

OC (Smoge16) - Mari & The Wicked Witch of the Waist

Mari/OC, Stuffing, Mass Vore, Unwilling Prey, Asleep Pred, Pred-to-Prey, Digestion,

Graphic Digestion (Bone Breaking), Weight Gain

Drown the skies, hide the sun,

bring about a storm.

Show the road to my home

to keep my cauldron warm.

Heavy rainfall crashed onto and around the gnarled tree Mari was taking cover under. The deer girl lived in forests just like this one all the time, but this part of the forest was... different, somehow. The trees, rather than a lively brown and green, were all scarred, gray, and ugly, like the life was sucked right out of them. Thunder crashed down fairly close to Mari, causing her to jump out of her cover and right into the rain. She shivered under the unrelenting torrent, and thought it best to keep moving forward, lest she get hit by lightning.

The muddy dirt road and the dead trees were the least of her concerns, though. Even if she managed to make it out of the torrent, she would still be looking for a meal to fill her up. She grabbed at her stomach as she remembered her last meal: a cart full of goodies an entire day ago, but to Mari's ravenous appetite, it might as well have been months. So far, the forest had nothing to eat - at least, nothing edible. No berries, no fruits, not even a

traveller who crossed her path! All there was to eat were tiny bugs and dead leaves! Why'd she come to this stupid place, anyways!? She sat down on a root in defeat, and slumped her face down into her hands.

"Oh my, what's a girl like you doing out here all alone?" A soft voice above Mari's head asked. She looked up and saw a plump, motherly naga looking at her, holding an umbrella above the both of them. Her yellow-scaled, snake-like face was obvious with signs of aging, yet it had a lively and vivacious look, further emphasized by the hearts that patterned what was visible of her back half. The black, flowing clothes she wore looked like they had been ripped apart and sewn back together dozens of times, but despite that, they looked comfier than the finest of silks. The snake woman pulled out a large loaf of bread out of her picnic basket and gave it to Mari, who ate the whole thing in two bites.

"Thmpkh ymoph," Mari spit out a bit of bread as she spoke. After she swallowed her food, she tried to say something else, but a loud **gnngrgblll** interrupted her thought process. She grabbed at her middle and pouted, looking at her savior with her green, large eyes.

The naga shook her head, "Are you hungry? In my forest? Tsk tsk, that just will not do. Please, follow me!" Mari happily obliged, wagging her tiny, fluffy tail with a bounce in her step behind the naga's slithering. Around her, the stormclouds seemed to calm just a little as they made their way through the forest. "It may not look like it, but these woods are actually quite hospitable. Its bad reputation only came from hapless travellers disappearing from the path - the local town says there's a witch who steals them away. A

witch! Ha! Those tourists were looking for a good time off the beaten path and got lost, if you ask me!”

Mari nodded before she reached into the picnic basket and ate another loaf of bread whole. “Wrmow, mreat.”

“Oh, listen to me prattle on! I haven’t even introduced myself!” The matronly snake smiled, “My name is Ebris, I’ve been living in these woods for all my life.”

“Mmmri,” The deer girl tried to speak with the mouthful of ham she also took out before swallowing it, “I’m Mari!”

“It is so good to meet you, Mari,” Ebris said, “And look, the skies are already clearing.” She gave her a bright smile, showcasing her pointy fangs and sharp teeth, “I can tell we’re going to get along just fine.”

The pair made their way, making idle talk with each other until they reached a small clearing by a river. In the center of it was a stone cottage with a fire already lit inside. The dull green grass and moss of its lawn it was heavily contrasted by the nice blue of the river right on its edge and the gray trees surrounding the home. As the sun set, the gray clouds turned into a starry sky and a full moon, illuminating their way to the front door. Luckily, they made it just under the porch’s awning just as the soft sprinkle of rain turned into another downpour.

Ebris pulled out a ring with dozens of keys on it and inserted a rusty one into the door, “It may seem small, but I assure you, it’s much bigger on the inside.”

She pushed in the door, revealing a homely, well-loved cottage that had almost everything in one room. A massive bed was off in one corner, its center sunken in from years of being slept on by something heavy. An impressive kitchen was in the other, with beautiful rock tabletops and a hand-carved wooden dining set. The rest of the home was dedicated to a living room, complete with bookcases that lined a wall, an excessive number of soft-looking couches, and a roaring fireplace right next to the kitchen. The only thing that divided the rooms up was the central pillar, used as both support for the ceiling and as a beautiful aesthetic piece. Ebris slithered inside and gently ushered Mari to the dining table, pulling out one of its chairs for her.

