Christmas with the Witches

By

A Cannibal

It had been a couple of months since 17 year old Jenny, her brother and his friend had been kidnapped by Raven, who was a witch. The boys were fatten up and cooked for a witch’s coven.

The girl had escaped the same fate when the witch saw something in her. Raven thought she had the makings of a witch. Given the choice of become a witch or an entrée, she had chosen the first.

Thanksgiving Jenny told her mentor about a girl she used to babysit. When they went to collect her they found not one girl but two of them.

They were cousins and they too found that being fucked by Raven’s father was fun. They also enjoy all the food given to them. They knew they were to become Thanksgiving Dinner and had accepted their fate.

Raven invited her twin brother and sister along with her father for the feast. Her mother was in Australia visiting her family and didn’t attend Thanksgiving.

Now it was a week later and Jenny was working on a complicated spell. Raven flipping though the spell book to see which spell to teach her next.

Her apprentice was doing an excellent job of learning the spells even the complicate ones. She closed the book and watched Jenny turn herself into rabbit and then back into herself.

“Excellent you seem to have that gotten that one down pat. Anyway you’re so far advanced in your training. I think we can afford to take a week off and go on holiday,” Raven said by way of praise for the girl.

Jenny smiled and asked, “Holiday? You mean a vacation? Where are we going?”

“Yes as you Americans say vacation. We don’t actually celebrity Christmas being when we can conger up anything we want with a wave of our hand. As for where, hmm I don’t know.”

“Make it somewhere with a lots of yummy meat running around,” the teenager said smacking her lips.

“I’m thinking it should be somewhere warm and exotic for you. I’ve been most everywhere on this planet. As for you where have gone that you consider exotic?” Raven asked.

Jenny thought about for a few seconds before saying, “Yosemite National Park in California with all those rocks and waterfalls.”

“Yeah that’s a pretty area, but not very exotic. Let me think about this for a minute. Oh I know Australia is nice this time of year, we’ll go there.”

“Warm beaches with lots kids to select from? Yeah I’m for that,” Jenny said excitedly.

It was decided to go there in a couple of weeks. In the meantime the young witch was to continue learning spells. Raven reopened the book and selected a new spell for her apprentice to learn.

“Here’s a good one to I call it the ‘sleeping beauty’ spell. It’s you enchant an apple just like in the story you were read to as a child.”

The teenager giggled and nodded asking, “What do you use it for?”

“It doesn’t have much use in this modern world. However it can be used to put a troublesome toddler to sleep,” she explained.

Again the teenager giggled and enchanted the fruit. “How do I test it?”

“Save it you can test it couple of weeks. We’ll take it to Australia with us,” was the answer.

The girl continued over the next couple of week to practice her spells. This was just in case Raven made good on her treat. That was to teach Jenny how to make stew from the wrong side of the pot.

It was a few days before Christmas when Raven told her apprentice it was time to go on a weeklong holiday.

The two witches disappeared from their home and ended up in the town of Darwin Northern Territory in Australia.

“We’ll pick up some meat here and then we can find a nice place to cook it,” Raven explained.

The two of them set out with Jenny’s head swinging this way and that. She wasn’t looking at the children.

Instead the teenager was taking in the sights of a strange city. Her city wasn’t that big and it wasn’t actually a city, it was a small town of 1,000 people.

Nor was it built next to an ocean.

“Would you mind if we did a little sightseeing before we get our food,” Jenny asked.

“Sure I haven’t been here in a long time. I was maybe 5 years old the last time I was here. That means I don’t remember much about this place either,” the girl was told.

Saddening Raven had a brochure in her hand and the witches were looking at it.

“How about we start with crocodiles? I’ve never seen any of them except at the movies,” Jenny said.

“Sure. Something else that we can do while were there, only it has to be done on the sly. That is we feed babies to them,” Raven snickered.

At first her apprentice looked at her as if she were crazy. When the witch giggled Jenny relaxed and grinned.

“Is that anything like we use to do, feed peanuts to the elephants, at the zoo?”

“Actually I was thinking of a mass mind control spell. Between the two of us we should able to control everyone’s mind there.”

“What happens to the babies in reality?” Jenny asked.

Raven snickered as she replied, “in reality we find a nice plump baby or toddler for dinner. However we can do that at the second show. Like you I’d like to see what these crocodiles look like for real.”

