

WHITE

A PARAMOUNT HORROR

“You guys can’t be serious! It’s not even midnight!?”

Garner smiled uncomfortable at Kent’s retort, laying a hand on the swaying undergrad’s shoulder, “C’mon, it’s Wednesday man! Don’t you have morning lectures tomorrow?”

“Pfff! When’s that stopped me before?” he scoffed, leaning haphazardly against the bar and thankfully letting the stool under him support most of his drunken weight. “More importantly, when has my boy Brian turned down another round??”

Behind Garner, Brian was frowning, his hand on his phone with the rideshare already called. “Look dude, I get you’re hype to be twenty-one and all, whoopity doo, but get your shit together. Car’s gonna be here in two minutes.”

Kent was non-plussed, shrugging off the command from his upperclassmen chaperone, “Ffffuck that! I live here now! And there’s still so many drinks we haven’t tried!”

Brian was already done, leaving it up to the one who actually cared to corral their charge, “Bud, we’ve already paid your tab. You’re done tonight, now let’s get ya to the dorm and- uh...”

Garner losing the thread of his goodie-goodie speech actually broke through Kent’s stubborn belligerence, inspiring him to follow his bud’s gaze to see what was so astounding.

Evidently, several of the bar’s remaining occupants were drawn to the spectacle at the door as well. Entering through the front entrance was a staggeringly tall woman. Her hand reaching in first while hunched over to clear the door frame, she finally stood at full height after arriving inside fully, standing just shy of the ceiling above. Her dark eyes were hidden partially by a curtain of black hair that tastefully concealed her forehead, pouring over her pale face along with long, wavy waves that were tossed over one shoulder. She wore an egg-white evening dress that only barely contrasted with her pale skin with a low-cut neckline that revealed a refined amount of chest and collarbone below her slender neck, all cloaked by a warm black shawl that blended with her hair. She carried herself like an old-school supermodel stretched thin by ridiculous genetics, though her stature maybe even emphasized her beauty, like an alluring sentinel.

Through the monochrome ensemble she had perfected, her lips were painted a striking dark red. A jarring deviation in her overall palette drew the gaze to her soft smile. Scanning the room, she started walking, an unearthly elegance in her posture and gait that stood out remarkably from the clumsier, intoxicated patrons present. Whoever she was, the hunt was on. Her striking stare caught several victims in its wake as if appraising the current roster of characters she’d

stumbled upon. Each step of her black heels came with a click and a thud, her feminine regality betrayed by her staggering presence in each stride, the rear hem of her dress lightly sweeping the ground in her wake. As she surveyed the bar likely for a place to sit, the warm interior lighting seemed to dim around her, like a constant vignette where the light shied away from disturbing her bold presence.

She was unreal, both eerie and captivating; and Kent was easily intrigued, if only for the few moments his friends were mesmerized along with him. This reprieve from their conflict was short-lived as Brian checked a notification on his phone and shook the youngest back to attention.

“Alright, cars outside. Now you’re coming with, or you’re walking back,” his no-nonsense ultimatum sobered the mood substantially, Kent feeling the slight pull of his friend’s reason.

That is until another cocktail was brought over. “A Neopolitan; enjoy,” the bartender briskly said, little care for what argument the three were having.

Garner’s eyes bulged, trying to avert this obvious threat to their exit plan, “Uh, hey! We didn’t order this-”

“I shertainly did!” Kent proudly proclaimed, grabbing his drink in triumph and taking a full sip, one brow raised in challenge to his apparently boring comrades.

Brian, as established, was done, “Fuck this. See you tomorrow fuckwit.” With that he was on the leave, “You too, Garner, if you’re still willing to put up with this bullshit.”

Garner was indeed conflicted, especially as Kent brought his arm around his friend's shoulders, “Ah, who needs ‘im? You and me man! We can go all night! Have some adventures! Try our luck with that milf, eh?”

The older considered this. Not to enjoy more of the evening, but just to look after his naive bud. That is, until he considered the ramifications, on both his academic performance and at the very least the headache that’d come with prolonging the night.

