



This was the greatest Halloween night Travis' life. Not only did he unexpectedly get invited to a popular fraternity's Halloween party, but while there, dressed in the cheapest hulk outfit he could find, he had danced and even made out with the sexiest chick he had ever seen. In fact he was

absolutely intoxicated by the purple black clad 1993 style catwoman by the time their kiss ended that he was willing to do anything for her. In fact, even though he didn't even know her name he realized that pleasing her was all that mattered. So when she told him to take her to the spookiest, most secluded place for a midnight snack, he immediately obliged, in hopes that it pleased her. Not wasting a moment to grab a shirt or jacket as he walked painted green and shirtless out of the party, leading her by hand to his car and driving them directly to the Criminy Gorge Cemetery all in hopes of pleasing her. When they went inside and she straddled him against a cement tomb as she began to kiss and lick him hungrily, he grabbed her soft waist and plump ass cheeks, kissing her back, in hopes that it pleased her. When her eyes began glowing red, and her teeth began to grow long and sharp and he felt his mind slipping off into an all encompassing chorus of chants and praises of servitude he completely gave in to her power for all he wanted to do was please her.

When she whispered something about how he had better taste as good as he looked, he only hoped he did in hopes of pleasing her. When her mouth opened wide, and her jaw unhinged, and she began to lower her gaping maw over his head he leaned in with a smile in hopes that it would please her. When she began swallowing his shoulders and torso, she clasped his hands together in front of him and tried to be as still as possible as she devoured him, in hopes of pleasing her. When she lifted him bodily in the air, using gravity to assist her swallows as she consumed him down past his groin and legs, he kicked off his boots and crossed his legs, in hope that it pleased her. As she closed her luscious blue painted lips over his toes and swallowed him down completely until he curled up in her tight stomach , he squeezed himself into as tight a fetal position as his muscled frame would let him in hopes of pleasing her.

It wasn't until he felt her hand pat him from outside of her stomach, as he sat within what he assumed must've been quite a sizable belly, and until he heard her utter a strange series of words in an arcane language did he realize he had been under a spell. Suddenly he didn't care about pleasing her. He knew for a fact that he didn't want to be in her stomach. He realized that didn't want to be food for her or anyone else. But what he didn't realize was that at this point, it was too late. And now, quite ironically, the more he fought and kicked to free himself from her sweltering gastric prison, the more he pleased her.

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Korrina rubbed her grotesquely bulging belly licking her lips to savor the final musky flavors of the man in her gut. She grunted as she hefted her massively lumpy gut onto the same tomb she had only moments ago straddled him on. Massaging her stomach and humming in pleased delight, she felt her meal, Travis Meyers, her handsome strapping crush whom she had borderline stalked across the entire college campus all semester, struggle inside her for freedom. But she had him all to herself now, and isn't that what she ultimately wanted. She had not known what had come over her, but she had to admit she had loved every second of it.

When Korrina had first come across the steps of "Vashkeht's ritual of possessive lovers" incantation in a black magic group she was in on Facebook she decided it'd be worth a shot. Besides there was a full moon on halloween this year and that met one of the major criteria for the spell. The rest was surprisingly basic and benign to be of any truly dark magical power, consisting of burning select incense, candle types and drawing a significantly detailed divination circle on the floor of her campus apartment and chanting an odd multisyllabic spell over a few drops of her own blood puddled in the center of the wheel. Once complete and her intentions had been set Korrina waited. As expected she mostly expected nothing happened.

Not surprised enough to be disappointed at the waste of time she quickly prepped her catwoman costume in order to attend the Halloween party hosted by a popular frat on campus.

It wasn't until Korrina realized that Travis had also been invited to the party that everything had fallen into place. As soon as they had made eye contact she felt a sudden spark in her chest that, as cliché as it sounded, had to be some kind of magic. Something must have happened to him as well because he essentially became her puppet for the entire time they remained at the party. She had adored every moment of having all of his undivided attention she had been craving so long. But soon her passion for what she initially felt as solely sexual attraction to Travis began to mix and blend with a different kind of desire. A desire that could only be described as a deep emptiness needing to be filled. In a word she felt hunger for him. Though the feeling was not unpleasant, as he was so near her the entire night, she found his scent as mouthwateringly irresistible. She wanted to possess him fully, and he obviously wanted nothing more than to please her. It was the perfect dynamic. She needed him to fulfill her and he needed to fulfill her. And as soon as they were alone she allowed him to do so with his entire being.