The warmth of the fireplace next to it was a welcome respite to the both of them, especially to Mari, who was still stopping wet. The faun wasn’t used to such terrible weather, and quietly sneezed, sending flecks of water all over the place. Not wanting her beloved guest to be uncomfortable, the serpentine matron slithered over to a pile of various clothes in a hidden corner, picking up a thick blanket to wrap over her. Mari shivered as she was patted down by Ebris, but stopped as the fireplace’s heat seeped through to her body.

“Ah, that’s right, you must be starving!” Ebris went over to her fridge and opened it up, bending over and playfully shaking her womanly hips as she rummaged through it..

The deer girl could only sit and drool as an entire feast was pulled out onto the table, ready to be eaten. Mashed potatoes, slabs of ham, whole turkeys, wheels of cheeses, soft loaves of bread, layer cakes, fruit pies: there was practically an endless selection of food. The massive iron pot suspended over the fire seemed to fill up on its own, full of a thick, creamy broth that had root vegetables and cubes of meat floating around that gave it an aroma that made her drool. Once the entire table was overrun with food, Ebris took her place next to Mari, towering over her by “standing” more on her tail. The deer girl was already tiny compared to her when she was moving around normally, but now, she was miniscule under Ebris’s gravid bust.

“Goodness me, I must insist you stay here for the night,” Ebris bent down and cooed, “There’s no way I’d leave a stranger out in this rain, especially someone so... *pretty and young*.” She pinched Mari’s cheek to emphasize her concern, then scooped a spoonful of mashed potatoes into her mouth. Then another. And then another.

Ebris’s grin was wide and toothy as she shoved food down Mari’s throat, “Oh, you must be *absolutely famished*.”

Mari wanted to say something, but a constant stream of food in her mouth stopped her from speaking. Swallow after swallow, her mouth was never a second without something in it, but she didn’t protest. In fact, she was having the best time since she came here. Her poor tummy was finally being sated after hours of nothing inside of it, and with how delicious it all was, she found no reason to think of stopping. The turkey was seasoned to perfection, and juicier than any kind of meat she had ever had before. The game stew was

steaming hot, yet it only added to the experience of such a flavorful dish. Even the grilled vegetables were fresh and perfect in every way Mari could think of with each one served for her. She wanted everything, and everything she did get.

More of the table became visible as the piles of food gradually went into Mari's stomach. Groans and gurgles overpowered the crackling of the fire, earning a gasp of glee from the naga. Occasionally, she would stop feeding her guest to give her a breather, kneading, pushing, and rubbing her soft tummy to see if she could make more room inside. Of course, Ebris wouldn't have cared if there was no space - her guests would be pampered with the best care possible, even if she had to force it down their throat. As the last slice of perfectly made steak was finished off by Mari, the naga admired how easily she took it all. The faun's belly had grown large enough to push out the heavy wooden table a few inches from its original position, even as its edges became absorbed by her soft fat. Ebris pressed her head at the top, listening closely as Mari's stomach churned and crushed the food inside of it, working hard to turn it all into fat.

"There we go," Ebris wiped away the crumbs under Mari's chin with a napkin, "Isn't that better?" She gathered up all of the empty bowls and plates to the sink, leaving the entire table clear.

Mari nodded and patted her groaning belly, "Gosh, that was really good, lady. Can I have more? I'm still kinda hungry!"

Ebris's head shot up at the suggestion, though she quickly became excited, "Goodness, I apologize for having so little food for you to eat. I've had so many guests here lately that I

haven't had the chance to restock." Ebris picked up a cloak from her coat rack and moved to her door, "Please, make yourself at home while I go into town to get more supplies."

The soft slam of the door closing, along with several clicks of its locks, had meant Ebris had left Mari alone in her home. Which also meant Mari had full reign over what she could do around here. Finding the strength to stand up with her new weight, the first thing she did, of course, was raid the fridge - to her dismay, it really was empty! Absolutely nothing left, not even a crumb, except for a few glass bottles full of milk. Well... her poor throat was parched from all that food, anyways...

