“That’ll be $7.98” the cashier announced. Cleopatra muttered to herself and reached into her purse to withdraw the money. She drew out a five –dollar bill and three one-dollar bills and handed them to the cashier, a greasy young man with pimples all over his face accompanied by a thick pair of glasses held together by a wad of masking tape. He spoke with a lisp; every time he did so, it revealed his buckteeth.

The young witch had ordered the quarter pounder meal with a diet Dr. Pepper and waited idly in line until her time came. She opened the box containing the hamburger only to be unimpressed by it. The buns felt soggy with the cheese glued underneath the top bun. Looking deeper at it, she broke the meat in half seeing that the meat was bright pink in the middle. There were scraps of onions tossed carelessly in the box if they were unfortunate enough to not hit the landing on the meat. Twas was the case with fast food restaurants: they make their products look delectable by exaggerating the quality of the food until the customer actually buys one and is immediately out of luck because of false advertisement.

She looked at the fries and scooped a couple. She spit the chewed pieces of the French fries out of her mouth. “Bleh!” The French fries were drenched in salt, so much so, they were inedible. Not to mention they were suspiciously cold. Cleopatra wiped her tongue of the salty taste and pitched them and the hamburger box into the bag and crumpled it up. “$7.98 for that terrible display? They are lucky I am not going to rain down a hex on them.”

Cleopatra pushed her chair out from underneath her table and went to toss the crumpled bag in the trash bin. As she was about to tip out on an empty stomach, she paused for a moment. She turned around to see a young mother with her son. The mother appeared to be around her mid-20s and had a low-angle tank top, low enough to reveal that she was well-endowed with her melons bouncing at the slightest of movements. She had a blue jacket to cover her exposed arms and shoulders. And to top it all off, a white skirt, short enough to convey her plump legs and upper thighs.

Her son had a Happy Meal and wasted no time with reaching into the box and pulling out his toy. He was a small boy, perhaps around 8 or 10, with small, messy brown hair; hazel eyes; and a grey hoodie. He had khakis and Sketchers sneakers. Cleopatra eyed the boy over. She rubbed her midriff when it growled in aggression. If she was mistaken, the boy could have easily passed himself off as a girl if he wanted due to his delicate, feminine build. He slipped out a few fries and chicken nuggets and chewed them noisily whilst playing with his toy, a character from the MCU. His mother was drinking a smoothie and passively eating a salad when she looked up.

“Don’t eat with your mouth open, Conrad.”

He nodded and closed his mouth. Cleopatra rubbed her hands together. “Ooo, a little boy meal? He’d go down nice with my drink.”

She wracked her mind trying to figure out how she could get the child while no one noticed. She backed up and jumped in one of the seats that could hold more customers. She crouched down low enough to avoid detection, but she looked up from her hiding place every now and then to see what her prey was doing. Luck was truly on her side that day because Conrad had gotten out of his seat and was heading towards the restrooms. “I’ll be back, Mom.”

His mother smiled and waved at him. Her massive melons shook in a hypnotic wave. Cleopatra’s stomach growled louder than before, almost sounding like a rabid wolverine. She clamped her hands around her thin waist. “I should probably follow her home...after having room, of course.”

Conrad’s mother resumed eating her salad not noticing the young witch slither her way behind back. She waited by the men’s restroom for the young boy to finish up. She caressed her belly taking mental note that the wait would be worth it. There came a flushing of the toilet and the sound of the stall opening. Conrad walked to the sink, lathered his hands, and rinsed them before turning the knob counterclockwise. He took the doorknob in hand and turned it.

He did not anticipate what would transpire next.

Cleopatra attacked like a cobra and wrapped her arm around the young boy’s neck and pried him out. He tried to scream but the dastardly witch covered his mouth with her other hand. He thrashed about wildly, but this did not deter the predator in the slightest. She took advantage of his weak build and was toying with him over it.

Knowing that she had little time, Cleopatra opened her mouth at an inhuman angle further terrifying the young boy. She struck him with such precision completely engulfing his head. With her hand away from his mouth, Conrad took that opportunity to scream for someone – anyone to be his salvation -- and for the wicked witch to be punished for her most grievous of sins. But, alas, his screams were completely drowned out by the vacuum-like grip of her mouth muscles.

Cleopatra seized his arms and pinned them hardly to keep him from pulling himself out. The witch’s cheeks bloated every time he pressed against her cheeks. Conrad’s ears rang from the incessant sucking and slurping. His eyebrows were heavy with saliva forcing him to close his eyes for a few seconds. His head descended behind her breasts and entered the opening of her stomach. Her gut came with a strong, putrid smell, one of sulfur. The fries she had eaten were already in the process of being digested when the young boy was forced down her gullet.

Cleopatra’s tummy puffed out from the combined weight of the child, but Cleopatra was still at it. After completely engulfing his head, Cleopatra tilted her head to work around the boy’s shoulders and dragged them in. Despite having to do this in haste, Cleopatra couldn’t help but appreciate the buttery pecan taste he had likely as the result of some kind of lotion of which she did not know nor care.