“...Sorry dude, just get yourself home. Soon.” He freed himself from Kent’s overly familiar embrace and started for the exit.

Kent, as expected, was thoroughly disappointed, “Yeah? Well up yours man!” He chuckled to himself, partially understanding the rudimentary notion to not burn any bridges, “Eh- I’m kidding, obviously! Treasure you man! Ya know, besides ditching me and all!”

Garner stopped, thinking carefully, then inaudibly responded, “He’ll just have to learn the hard way.”

And they were gone, Kent was alone. "Guh, shows what they know. Thought they were *real* real," he huffed, taking a long sip from his drink, eyes shut and actively pushing out the senses to revel in the building sway of his personal drunken voyage.

A cold firm hand gripped his shoulder. Kent stiffened, sensing a threatening vibe in this unexpected contact. Did Brian come back to drag him off?

"Oh won't shyou guys jusht let u-" he turned to confront his critic, but instead found a drape of white curtains hanging over the impression of two long, *long* womanly legs. He froze, following the white hand holding his shoulder up to its source, finding a piercing viridian gaze along with a delighted, crimson smile. The strange woman had approached silently, the strong grip on his shoulder now inherently more alien than expected.

Her eyes were earnest, set within a reserved face patiently narrowing her focus on the boy. That's what he was compared to her, after all. He'd felt like a man going out drinking with the guys and setting out on his own. Now, under the imposing presence of this luminous sentinel of a woman, he felt like a small child completely out of his depth.

"H...hey," he barely uttered, trying to remember this was, in fact, an attractive woman that had approached him. One that had very suddenly taken an interest in him, "H-how ya doin'?"

For the first time, she laughed; a velvety, warm chuckle hidden behind her sealed smirk. It sounded distant, as if uttered from a cliff edge far above. She bent over to get a closer look at him, and a flood of flowery perfume absolved his senses. Not to the point of unpleasantness, just enough to thoroughly drown out the rest of the bar from his awareness, surrounding him in her. The warmth of her touch, and the lingering proximity of her leg and waist just barely brushing his back roused a deeper instinct to bloom in his gut. The fear that had taken root was dissolving under budding arousal. After all, he was drunk, she was unbelievably gorgeous, if not a little creepy. Could he swing this?

"S-so what's a tall drink like you doing in a dump like this?" he grinned dumbly, throwing out the first pickup line that occurred to him, no doubt inspired by her stature.

Either the bartender had heard this slight or saw the new customer approach the bartop, to which he approached the two with eyes on the taller patron, "Evening! Can I get ya anything, Miss?"

She never answered. Or looked at the barkeep, for that matter. She just stared unblinkingly at Kent. Her proportions, viewed up close, revealed how truly beautiful she was. Her magazine-worthy face locked in a stimulating, subtle excitement as if just touching Kent was a delight she had been waiting dearly for. Like opening a parcel and finding a box of chocolates from an admirer. Nothing else mattered but her find. And Kent knew it too, interpreting her ignoring the server as a deeper attraction to him. The vague flush in her slowly heaving chest was evidence enough.

“C-could I get you a d-drink?” he stammered, barely managing the same halfhearted masculinity he’d conjured moments ago.

Then, she smiled. Her teeth were a perfect white, the sudden brush of ivory stretching the crimson lips across her shapely, pale cheeks. Her other hand brushed some of the hair from her face, inevitably stirring the cloud of her scent in the air. Her fingers, while only gently holding his shoulder, suddenly curved deeper into his shirt, as if any second she would pierce through with her picturesque nails into his skin beneath. Her thumb, meanwhile, brushed over the back of his neck at the peak of his spine, rubbing tenderly into his roused fleshlike a mother comforting a nervous child. Her lips contorted, mouth parting as she breathed reply that rang through the air in his vicinity.

“**No**,” she spoke. The single, resonant syllable chimed in Kent’s mind. The bartender walked off unphased, leaving Kent to wrestle with the confused stupor she’d summed out of him. It wasn’t a rejection outright, just a polite reply that did nothing to give away her intentions.