The pamphlet disappeared and in its placed was a pair of tickets to the show. It was still a couple of hours before the start of it, so the witches wondered around beach area looking at the potential meat there.

They spotted several possible ones from tweens to teens, but Raven wanted something very young for dinner. That way it wouldn’t take that long to cook.

Then it was time for them to go to the show. The watch the crocodiles slither around in their manmade swamp.

What really interested the witches was when they hung a hammock from a rope a few feet off the ground. One of crocks jumped up to grab the meat.

Raven whispered to Jenny we might want to get a couple of babies.”

The apprentice whispered back, “we’ll also need at least cock if you planning on doing what I think you going to do with the spare.”

The two of them giggled with Raven saying, “Yeah you probably guessed we feed one of them the future jackets. Are you interested in watching the show or should we see what we want for dinner?”

“I thought it be more interesting, so let see what we can pick up for dinner,” the teenager said.

“Ok first we need freeze everyone. It’s a little different than the mind control. It goes like this…” Raven said and explained it to her.

“Alright I think I’ve got it. Let’s try it,” Jenny said.

With a nod the two preformed the spell and everyone was frozen in place.

“We’re looking something from baby to about 3 years of age range. They should be also be nice and plump also,” the witch explained.

The witches separated and moved though the crowd stopping every now and then to examine a potential meal.

Raven examined 5 infants none were more than a year old. Of the 5 one of them held promise a little girl dressed in jeans and a pink shirt with an ice-cream cone on it.

She was nice plump child and should BBQ up nicely then again she was small enough to become crocodile food. The witch guessed the weight at around 20 lbs.

Jenny was looking over toddlers and found a nice healthy boy around 16 months old. When she zapped away his Santa Claus t-shirt and jeans she found he had on a diaper. The last thing the teenager wanted was a poop filled diaper. She had been old enough to deal with that when her brother was a baby. Still he was too cute to not to eat.

The apprentice witch took him over to her mentor for inspection, who nodded with approval.

“I think he’s old enough to understand barbequing. Not that it matters what dose though is the fact that he plump enough to do him that away and yet not to fat to break the spit.”

“Yum! I love a good BBQ,” was Jenny’s reaction.

“Follow me first stop is to a swamp to feed the wildlife there,” Raven said.

As soon as the witches disappeared the spell was broken. Brenda bent down to ask her son if he was enjoying the show.

“Mick?” she looked around and shouted “where are you Mick?”

The mother was frantic as see realized her son was missing. She began searching for him and unable to find him notified the officials.

About the same time a woman by the name of Charlotte found her daughter was missing. She had been in. Janet had been asleep in her stroller while her mom watched the crocodile show.

While everyone looked for the missing children they and the witches were a hundred miles away near a swamp.

“Alright I know I said we’d feed the girl but the boy would also make a tender morsel for some croc. There’s almost too much meat on him for tonight. Besides girls are tastier than boy,” Raven said.

“I guess that’d be ok. It’s not like he going to enjoy himself. Also that girl you selected isn’t good for sex,” was Jenny’s answer.

Rope appeared in ravens hand and she pushed the boy to the ground. The boy’s feet were tied and with the use of magic she hoisted the boy up into the air.

He was dangling by his feet and ten feet below a dozen hungry crocodiles were in a big frenzy, snapping at their food.

“How are you going to do it, fast or slow?” Jenny asked.

“I think it’s going to be fairly fast. That way they don’t eat us as appetizers,” Raven replied.

The teenager watched as her mentor lower the struggling boy being lowered. He could see the crocodiles coming closer and didn’t like it.

He could see the beasts circling and their sharp teeth gnashing at him. The last thing he saw was a big croc jump up and he managed a short scream.

When the crocodile splashed back into the water the boy’s head was gone. Raven let go of rope and the boy’s body fell into the swamp, where the crocodiles tore his remains apart.

“That was gruesome. Next time though let’s get something a little older. I’d like to do it next time and lower whoever we get slowly,” Jenny said.

Giggling Raven asked, “oh yeah that was definitely dreadful, so how old do you want the crocodile food to be.”

“Let me think about it. Also can we get out of here the mosquitoes are eating me alive?” Jenny asked.

“Yeah they are thick. Let’s go to a beach and get the ‘shrimp on barbi’ as the Australians say.” The witch said.

