

Zippering up her black jeans, Azrael Tueuer steps into the elevator, cracking her knuckles eagerly. Though she had been raging at Melissa's betrayal only minutes ago, Azrael now looks calm and professional. The dark predator checks herself in the mirror, pulling the whale tail of her black panties over her hips. Though Sydney nights are cold at this time of year, the dark predator has only put on a tight sports bra, leaving her thickly muscled belly and arms bare. She's not dressed for warmth. Azrael's dressed for *battle*.

Around the dark predator's neck, her new silver necklace glitters. She has claimed the relic from Melissa, after the brunette had forfeited it by her betrayal. Now, the heavy chain necklace belonged to Azrael. The dark predator smirks as she runs a powerful thumb over the large ruby against her neck, lovingly stroking the beautiful gem.

The dark predator presses her thumb to the white screen of the elevator, and there's a pulse of red light as her thumbprint is scanned. "Ego sum divinus." She growls into the microphone embedded above the screen.

"By your glorious word, Divine Savior." The artificial voice chirps back at the dark predator, in her own voice. "Where does God will you?"

"I will descend into the mortal world." Azrael replies to the artificial voice. It's times like these that she's glad that she took the time to record a proper voice for her personal elevator.

"Ground floor." Her own voice replied. The doors closed, and the elevator began to descend.

As she waits for the elevator to descend a few dozen floors, the dark predator turns to admire herself in the mirror again. She'd had the elevator specially refitted so that she could admire God's handiwork. Azrael knew that God was omnipotent and perfect, but even still, He'd outdone himself with her body. Reaching into her jeans, Azrael adjusts her cock and balls, feeling them settle snugly into the underwear that had been specially tailor made for her unusually large genitals. Then, the dark predator sighed.

Melissa Jones had tried to free Jessica Storm. Worse, she'd tried to *escape* for some bizarre reason. Azrael just can't understand it. She had offered the beautiful girl everything that Melissa could possibly desire; a powerful lover, a chance to bear her children and, best of all, a divine purpose. But the brunette had tried to throw it all away, for a couple of cum-soaked whores.

Whatever. Azrael had given Melissa a choice, and the brunette had chosen incorrectly. But Azrael can forgive her. The dark predator will even be generous enough to correct her mistake for her. Azrael has a forgiving and merciful heart, after all. Besides, she wasn't just doing this for Melissa alone anymore.

After all, Melissa's carrying something that belongs to Azrael, isn't she?

First, she'll enact a *purge* of anyone that Melissa knows and loves. She'll personally kill Lindsay Smith and Jessica Storm, and anyone else that she can get her hands on. After all, she doesn't really need to worry about getting caught, as long as her officers are in charge. Azrael is a chief-superintendent of the police. Most of her officers are under her domination, either through bribes or blackmail, and can be relied on to look the other way when it comes to mysterious disappearances involving the dark predator. Some may even be willing to arrange a few 'accidents' for her.

Of course, arranging the murder of... oh, a few dozen people at least, will be rather difficult to conceal if she only uses the police. Azrael knows that the higher-ups of the police force in Sydney are certainly corrupt, but even *they'd* struggle to overlook the scale of her planned purge.

Approaching the criminal families in the city may work, Azrael decides. She can arrange a few favors for them in exchange for them bumping off a few people. And maybe those people could include a couple of police higher-ups. If the Commissioner were to suddenly disappear, then Azrael Tueuer would be quite content to step in and take the job...

Azrael's dick is rock hard, as she imagines the simultaneous murder of everyone Melissa loves. God would bless her actions, the dark predator knows. After all, why would He have put the thought in her head otherwise?

The elevator stops at the ground floor, and a cheerful *ding* stirs Azrael from her erotic thoughts. Grinning widely, the dark predator steps out into the lobby, ignoring her erection bulging down the right leg of her jeans.