Then just like that... she was leaving. The long white dress clung to a shapely plump rear for someone of her towering hourglass figure, rousing a tightness in Kent’s trousers. He didn’t realize she was gone until the door closed, her crouched form was the last image imprinted on his mind before the entrance swung shut. Her full waist and hips, her exposed upper chest that promised profound splendor below, the truly spectacular hourglass physique that appeared no less than out of this world. Though beyond all of that, he was drawn to her powerful, commanding gaze, and those lips that drew out the soul of a romantic from his inner self, every fiber of his being left desperately wanting to kiss her even after she was only a memory.

It felt like a dream. Like some dignified demi-goddess had just strode in and redefined his perception of what attractiveness was. Kent was shaken, and the bartender saw it, approaching once again, “Uh, she leave an order with ya?”

“N-no. Just kinda...” Kent couldn’t really describe what happened. It felt alien. It felt prophetic. It felt like he was in love at first sight. At the very least, he was hopelessly horny with nothing to do about it.

“Huh. Tough break, kid,” the barkeep replied, seeing this as another failed hookup, “you ready to tab out? I’ll call you a cab.”

Now that the bartender was demanding his response, he turned away from the afterimage of the eerie beauty, remembering his resolve for his evening, “Woah woah woah! I’m just getting started man!”

He quickly raised his cocktail to his face, downing the remains of the classy drink in one go and smacking the glass on the counter, “I’ll get another one of those My Tai’s, please and thank you!”

The bartender shrugged, figuring this would keep up until the kid either passed out or the bar closed. He wasn't one to cut someone off if it meant an extra buck or tip.

So Kent had another drink. And another. And another, playing out his own sequence of prolonged inebriation until the bar eventually closed. He couldn't tell the time when he stepped out into the street. His phone was long dead, the small college town sidewalks empty save for one other straggler from the same bar he'd just left. Now he'd be doing exactly as Brian warned and started walking back to the dorms.

"Pfft, it's just a couple blocks, yeah? No big," he shrugged to himself, starting off in the direction of the campus. His new converse suffered a few scuffs as he stumbled, hinging on failure with each attempt at a consistent stride.

Even without his addled mind trying to sober up and focus, there was a lingering tickle on the back of his neck and shoulder. An invisible caress that dug into his senses with the cool night air. As he left the proper downtown area into the residential streets, the trees that framed the road and yards of each house cloaked him from the night sky, letting hardly any moonlight through to guide his way.

He persevered to the best of his ability, mechanically keeping his head on the matter of each step over the uneven concrete. It was only when he reached a chunk of sidewalk where some tree roots had burrowed underneath and cracked the cement that he finally stumbled forward.

"Gyaaaah! Fuck!" he cursed as he hit the ground. Where he might've felt some shame dropping the f-bomb in a normal neighborhood, he knew most of these homes were rented out by students, saving him the embarrassment of public opinion. To anyone that heard his cry, it was just another drunk student making his way home. No need for investigation.

On the ground, he grunted. The spins were finally getting to him, hardly any strength or focus to stand. His instincts told him to call out for help, though even his words wavered and vanished before coming close to spoken words.

A brisk wind fluttered his styled hair and the collar of his casual button-up shirt, a low whine breezing around his ear lobes and neck.

"....*awwww*~..." the wind rounded into a voice. One that conveyed pity, like someone watching a child or puppy stumble. And at the same time, one that also wasn't surprised by the folly.

Kent rolled over, looking behind him to find the source of the sound. Down the path he'd come from, a tall shadowy figure stood in silhouette from the scant beams of moonlight that breached the overbrush. It came closer, and the student was once more engrossed by an unexpected smell. Floral perfume. It was when he recognized the looming figure approaching him did he

suddenly found the urge to force himself up. The clack of her heels moved steadily, closing the gap between the two as more of her visage became clear to his adjusting eyes.

She was holding her hands together, clasped lovingly at rest against her lower abdomen like a blushing nun, the wind lovingly sweeping her hair around her marble face as she finally reached kent. Her shoes were just a few feet from him, the subtle hints of the gaps between her lily-white toes just barely peeking from the edge of her dark pumps. Her skirt only covered as far as her lower shin, leaving a tantalizing view of her legs leading up into the dress.