She grabbed one of them and opened its lid, sniffing it in case it was spoiled. Luckily, it wasn't; it actually smelled fresher than any kind of normal milk she's had! What was supposed to be a quick sip to taste it had quickly turned into a chugging session as Mari gulped down each and every bottle's content in a few seconds, scattering the empty bottles across the fridge. Milk dribbled down her chin and onto her now-sloshing midsection, then onto the floor as a small, white puddle. She licked her lips to make sure none of it went to waste, then left to continue her search for more food.

Unfortunately, Mari would have to wait for Ebris to return to eat more food. The kitchen cupboards had nothing inside, the shelves around the cottage weren't hiding food, and the secret basement trapdoor only had a giant, glowing circle that smelled like sulfur and ruined her appetite. She groaned in annoyance and waddled over to a nearby couch, designed for someone much wider and heavier than her. Without a groan or a bend, she sunk into the soft, pillowy cushions and leaned back, listening to her belly grumble as it

broke down its food. She leaned back and relaxed, letting both her stress and meals all melt away.

Out of curiosity, she began to scan across the room, noticing just how many pictures of Ebris there were all over the place. A few photos looked like they were taken with those old-timey cameras, and the clothes she wore in them looked equally as old. Most strikingly, though, was how much younger and especially thinner she looked, compared to now. There was also a thick, leather book under the coffee table in front of Mari that caught her attention; figuring she had nothing else to do but snoop, she picked it up and brought it to her face.

The tome felt exceedingly old, but it showed no signs of wear, at least not to Mari's untrained eye. She flipped it open, and saw pages full of indecipherable letters and illustrations, all of it in some weird, flowy ink. Almost none of it made sense to her, but as she skipped through its pages, she had begun to see a pattern: a monstrous, black-scaled serpent would occasionally be drawn between the pages with ritual circles or illustrations of spells, usually shown eating young women whole in very vivid detail. One crude drawing even had it battle an angel, only to have a halo come flying out of its mouth.

"Wow," Mari thought out loud, "I wanna eat an angel too." She closed the book and put it back in its place, speculating about what heavenly servants taste like. Probably cotton candy. "I wonder who that weird snake is, though. I wanna meet 'em!"

“THE WITCH IS HERE!”

Cries of panic rang across the town square as fairgoers ran away from the chaotic environment. What was supposed to be the annual Fall Festival - jubilant, carefree fun celebrating the turning of seasons - had turned into what could only be described as a free buffet for the massive, serpentine monster that raged through the plaza. Its black scales slithered over stalls of foods and games as it picked up anyone it could get its hands on, throwing them into its mouth to fuel its frenzied feast.

An endless amount of shapes of what were once people travelled down its long body, bulging out the morbid skull patterns that ran down to its tail, and they only continued to distort from their original shape as the monster moved throughout the town. It threw itself through building windows, only to come back out mere seconds later with a plentiful bounty of both food in a sack it carried and people in its voracious mouth, endlessly repeating its raids until it seemed satisfied by some arbitrary number of places it entered. Just as sudden as it came into town, it left, slithering through a magical sigil it scrawled onto the ground.

However, the damage was already done. Glass and debris were left all over the streets of the once-lively town, yet it was the least of their worries. Dozens of people had gone missing from its ramage, and no one could tell if they had been taken or if they were still hiding. Entire food supplies had been taken by the Witch, leaving the town with little to eat until they restocked - when news of a monster hits the outside world, no one would want to do business with any of the stores there anymore.

The townsfolk did not wonder if they could stop the Witch next time - they only wondered if they could hide before it found them.

Ebris crawled out of the ground portal and into her backyard, glad to be back home after all that hard work. It was really nothing personal against the townsfolk, they were just unlucky enough to have built their homes right next to her's. She waved her hands in a swift gesture, melting away the black on her scales back into her lovely dress again. The skulls that were once there shifted back into cute hearts, though the bulges going down her body were impossible to hide. Most of them by now had stopped struggling, either out of air or out of energy, yet they remained solid. Either way, their bulges wouldn't last long, especially if she could just find that digestion potion she put somewhere around the place.

Composing herself, she grabbed her keyring and unlocked her door, entering her home with a warm glow. Inside, she saw a now-fat Mari napping on the couch, her twice-sized chest rising and collapsing as she snored in her sleep. Her hips and thighs had overflowed off of the edge, most affected by the calorie-packed feast she had, not even mentioning how her belly had grown out as wide as she was tall. Quickly throwing the sack of raided food into her kitchen, she slithered over Mari to watch her sleep.