Natasha Birch lays against the wall of the lobby, her eyes closed. She's wearing jeans and a plaid shirt, and she's resting her head on her arm, a not very comfortable position that suggests that she was *really* tired to have been able to fall asleep like that. She had been posted there to watch for anyone coming to replace the security guard Sofia got rid of. It had been hours, though, and as the sun began to rise, the pink-haired girl had fallen asleep. Every now and then, a gentle snore drifts out of the girl's nose. "What the... huh?" She stammers, opening her eyes slowly as a heavy shadow falls over her.

Azrael glares down at the pink-haired girl. "You..." This was the girl who'd witnessed Melissa devour the girl at the club earlier this week. Azrael had been hunting the bouncer of the club, and had seen this girl fleeing afterward. "What are you doing here?" She growled, her tone promising violence if Natasha didn't answer.

"Who... *Oh*..." Natasha blinked for a moment, and then her eyes widened in horror as she looked up at the dark predator. "Oh. Oh, no..."

"I have *little* patience." Azrael bared her teeth at the young girl, and Natasha cringed in fear at the sight of the dark predator's glittering teeth. "Why are you *here*, child?"

Of course, Azrael's *well* aware of why Natasha is *actually* here. Melissa must have brought her along as part of whatever plot she'd hatched to spring Jessica and Lindsay from their rightful captivity. By all rights, Natasha was guilty of treason, and God would approve of any punishment Azrael dealt out.

For a long moment, Azrael is really tempted to just *kill* the girl, right here and now. Natasha has nowhere to run, and the dark predator needs somewhere to vent her fury. Clearly, God has placed this young girl in Azrael's path to indicate that the dark predator is *allowed* to use the pink-haired girl for whatever brutal pleasure she desires, right?

"I, um..." Natasha stood up slowly, not taking her eyes off the dark predator's face. "I came to, um..." As she took a fearful step back, Azrael stepped forward, not letting the girl get away. "I came to thank you!"

Azrael's belly rumbles. Melissa had sucked her cock earlier, and the dark predator is used to having a meal after orgasm. And orgasming after a meal. Perhaps a light pink-haired snack was in order? "Thank me for *what*, Natasha Birch?"

"For saving my life!" Natasha shouted desperately, her face turning red. "You... you saved my life back then. If you hadn't... done *that* to the bouncer, she would have killed me..."

Oh, yes. That *was* true, wasn't it? Azrael had forgotten that she'd technically saved the girl before. Well, perhaps she shouldn't be so hasty to murder the girl. "Thank me *how*?" She asked, sneering at the young girl.

Natasha is still staring at Azrael, absolute terror in her cute little eyes. "Um... Um..." She stammers, tugging on her shirt nervously. Azrael gets a glimpse of a cute pink bra between the buttons of her shirt. "By... by sucking your..." The pink-haired girl blushes deeply.

If Azrael wanted her dick sucked right now, she wouldn't bother waiting for consent from this girl. Still, it was an unexpected offer. "Hmm..." Azrael thinks for a moment. Natasha had been saved indirectly by the dark predator when Azrael killed the bouncer of the Rainbow Serpent club. No sense wasting good meat. God has clearly preserved the girl for Azrael's use.

Yeah, why not? Melissa has permanently forfeited her right to exclusivity with the dark predator, after all. Azrael knows that she'll marry Melissa someday, probably soon. But the brunette would never be allowed sole ownership of the dark predator's body, not after the attempt to escape.

"Are you a Christian, Natasha?" Azrael asks, licking her lips slowly.

"H-huh?" Natasha looks confused by the question. "Um... kind of?" Azrael narrows her eyes menacingly, and the young girl flinches. "I mean, yes! Yes, I love Jesus!"

Jesus? That false prophet? How amusing. “Well... good enough, I suppose.” Azrael looked around. “Where is Casey?” The security guard should be watching the lobby, but she’s nowhere to be seen.