Kent gathered himself up, his head unable to tilt itself high enough to see her face from such proximity at ground level. As he looked up, close to his full height, he realized he truly only came up to her waist while standing. She seemed even more imposing than when he was seated at the bar, as if she could be any taller than the nigh monstrous level he and the other bar patrons gawked at earlier.

And yet, the face that loomed above was smiling sweetly. Her blood-red grin a dark crescent on her placid complexion as she began to lean forward. Kent didn't have anything to say. What was there to say? Who are you? How'd you find me? The help he wished for had appeared in the form of this gorgeous creature he'd had the fortune to encounter again.

Her face came closer, her chest at a low enough angle to reveal a tantalizing amount of cleavage within her dress. If he had to guess, even her head was near twice the size of his own, more imposing up close than her lustful approach had implied.

"Wh-what are you-?"

"**Shhhhh~...**" a single finger the length of his hand found his mouth and hushed him, a reminder to maintain the sanctity of this meeting. The same hand curled around the side of his face, holding him tenderly like a ripe fruit. Her expression was charmed like he'd done something cute to amuse her, the warmth in her hand seeping into his flesh with nostalgic idleness.

She rubbed his cheek, easing his worry and flushing him with more of her scent and the intoxicating heat of her touch before leaning her face towards his. Tilting her head to the side, her touch ushered him to do the same, their breath swirling in the midst of each other's closeness.

When her lips met him, a shock ran down his spine, titillating his nerves from head to toe and releasing himself into the hot, wet contact of her heavenly kiss. Gentle, loving, curious, she imbibed his jaw, nose, and chin in dotting pecks before breaking away. Her eyes met his again, waiting for his reaction.

He was stunned. Imbolized by what must've been the most direct and nurturing affection he'd ever experienced. The years of trying to impress others, to find validation with his peers as a

friend and a lover, only for his enthusiasm to get him left behind again and again. Classmates, brothers, family; everyone left him cold and alone.

Her hand was warm, still caressing and scratching his head gingerly, almost kneading the absence of intimacy in his life out of his mind like knots in a mound of dough. Even now, she seemed even bigger than he could possibly imagine, taking up so much of his view.

A tear ran down his cheek. She smiled, leaning in again to kiss the tear away, pulling back with a whisk of her tongue as if to remind him this was a happy moment. No need for crying. His heart fluttered, his gut found new recourse to ease his poisoned insides, and he leaned in again for another.

She didn't refuse, her arms wrapping around him as she knelt on the ground, now at his level to properly embrace him. Kent was pulled into her waiting torso, his body perfectly conforming to the contours of her belly, chest, and collarbone as she wrapped her arms around his back, pulling him into her love. From here, the kisses evolved into increasingly deep, wet affairs. As her lips and tongue lavished him, he could swear her kisses consumed more of his face with each peck, each lick, each suckle.

In fact, he wondered where the ground had gone below him. His feet were hanging in the air, the strength of her arms holding his body into her as his gut lurched. He pulled away, looking to the side to make sense of the sensations.

What he found was the ground farther below him, as if he'd stepped onto the roof of a single-floor building. His hanging knees were now pressed into her stomach, now suspended far above the ground and still held to her.

The woman was standing now, impossibly tall, holding him like a toddler. The motherly touch was uncanny from this new vantage point, a throwback to being held as a kid. Not a care in the world. She let him breathe, watching eagerly as he processed his position against her bosom. His lesser stature pressing into the dress left a depression between her full breasts now pressing on each side of his shoulders. Her teeth bit into her lower lip, pleased by his confusion.

Then she raised him for another round of her loving, powerful kisses. Her tongue now fully covered his mouth and then some, sweltering moist air flushed into his lungs and sinuses as more of her sticky, wet spit slathered his face. It became unclear where the kiss began and her tongue ended as the labored, passionate moments went by.

Her grasp on him became broader, yet gentler. The power behind her hold remained, though less was needed to keep him close. Finally, the sensation of weightlessness became too unsettling to ignore, and he had to pull away.

