

The Ogress of Onkley

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PART 1

On the night of the big Halloween dance, when everyone over 16 would be dressed up and partying in the old school hall, Freddy, a lanky, freckled 18-year-old, instead dared his friends Darlene and Hank to break into Bittershale House. He goaded them, saying he wanted some adventure, to experience a *real* Halloween treat. He didn't tell them he just didn't want to be around the likes of Sean and Diz, the popular kids who kept knocking him down. That, and he figured venturing into the creepy dark would be a good way to impress Darlene.

Bittershale House was a hell of a lot creepier than he'd expected, though, and he had to work hard at keeping his fears down. They'd got past the brambles and had to break the boards over a window to get in. The floorboards creaked loudly as Freddy led the way into a dark corridor.

"You really think it's safe?" Darlene whispered. She was skinny, in a loose plaid shirt and jeans.

"Yeah, I mean, we're in, do we need to go further?" Hank asked. His broad shoulders were on show in his tight polo shirt, but he sounded almost as afraid as her.

Freddy laughed back. "You saw how tight this place was closed; there's nothing in here but us!"

The house was falling apart, with holes in the walls and cracks in the floor, eerily

lit by hints of moonlight that got in through holes. The tall ceilings and long empty corridor created deep, stretching shadows.

“There could be animals in here, though,” Darlene continued, creeping behind Freddy. Hank stalled to look back, as though someone might be following them. But no one ever came to Bittershale House: it stood on the outskirts of Onkley, at the bottom of a slope that ran onto the polluted river, overgrown with weeds and walled in. The gates were rusted shut and the windows boarded; no one had been in here for decades, not even trouble-making teens. There were rumours about who used to live here, mostly kids’ stuff about witches and ghouls, but no one could remember far enough back to when it was last occupied or why it got shut up. All anyone knew was that it was *really* well sealed. It took some heavy-duty work with a crowbar and a saw to get in, and Freddy only dared do that because everyone was guaranteed to be at the dance.

“It’s fine,” Freddy told Darlene, with the whisper the house demanded. His phone-torch lit up big patches of mould and spiderwebs. No furniture, he noticed; the place was completely empty. “I reckon it was just structurally unsound, and no one could be bothered tearing it down.”

“Nah,” Hank disagreed, “something happened here. I can feel it. Can’t you feel it? This place isn’t right.”

Freddy laughed again. “Sure, keep telling yourself that.”

But he could feel it, too. His skin tingled. It felt colder in here, especially considering it’d been warm out in Onkley, for the end of October. There was also a funny smell in the air he couldn’t quite place – damp, but also kind of like old meat?

He moved on, a little quicker, rather than let his mind create things to worry

about. It was just a stupid, boarded-up building. Freddy would show Darlene he wasn't scared. They just needed to check out the first floor, pick out a few interesting rooms, then that'd be that.

Freddy walked through a set of big double doors and froze as his light caught a huge shape. Some kind of statue? He edged closer in awe, saying, "Holy hell, look at that."

Darlene and Hank followed him in with similar sounds of surprise.

It was a huge woman, slouched on some kind of throne at the centre of the room. She was at least twice the size of an actual person, and naked except for lines of ragged linen cloth covering her groin and her breasts. Her *massive* breasts: this woman was thick-set all over, and particularly generous in the chest area. The pale moonlight, together with the LED from Freddy's phone, gave her skin a blue tint, but she looked totally life-like. Freddy took another step closer and said, "Can you believe the craftsmanship of this?"

"I don't think you should go near," Hank warned.

"Relax, it's just some kind of statue," Freddy told him. "A fucking *hot* one."

"Gross," Darlene said, but he didn't care. She was probably jealous; this thing was the embodiment of a powerful woman, one with proper curves, and a lot of it on show. Freddy took it all in; having barely got past kissing girls who were too drunk to know it was a mistake, this view was a rare treat.

"What the hell is up with this place?" Hank said, getting more agitated. He wandered down the side of the room running his own phone-torch over the wall. Like the corridor and other rooms they'd passed, there was nothing there – no pictures on the wall,

no furniture. Hank paused and noted, “This doesn’t go anywhere.”

“Huh?” Freddy turned to him and saw Darlene had stuck right close to Hank, rather than him, for protection. Typical.

“There’s no other doors,” Hank said, sweeping his light around. “This place is fucking weird, how’d they even get that statue in here?”

“Can you just –” Freddy started, but Darlene gasped and took a quick step back, pointing at the woman.

“She breathed!”

“Oh come on.” Freddy leered, turning back to the statue. It was a good joke, and unexpected from Darlene, he had to give her that. But his blood chilled as he saw it, too. The woman’s chest rose, slightly, then fell again. Freddy was only a couple of feet away, now, and found himself drawn even closer, raising his free hand. No way it was alive.

“Don’t touch her, for fuck’s sake!” Hank hissed, pushing Darlene back behind him for protection. “Let’s get the hell out of here.”

“You’re such a damn wuss,” Freddy shot back, galvanised by the big guy’s fear. “Look, the pair of you, it’s just a trick of the light.” He patted the big woman’s thigh, to demonstrate, but the moment his hand touched her flesh he realised his mistake. The skin was warm, hard with muscle but also softer than any statue. Freddy held his hand there for a second, imagining he felt the beast moving, flesh tightening as it responded to his touch. It was impossible, there was no way a woman could be this big, and how could she be in here, locked up, hidden –

He barely had time to register those panicked thoughts before the woman suddenly moved, eyes shooting open. Two huge hands slapped down on the arms of her

throne as the massive face locked on Freddy, hanging above him. Each eye was the size of a fist, and unusually coloured, darker than natural, complementing her black lips and black hair, cut at a short crop. The mouth, easily a foot-wide, stretched in a kind of grimace as the woman's forehead creased – questioning who had disturbed her sleep.

