

My Sweet Saviour

The Top of the Black Tower, where the girls resided, is exactly what one would expect from a rich witch's bedroom. A wide room with dark purple stone walls and ground, A queen sized bed that they'll spend the whole night on, an unremarkable bookshelf near the bed's right side, and large pot on the room's left corner, and lastly a wardrobe on the far right.

Kate looked at Emy and felt like a mother joyfully pampering her child as Emy refused to let go of her breast and its enchanting milk. Emy's eyes were closed and drank like it was a bottle of heavenly water that's about to run out. When she opened her eyes and looked at Kate and, despite seeing the wide smile on her face, felt a twinge of guilt as she drank for a long while and Kate probably wanted to do something else. Emy let go of her breast and looked at Kate like an apologetic puppy.

"I'm sorry for drinking non-stop, I'd hate to bore after all this gratitude, so how about we-"

Her sentence was cut off as the witch pushed her head into her breast squishing it.

"Sheesh my darling, whatever makes you happy makes me happier tenfold, by all means guzzle my breasts for all eternity" Kate said in her most motherly voice.

"Th-thank you, thank you so much" she hugged Kate deeper and proceeded to gulp down on Kate's breast. The warm milk relaxed muscles that have only restlessness, and made Emy nearly forget how agitating her life really is.

At the moment Kate didn't feel like she's satiating her cute savior's carnal pleasure and more like she's aiding a child desperate for affection.

"Excuse my inconvenient question, but has your mother ever breastfed you?"

That might have been a mere observation for Kate, but for Emy the lack of parents resulted in a lot of anguish. After being at her mercy and entering her breast, Emy felt no need to hide anything from Kate.

Milk dripped down the bed as Emy begins to tell her story.

"I don't have parents. For as long as I remember I was raised in a shoddy farm orphanage. The Caretakers, if you could even call them that, were buff bearded bastards that enforced child labour and only treated the hardest workers with any decency" a slight frown can be seen as she recalls her past.

"It's actually how I ended up learning stealth. They didn't feed us much, so I ended up sneaking some food for myself. I would've given the other orphans too but I knew that the Caretaker's punishment is one that will make them snitch. One time they actually discovered 1 slice of pie missing, so I had put the leftovers another kid's bed and..and" she was looking down breathing quickly as she felt the weight of her guilt"

"They...they c-cut" Kate quickly put her hand on Emy's shoulder in an attempt to calm her.

"You had no choice, you had to fight for yourself, they weren't going to protect you so don't worry about protecting them," Kate wrapped her arms around Emy in order for her to feel comfort surrounding her. Emy's shoulder's stopped being tense and her breathing returned to normal, confident that she'll never return to that horrible life in Kate's care.

"Y-yeah, it was everyone for themselves. Which meant no one helped me when I was ill and injured" Kate held Emy's chin and looked at her with a genuine kind smile, a smile that assured her of a brighter future.

"Anyway, when we got older the assholes forced us to get her 30 pieces of gold each week or we're sleeping with the animals. That's where my origins as a Thief began. You know how most tavern visitors end up being rich, drunk, and drowsy bastards? Well I figured that's where my stealth skills to good use"

"But I needed to learn something else, how to be an acrobat. I needed to traverse through the rooftops to aid me in finding opportunities and escaping. It... wasn't easy. Most of my scars came from my early attempts" she says as she's about to show her the one on her side, but it's gone.

"I think that's enough for now. Let's enjoy the present, let's enjoy ourselves" Kate approaches her slowly, like a panther ready preparing to pounce on its prey. She licked her lips in anticipation and lust.

"Let me enjoy you"

Kate couldn't help but be mesmerized by her beautiful savior. Emy might not be as meaty or tall as Kate, but that made her charming in her own way. Short golden bobcut that reached down her ears, and it's fuzzy enough that Kate just wants to run her fingers through it and even smell it. Beautiful blue eyes narrow accompanied by sad dark circles, short cute pointy nose, and thin but kissable lips made up Emy's adorable round but tired face. Her body was petite but her stomach had abs. The abs weren't close to anything she'd seen on Amazons and Orc Women, but their presence how hard she worked for her skills, plus Kate had an urge to lick them. Her chest was flat but that made it cute in its own way. Her hips were slightly wider than average and it helped show off her attractive heart shaped rear. The witch couldn't help but

imagine her butt surrounding,engulfing, and swallowing Emy's comparatively much smaller butt with her own huge posterior.