Now, all he saw was her face, the size of a cinema screen. Her cheeks were flushed a dark grey in place of a rosy blush, her eyes barely tangible in the shadows cast by her dark hair. Her

warmth was everywhere, her smell now replacing the oxygen almost entirely to the point Kent gagged. All the while her lips, dripping and eager, remained before him. Giving him time to watch their dilation and closure with every mystifying breath.

“N-n-n...no way, this isn’t-” he wanted to say, trying to make sense of this horror albeit his body’s uncontrollable trembling. Her lovely expression had been replaced with a more sinister excitement. A hunter whose trap was successfully sprung. A cat with the canary.

How could this woman, no, this *creature* have been so hot before? Up close her pores were magnified, and new wrinkles had emerged around her eyes and lips. The eyes that entranced him were missing any white, now turned to pure black orbs with a viridian hue locked onto his chest. Not his face, but the meatiest part of him. Her drool began pooling on her palm where he’d now reclined, inching away from her ecstatic, malicious grin.

“S-stay back! I- I want down,” in his mind, none of this made sense. He just wanted out. Whether she’d drugged him, or became impossibly big mid-makeout never quite cemented itself internally, all that mattered was escaping the slobbering kisses that got him in this mess. Despite the horror confronting him, the intimacy of the lead-in had left him with a powerful erection fighting through his pants, a primal reaction that no longer spoke for the rest of his being.

The ghostly woman smirked, her skin vaguely glowing in the evening shine, or her own considering the lack of direct moonlight. Her teeth, still perfectly aligned, hinged apart with her jaw, her tongue snaking out from its confines once more to harass her catch. Kent whined his way back as far as her huge fingertips would allow, now realizing the once pallid digits had begun blackening near the pads. The witch was revealed; so her game was done.

The jaws split farther than he could expect, her strong fingers hinging forward and launching him into the black, slimy tomb. On impact, a pond's worth of scum and drool pooled around his protective arms and legs, slowing his impact until he came to a stop against the slithering carpet of taste buds that awaited. These buds smacked and slurped at his flesh individually before the whole of it could properly acquaint itself, the rush of wind around him trembling the frightened boy from any protest.

His breath was labored, hardly any wits to move or protest against the shocking slide he’d become subject to. New tears joined the stream of saliva flowing around his prone form. It was just when the fluids began covering his mouth and nose, preventing any air from relieving his strained lungs, that he instinctively pushed against the fibrous floor and out of the muck.

He could only flip himself over. The slime was too thick and slippery to stand, let alone sit up, so turning over would suffice. At least, to give himself some semblance of a view beyond his cage. The witch’s ivory teeth barred his escape, already half sealed with only her lips remaining open to allow any light in. What he could see drenched his heart in the same terror that basted his exterior: a wiggling, meaty muscle that nested behind her lower jaw, the antithesis of the pearly

gates that even now sealed wholly, her lips closing as well and shrouding the cavern in darkness.

Kent slovenly shot toward the lips, slipping immediately back into the mire awaiting his fall. The spit had pooled in the depressed valley the tongue formed at the front of her jaw, enough so that most of his head and torso became submerged in the thick, pruning slop. This time, he didn't have the chance to push back, the throbbing mass reared up and lifted him out of the slurry. Kent gasped for fresh air that wasn't there moments before the tongue compressed him mercilessly into a bony slab. Whatever space he'd hardly become accustomed to was ripped away in a surging, smothering seal that refused to give. Fibrous buds slurped at every pore, every joint, every fiber of his being as if draining it away one cell at a time. He screamed, only for more sudsy spit to flood his oral cavity and sinuses, triggering his gag reflex and finally spewing out the overabundance of alcohol he'd consumed. The puke made little difference, diluted easily by the gallons of drool riveting his soul. If it received any notice from the monster consuming him, it came in the form of a vast tremor that shattered the last vestige of sanity in his mind. An earthquake to the poor boy; a hum of approval to her.