“Oh shit,” Freddy gulped. Her big hand came up and he turned to run. He didn't get one step before the sausage-thick fingers closed around his neck and he was lifted off the floor. He gagged and kicked as he caught hold of the monstrous woman's wrist – grip sinking into the very real flesh – but his struggles were useless as she stood from her chair and carried him up higher. The ground groaned under her terrible weight and Darlene shrieked.

“Go!” Hank shouted.

Freddy's eyes bulged but he couldn't get out a breath to shout for help. Damn Hank, he was already pushing Darlene towards the door. But they'd come too far into the room – the giant woman was closer to the exit than them, and she took two massive steps to block their path, cracking floorboards and swinging Freddy about as she did.

Darlene skidded to a stop and Hank bumped into her back, both of them looking up with terror at the monstrous woman looming twice their height. They desperately turned to scramble in the other direction, but Darlene tripped on her own feet and fell with a cry. The ogre quickly trod a big bare foot onto her chest, sole covering her torso, and pinned her to the floor as she leaned forward and lashed out her free hand, grabbing Hank as he ran. She caught him by the collar, fingers squeezing over both shoulders at once, and heaved him up in the air.

Slowing down, the ogress rose to her full height, lifting both young men over her

head as they threw their arms about trying to claw at her. The monster pressed her foot down on Darlene, who moaned as she pushed back against rock-sized toes. The ogress shook Hank violently so he'd stop squirming, then brought him close to her face. She sniffed, nostrils flaring wide as a tennis ball, then looked at Freddy. He gasped for air, just able to breathe as he pulled on her wrist to take some of the pressure off his neck.

“Why are you in my house?” the giant demanded, her voice a low tenor to match her brutish size. Freddy tried to shake his head to deny responsibility, but couldn't speak with her grip on him. Grunting, the ogress swung him down and let go, so he landed hard on his back. Freddy yelped in pain and tried to push back across the floor, but stopped as the ogress leaned over him glowering. She said, “How did you get in?”

“Loose –” Freddy croaked. “Loose boards.”

The ogress looked to the side, to the corridor they had entered through. Her sceptical expression suggested she thought the boards were secure. They had to have forced their way in. But her thick lips curled slightly with satisfaction. Oh hell, Freddy thought – she had been trapped here, surely. Somehow, who knew for how long or with what methods. He had broken the seal.

“We're sorry,” Hank whimpered, hanging loosely from her hand. He brought his hands up together, begging. “We didn't know anyone was in here!”

“Please,” Darlene whimpered on the floor, having given up struggling, her arms resting over the foot that pinned her. “We didn't mean it.”

The ogress looked at them both, then gave a deep, rumbling laugh that shook Freddy's bones. He was rigid on the floor, itching to run but not daring to move now he was free from her. She was blocking the door, anyway.

“I said we’re sorry!” Hank continued desperately. “I mean it –”

“No need to be sorry,” the ogress told him, almost kindly, and Freddy saw the smallest glimmer of hope in Hank’s face. “You have opened the door. And brought me food.”

“Food?” Hank frowned.

The ogress released her foot from Darlene, who rolled immediately to the side and took in a big breath. Just as quickly, the ogress sat down, hardly giving Darlene time to shriek before the enormous woman’s boulder-like bum came down on her. Darlene screamed, kicked and pushed, but only managed to get her top half out from under the shifting giant, as the massive ass cheeks pressed her down below her chest. She pushed at the ogress’s immense rear, but her hands merely sank into the springy flesh, and after a few seconds the weight wore her down. Freddy gaped, knowing he should do something to fight for Darlene, but not daring move, seeing how easily the ogress subdued her.

The ogress’ focus was elsewhere, as Hank resumed his struggles, lowered so his feet reached the floor. As he tried to kick out and gain a foothold, the giant brought her hands together over him, one on each arm so her fingers enclosed his whole torso, squeezing him. Hank tossed his head about, shouting, “Get off me! What are you doing!”

The ogress gave another chuckle as she lifted him up and tilted him towards her face. She ran a thick, sloppy tongue over her lips and opened her mouth.

“No! Stop, you bitch!”

The ogress opened her mouth even wider, the jaw creaking as it stretched – unnaturally large, like the hinge was looser than a normal person’s. It was big enough, now, to easily fit Hank’s head. And that’s exactly where his head was going, as she

carried him, struggling, forwards. Hank's legs kicked even harder, but his head was squeezed into the ogress' mouth, and his shouts were muffled as his face was smothered by her tongue. She kept going, jaw stretching further so Hank's shoulders could slip in. Her throat ballooned outward as the ogress tilted her head back, carrying Hank up with it – his head was being squeezed down her gullet and his shoulders following. She worked her hands quickly, then, patting them up Hank's body as she shoved the rest of him in.

Freddy watched with wide-eyed horror and Darlene renewed her shoving, screams turning to tearful sobs. The ogress' lips slurped around Hank, sucking him in whole like a snake, his body constricted to weak wriggles as he slid into her throat. Her chest swelled, then her stomach bulged under her breasts as he was dragged all the way in, until only his feet remained twitching out of the ogress' mouth. Then they slipped in, too, and her lips closed as she gave a final gulp. The ogress opened her mouth again to belch, loudly, then ran a thick forearm over her lips and announced, "Delicious."

Her belly bulged like she was pregnant, the flesh moving where Hank struggled against her stomach, alive inside her but utterly trapped. She ran one hand over the lumps with satisfaction, then took a big breath and twisted her head around to look down at Darlene.

"More," the ogress decided, with a hungry look in her eye.