

My Delicious Savior

The darkness surrounded the short thief in her black tunic as she was dashing through the forest on her black horse. The winds blew through her blonde hair and round smiling face as she felt proud of her recent accomplishment: stealing the large stack of high-grade weapons from an illustrious blacksmith.

However, she was worried when she remembered that the village she had to pass through had increased its security dramatically since her last visit a month prior. She had stolen the Mayor's diamonds while he was distracted fucking a barmaid. He had caught her during the act and certainly didn't want anyone to know about his indiscretion. It was the first time she had really feared for her life. Security would be difficult, but there was no other choice because any other path, especially with the full moonlight over the magical forest could lead to fates worse than death.

Halting the horse as she neared the gates, she mentally prepared herself for the potential challenges ahead before dismounting. Using the bushes as cover, she found no guards near the gates. Deciding that the gates were still too risky, she decided to climb the wall and scout the city through the rooftops.

The climb was draining, but she made it and saw tons of smoke coming from the city's central. Thankfully the thrill of jumping from one rooftop to another was far more enjoyable to the Thief than climbing. Eventually she was standing atop a huge tavern in the city center and saw why the town had been deserted so far. The villagers were about to burn a witch at a stake.

Besides the witch were the mayor and a wizard. She had never seen a wizard before, and yet she could recognize him instantly from his long robes that hung almost as low as his beard. He was holding a glass amulet that seemed to be draining the witch, likely the only thing keeping her from tearing the town to shreds.

The mayor was just as short as he was the last time she saw him but somehow he got even fatter with fancier, more intricate clothes to help hide his pudgy. He was ranting about how the witch had stolen his diamonds and used them in her evil spells to abduct the local women. The whole explanation was ridiculous, and the Thief was more than confident she knew who was really responsible for the missing women.

The Witch, however; was a sight to behold! Pale skinned with black lipstick on her beautiful pouty lips and black makeup around her eyes and cheeks that enhanced her mature beautiful face and purple eyes. Long dark purple hair with the classic Witch hat on top. A V-neck black top that, despite already exposing bosoms the size of the Thief's head covered in a fishnet mesh, still struggled to contain her chest which is evident by the arousing tightness of the mesh around her breasts. Her fishnet stockings also barely contained her meaty thighs which were so thick the Thief couldn't help but imagine them smothering her. Her midriff was exposed revealing a gorgeous thin stomach with a crystal navel ring. The black skirt in its shortness failed to hide the posterior that was larger than the Thief's head, so large in fact that the Thief imagined drowning in it. In fact, if it wasn't for the Wizard's amulet, she would have thought the Witch had cast a spell on her.

The villager's shouting, "BURN THE WITCH" snapped her back to the unfortunate reality that this beauty is about to be burned.

Thief couldn't just leave the witch to die like this. Especially not one so attractive. Her conscious would never forgive her. Seeing the solution as clear as crystal, the Thief took out her bow and aimed at the wizard's head. The arrow went straight through his head, killing him instantly. Without waiting for the mob to turn on her, she whistled for her horse and began a mad scramble off the rooftops

The wizard fell, the glass shattered, and mouths hung open in shock. The Witch saw a glimpse of her savior climbing down the building before she disappeared from sight. With nothing holding her back, the ropes tying her turned to dust and the attention was drawn on the villagers.

The horse found it's master quickly, and the Thief wasted no time mounting her stead and charging towards the town's gate. As she raced through the empty streets, she couldn't stop from thinking about the witch. Imagining all the sexy things they could be doing if he turned back. The Thief's face covered in black kiss lipstick as she drowned in kisses. Feeling her lips come in contact with the nipples of the witch's bosom and sucking on it. Feeling her face against her gorgeous soft ass as the witch sat on her.

Yes! The witch could satisfy Thief's deep and secret submissive desires. stepping on her face with her lovely pale feet, and forcefully pushing her face towards

her sex and rubbing it up and down. Hell she wouldn't mind having experiments done on her as long as she pleases that glorious witch. The Thief didn't realize her hand was between her legs the whole time as she was getting wet.

