The witch would be upon the town by sundown, as was custom. Doors were barred, windows fixed shut; families huddled together in darkness, none daring so much as to light a candle, lest they garner any unwanted attention. The streets were silent, save for the sobbing of a lone maiden.

Aerin Boutas had awoken that morning to the sound of her parents outraged cries. The witch's mark had been scrawled onto the gatepost of their estate. Their cherished firstborn had been chosen. The realisation struck Aerin like a numbing blow, barely reacting as her parents hugged her, wailing, ‘our precious daughter,’ over and over again, their tears dampening her nightgown.

Word spread fast and before long a group of townspeople had gathered outside the gates; preparations had to be made, after all. Her father argued with them for a solid hour, accusing each and every person of forging the mark, of striking a deal with the witch, anything besides the simple fact that his daughter had been chosen. In the end it was Aerin who opened the gates and gave herself up to the group. They hurriedly led her away. Amongst the solemn faced townsfolk was her betrothed, Ullen. He had proposed to her just days prior.

Now, in the waning twilight she stood alone, tied to the ceremonial stake in the town centre. A wreath of pine, juniper and ivy nestled atop her golden hair. Little was truly known of what the witch did with her sacrifices, though Aerin held little hope that her intentions were benign. The popular consensus was that she devoured her victims, shrinking them to the size of a mouse then swallowing them alive. The thought alone left her knees weak.

A gust of wind swept up the road, then came a sultry hum. A figure approached in the distance. Aerin's stomach knotted, hairs standing on end. Closer the figure drew, wide hips swaying with each step. Long, wavy black hair, skin like burnished bronze, piercing eyes of deepest jade. She had heard stories of the witch's otherworldly beauty though she doubted it could match her own for she had been widely regarded as the fairest of the town. Seeing the witch up close, however, left her with a sinking feeling of inadequacy. Zaphala the Insatiable they called her; an apt name if her figure was anything to go by for she looked as though she had never gone hungry for a minute of her life. Her hips, thighs, breasts and rump all denoted the generosity she clearly afforded herself in matters of food. Then came the uncomfortable thought that she would be adding to the witch's generous figure before long. A whimper escaped her as the witch drew closer.

She towered over Aerin, who was rather petite in contrast. Smiling, the witch gripped a handful of Aerin's hair and pulled her head to one side and smelled her neck, breathing deep. The wreath landed with a whisper upon the cobbles.

‘Hmmmm,’ a thoughtful pause, then her tongue snaked its way up her neck and cheek, goosebumps erupting in its wake. Aerin shuddered, heart hammering in her chest. Long fingernails painted crimson traced her body, fingertips squeezing her waist. She squirmed in the witch’s grasp.

‘How old are you, girl?’

She tried to speak, but barely managed a croak through her dry throat.

The witch chuckled to herself, ‘no need to be nervous, sweet thing.’

‘Twenty summers.’

‘Young *and* noble-born, what a treat,’ she looked the girl up and down, laughed again, ‘so petite, I could probably gobble you up just as you are. Should I try?’

Aerin yelped, the witch's tongue lashed out again, licking her face up and down, leaving sharp smelling saliva all over her face, dripping down her neck. Blinking frantically to clear the spittle from her eyes, Aerin noticed someone approaching. Her betrothed, Ullen, sword in hand, sneaking up behind the witch. She wanted to scream to him to turn back. There was no fighting witches, everyone knew that; but the reality was he was now doomed, whether she warned him or not.

Two paces away he lunged. Zaphala's hand was a blur, gripping the blade between her thumb and index finger she snapped it with no effort. Shards clattered on the stone floor. She winked at Aerin then turned to her would-be assailant, who quivered, dropping his broken blade. ‘I see someone has yet to realise their place in my world.’

‘Please don’t hurt him,’ Aerin cried.

‘Hush, girl,’ Zaphala said, taking a step toward Ullen. He stared up at the witch, face pale, pupils dilated. Seeing the fear writ upon his face, she flashed her teeth in a wicked smile, ‘I know just the place for you, boy. But first let’s remove those garments of yours.’ A snap of her fingers, Ullen's clothes vanished leaving him shivering, covering his crotch with his hands. She then removed her own silken robes to reveal her naked form in all its curvaceous perfection.