Again and again, the tongue pulsed and urged Kent back and forth, milking him for every ounce of flavor he had in him. Her suckling was rhythmic, almost elegant were he not on the receiving end of her merciless savoring. Whether he was still at the center of the mouth as he'd anticipated was no longer clear, every sense absolved into the complex, ceaseless spurning of flesh and slime. He'd long lost his shirt and shoes, his pants barely hanging on before tearing away hopelessly into the claustrophobic storm.

While tears and anguish poured from his head, the tongue's attention was treating another part of him. One that had yet to surrender its affection to the cruel temptress, and growing in misguided need by the second. Kent shut his eyes and mouth tightly, contorting his face, biting his tongue to the point of drawing blood. Anything to deny her the satisfaction of this disgrace.

And yet, amidst the torture of the endless waterboarding and molestation, his pleasure mounted exponentially with every urging suckle and brush with the carpet of needful tastebuds. The same sick enchantment she'd cast on him still rang in his aching head, a promise of desire, of compassion, of a closeness undreamt of boiling his remaining passion into unwilling reciprocation. The adrenaline that propelled his will to survive was now impotent from the hormonal cross-wiring. She slurped, sucked, brushed, caressed, and needfully poured her inhuman attentiveness to his manhood, accumulating in the betrayal of his resistance.

His seed was briskly savored and vanished into the soup, leaving Kent worn out and pitifully vulnerable between the tongue and palate. Another ethereal hum resounded, shaking the very atoms of all he could sense within and beyond himself. The migraine that had mounted was at full force, obscuring his awareness further as the tongue moved him elsewhere. The flesh on his back went from unyielding to conforming as the angle of the tongue increased. Before he could process the inevitable conclusion of this nightmare, he'd already pathetically slipped into the

embrace of uncaring, endless muscles that collapsed around him; ushering his mind, body, and soul into the infinite darkness with a conclusive *Glulrck...*

Kent might have passed out under the slithering force of the esophageal muscles, painfully kneading and pulsing over his worn mortal form. The only sounds, contrary to what one might expect from the inside of a body, were the squelching, smacking walls. No lungs to hold the air he'd seen her greedily breathe or the steady beat of a human heart. Just the oppressive, malleable monstrosity happily processing him into the depths of this ghoul. His mind was still etched with the imprint of her blood-red lips smiling as he became more and more hers.

When he properly came to, he found open room to scream for the first time in minutes, hanging upside down as a vice-like seal crushed his midsection. He wailed painfully, shutting his eyes as if denying the hurt and the circumstance that came with it. Unfortunately, the all too real certainty of gravity propelled him into freefall, landing with an undignified splat in the wretched pit.

Landing on his back thankfully didn't take the wind out of him, though it might as well have for how useless his limbs were, unable to move him in any meaningful way. All he could do was breathe. Remarkably, there was air here for him. Not the rancid air of a thoughtless food processing organ, but the dank haze of a cave. Even stranger was the visibility. A not-so-bright yet still tangible glow made its way into the organ, illuminating the wrinkling curves of the stomach wall as they unconsciously churned and folded on themselves.

Kent's head still throbbed, not entirely convinced this wasn't a tequila-fueled hallucination if that was even possible. The floor undulated softly, his meager weight dimpling the giving stomach lining. Only the odd strand of slime dripping from above demonstrated any active fluids in the organ. The student's mind gratefully took its time processing everything that had happened, given the unexpected moment to rest and assess.

Until the whispers began. A quick hush to his right drew his attention only to find more mucousy folds. Another peep, this time an abstract chuckle on his left. He pushed himself backward, farther up the stomach lining to prop himself up more easily. Only as he did, he noticed a dark bluish ooze squirting from the wall he pressed into. This new spray wasn't massive, but the already drenched Kent was now doubly soaked. And this time, the slime that stuck to him began to fizz. Fizzing became an itch, and that itch spread over every part of him that touched it.

Remembering the implication of his presence in this place, even if fake, Kent panicked. Desperately, he forced his weary limbs to brush off as much of the slime as he could muster. This effort worked for the most part, though also rubbing in the acids deeper into his pores. The voices returned, more laughter and chuckles, along with a finally coherent word.