In fact,Kate couldn't help but imagine swallowing the little savior in general. As much as Kate wanted to deny it, Emy looked absolutely delicious. The soft smooth caucasian skin along with her adorable smaller featured were just mouth watering to Kate. She knew what the Thief's mouth tasted like,but what of her skin? She's about to discover that.

"All I know is that I promise you a better life,my love" Emy then felt Kate's affectionate hands around her face

"our friendship will be one that erases our past scars,or make them all worth it as it leads to us being together" Kate says.

"We just need to do a couple of things first,so let's start with getting a taste of you~" Kate gives a long kiss to her cheek. Then a short one,and another short one. She tasted so sweet. Like a lollipop covered in a marshmallow.

Kate relishes on her taste as the short kiss spits were replaced by long strokes of warm saliva. Emy felt completely at Kate's mercy,like a rabbit getting savoured by a lion before it becomes its meal,and she couldn't help but find it all incredibly arousing. Emy shut her eyes and let the witch lap on her cheek.

But Kate didn't stop there,she couldn't stop there,she needed *more*. So she started tasting her whole face. Emy felt Kate's warm breath conquer her as she felt her tongue lick her eyes causing them to shiver,her ears causing her shoulders to rise,and her mouth cause them to open and embrace their tongues reunion. Kate felt Emy's moan in her mouth and swallowed it. It wasn't the only thing she wanted to swallow. Kate gave her cheeks and nose a nibble simply because they were too adorable not to. Lastly,Kate put her nose on her hair and inhaled her scent,she even smelled like marshmallows. Kate loved marshmallows

"You will be the finest meal I've had in decades,my love".

Then she stopped tasting her face. Emy opened her eyes to see Kate's mouth agape,big enough to put her whole head in. Emy stared at the witch's maw,admiring the saliva strings and dark abyss of her throat,as she felt a hand push her head closer to the entrance. There was no hint of regret in the Thief,in fact she couldn't have thought of a better way to go,being fulfilling nourishment to the most beautiful and friendly person she had ever met in her life was nothing short of a blessing.

She felt teeth around her face as her journey to the end began. Emy welcomed the warm breath and saliva strings as they invaded her face once again as she's slowly getting a closer view of the abyss that is the Witch's gullet. Kate engulfed her entire head and took one last lick on her face before it became acquainted with her throat muscles. Kate then held Emy's shoulders to her sides, lifted her like paperweight, and pushed her further as her maw stretched over her shoulders.

Despite knowing that Emy is massively turned on by this whole experience, Kate still took every opportunity to pleasure her savior to the high heavens, as she promised to in the forest. She tongued Emy's sweet little teats as she reached them, lapping them like an excited dog lapping its owner's face. When Kate felt Emy's tits hardening, and her waist aching, she swallowed her chest speedily to ensure her loins one aren't left unattended.

Kate couldn't help but pay Emy's belly button a visit. She raided the button with her tongue, causing her to Emy's feel giggles within her chest. Emy's abs were also stroked by saliva as Kate couldn't resist but cherish her modest muscular structure through a good licking.

Once Kate made it to the midsection she realized that Emy's pussy couldn't ache any longer. Luckily, she made it just in time for her long tongue to come out and catch the squirting. Her heavenly juices were just as addicting to Kate as Kate's milk was to Emy, so she penetrated Emy's vagina with her tongue without a hint of hesitation. The delicate pussy walls were no match for Kate's ferocious tonguing as her saliva reached areas Emy's body thought were unreachable. The delicate flesh and juices were so tasty that she let out a moan within her that vibrated the nether lips to their limits. Kate sensed how close the orgasm was, in response she lifted the lower body into the air and spun her pussy to the opposite direction in order to receive the spraying of heavenly juices. Emy's body spasms as she reached a powerful climax and showers Kate's face in the sweet savior juices she longed for. She made sure to lick off every drop of the precious fluids off her face.