Ullen made to speak, but Zaphala placed her finger on his lips, ‘say nothing. Shrink for me.’

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A tingling sensation stole over Ullen's body, the world around him growing larger. All hope of saving his beloved melted away. Craning his neck up he saw the witch looking down at him with an avaricious glint in her eyes. She squatted over him and Ullen couldn’t help but look at her huge, glistening vagina, now large enough to swallow him entirely. The witch laughed, and Ullen realised he was stiff.

‘Oh dear,’ she said, ‘looks like our *brave* little hero has forgotten all about the poor maiden.’

His cheeks burned red with shame.

‘No need to be embarrassed, little one. Men know a superior woman when they see one.’ Her huge hand descended and gripped him tight. She sat opposite Aerin, legs spread, and pressed Ullen into the damp warmth of her womanhood. He tried to resist, but there was little he could besides writhe against her powerful grasp. Juices covered his body and seeped into his mouth. In his struggles, he found himself slipping into her. Arms and legs sliding into the slick warmth below, plush flesh happily accepting his tiny body.

The witch moaned like a shameless whore, her pleasure reverberating through the whole town. He'd only told his closest friends of his plans to save Aerin, what must they be thinking at the sound of this din? To die at the hands of a witch was one thing, but to be remembered as one who forsook his betrothed to fulfill demonic pleasures of flesh would bring shame upon his family. That was, of course, to say nothing of poor Aerin who still watched as the witch stole her love before her very eyes. They had been saving themselves for each other. The sanctity of their vow now devoured by the monstrous vagina he was being forced inside of.

He was waist deep, and getting pushed deeper. She worked him like a sex toy. In and out. He found himself working with every motion, gasping with the intense pleasure coursing through his body. Then, seconds away from climax, he was pulled out into the cold outside world.

‘Ahh, look at him squirm, ready to spill his seed in me.’

Ullen could not bear to look at Aerin, her hopeless sobs hammering home the shame he had brought upon them both. The witch placed him on the ground, his knees wobbled, but he managed to stay upright.

‘Hold still, little one, and await your fate.’

Zaphala knelt over him, parted her huge ass-cheeks. The sight of her vagina had made him nervous but now her anus had him downright terrified, drawing inexorably closer. He tried to run, but found his muscles would not obey. He was frozen in place unable to do anything besides watch as her anus quivered in anticipation. Barely inches away now, her heat radiating onto his face. Then came the smell. He’d never been this close to such a disgusting part of the body, but the scent was just as he expected: musty, unclean, hinting of what was stored within. It covered his face, the muscles tightening around him like a vile kiss. He held his breath, pressure and heat swallowing his head. Fingers gripped his legs and pushed him deeper. Barely managing a minute, he gasped for air, choked on the fetid humidity that invaded his lungs.

Whatever spell the witch had cast upon him had seemingly worn out as he was now able to struggle desperately against the huge forces sucking him into the witch’s anus. Not that that helped. Hands pushing against the cushiony flesh of her ass, he slid himself back a fraction of an inch, only to be sucked back in up to his waist by the sphincter muscles. Hot, vile juices stung his eyes, defiled his tongue with their foul taste. The cruelty of witches was well known, yet had Ullen known the extent of their perversity he’d have never left the safety of his homestead. Never again would he feel clean, never again would he be able to look his family or friends in the eye. If he made it out alive, that was.

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Through blurry eyes, Aerin watched her beloved’s legs kick frantically as they disappeared, swallowed up by the ring of pink flesh. Along with him, all the hopes she had for their future. Love, family, prosperity, all to be dissolved within this fat witch’s rectum.

‘Mmm,’ Zaphala purred, 'oh, how he squirms.’ She rose, caressing her waist. ‘Men of his ilk are good for little else.’

‘What would you know of *his ilk*, harlot?’

‘Oh, there's no need for that, girl. He'll yet live; for as long as I allow him to, at least.’ Her fingernails traced Aerin's cheek, ‘you, however...’

‘Do what you will. I've made my peace with the Gods.’