She also didn't notice the bag of weapons expanding beyond its capacity until it burst open; dropping all the weapons loudly in the middle of the forest.

"Oh no no NOOOO IT WORE OFF ALREADY!!!" as the horse halted. The Thief thought to herself on how long her trip has been. "Ok so 1 hour after robbing the Smith, 2 to reach village, 2 to spent in the village, and 3 since I left it, oh no" Pulling a shrinking potion out of her pocket she looks dismayed as it was a 7 hour potion and there were only mere droplets left.

"DAMMIT Emy, how are you supposed to figure out which weapons cost more than the others when you know fuckall about weapons" she angrily thought to herself.

After a sigh, she knelt and looked at the weapons. A portal opened behind her while she wasn't paying attention and a familiar, pale figure stepped through.

The horse stowed up in shock and was about to stomp the Thief's head. "NO!" Shouted the witch as she shot lightning out of her fingertips on the horse, turning it to ashes instantly. The Thief nearly screamed but the Witch held her mouth and gave her cheek a quick peck.

"Don't worry-don't worry, I'd never hurt my sweet little savior." In truth she thought she was sweet in more than one way. "P-please let me repay you" then she let the thief out of her grasp.

"Okay okay, 1 thing at a time, who are you, how'd you track me down, and what happened to the villagers?"

"Oh dear, you're right. How could I be so rude? I'm Kate Katrina, Witch of the Black Tower," she said proudly as she offered to shake the Thief's hand.

"I'm Emy... just Emy for now" she shook the hand with a hint of reluctance. On

one hand, this is the woman that got her wet earlier by the mere thought of, but on the other hand she just killed her horse.

"I thought I'd never find you... But then I-" the witch took in a deep, sensual breath. "Smelled something so sweet in the air."

The Thief glanced at the weapons scattered around her at the same time as the fire between her legs spread down her thighs.

The Witch drank in the woman's fear. "Why are you acting like this? You have no reason to fear me, I love you" Kate said as she tries to pull Emy in for a hug.

"Y-you just burned my horse" Emy tries to push Kate's hands down.

"Oh, that-" The Witch dropped her confident demeanor. "OH MY GOD I'M SO SORRY-PLEASE, HOW COULD I REPAY YOU?"

Emy was a bit taken back by the dramatic change in tone. "Calm down!!! Calm down, alright?" Which succeeded in calming her down. Fortunately, the horse wasn't anything special to Emy, she just borrowed it from her Tavern's owner and she hated him anyway.

"Well... do you have a shrinking potion? Mine just ran out and the weapons are too heavy for me." Emy handed Kate's her near empty potion.

Kate looked at the potion's price tag, 40 gold coins, then laughed hysterically at it. Emy confusedly watched as Kate opened her mouth wide as she hung the potion above it. Emy was fascinated by Kate's mouth. The inside was dark purple, and her tongue resembled that of a lizard. Kate plopped the potion into her mouth and put her hand around her neck as she swallowed the potion. She felt the cold glass traveling down her throat before plopping into her stomach where it met the merciless acids within.

"I pity you" she says holding Emy's chin. "I really do, even the greenest of witches can cast this potion's spell for free. Whoever sold you this trash at this cost

must pay with his life. Allow me to give you a demonstration on the punishment they're receiving." With that she took her hand off Emy's chin.

Emy scratched her head wondering what that meant. To her shock, Kate pulled out a naked shrunken man from her right bra and dangled him from his arms.

"I've shrunken them all and kept some of them in this bag" she pointed at a bag hanging from the side of her belt.

"Some got away, would've caught them all but I had to catch up to follow that... scent," The word rolled from the Witch's mouth, her tongue flicking the last syllable at her prey.

"LET ME GO!! LET ME GO DAMNIT" screamed the shrunken man, but as he looked at the witch, all he saw was a wicked smile that intimidated his very soul.

"Oh, I'll let you go alright" Kate said as toyed with the man as she dangled him over her mouth. "Go to your new home."