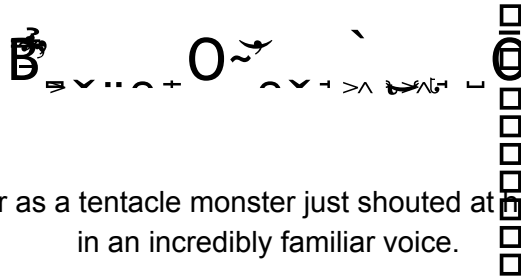
Kate couldn't swallow the lower body yet, not before she gets a taste of the petite rump. Emy enjoyed the feeling of her teeth lightly chewing on her bottom, the delightful saliva coating her ass cheeks as Kate savored them, the tongue penetration of her rearhole and the assault on its sensitive insides, and the massage that kneaded her cheeks and lazed her whole body to submission. Kate truly did deliver on her promise back in the forest.

Kate slurped the legs like noodles and gave the feet a quick lap before finally slurping those as well and shutting her mouth. With one swallow her savior and the tastiest prey she ever had was finally within her. Kate usually uses a hammer space spell to prevent a huge gut from ruining her figure while it contains prey, but this was the exception as she wanted to hold and witness her lover confined within her. All the sex, however; left her exhausted, so she fell asleep quickly while holding her stomach.

Emy would miss being surrounded by the relaxing and massaging throat muscles, but she was glad to finally reach her destination. When she plopped down to the stomach she thought she'd curl up but Kate's stomach was generously spacious enough so she comfortably sat down on the warm liquids, waiting for the digestive process.

Although, now that the high from all the pleasure is wearing off, she did figure out something she regrets in all of this: that she can only do it once. This is the last time she will ever see Kate, and while she couldn't think of a better way to die than offering herself to her, deep down she wishes she could do this forever. She's even wondering why Kate eagerly devoured her when she desired a friend.

Suddenly, to Emy's bewilderment, the hole leading to the rest of the digestive system started opening. She leaned in to examine it, then suddenly.



Emy jumped back in horror as a tentacle monster just shouted at her. Then she heard laughter in an incredibly familiar voice.

"Oh my god, I KNEW I'd fall for that"

The tentacles turned into something even more baffling to Emy.

It was herself.

The Laughing Emy climbed out of the hole and into the stomach that accommodated her size as well. At first glance she looked exactly like Emy except she had a black runic tattoo on her right shoulder. Laughing Emy noticed other Emy's attention to the tattoo so she turned around to show off her rear.

"Got one here too" she slaps her right cheek to reveal a red runic tattoo there as well.

Something else Emy noticed is that Laughing Emy's ass. It was still smaller than Kate's but much thicker than regular Emy's. When she turned around again she noticed that her breasts were slightly perkier, and her skin was a little paler.

Laughing Emy saw the confusion in other Emy's eyes and stopped smiling. She approached her tattooless self and wrapped her arms around her with ill intentions. Tattooless Emy oddly felt comfort in her arms. Very few people had the intention complementing, feeding, or even raising the Thief, let alone comforting her through a hug.

Tattooless Emy calmed down and hugged her odd self back.

"Sorry, this is too much to take in all at once" said the Tattooed Emy

"Thank you, and who are you" the tattooless one asked

"I'm...the real you. You're just a clone who's last memory was our mistress savoring you".

Tattooless raised her eyebrows and nearly gasped in fear, but Tattooed gave the warmth she needed to overcome this odd cold truth through a hug.

"Did you really think she'd devour the one who'd saved her life when no one else would? Despite finding your taste divine, she overcame her instincts to do that initially, but when I begged for it and brought up that I wouldn't find a better way to die than to be her meal she was shocked"

"Well how else would she react to a person persisting on being eaten?"

"Not at that, but at the recollection that the friend she'd want to spend an eternity with is a mere vulnerable mortal. Unlike her, ageless and powerful. Her heart shuddered at the thought of me dying of age in her hands, or in much worse situations led by her many adversaries"

This information brought a slight smile to Tattooless Emy's face. Despite the oddity of her current circumstances, she took comfort in knowing that Kate wouldn't abandon her so easily.

