*Medallion of the Gluttonous Witch #8*

It was another day, another lunch hour in the school of wizardry, but the gloomy atmosphere that had come over the school in the past few days still lingered. No one had heard from the teachers or the head students in the past day, striking fear into everyone that they too had fallen prey to whatever was lurking the shadows of Hogwarts. As everyone filed into the feast hall, not many felt hungry for lunch. Shifting eyes and shuddering bodies showed the dwelling fear that each one of them would be next to vanish without a trace.

If they knew just how right those instincts were, they wouldn’t have walked right into the clutches of what they feared.

As soon as everyone was there, the house elves closed the door and sealed it shut, eyes filled with regret as they did. Confused murmurs filled the air as the students of magic took their seats, finding no food prepared and waiting for them. Their imaginations grimly wild, assuming the worst had happened until one voice boomed over them all.

“Hey, where's the food!?”

“I can answer that.”

Everyone turned their attention to the front and where the staff normally sat and ate was a familiar face: Luna Lovegood, a slight smirk on her face as she studied her nails.

“But I think it's better if I show you.” She said before her wand slipped out from under her sleeve into her hand, twirling it briefly before pointing towards the students, a wave of bright energy exploding from its tip and washing over the crowd of students. At first, it didn’t seem like anything happened, but when someone’s scream echoed from the corner of the massive room, everyone turned to see a freshman slowly rise into the air. Soon, others did the same until everyone was thrashing in the air.

“Hey, what’s going on!?”

“Put me down!”

“St-Stop!”

The witch giggled into her hand.

“Just relax, my dearies. It’ll be all over soon.”

She opened wide, her mouth coming apart not unlike a python’s, and curling her finger in a beckoning gesture. Suddenly, a girl went screaming by the crowd with a magical force pulling her towards those gaping jaws; impacting with enough force to send half her body down Luna’s gullet. Screams of horror echoed across the lunch hall as the poor girl was devoured whole and alive, slipping down the tight passage down and spilling out into the stomach below, prompting it to balloon outward with subtle outlines of its prey.

“Mmmm, how delightful.” she cooed, licking her lips and caressing the girl’s screaming image. “Don’t you worry everyone, I have enough room for all of you.”

She opened her mouth again and another student came zipping inside, beginning the Witch’s horrifying feast. One at a time, the students were cast into the pit of her wretched stomach, making it grow and squirm with every person cruelly packed inside. The hall was filled with screams and cries for help, the students thrashing futility trying to escape their horrible fate; only to end up as her next meal. At first, Lucilda took her time to savor each boy and girl that came across her tongue, but as her stomach grew, so did her voracious hunger. She consumed one right after the other without a care in the world, now more intent on filling her belly to its limits, though it wasn’t until the end that she seemed to reach that limit; much to the horror of her meat.

After the last student descended down her gluttonous throat, Lucilda let out a contented sigh, caressing just a small part of the mountainous orb she called al stomach. Having not eaten this much in centuries, She was in a high of absolute pleasure, her eyes rolling back and drooling tongue hanging from her mouth. So many souls struggling within her, nearly every student in the school being processed and digested within, their delicious cries of suffering adding the perfect seasoning to her post-meal ecstasy. Her stomach was beyond its limits, aching in a way she found positively delightful.

“Mmhmhm-hahahahaaaaaaaa! Yes, yes! Squirm for me, my little morsels!” She bellowed. “Suffer within me and be grateful I’m making you apart of something grander than your pathetic lives!”

Various replies emerged from her gut, distraught faces appearing here and there around the surface with the imprints of hands and feet pushing outward.

“Please, I’ll do anything, have mercy!” cried one face, in particular, emerging from her gut just inches away from Lucilda’s own. She just giggled and with a single finger, pushed it back. It was a complete chaotic hell in the belly of the gluttonous witch. Hundreds of student bodies piled on one another, so packed together that they were nearly crushing one another, let alone barely able to move. This wasn’t helped by the walls constantly contract, mercifully loosening up before tightening around them all; getting screams and cries of pain every time. No one had it worst, however, than the poor souls pressed against the acidic, fleshy walls of the witch’s belly. As soon as the powerful gastric juices started to seep and soak their bodies, their skin erupted in the fiery pain of digestion. Clothing yielded and flesh burned while the acids dug their way in without mercy, slowly liquifying the first of many.

Lucilda grinned, the cacophony of digestive noises rumbling so loud and hard was like music to her ears. The same couldn’t be said for Luna Lovegood on the other hand. So many people, so many friends and peers, all in one sitting. All suffering the fate only a few shared before, now in mass. All their cries becoming an amalgamation of suffering. The horrific sight, the nightmarish imaginations, the bloodcurdling sounds, combined was the final blow that shattered Luna’s sanity. No longer could she feel anything, think anything. Ethereal eyes just stared across thousands of miles, mind broken from despair and guilt.

It took almost a day for Lucilda to completely digested the entire feast hall of students, wanting to take her time with this one and thanks to the house elves coordinating off the area, she wouldn’t have anyone to pester her. Over the many passing hours, her stomach roared as it mashed and melted the student body, the screams intensifying hear and there, as perfect, beautiful sigh of flesh-dissolving and bones break. In time, those in the middle were drowning in the remains of those in the outer circle, the cries gargled while they squirmed for air, only to fade away. By evening, not a soul within her lingered in this world. As the night went on, her titanic belly began to shrink and her body began to swell. All those precious nutrients and magic flowing through her intestines were greedily stolen to make her fatter and fatter, her magical energies surging with raw power.

By morning’s light, Lucilda was nearly a blob of a woman, breasts, ass, and thighs nearly as thick as that fat, grumbling gut hanging from her abdomen. She had slept rather peacefully once the screams had stopped, but found a rather rude awakening when the table reserved for staff suddenly snapped in half beneath her doughy, flabby ass, jarring her from her deep sleep.

“Ugh, damnable slate of wood!” She growled, before looking over her body. “Oh my, you all did quite a number on my body, but with this raw magical strength you’ve given me, it well worth a little fat.”

She tried to stand, but after a few times, she looked at her enormous body again.

“Oh dear...I didn’t think I would get too big to even stand!” She chuckled to herself. “Then again, I can’t remember the last time I had a meal this big, I should’ve known this would happen. Well, it's nothing that a spell can’t fix.”

She heaved a heavy, heavy sigh and rested her head against her pillowy, thick breasts; drifting back to peacefully slumber.

“But for now, I rest.”