

*In 500 Words*

*Sucy and her Belly*

*Contains: Same Size Vore, Describing the vore, casual vore*

It was an ordinary day at the extraordinary magical shoppe that you were interning at for the summer. Everything the witches for potions, brews, spells and all manner of things witches did, though today had been a fairly quiet day. Maybe a witch or two had come and gone, but just a quiet day. Then came Sucy Manbavaran. Sucy was normally a scrawny young woman, had to be in early twenties fresh out of the nearby witch academy whose name eluded you at the moment. Thin and spindly and dreary looking all made of a creepy image that made the goosebumps rise across the back of your neck the moment you laid eyes on her. Today, however, she was a much freakier sight than usual. As she perused the aisles, her lone unexposed eye peering over the shelves, her boney, robed figure was sporting a massive and perfectly round stomach that gurgled and growled and occasionally let out a small grunt and moved. Sometimes she would give it a knock on the top and said.

“You said you’d behave in public, fool.” With a blank and uncaring voice.

The entire time, you get the feeling she knows you're looking, yet despite that, every time she’s looking over at you, you quickly avert your eyes. Having known just what she was coming in, Sucy quickly gathers the things she wants in each aisle and it's not long after she walks in that the pink-haired witch is stepping up to the counter and setting her basket of goods down. Well, she doesn’t walk so much as she shuffles slowly and lazily, going to the beat of *her* own drum and no one else's. You go through the initiative motions of taking one thing and putting it through the magical scanner, the price of each one flashing in glimmering crackles of light shaped in numbers over the old-fashioned cash register. The whole time, though, you’re stealing glances at her plump belly pushing up her blueish robes...until she caught you looking.

“Curious about my meal?” She says with a wicked grin and devilish glee in her eyes, a hand drumming on top of her belly. “Would you like me to tell you?”

You swallow deeply and she can see it in your eyes the morbid curiosity you have for her enlarged middle.

“His name is Charlie and yes, he *is* very much still alive.” She began, a piercing stare in her half-lidded eye while her lips curled into a toothy grin. “He first came to me for a brew that would boost his charisma, he came out being utterly infatuated by me. He would come and visit

every day with the same excuse of wanting something to cover for his ineptitudes until one day he bothers to ask if I'm single and every day after he'd try to sweep me off his feet. Strange, but oddly cute and not creepy in a way that I would turn him into a gnat to crush beneath my boot or a chair under my butt."

You keep putting one thing after another beneath the scanner as you listen intently, a deep and paralyzing fear that if you show even the slightest amount of disinterest that *you'll* be under boot.

"Now, of course, the life of a witch is one full of perils. You should know that...or maybe you don't consider you've been handling so many *poisonous* ingredients without protection." She lets out a hissy, nasally chuckle at your expense. "And I tried so many *subtle* methods of chasing him off, but Charlie was still annoyingly persistent. So, when he came into my abode three days ago, I told him this: If I ate you alive right now, would you run? He said no. So I ate him alive. I slipped some serpent jaw tonic before he came knocking, so it wasn't difficult. No, he went right down, easy and smooth. He didn't struggle and fight the whole time, just allowed his whole body to be taken into mine to sit nice and cozy in *here*."

She presses a finger into belly, twisting it back and forth.

"Now, most people I've eaten I've ever eaten were terrified from beginning to end, but my little meat here was acting like it was the happiest day of his life, even as the acids nipped at his skin. I always thought he was strange, but I should've suspected he was a degenerate. Either way, I was thinking about spitting him up, but he's been much too fun inside me. I'm beginning to wonder if I should keep him forever...either in my belly or as fat on my ass."

Sucy looks to you, seeing the fearful intrigue in the back of your mind.

"And yes, you heard me right. *Three* days. He's been inside my belly for three days, feeding him whatever goes down my throat, almost like feeding a goldfish." She darkly giggles at the thought. "And he just eats it all up and thanks me, the little fool."

It's at this point you realize you finished checking out the last of her ghastly produce and you could swear there was an odd tingle in your fingers. You carefully bag each ingredient as you were taught, after all you didn't want the wrong thing touching the other erupting into a cloud of poisonous gasses. All the while she cups a cheek in her hand and looks up in a thoughtful daze.

“My posterior could use the extra fat, but I’m beginning to fear he’s a keeper.” She heaves a sigh and takes her bag before walking to the door. Then she stops and her head begins to turn...and turn...and turn, snaps and pops filling the empty, stale air, until it comes to a completely one-eighty and she’s looking directly into *your very soul* with the most diabolical grin.

“I guess the world should be thankful.” She says in a that cranky, tired voice. “He’s taking up space I could have been saving for them. Or *you* for that matter! Mweheheheeeee!”

Her head suddenly snaps forward and she walks out, your eyes following her as she shuffles down the strip of sidewalk in front of the shop's front window. Never had you felt so much fear bubbling in your chest, like something inside you was threatening to burst free and flee out the back.

“Madam Tsuroni?” You call out to the back without *ever* breaking your gaze from the window. “Yeah, can I go on lunch break now?”