"**Yes...**" was all it said, as if urging on his misguided attempt to cleanse himself. More laughter, now quite clearly the velvety laugh of the woman that'd consumed him coming from every direction.

The threat was clear, and the adrenaline that gave him the strength to fight flourished within, pulling himself further from the building pool collecting in the basin below. More giggles and chuckles fluttered in the air, building in intensity as they sounded closer and closer with each desperate second.

His arm locked, and any attempt to pull it away from the wall was foiled by a powerful grip around his wrist. Looking over in the dim light, he saw a greyish clasp. Trying to break off again, the same restraints attacked his legs, giving him less maneuverability. His free left arm flailed every which way, trying to fight against the relentless clutches.

All of the voices meanwhile began wailing among the ghoulish laughter, like the joke that was almost funny was at risk of being ruined by his attempt to escape. Kent cried out, a cracked yelp without the bravado he'd worn before masking his utter terror, refusing to surrender.

A sudden squelch erupted to his left, and a long pale arm clasped his thrashing wrist. He froze, eyes pleading for release. It only pulled his arm back, locking him in place as new jets of murky acids dripped from the walls. Kent's crying built into pitiful agony, more hands materializing from the stomach flesh to knead the enzymes into his increasingly exposed skin. The water level rose, submerging his feet and calves slowly, more hands massaging and rubbing the poor man.

Anguished, pathetic, done for. The voices in the noxious air began taunting him as his cells broke down by the second. The acids were up to his torso, seeping into his vitals.

Silencing him...

Minutes before the parting of Kent Hallaway, the woman in white held one hand to her cheek while still enjoying her prey, the other daintily resting in a loose fist against her collar bone. Her eyes sealed, the wavering trees above obscuring and returning shade to the eerie glow coming from her form. In time, a dotting hand traced its path before stopping past her neckline, clasping with her other hand over her heart. A sacred exchange; a mortal foiled.

From a nearby porch, Erin Macarro sat petrified from the display she'd witnessed. She'd seen the boy trip, even considered helping him. That is until she saw the woman in the white dress gracefully step to his rescue. She'd watched her hold him so tenderly, and then the hungry kisses she swarmed over him. Beyond her understanding, she also saw the drunk boy dwindle in the lady's embrace, sliding up her grasp as she rose back to her towering peak until disappearing in her big hands. No doubt what she ate had something to do with that boy, and she tried making sense of this delusion until feeling a burning singe in her right hand.

"Ah!" Erin exclaimed briefly, the pain from her now burnt-out joint finally breaking through her sedated stupor. She pulled her finger to her mouth, sucking on the burn mark to ease the immediate sting before remembering the hallucination across the street.

Particularly, she missed the ghostly woman now facing her. Her hands still clasped over her heart, the once grim specter now softened into what she might mistake for an unrealistically tall embodiment of an old school pinup girl. Despite her ridiculous height, she was stunning to behold, carrying herself with lofty poise and elegance.

And as much as she tried, Erin couldn't look away. She couldn't calm the pitter-patter of her heart as the woman smiled at her, a welcoming grin that promised sanctuary, escape, desire...

Then she was gone. A wisp of wind fading into the black, the last image that lingered in the air was an impression of her unholy smile, and the vague outline of what might've been some kind of organ within her torso, actively churning.

Erin didn't know what to think. Was it real? Was there something extra in the weed she'd rolled to let off steam? Either way, a chill coursed through her blood until deciding she'd had enough air for the night. She cleaned her ashes and papers, then stood to head in through the front screen door.

Before she crossed the threshold, however, she froze. Not out of fear, or confusion, but a sudden warm kneading that manifested on her shoulder and neck. Like a comforting hand rubbing away the stress of the world. Turning her head, she saw nothing, left only with the non-specific yet pleasurable aftertouch. When she went to bed, the feeling didn't leave her.

As she drifted off, she unconsciously grabbed her body pillow and held it close to her, wrapping her arms and legs around the vestige of an imaginary lover. A memory now imprinted on her subconscious, a waning promise. A loving smile in the dark, from a woman in white.