

(A/N: This is a gift that I did for [GameOfPickles](#))

(Location – Transylvania, Romania...)

(Date – October 31st, 2019...)

(Time – 10:00 P.M....)

(Timezone – EST...)

Light from the full moon glinted on still lake water. Rats feasted on decaying carcasses of creatures after following the corpses' rancid stench that lingered in the air, mixing with the silver mist naturally occupying the land. Wolf howls echoed through the mountains, alerting other animals of the predators presence. However, there was a creature far more ravenous soaring through the skies.

A bat, fur blending in seamlessly with the onyx night, moved swiftly around the leafless, lichen-covered trees, its blue eyes narrowing as it neared a desired location. What was most peculiar about this beast was the fact that it was carrying a glass bottle in its feet, one that contained a mysterious blue liquid. Upon reaching a clearing, the flying mammal landed on the ground, and did something that no ordinary bat could. An ultramarine fog enveloped the animal of the night and increased in volume before dissipating. Where the eutherian once stood, a woman took its place.

She leaned up against a tree to relax, the contrast against the near dead plant's thick trunk accentuating her slender frame. She placed her hands, covered with long black fingerless lace gloves, over her rumbling abdomen, smiling at the sensation of her pale, lightly-freckled skin touching the smooth textured fabric of her short black turtleneck dress. She even giggled after sticking her right index finger, tipped with a black varnished nail like the rest, into her belly button. Then, her beautiful wide bright blue eyes, lined with dark eyeshadow and garnished with long eyelashes, gazed upon her desired location.

It was a dilapidated house, three stories tall at the most. Her azure pupils briefly reddened as her eyes narrowed, as if she were focusing to see more than the sole object in front of her. A few seconds later, her stare resumed its original form, and her lips, black through either her makeup or her natural features, curled upward into a smirk.

"No one inside. Perfect!"

Bending over and grabbing the vial, she popped off the cork and tipped the lid toward her mouth, baring her long and sharp fangs as she let the cerulean liquid cascade down her throat and flood her taste buds with an oddly sweet tang. After wolfing down the potion, as well as the bottle, she smacked her ebony lips three times and placed her left hand on her now gurgling stomach. Her right hand pressed on her chest, as she made a very loud, vulgar burp, complete with expelling a aquamarine odor to go with it.

“*BBBUURRRPPP!*”

She responded by giggling softly and bringing her right fingertips to her smirking lips. Immediately afterward, an azure aura radiated from the woman, and she began to grow in size, though unlike before, she maintained her current humanoid look. The woman reached her peak at fifty feet and spent a few seconds getting adjusted to her new form. She giggled giddily at how well her plan was working so far, and closed her eyes, exposing her dusky eyelids as she envisioned the parts of her plan that had yet to unfold. She moved her legs, clad in black and red striped leggings, over toward the abandoned house that she now dwarfed and lifted it with her hands. Then, she carried it out of that section of the woods, her massive red Converse sneakers leaving shoe-shaped craters with every step. Hopefully her clothes and her short jet black hair with bangs would provide ample camouflage despite her now towering over the forest.

After all, the one hundred and twenty-five-year-old vampiress, Mavis Dracula, didn't go through all this without getting a treat on Halloween.

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(Time – 10:30 P.M....)

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The labyrinthine nature of the woods made it so that a human would need the navigation skills of James Cook in order to avoid getting lost. However, two women trudging through the timberland possessed no such attribute.

One of them walked in brown shoes with thick soles and a single strap. What appeared to be pants were in fact black socks that reach her mid-thigh. The skin between that and her waist was covered by a dark blue pleated skirt. Above that was a beige long-sleeved blouse with a white sailor-style standing collar buttoning down from top-to-bottom. A red ribbon was tied in the front and laced through a loop attached to the blouse. Complimented by a fishing rod in her left hand, her attire resembled that of a fisherperson.

"Aqua, I think we're close to the edge of the forest." She chirped optimistically.

The other woman turned her head toward her compatriot. She dressed in similar garb, though there were some changes, like the red, single-strapped high-heeled shoes with a stiletto heel. These were matched by brick stockings that reached up to her mid-thigh and had two alternating strips of red and white near the top. Her blouse was black and her ivory hair flowed down the back of her head, while some of it was in twintails. In lieu of a rod, she wore a chimney-shaped hairpin, appearing to be a boat accompanying the sailor on a journey.

"You said that five minutes ago, Marine." She deadpanned.

The beige-clad sailor meekly scratched her blonde hair, sporting a single small lock sticking out from the top of the head which gave her a foolish demeanor and long twintails secured in place by thin ebony ribbons. “Well, maybe I right this time.” She muttered, her orange-brown eyes shifting away from her friend’s face.