“Barbi? Is that short barbeque? Oh never lets just get out of here, these mosquitoes are driving me nuts,” her apprentice explained.

“Follow me to a private beach I know about,” Raven said picking up the little bundle of squirming meat. A few seconds later the only thing in the swamp was the crocodiles munching on the boy.

The witches materialized on a beach. Jenny saw a there was a huge house on a sand dune.

A redheaded woman stood in the doorway waving.

“Merry Christmas, Raven. Who have you brought with you?”

“Hi mom, the big girl is Jenny, my apprentice. The smaller one is dinner.”

Turning to her apprentice she introduced her mother, “Jenny this is my mother Vesta.”

She shook the mother’s hand and said, “Your daughter is an excellent teacher. I’m learning so much from her.

As they walked into the house Raven said, “Mom, I want to teach my student how to BBQ this little Shelia here. She already knows how to cook them in the oven and is very good at it.”

“No problem honey, but would you mind if took a peek at her. That is before you take the meat out back to the BBQ pit,” Vesta replied.

They took the meat out back laid her out on the picnic table. The baby began to fuss as she was striped until she was only in her diaper.

Vesta ran her hands along the baby’s body feeling the meat on it.

“Oh this is plump, I think she’ll cook up just fine. Anyway if you need anything just yell,” she said.

With a snap of her finger Raven lit the wood in the fire pit.

“While we wait for the fire to burn down to coals we can clean the meat. In this case we don’t have to be quite so gentle with this one. She doesn’t understand what is about to happen to her.”

Jenny nodded asking, “You want me to gut her or are you going to do it?”

“You can cast the spell to do that. I need to widen her ass whole so the spit will pass though her easily. Oh and she doesn’t have to be alive anymore.”

That said the baby disappeared except for the diaper which remained on the table. Baby Charlotte herself was hanging naked with a rope around her neck slowly strangling.

“It’s easier to work on removing ass whole if that part of the meat is at eye level,” Raven explained.”

The baby had stopped struggling and hung there limp. The witch nodded to her apprentice to remove the guts.

Jenny cast the spell while her mentor raised her hand and a knife appeared in it. She slid the knife between the cheeks and craved out butt whole.

That done it was time to spit the meat.

“I like to use a branch off a native tree, but since you don’t know any of them I want you to cast a spell and create a metal one,” Raven said.

“Um, I’ve never seen a spit before. What do they look like?” Jenny asked.

“Oh I didn’t think of that. Alright it a piece of metal 6 feet long 2 inches in diameter and pointed at one end. One more thing their usually black in color,” the witch explained.

Having been given a description of the item she had no problem conjuring one up.

“Good now stick it under the meat and we’ll let gravity do the work of spitting her,” Raven said.

They place the spit under the girl and the rope disappeared. What had been Charlotte began to slowly sliding down the spit.

“Pull her head back so it has a way out,” Raven explained when the meat started sliding down spit.

A few minutes later the spit slid past the meats lips.

“We need stuffing, I’m thinking a nice cornbread one will do,” Jenny said.

Her mentor chuckled saying, “good idea and since it’s you idea so go ahead. After she’s stuffed we can put her over the coals.”

The baby’s stomach expanded as Jenny cast a spell the filled the tiny body full of stuffing. The witches then picked up the spit and placed it over the coals.

“Alright the first thing to do is get her cover in barbeque sauce, so the meat doesn’t burn,” Raven said. She held out her hands and a bowl with two brushes appeared in them.

Jenny grabbed one of the bushes and began painted the meat. When that was done she asked her mentor what was next.

“Ok we’ve done the hard part. Now all she needs to spin and that can be done with witchcraft.”

Over the next ten minutes the witch showed and instructed Jenny on how to do it. Once the meat was turning the two sat down to watch and talk.

“So have you considered what age the next child you want to feed the crocodiles?” Raven asked

“Actually why feed the crocs. I been wondering about eat one of these mortals alive myself. They can be fed anytime,” the teenager said.

“Yeah there’s a spell for that, but mortal children taste bad raw. Only werewolves and zombies like to eat them raw,” Raven said making a sour face.

“Those creatures are real?” Jenny asked in surprise.

“Yeah, they’re real. I’ll introduce you to a few when we return,” the witch said.

“Anyway I was thinking of getting a boy old enough to enjoy. Especially, since I’ve never had one before,” the teenager said sheepishly.

