feel her legs anymore. It seems Vivi had at least given her the blessing of a painless death. Another part of her was thankful the stomach was pitch black. It would be horrifying to see her liquefying body.

Fear pushed her to attack, even as more and more of her body lost feeling. After more time passed, she realized she wasn’t even swinging her arms. They were gone. That’s when the digestive enzymes rose over her head.

She couldn’t breathe. Her lungs filled with foul fluid as she let out a final scream. Then…the rest of her body broke down into nutrients. Jill’s body vanished before she could drown. Her mind faded into black, experiencing death.

And so, Jill’s life came to an end. Nothing more than an addition to her wife’s breakfast…

Jill shot up from bed, taking in sharp breaths. Her hands started grabbing at limbs she thought to be lost. But her arms and legs were still there. She was still alive! A happy grin washed over her face at the realization that she survived. She fell back onto the mattress while softly laughing. No, not survived. She was still in bed, so it must have just been a nightmare.

After all…there was no way Vivi would ever actually do that. Right? Her beloved wife wouldn’t simply toss her away like that.

Wait…where were her clothes? When she was feeling along her body, there was nothing there besides skin. She didn’t have sex last night…so where did her clothing go? Also…did the bed always feel so lacey?

Jill slowly sat up and looked underneath herself. It was easy enough to recognize her own bra…especially when it was many times her size. Fear began sinking in again as she slowly started looking up. Vivi’s smiling face took up her entire sight.

“Well now, it seems my breakfast has finally woken up…” she said happily. Jill screamed and started scrambling away. Once she was on her feet, she took off running for the other side of the bed.

Pumping her legs as hard as she could, Jill fled from the source of her nightmares. But all her effort hardly mattered when shrunken down by a witch. An enormous hand swooped in and grabbed her with hardly any effort. Jill thrashed within the solid grip, trying her best to break free.

“Oh my, a runaway snack? I’ll have to…huh? Babe, are you crying?” she asked. Jill didn’t even notice herself, but tears were pouring down her face as she screamed and thrashed.  
“NO! LET GO OF ME!!!” she cried. Vivi’s smile vanished instantly.

Her free hand started gently petting her wife’s head as Vivi tried to calm her.  
“Hey, it’s alright. It’s just me. You know I’d never hurt you. It’s ok, baby. You just had a bad dream” she sweetly cooed. But it had little effect as Jill continued to scream and kick.

While comforting Jill, Vivi felt awful. She cast a spell to make her have a nightmare, but she never expected it to be this bad! Her plan was simple. Cast the spell at night. Wake up before Jill did. Give her a quick spook when she woke up. Get on with the day after her fear fix.

But Jill was terrified. More specifically, terrified of her. Rather than receiving her hunger for Jill’s fear, she felt like vomiting from having too much. Vivi hadn’t paid much attention to spells that didn’t interest her. There were over a dozen nightmare spells, and she just cast the first one that came to mind. But it seemed that was a mistake. She would ask her mother the details later, but it must have been more powerful than she thought.

After half an hour of whispering sweet words, Jill was finally starting to calm down. She still seemed scared but she wasn’t crying and screaming anymore. Only high pitched whines and whimpers escaped her lips.

Vivi placed her down on the bed and quickly grew her back to normal size. Once she was back to normal Vivi hugged her tight and continued calming her down. By now, Jill resumed crying but could speak again.

“I-I-I-I thought y-y-you-you ate m-me! Th-that y-you were done with m-m-me!” she wailed. The witch cursed herself internally for causing her beloved so much pain. What she showed Jill was her worst, most deeply rooted fear. Which apparently was her moving on.   
“Don’t be silly, hun…I’d never do anything like that. You said it yourself. I would never eat you. You’re my wife” she muttered. “Everything is going to be fine…”

After another hour, Jill had finally calmed herself. She and Vivi lay in bed, entwined with Jill’s head on her bosom.   
“It just felt so…real…I know it was just a nightmare but…”  
“But you thought I actually ate you.”  
“Yeah…sorry…for freaking out.”  
“Don’t be. I’m sorry for trying to spook you as soon as you woke up.”  
“It’s fine. I knew what I was getting into when I married you. I’m just glad you didn’t eat me while I was sleeping.”  
“THAT, would have ended even worse.”  
“Yeah, I probably would have had a heart attack…”

Vivi stiffens at the thought. She had considered swallowing her and waiting for her to wake up inside. But Jill woke up before she could act on it. From what she had just witnessed, she might have actually had a heart attack. Or at least a panic attack. The thought of losing her wife just because of her selfish desires…

“Honey?”  
“Yeah?”  
“I think I’m going to take a break from casting magic on you.”  
“Really?”  
“…Maybe that nightmare was because of how I acted last night. Or it could be a side effect of me casting so many spells on you.”  
“Now that I think about it…you do like to zap me when I get home. How many times have you used your magic on me over the years?”   
“…You know I can’t count that high!”  
“You’re an accountant!”  
“Then that should say something.”

The two shared a quick laugh before Jill kissed her. Vivi reciprocated but didn’t try to deepen it. She decided not to tell Jill what she did. Her actions had caused numerous fights over the years. But if she confessed to deliberately causing her suffering…she doubted Jill would ever forgive her.

“Say…if for whatever reason we do drift apart…”  
“Witches don’t believe in divorce. When we marry, we share our magical power with our spouse. Some of the older witches like to kill off a spouse if they became distant so they could get it back. It isn’t required, and I would never do that to you.”  
“…Thank you.” Jill hugged her wife tighter. Even though a small part of her nightmare was true, she believed that Vivi wouldn’t do something to her.