As adorable as Ebris found the sight, she had a spell to complete. Though... maybe it could wait until morning. It wasn't like Mari could walk anywhere now. She grabbed a blanket from her bed, and gently tossed it over the faun, watching as she let out a cute little yawn.

The sight was enough to make Ebris quietly 'aww!' in adoration. Ah, if only she could keep her sacrifices around forever-

"SOMEONE, HELP US!" One of Ebris's tail bulges suddenly screamed out, "IT BURNS!"

Immediately, Ebris planted a hand on where she thought it came from and pushed down, satisfied with the quiet 'crrnch' it made.

Mari stirred awake and rubbed her eyes, "Nngh...? Ebris...? Who's that?"

"Shh, it's okay, go back to sleep," Ebris caressed Mari's head, "It's just the storm. It'll pass soon." The deer nodded and closed her eyes again, pulling the blanket up to fully cover her.

As Mari's snores started up again, Ebris gave her remaining meals a death glare. It's one thing to somehow stay conscious when they should have been digested long ago, but waking her guests up for such a selfish request? That just will not do. With the silence of a stalking predator, she slithered over to the central pillar and coiled her lengthy body around it. Her half-melted prey started to stir as they felt their bodies unwillingly conform to the pillar. More and more of Ebris's serpentine body coiled around the pillar, careful not to do so too tightly. Once she was satisfied with how many she had curled up with her, she patted the face bulge of someone right under her.

"Don't worry, dears," Ebris gave them a warm smile, "This will only last a moment~."

With a powerful clench, the stomach muscles across her entire body clenched down onto the unfortunate meals. Immediately, Ebris heard she had the results she wanted as a symphony of pops, snaps, crunches, and cracks rang through the cottage. True to her

word, they only lasted a moment before succumbing to her brutal squeezes. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head and her nails dug into the pillar, unable to stop herself from crushing her meals even more. She thrashed her body into the pillar and clenched her gut whenever she could, lost in the bliss of literally breaking her meals down.

Srlrshll! Glllrrp! Crrck!

Every sound sent shivers up Ebris's coiled-up spine, and her shaky breath could only gasp at the feeling. Oh, it was such an incomparable feeling! She leaned forward to catch herself on the pillar, needing to catch her breath after that. The moment she relaxed, though, she felt a flood of crushed bones and meat flow down her body, and this time, she couldn't hold herself up after all that. She unravelled herself from the pillar and splayed out wherever she could, mindlessly taking it all in.

"Nghn...?" Mari stirred in her sleep again.

Ebris sighed and laid her head down, "Shh, Mari, it's just a dream..."

"Mmgnh..." Mari sniffed the air in her sleep, "Food..."

"...What?"

Ebris lifted herself up to see what Mari was talking about, and saw the faun open her mouth over her blunt snake tail. Apparently, the naga had accidentally hit Mari in the face with it, prompting the sleeping girl to react by thinking it was food. She plopped her mouth down like she was eating a popsicle, drooling all over it in her sleep. As cute as Ebris found it, it was still *her* tail getting drooled on.

“Ah, don’t worry, we’ll get you all nice and full tomorr- hmm?” Ebris tried to pull her tail out of Mari’s maw, but couldn’t. She tried to slither over to the couch, but with how she wrapped herself around the pillar, Ebris had little slack to move with. “Mari, dear, you’re eating me-!”

Even in her dreams, Mari’s only thoughts were about food. She had been thinking of the ripest fruits or the best meat - or even the delicious pasta she was currently having. The spaghetti in her dreams were huge, thick strands that couldn’t even be contained on the enormous plate they were on. She didn’t even have to imagine how full she would feel after eating all of it; it would happen, one way or another. She cartoonishly licked her lips in anticipation and began to slurp up the single, ridiculously large noodle, sauce or meat be damned.

Back in the real world, Ebris clawed at the floor, trying and failing to stop her consumption. “Mari, please!” She yelled out, “Spit me back out this instant, young lady!” The slack of her being coiled around the pillar began to decrease as more of her body was sucked into Mari’s stomach.