“You’ve never had a boy? Well we’ll have to remedy that, I hate virgin stew,” Raven said with a cooked smile.

The girl smother a giggle and said, “well if we can find a boy around 12 you won’t have to have virgin stew.”

“Good I’ll get you one before the end of our holiday. I’m also thinking I’ll get one for myself.” Raven said.

Over the next couple hours the two witches chatted where to go tomorrow. Then the meat was cooked and ready to serve.

The meat was left on the spit which transferred to a waiting pair of waiting Y bars. The three witches didn’t bother knifes to eat the sweet meat, of what had been Charlotte, right off of her body.

The two younger ones each took the leg and chomped on drumsticks. Vesta’s choice was a wing and all three agreed she was delicious.

By the time the witches finishes there was little left of the baby. Even the little blue orbs had been plucked out her head and devoured by Raven.

The younger witches retried to bed after dinner, the time difference having caught up with them. They were also exhausted from the day activities.

In the middle of the night Raven woke with an idea. Jenny was excited to be here in Australia but she had been disappointed that they didn’t celebrate Christmas.

To brighten her sprits the witch decided to get Jenny a special present. She had to do it tonight since her friend Chris at the North Pole would be busy starting tomorrow.

She put on the flight clothing and disappeared from the house. A few minutes later she was at the North Pole.

After a quick greeting they got down to business, neither had a lot of time.

“Chris, I’d like to have a look at your naughty list for Australia. I have a teenage apprentice who is a bit depressed by not having Christmas presents; she was just recruited at Halloween. Anyway I thought I’d get her present, a boy to be precise.”

“This way to my computer, there are so many children to keep track of I need the computer to keep track of them,” Santa said.

He sat at the computer and asked, “Do you want him for food or entertainment?”

“He’ll be used for both I think. Jenny mentioned that she’d like the next meal to be around 12 years of age, that’s why I think she wants to him for fun.”

“Ah here is one who might work. According to my files he been looking up girl’s skirts and feeling them up as well,” Chris explained.

“Alright it sounds like he’ll do nicely,” she started take down the address and his name, Ryan.

“Don’t worry about getting him, I’ll do that,” he said.

She thanked him and **flew b**ack to her mother’s house. The next day they visited Sydney saw all the tourist spots.

They returned to Vesta’s house which they were using as base of operations. While they were out raven’s mother had been busy.

She had gone out and found herself a little boy for dinner.

Doing the meal she asked, “Tomorrow is Christmas Eve most everything is going to be close over the next couple of days. I suggest you both spend a those days at the beach.”

Jenny giggled, “Swimming in the winter? I’ve never done that, ice-skating yes but not swimming.”

“Ah, but it isn’t winter here in Australia it’s summer. We’ll also want to go to an orphanage and pick up some meat,” Vesta said by way of explanation.

“We’ll only need one to munch on tomorrow. Chris may just stop by with gifts on his rounds tomorrow,” Raven told the others.

“Who’s Chris?” Jenny asked.

Both the other witches laughed with Raven explaining, “You may know him better as Santa Claus. He’s not a witch/warlock but he is magical. Otherwise how would he visit all the houses in the world in one night?”

“He’s real too?” the teenager asked.

“Sure is and he like to eat children too, at least the bad ones,” she told her apprentice.

Around midnight the two younger witches went to the orphanage in Darwin. There they selected a pair of pintsize kids.

Both were 3 year old girls and would be cooked together. That would be feed all of them for the next couple of days.

Chris was bringing a present for them the problem was how big it would be Jenny wondered. She hoped it would be big enough to play with.

Self service was fine and had been fine for the last 8 years. However from friends she had heard that boys were fun and even Raven had said they had their uses.

In the morning the girls enjoyed the beach. Early afternoon found them in the kitchen fixing dinner.

The food wasn’t happy havening woken up in a kitchen in front a big oven.

Three ladies came by feeling and pinching their naked bodies. Unfortunately for the soon to be meals they were just old enough to understand certain things said to them.

Those things were about cooking them in the oven today and they didn’t like that idea at all. The two younger witches came in from outside and started buttering them.

That was scary enough, but being placed in a roasting pan and then inside the oven was worse. The meats didn’t have time to worry about being cooked alive as the oven was already hot.

“They’re too young to put on much of a show so we cook them fast,” Raven explained.