Tattooed Emy noticed that and rubbed Tattooless' head.

"But our mistress was no mere child with magic wand. She's ingenious, she's masterful, SHE'S A GODDESS OF THE DARK ARTS!!!"

Tattooless saw a vigor in her other self that she had never had in her whole life. Not even after overcoming the odds and robbing the richest of knights, mayors, stores did she have the same feverishness in her eyes as this moment towards the witch they were about to be nourishment to.

"She offered me to sell my soul to her! Live forever under her dominating authority motherly love,in exchange for my very being."

Tattooless was speechless. Are the runes truly the mark of her enslavement? Did she just sell her freedom forever for the sake of love?

"And you agreed to it. No,don't pretend you wouldn't have. If you had the opportunity to finally stop worrying about poverty,imprisonment,punishment and threat of death like you did for the majority of your life you would have took it! Don't act like this offer was one would refuse"

Tattooed Emy said as if she was defending her decision. In truth Tattooless didn't see herself objecting to any of it. After all,she wasn't the one to sell her soul but she was the one to sell her life without hesitancy to Kate.

"You're right,I can't see myself refusing any of it,I'm sorry if it seemed like I was judging you"

that reply made Tattooed Emy's heart flutter. She neared Tattooless' face with a bright smile and held the back of her head with 1 hand.

"No wonder she gave this sublime offer to you. The life if Thievery shouldn't have been forced upon a precious cinnamon roll such as yourself"

The gap between their lips vanished as Tattooed Emy took in Tattooless' sweetness. Kate did not exaggerate her deliciousness in the slightest. Never in her life did Emy imagine she'd want to eat herself but there's a first time for everything when her soul is owned by a witch.

"As much as she wanted to keep your all your preciousness,she knew she had to sacrifice some of it in order for you to turn you into a force that won't submit to anyone but her. After the soul selling ritual,which was delightfully intimate,she ate some pathetic villagers coated in my juices and fed me some too"

Tattooless was getting creeped out and stepped back a bit. Did she really end lives as easily as her lover?

"I couldn't refuse her no matter my thoughts on the prospect,and I'm glad I didn't. The taste of flesh,the sense of dominance,and the gains of victory(she says as she slaps her thicker ass)I can't imagine how I could live without these anymore" Tattooed says as she licks her lips looking at Tattooless whole her skin grows paler. Resembling that of Kate's.

The kissing was replaced by lapping as Tattooed leaned over Tattooless and had her way with her just like Kate did.

"But of course she had me remind me of my place. She smothered me,rubbed her divine clit over my unworthy face and came on me,stepped on my face and ordered me to lick her gorgeous feet,and finally she sat in my face then shoved it inside her glorious rump"

Before Tattoeless knew its her fingers were attempting to satisfy her jealous loins. "Later" Tattoeed said as she pulled her hand off.

"Inside I saw the scummy mayor naked,shrunken,and helpless. He caused me great terror in the past so I wanted the honor of ending him,and my mistress obliged. His journey from being my chew toy to being my assfat is one I'm not forgetting for ages"

They both moaned at the thoughts of the event.

"But more than that,the prospect of being a mere pet living within the confines of my goddess,or sacrificing my first body to become a part of her divine posterior were so good I couldn't help myself. I begged my mistress to devour me through it and in her selflessness she did. She also offered me the choice to stay in her intestines,stay in her cheek, or become her fat. Guess we both know what I chose"

"As for you,she wanted to devour me through her mouth to relish in my taste,so she created an exact clone of me whose memories only span till the moments she was tasting her. That's why she devoured you without hesitation,*and I won't either*".

Emy neared her Clones nether regions and said "Wakey Wakey Little Tasties"

Suddenly jolts of pleasure as she went through Clone Emy as she felt intense squirming in her nether regions.

"I knew she was gonna put them there,now I wonder how good I taste down there". She opens her mouth to reveal a tongue extremely similar to Kate's.

With it she similarly ravaged her cunt like a hungry dog with a bone. The flavor was just as heavenly as Kate described so she increased the intensity of her licking. Just as Clone Emy is about to climax Emy

Pulled her face out and open her mouth agape. The squirting she received was accompanied by a naked shrunken man bursting out of Clone Emy's pussy and landing on her maw,then he shut her mouth keeping him captive.