Aqua merely rolled her amber eyes and continued walking, until they stumbled upon a house near a large rock mound. At first, they were shocked to find any human settlement this deep into the woods, but that passed with the realization that maybe someone might be inside who could help them escape the woods.

They ascended the stairs and stopped at the door, Aqua staring hesitantly at Marine, then cranking her head behind her to see if anyone was around, before turning back to Marine. Marine mimicked her friend’s movements before both gazed up at the sable night sky. The creaking of wood and clicking of locks signaled their venture into the building.

Mavis peeked her massive head and right hand out from the right of the house, smiling as the eighteen-year-olds took the bait. She revealed herself to be behind the house the entire time, lying on her stomach to hide under the building’s height, and brought her mouth to a large pipe that she magically installed in the back of the house. The Daughter of Count Dracula closed her eyes and wrapped her lips around the tube.

Aqua and Marine cautiously walked through a hall, passing a rectangular doorway to their right, Aqua leading the way on the right. The corridor was not well-lit, though one could notice that the bottom section on the wall was missing standard dark wallpaper with white flowers and skirting board at the left, leaving pallid cement blocks. However, Aqua halted and gasped, extended her left hand to block Marine. They glanced at each other before returning to view the other side of the hallway, Aqua’s eyes narrowing and Marine’s pupils dilating. In front of them were two doorways on opposite walls and a third adjacent one at the end of the corridor. There was a deathly silence that persisted for a few seconds, then an unusual noise occurred, sounding like a breath. A couple seconds later, another exhale-like noise sounded to emanate from the doorway at the end, then another, and another. Finally, another noise met their eardrums, although this was accompanied by a jade mist pushing through the doorway and sounded akin to a... belch?

“***BBBBBBBEEEEELLLLLLCCCHHHHH!***”

Outside, Mavis emitted a burp that made her open her eyes in surprise. Then she chuckled nervously, wondering if her accidental eructation drove away the women or smoked them out of a potential hiding place. Regardless, they’re likely suspicious now, so it’s time for Plan B.

Inside, the house was filled with the foul fog of Mavis’s burp. The two women fell into a coughing fit as they attempted to block the stink by covering their noses with their left hands (Marine sheathed her rod on her back like a sword when she entered the house). However, before they could make their next move, they felt a suction slowly envelop them. It was pulling them toward the doorway, dragging them against their will into some unknown location. Much as they tried to resist by grabbing onto the adjacent doorways for leverage, the winds eventually became too strong to overcome, and the women were flung into the doorway, at the mercy of the unknown...

Mavis again opened her eyes in surprise and gasped as she felt two bite-sized lumps of meat land on her tongue. The vampiress removed her mouth from the tube, moaned in delight at the feeling of her prey in her maw, and gulped them down with a smile, sighing afterward.

Marine awoke following fainting from shock at what occurred, and saw that Aqua was on her knees, still plugging her nose with her left hand to keep out the stink from the fog around her, a method that Marine quickly copied. The front of her blouse and top part of her socks appeared to have been dissolved, forcing her to shield her breasts with the other hand and have her back turned away from Marine. Groans echoed into Marine’s ears, puzzling her, so she searched up and left, spotting what appeared to be the sphincter of a stomach. Hoping that it wasn’t the case, she turned to her center-right, only to see more stomach lining. Dejected, she returned her gaze to Aqua, before looking at herself. Marine ran her free hand over her hair, feeling that her left twintail unravelled, sending locks of gold follicles tumbling down her head. She fell to knees in sorrow, feeling patches of leg skin touch the stomach floor and deducing large tears in her socks. Her collar felt looser and she saw that her red ribbon had the end missing, probably digested. She also saw that her blouse lowered to just barely cover her boobs. However, the most crushing sight was the split-in-half fishing in front of her. While they struggled to fathom their current predicament, the gurgling grew louder and the abdomen shook like a magnitude thirteen earthquake, some of the gas elevating through the hole at the top.

Mavis lazily laid her back against the large rock mound behind the house, her right hand palming her filled tummy and a satisfied smile etched on her face. Then, a high-pitched gurgled was caught by her enhanced hearing, followed by another one. Immediately afterward, a short, yet powerful belch parted her lips and echoed into the night.

“***BBBHHHOOOOOOUUUURRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP!***”

Smiling both at her impressive eructation and the successful snack snagging, she rested her head against the pile of rock, wondering if she could this again and how much bigger a haul she could get. As for the humans inside, the potion made it so that organic matter couldn’t be digested, so they would ultimately be fine in there before she burps them out. After all, she’s too nice to just digest others, and she much preferred a harmless Trick and Treat.