She slid her tongue onto Conrad’s chest, nibbling on it a few times. It was unwarranted, sure, but any sadistic pred, or mischievous one, would love to tease their meal before sending it off. Her hands freed, Cleopatra took the boy’s pelvis and pushed harder on the boy. He yelped and punched Cleopatra’s stomach walls still having some faith that he could punch himself out of his fate. But more of his lower body was plunged down her esophagus and his space was already getting thin.

Cleopatra swallowed again now leaving only his legs visible. With one final gulp, she closed her mouth around his feet. She collapsed on her knees when the full weight of her meal became realized. Conrad kicked and bashed continuously. His body pressed against Cleopatra’s belly leaving a visible, detailed bulge beneath her skin. Cleopatra belched and gave her belly a good smack.

“Oh, god, you were the best thing I ever tasted!”

Conrad was already crying. Green mucous rolled down his cheeks and into the stomach juices. He was forced into a ball completely at the mercy of the evil witch’s stomach. His movements quickened. “I want my mommy!!”

Cleopatra felt a tingle in her pussy and lightly flicked it. “I’m your mommy now, kid.”

Conrad was hyperventilating now. Oxygen was slowly being depleted from his fleshy prison and he could feel the acid already burning his skin. The walls were closing in to compress and grind him into an unrecognizable slurry of blood, flesh, and small hints of hair and bones. And then whatever was left of him would be absorbed into Cleopatra’s bloodstream and sustain her. She would likely hunt for more kids to subject to the same fate like himself, and she would forget all about him in about a week or so.

“Wah!! I’m not food!! This isn’t funny!!” he whimpered. His hyperventilating was becoming increasingly worse.

“It is funny for me,” Cleopatra in her deadpan matter-of-fact tone. “Lemme tell you how this will all play out.”

“Please!!”

“My tummy will break you down into a nice little goop and then it’ll force whatever’s left of your husk into my small and large intestines where...it’ll truly be over for you.”

“Please let me out,” Conrad begged again. The acid was up to his neck now and his body was on fire. Imagine being strapped down, exposed to the elements, while your tormentor dropped melting wax on your body.

Cleopatra chuckled. “I will let you out.”

Conrad’s crying ceased and a slight smile spread across his face. “Really?”

“I will...when I shit you out!”

Horrified, Conrad’s screaming grew stronger and his fight or flight reflexes kicked back in. The sound of the stomach’s churning blocked out his screaming and crying. Cleopatra laughed at herself and her little joke and rolled over to grab hold of the doorknob to inch herself back up. She held her boy-filled belly with her hands and strolled out of the door leading to the restrooms.

Conrad’s mother had already finished her lunch and threw it in the trash bin. She was standing close to the restroom when she noticed that her son hadn’t returned. She met the young witch when she was on her way out. “Excuse me, have you seen my boy?”

Cleopatra rubbed her chin. Conrad was still kicking away, but he took it up a knotch when he heard his mother’s voice. “Did he have short brown hair?”

The mother nodded. “Yes.”

“Did he have a grey hoodie?”

“Yes.” The mother held her knuckles in anticipation.

“And did he have a girly face?”

“Yes, yes that is exactly my son you are describing!”

Cleopatra shrugged her shoulders. “Never seen \*UUUUURRRRRRPPPPPP\* him.”

The mother looked down on the ground dejected. “Sorry to have bothered you.”

Cleopatra snickered to herself. She was nearing the exit door when the mother directed her attention to her. “Miss, why is your belly vibrating like that?”

Cleopatra looked down seeing what she meant. Conrad was still very much alive and kicking. “Oh, I’m pregnant.”

There was a silence between the two that lasted for what seemed like hours. Eventually, the mother broke her eye contact with her and looked at the bathrooms again. “Good luck on that.”

When Cleopatra was about to say something, an arm rolled out of her mouth. It was Conrad’s: covered in digestive juices and wreaking of a halitosis smell. Cleopatra could feel herself recoiling at the thought of having to swallow his hand back down again due to the smell, but she closed her eyes and took a swift gulp. A muffled “No!” slid down her esophagus.

The mother’s eyes squinted in curiosity. “If you’ve seen my son, please contact me.”

Cleopatra couldn’t comprehend the level of idiocy the woman possessed, but she decided to give a half-hearted “sure” to seal the deal. With her not being the wiser, Conrad’s kidnapper slithered away undetected. Cleopatra probed her stomach noticing it being more squishy than previously.

“You’re getting soft on me, Condor,” the witch noted. She had already completely forgotten his name. Not that it matters: you wouldn’t name your hamburger “Mayer” after all. With her stomach soundly rumbling to do its work, Cleopatra smacked her stomach again. The broken and loose contents inside of it jiggled back at her like jelly.

“You know, maybe I should invite Conway’s mother to my house.” She licked her lips just thinking about those succulent melons sliding down her throat and into her mouth. “She also had a sweet peach; hurry up and die, brat.”

She cackled to herself. Like any apex predator, Cleopatra was already mentally constructing a plan for her next meal. She’d probably like some fries to go with that.