Once cooked a slice of rump roast was pack and put aside for Chris. Later that night after everyone was asleep Santa pop in to the house. He deposited three packages under the Christmas tree.

He found the package for him and dashed off a note to the witches thanking them for the meat.

In the morning the witches were woken by screams.

They came into the living room and were surprised to find 3 boys around twelve were tied up with bows on their heads and gift tag wrapped around their cocks.

“Boys? I thought we witches didn’t do presents?” Jenny asked in surprised.

Raven nodded explaining, “Like I said we don’t exchange gifts. However you seem depressed about that so the other night I popped up and had a chat with Chris. He was only supposed to leave 1 boy for your use. I guess he thought we all deserved one.

“What are we going to do with them?” the teenager asked.

Vesta laughed saying, “anything we want since their gifts.” She bent down and read the tags.

“Jenny this blond is addressed to you. Raven you get this cute brown haired one and I get the boy with the black hair for my entertainment.”

The three witches grabbed their toys and disappeared to their bedrooms.

Raven and her mother knew exactly what to do, Jenny not so much. She had practice on herself often enough and now it was time to put all that practice to good use.

She left the ribbon he was tied up with and tossed him onto the bed.

“Stop you’re struggling you’ll like this,” Jenny told her toy as she began removing her own clothing. The witch could have used magic to do that, but was hoping he’d calm down when he saw what he she was doing.

It worked because Ryan struggles slowed his and his cock started to grow. Jenny lay down next to him unsure how to proceed.

“If I untie you won’t run away will you?” she asked.

“No I won’t do that. I want to try having sex; my mates say its fun. I know when I rub myself it very enjoyable.”

“Oh you mean when you do this to yourself,” Jenny said grabbing and stroking him.

The boy shuddered as she did and a few minutes later exploded. The young witch immediately placed her mouth over Ryan’s cock and sucked him dry.

“Mmm delicious,” she said, “now though it time you service me.”

“I can’t you drained me” the boy said.

“Not a problem,” the witch said and with a snap of her finger he was hard.

Jenny climb onto him and worked him inside herself. The teenager let out a sigh of satisfaction. Using fingers to scratch an itch was great, but to have a boy inside her was even better.

The two spent an hour together. The young witch was nice and relaxed. In fact she was more relaxed then she’d been since Halloween.

While it did satisfy her sexual need it didn’t satisfy her hunger. Jenny wondered about barbequing him today. The witch thought there was still time today because it was still early morning.

While the boy had relaxed her there was something about him that annoyed her. Perhaps the problem was the fact that he had a high squeaky voice.

She left the toy, which was still tied up, and popped, into the kitchen.

“There she is. I told you she’d be out when she finished playing,” Raven teased.

“You must have enjoyed him a lot,” Vesta said.

Jenny shrugged, “he’s alright but I think I’d like him better cooked.”

“We were thinking the same thing about ours. How do you want to cook yours, oven or BBQ?” Raven asked.

“I want to cook him on the BBQ. I want to listen to him scream and beg not to be cooked,” Jenny said.

Her mentor laughed saying, “that is fun when they sing like that. I think I’ll BBQ mine too. How about it mom? You want to BBQ your toy too?”

“No mine’s going into the oven,” was her answer.

The two younger witches went out to the patio to get things. A second picnic table was created alongside another BBQ pit.

The boys were transferred from the bedrooms to the table for preparation. They were washed and tied to a spit. That way they could scream all they wanted.

The boys did just that, scream. They did that especially when their cocks came near the red hot coals.

The one in the oven fared little better. He did however enjoy himself more than the others. He was laying face down and he could only move his hips.

The reason for enjoyment, he was spraying cum all over the bottom of the pan. It felt good even if he was roasting.

After they were roasted the witches devoured them much to their horror. They were awake and the first to disappear were their cocks

Jenny bent over Ryan and after devouring his boyhood and said, “That part was even better now that it has been barbequed. It was okay raw but this way it is excellent. Now what do I want next? Ah, I know a nice slab of rump roast.”

He felt the knife slicing into his ass and then saw the girl eating it in front of him.

“I hope I don’t become fat eating all their delicious meat.” the teenager said.

Raven laughed, “There’s no such thing as a fat witch. Our metabolism’s very fast so we don’t put on weight.”

After the meal the boys were stuck, still alive, in the refrigerator. They got the answer to an age old question; dose the light stay on when the door is closed.

THE END