Emy put the man in her left cheek and tightly trapped him in it as she delightfully rubbed Clone Emy's thighs,put her hands under her thighs,swiftly lifted her butt up causing her to drop back down,wrapped her arms around her waist,and gave each cheek a long kiss then begins devouring her ass.

The berserk lapping of her asshole, and feeling of warm breathes and saliva spreading around it, was putting Clone Emy on edge for yet another time. Then she begins to spasm as the tongue probes the hole, violating her insides with saliva and thrashing as she relishes it while searching for her meal.

When she found the naked woman, she wrapped her tongue around her midsection and pulled her out of the hole.

Before the woman could enjoy the fresh air outside the confines of the ass she saw Emy's wicked smile and knew she wasn't getting out of this mess so easily. The tongue dragged her back in and out, in and out, in a rapid pace that broke Clone Emy's limit. She squirted one more time, showering Emy as she coats the naked woman in the juices, savors her, and unites her with the man in her mouth.

Clone Emy lays back on the wall of stomach flesh. She could barely stay conscious at this point. Emy leaned in close to her face and opened her maw to let her witness the helpless shrunken man and woman coated in saliva strings on her tongue, begging for Clone Emy's aid.

Emy pulled the woman out and pushed her to her throat. She leaned her head back and let gravity deliver the man to his acidic hell. The woman heard his screams and felt his bumping struggles with her throat muscles before she was forced to hear his agonizing digestive end. All while the little woman begged her to stop.

Contrary to what she thought she'd feel, Clone Emy felt awful at the unfolding scene. Something about watching herself statistically and those people that did nothing to her felt wrong as opposed to watching Kate end people so adamant on killing her.

"Don't worry, these people knew of the mayor's debauchery and let him get away with it unscathed. Me and my mistress have no intention of harming the innocent"

Clone felt the weight of guilt leave her chest and she inhaled deeply.

Emy held Clone's mouth open with one hand, the little woman clung to her fingers as a gullet was right beneath her.

"What do you say, have 1 last snack before I eat you?" Asked Emy

Clone pondered for a bit then shook her head. Her mouth was let go.

"I'll let that stuff to you, it's not really my thing"

"Well if I understand you correctly, submission is your thing, and in that case"

Emy gently pushed Clone down then Clone could see and feel nothing in her face but the warmth and softness of Emy's rear. Emy put a leg above the other and straightened them over Clone's body. Clone couldn't help but cherish the butt with kisses, and in response to her it pressed down in her further and shook her view left to right. Emy plopped the woman into her mouth, slightly chewed on her, then united her with what remains of the man.

"I understand why you were taught how to devour people, but where did the domination tendency come from?"

Clone muffled from underneath but Emy got a good idea in what she said.

Emy stood up, lifted Clone to the stomach wall, and was face to face with her again.

"Because I can. I no longer live in a world where I became what I am due to my needs, but my wants, and it's all thanks to you"

She put her hand behind Clone's head again. Emy didn't think of her as a mere clone anymore, but her past self.

"Thank you for enduring so much. Now let me put you to rest"

Emy says as the last thing Clone sees is her dark maw.

Clone's digestion was pleasurable and painless, as Both Kate and Emy wished it to be. The acids around Emy turned from a warm pool into a boiling sauna. She accepted her body's fate with a smile.

Emy's soul has risen above the body that was her grave. Looking down in her form all she could see is her frame in blue. She looked at her hands and also saw Kate through it, but couldn't think about her. The soul was dazed aimless. No heat emanated from it, but it can't shudder. It's only option is to wander off into the unknown.

"Where do you think you're going?"

As if a lost ship finding its watchtower, Emy had a thought. It was her love, her devourer, and her eternal mistress, Kate if the Black Tower.

She suddenly felt pulled down, as if she was chained to a steel ball. Kate turned around in bed for Emy's soul to get pulled into her rear's cheeks.

Emy felt warmth and slight consciousness once again. She wishes she could thank Kate but she had no mouth. Then she felt a pale hand softly rubbing and comforting her.

"You're welcome, My Sweet Savior".