Once the deed was done and her stomach bulged with the squirming form of her wholly possessed love she felt absolutely euphoric. With a deep guttural belch, she patted her stomach and felt Travis push back with an unexpected intensity, her only thought was that she had never been so complete in her entire life. But now that she was effectively alone in the cemetery, her only companion gurgling in her engorged stomach, she began to realize that she had not made any plans on how to get back home. In fact she was fairly certain the car keys were in his pocket in her stomach.

When she heard a low growl in the otherwise deathly silence of the Criminy Gorge cemetery that didn't come from her abdomen, she felt fear flood her mind. A fear that replaced all the confidence and power she had touted only a moment ago, and now she stood arms crossed in the cold night air and essentially unable to move from the tabletop support of the tomb upon which her large belly rested, due to the weight of the adult male jostling about in her body. She knew she was being watched though not from where, because the darkness of the secluded cemetery was nearly complete except for a dim film of light from the cloud obscured full moon.

"ANUAM REK HERACATH VASHEKLET ARZAH MER. ANUAM ARZAH VASHEKLET MER."

The deep breathy words came from behind Korrina, as if what had spoken them had been standing there the entire time. As if she had not just turned back from looking over her shoulder a moment earlier. Now as she doubled back she faced a large black silhouette flecked in bright luminescent gold symbols that shined brighter than anything should in such low light. Korrina knew this beautiful blackness was her goddess. This powerful feminine force was who had given her the greatest pleasure and that even a benevolent goddess would demand payments for gifts such as these.

As the huge lupine jaws descended over her head, Korrina didn't scream for she knew deep down from the very beginning this goddess Vashkhet, was no benevolent goddess. Vashkhet only gave so that she may receive. As Korrina was quickly devoured and curled up around her own huge belly within the goddess's tight sweltering belly she embraced the exchange with no regrets.

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The sacrificial meal sat heavily in Vashkhet's belly. Even in her true moonlit goddess form of the anthropomorphic black and gold wolfess, the combined weight of the man-engorged woman who had summoned her, and her beloved meal's over three hundred pounds weighed her down significantly. It took a few clumsy tries before she was able to get her own engorged body up over the wall where she had followed her subject and her worshiper object of adoration. Of course It had been so much easier sneaking in than sneaking out. Luckily it was halloween and

there was a good chance that even if anyone saw her they would probably think she was wearing a costume. She had attended the halloween party in her true form and had only been the subject of many drunk frat boy's adorations. It took a considerable effort to not devour at least one before she left.

Like all other gods and goddesses roaming this modern world of faithless abandon, Vashkhet had to do what she had to do to survive. Even if it meant releasing one of her once sacred spells into the vastness of internet like a bottled note cast into the ocean for any passerby to pick up and read. Of course over the millenia she had come to know humanity quite well, and it was no accident that the spell she released into the ether of the world wide web was at least on the surface, a lovers spell. In actuality it was a sacrificial ritual of gluttonous hedonism, but who cares about one more half truth in the sea half truths online. After all Vashkhet only gave that she may receive.

Using this lure Veshkhet had much success with succulent young men who conjured her into their lives as they vainly wished for some version of a perfect woman, whom she had become for them for a time, always before taking their delicious bodies and invigorating essence as payment for the pleasures she had given them. Being a goddess, Vashkhet had a particular affinity for the women who summoned her and often allowed part of her power to flow into them that they may feel the power and pleasure which she did. That way when they give of themselves to her as sacrifice it would be a rare and valuable sacrifice of willing thankfulness. She was a goddess and all goddesses. demanded tribute in some form or another.

After landing on the opposite side of the wall, Veshket patted her massively bloated gut once again, feeling the combined essences of her meal and her meal's devoured beloved blend into her own. Treats like this were such succulent experiences she couldn't wait to get home to enjoy herself further with her current demigod boyfriend. She moved as quickly as her gut would allow her to the nearest vielspot, where she and other Deity-folk could pass through to other locations.