Unfortunately for Ebris, her cries hadn’t reached through to Mari. The sleepeating deer girl was swallowing the massive tail with surprising ease, with her loud *gllrks!* only making it all the more obvious to Ebris that she wasn’t listening. To make matters worse, her body was out of energy to resist from that earlier experience, and every time she moved, she felt some piece of bone jab her in her intestines, causing her to gasp in pleasure and lose

focus. Still, she had to do something - and fast, as she felt her coiled body begin to unroll from the pillar as Mari kept eating her.

"Hff-! Bent body, frozen blood - Our souls bonded as one - Your heart is now mine - Thr-guh!"

Ebris's possession incantation was interrupted as her torso was forcefully pulled into the pillar. She dug her claws into it, desperately trying not to get swallowed anymore than she already was.

"Mmm..." Mari's stomach started to grow taller than couch she was sleeping on. It steadily rose inch by inch as she gulped down more of the spaghetti wrapped around the fork, her gut happily grumbling as it worked on digesting its new meal. Luckily for Mari, this spaghetti was more flavorful than any normal kind of pasta she's eaten before, with an earthy, herbal tone that wasn't present in most foods. Oddly enough, it was also... talking? It wasn't really understood by Mari, but as far as she cared, it was asking her to keep eating it so she'll be happy and full and fat.

After an agonizing amount of time being forced to spin around the pillar, Ebris was finally unravelled from her last saving grace, but she still desperately clung onto it, hoping Mari would finally wake up before then. Without any strength left, though, she almost immediately lost her grip and slid right on top of where the rest of her body was digesting away.

"F-fuck!" The matronly snake finally lost her composure, "You fat bitch! I'm going to rip out your throat and eat your beating heart!" Her gaze was hateful and burned right through Mari's soul, "Do you hear me!? You're dead, whore! DEAD!"

As usual, the faun was too busy slurping down her “spaghetti” to pay any attention to what it was saying. Especially distracting to her, though, were the two massive meatballs that came along with the noodle. Each one was easily bigger than her own head, but they were in no way capable of slowing her eating down, especially not with how tasty they looked. She grabbed the both of them with her hands and squeezed them into her mouth, unable to resist their juiciness any longer. The way they floated along with the strand of spaghetti would have left her confused if she wasn’t so focused on the bold, odd-yet-satisfying milky flavor they had.

“Fuck, wait! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it!” Ebris cried and gasped in panic as her neck reached Mari’s lips, “Please! I’ll make as much food as you want, just don’t-!” Her last words were unheard as her face disappeared into Mari’s throat, joining the rest of her body in the faun’s merciless tummy. The writhing she made bulged it out, but that was the only thing Ebris could do, unable to move properly with how tight it was inside, and unable to speak with digestive juices flooding what little space she had.

Mari politely tapped her lips with a cloth napkin and let out a quiet *urp*, patting her belly in satisfaction. What a delicious meal that spaghetti was!

Sun shined through the windows of the cottage as birds chirped a lovely tune outside. The blue sky, once lost to the forest, was now here to show what a beautiful day it was. Mari sat up from the couch she slept on and stretched out her body, letting out a yawn that devolved into a lengthy belch. Her entire body had outgrown the heavy duty cushions of

the couch, overflowing off of its side and even off of its back cushion. She rubbed at her eyes, trying to recall what happened yesterday: she ate a lot of food, she slept after that, she met... who was it, again?

“Oh! Ebris!” Mari looked around the house to see if her host was anywhere to be found. With a quick glance, she noted that the motherly snake was nowhere to be found, but there were a lot of claw marks around the place, and at the end of it was the couch Mari was sleeping on, and Ebris’s tattered black dress, soaked in some kind of fluid. Odd.

Shrugging it off, Mari jumped off of the couch and moved to the kitchen, noticing the smell of food emanating from there. She rummaged through a sack left in front of the fridge, amazed at how much food was inside of it! Though... weirdly, she wasn’t hungry. Even weirder, she still felt full from last night’s meal. Usually, eating something like the entirety of the sack’s contents in the morning wouldn’t be a second thought to her, but Mari couldn’t bring herself to even think about eating when her stomach felt so tight and bloated.

Rather than question it, Mari rummaged through the sack and picked up a carton of orange juice she found inside of it. Opening the door to let sunshine in and herself out, she drunk straight out of it, feeling the delicious liquid hit the back of her throat as she left the cottage to go back to her travels. She wondered if the next town she’d come across would have spaghetti for her.