Kate tongue slithered out and wrapped around his waist before pulling him inside. Emy watched half in horror half in arousal as the small man was slowly pulled into the Witch's mouth, her black lipstick acting as the perfect abyss to fall into. Remembering the deep purple flesh she had seen earlier, Emy almost envied the poor morsel. And then, he was gone, no more and a bulge in the witch's throat.

Kate traced his path in her esophagus with her finger, pointing at his form as he slid further and further down her throat in between her breasts and then ending at her stomach. Then she put her hand at the side of Emy's face and slowly pushed her ear to her belly. A coy smile grew across the witch's face as she felt the Thief's body melt in her grip.

Emy could hear the man thrashing, screaming, and digesting. The stomach made quick work of him and then he was nothing but bones swirling around in her stomach, ready to be released the next day. Nothing more than a small snack for the goddess before her.

Kate out a small surprised yelp as Emy hugged her, digging her fingers into the witch's sweet body.

Kate gently placed her hand on Emy's chin. "This is the fate of anyone who would dares to lay a hand on my savior," she spoke firmly, sending a shudder down Emy's spine. "Although," she hummed. "I do have to wonder... Why save me?"

Looking into the witch's predatory eyes, Emy couldn't find an answer.

"I'm a witch after all. How easy it would be for me to hurt you, just like those towns folk who thought they could burn me." Kate saw the hesitation in Emy's eyes. "Don't tell me you did it just for fun!"

Emy took a dry swallow. "To be honest," she began, taking a deep breath to recompose herself. "You were so scared-and I'd never seen just a single witch burned before... I couldn't let those men do that to you."

Kate released her grip on the young thief. "That's... true," she admitted, allowing her confident stare to falter. "I'm an outcast even among witches. I've tried to be friendly but eventually they all end up a part of me; my thighs mostly," she whispered, running her hand gently over the tender pale flesh of her leg.

Emy watched the woman's fingers drag across her tender skin and tried not to lose herself to fantasy.

"That's how he caught me you know," Kate added loudly, breaking Emy out of her trance. "He disguised himself and confessed his love to me... You can see where trusting people gets you."

Emy couldn't help but sneak another glance at the woman's thighs.

Kate caught the glance and let a sly grin spread across her face. "You know," she purred, "I think it's time you were rewarded."

Kate lifted Emy's ass her with just her left arm like she had no weight, and then Kate looked right into her eyes. "Tell me why you really saved me," she demanded.

Emy was trembling in the witch's grasp. "Ok! You're the most attractive woman I've ever seen in my life!" Kate admitted which brought a huge smile on Kate's face. "Let me take you to my home, my tower. If you envied that man, then I promise you'll feel like you're in heaven." Kate put her hand behind the little Thief's head and slowly pulled her closer to her face.

Neither of them could resist the other anymore, they opened their mouths to embrace each other. Emy felt ecstasy at how she was pulled deeply into the kiss; ecstasy at how the witch possessed her. Kate took in the woman's flavor, drinking in her desire with every kiss.

Kate broke off the kiss and pulled down the right front side of her V-neck top to show her naked right breast. It was nearly as big as Emy's head. The thief moaned just from the sight and then started to suck on it. To her surprise it contained incredibly tasty milk that gave her so much ecstasy that she let her lust take over and stopped thinking. All she wanted was more milk and Kate was happy to oblige.

Without Emy noticing, Kate had been slowly shrinking her, and before she realized it she was naked and the size of a middle finger. Kate picked her up and pushed her head into her nipple. Emy felt the soft nipple flesh engulf her head, pulling in her entire body. Emy found herself in complete darkness, yet surrounded in the milk that she yearned for. She layed on the soft flesh and moaned as the milk got warmer. It was an erotic sauna of delicious milk and Emy couldn't contain herself as she continuously orgasmed till she exhausted herself and slept comfortably.

When Emy woke up to see Kate naked and sitting on her knees on a bed. She also saw some milk dripping out of her right breast, so she checked herself and saw that she was still drenched in the milk. "S-sorry; I got your bed wet."

Kate drew her breast to her mouth and sucked on it a bit, clearly enjoying what she was tasting, before pulling it out with a slick pop. "Mmh, it tastes so much better when covered in your juices, my delicious saviour."