The witch laughed, ‘foolish child. Your pitiful gods won't be able to do a thing once I devour you. Your soul will be *mine,* forever trapped within my bowels.’

Aerin grunted, struggling against the rope binding her to the stake.

‘No use in that,’ she snapped her fingers, ‘your fate is sealed.’

The girl shrunk, floated into the palm of Zaphala's hand.

‘Look at you. Pretty, yes, but not much else to you.’ The witch's nail flashed, slicing though her gown like paper, ‘pitiful waistline, not much in the way of breasts. No, no. Your only purpose in this world is to nourish my superior body.’

Her lips parted to reveal her cavernous maw. Hot breath washed over her, beads of condensation trailing down the girl’s tiny body. Zaphala’s hand tilted, Aerin screamed, hands grasping for purchase as she slid to her doom. Her legs caught on the witch’s teeth and she landed face-first onto her bumpy, wet tongue. Every breath roared through her ears.

‘No,’ she gasped, staring down the pulsating cavern that was the witch’s waiting throat. The tongue rolled underneath, inching her closer and closer to the waiting abyss. Darkness then as the lips sealed shut. For a moment all Aerin could hear were her own panicked breaths and the squelch of liquid. Then came the sound she dreaded.

*GLUCK*

She tried to scream but Zaphala’s powerful esophageal muscles crushed the air from her lungs. The excited thump of the witch’s heart thundered in her ears then faded, giving way to the terrifying gurgle of her stomach. She landed with a splat into a pool of digestive fluids. The heat was intense, the air thick and cloying. Vile, viscous juices covered her head to toe, leaving a tingling sensation blossoming over her skin. Deafening rumbles drowned out her piteous whimpers as she felt her way through the darkness. Slick, ribbed flesh pulsated under her legs, making her tumble and slide.

A gradual, sourceless light filled the witch’s stomach, revealing the fleshy prison in all its crimson terror. Looking up, she saw a large bead of saliva dripping down from the esophageal sphincter. Managing to steady herself on her feet, Aerin jumped, grasping for the opening. Too far up, too slippery. Again and again she tried, to no avail. Laughter, then, in her mind.

*No use trying to escape, little one.*

‘Please,’ Aerin sobbed, ‘I don’t want to die. Not like this.’

*You should be honoured, few have the privilege of becoming part of my beautiful body.*

‘There is no honour in this!’

*Accept your fate. You are food. Nothing more. Once my body has extracted every last nutrient from you, your remains will be passed. Not before a brief reunion with your darling boy, mind.*

Those words painted an unwelcome image in her mind, one that would not disappear no matter how she tried. For how could she, when all that surrounded her reinforced the notion that she was little more than food. The pulsating stomach walls, the relentless growls, the acrid smell of acid and the stinging feeling that came with it. Sooner or later all that would be left of her would be bones peppering a fecal log, waiting to be squeezed out of the same hole that swallowed the love of her life.

And with that final image, her consciousness slipped away. The lack of air stealing her strength, the viscous pool growing larger, consuming her entirely.

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Time had lost all meaning, light was a distant memory. The bowels of his captor were as a purgatorial prison, forever dark, warm, the constant gurgles of the witch's digestive tract maddening in their relentlessness. Her feces now surrounded his body like a foul cocoon, and Ullen was far too weak to crawl out. Whatever shreds of dignity he'd held onto were now annihilated by the fact that he was a part of the witch's shit being squeezed through her rectum.

Sudden bright light burned his eyes, he was falling, fresh air making him choke. He landed with a splat into the chamber pot. Seconds later another log fell next to him and Ullen found himself looking at a skull. The realisation sunk in slowly, he was looking at Aerin's remains. Her other bones peppered the surface. Numbed as he was by the whole ordeal a pang stabbed into his gut. Both he and his love had suffered the most humiliating fate. That he survived was little consolation.

‘Still alive?’

Ullen said nothing.

‘I see you two *were* reunited. I am a woman of my word, after all. Oh, stop wriggling like that.’ A flick of the witch's wrist and Ullen was lifted free of his prison by some unseen force. It then floated him across the room and into a bowl of warm, soapy water.

‘Clean yourself *thoroughly*, then make your way to my bed. If you give me a good foot massage I might not eat you tonight.’