“The security guard?” Natasha asks, and then covers her mouth in horror. “I mean...! I don’t know! There was no-one here when I came in!”

Dead, then. One of Melissa’s allies must have gotten rid of Casey. Azrael didn’t really care, in the end. “Is she in the security office?” Azrael wonders out loud, walking toward the metal door on the far side of the lobby.

“Uhm...!” Natasha nervously followed behind the dark predator. “Y’know, I think she might be! No need to check, though!”

Reaching the door, Azrael reaches into one of her jean pockets and pulls out a small keyring. Her car keys, the key for the apartment building and the key for the security office. The dark predator’s not actually *supposed* to have the key to the security office, but she’d claimed it as a trophy after she’d eaten Casey’s predecessor.

With a click, the door opens, and Azrael leans in. “Oh, there you are, Casey.” She speaks into the empty security office.

“W-what?!” Behind her, a confused Natasha leans in to look inside the security office.

Instantly, Azrael seizes the back of the pink-haired girl’s shirt. “Stupid little *fool*.” She rolls her golden eyes. “Still, you’ll make good breeding stock.” Melissa had forfeited the honor of being the only woman Azrael bred with too, the dark predator decides. She’d still be forced to bear Azrael’s children, but the brunette would now have to accept that she would be one of many. Natasha struggles, but compared to Azrael’s monstrous strength, the young girl might as well be trying to bend metal.

Inside the security office is a chair, a table, an old television and a stained mattress in the corner of the room. Azrael had been aware of Casey’s... *proclivities* when it came to young girls. A few of the young girls that had lived in the apartment building had found their way onto that mattress and subsequently vanished after that. Azrael had been satisfied to overlook it for now, but it seems that the universe had punished her sins before Azrael could get around to it.

“Stay here.” The dark predator tossed Natasha into the security room, and the pink-haired girl fell onto the mattress. How appropriate, Azrael sneered. “Get some sleep. I’ll come back for you shortly.”

Natasha pales, but as Azrael narrows her golden eyes, the pink-haired girl nods fearfully.

“Good.” Azrael slams the door shut and locks it again. The pink-haired girl could unlock it from the inside, but the message was clear.

Stalking over the glass doors, Azrael takes a deep breath. She cracks her knuckles, and then opens the glass door, stepping out of the apartment building. A moment later, her golden eyes glide over to the white van that’s parked in the alleyway nearby. The dark predator tastes the morning air, and despite the boiling fury inside her gut, Azrael smiles.

Time to *kill*.

“Melissa?” The voice drifts across Melissa’s brain, shaking her mind back to consciousness.

The brunette feels someone touch her shoulder, and she opens her eyes. Above her, a lightbulb blazes, and Melissa winces, closing her eyes.

“Jessica?” She mutters, easily recognizing the voice. Melissa sat up, feeling the carpet under her butt. “What... what happened?” She asks, rubbing her eyes.

“Azrael caught you trying to free me.” Jessica’s voice sounds a little strained. “She threw you in here with me, and locked the door again...”

Oh. Yes, Melissa remembered now. She’d tried to free Jessica, but had underestimated the dark predator. She sees a vivid flash of Azrael’s face, boiling fury... and a glint of betrayal. Melissa feels a twinge of guilt, and opens her eyes.

She and Jessica are in a small room, only about two meters by two meters in size. The room is almost completely bare, apart from blue carpet and a lightbulb above. For a moment, Melissa wonders why a room like this even exists, but then realizes the stupidity of the question. At least Azrael had left the lightbulb on.

“Are you okay?” Jessica asks, sounding a little worried. “I think you might have fainted...” She had been on her knees, looking over Melissa, and as the brunette sits up, Jessica sits back down again.

Melissa shakes her head. “I’m fine, don’t worry about me.” Both she and Jessica are completely naked, and Melissa is alarmed to see a pair of handcuffs on Jessica’s wrists, the lightning-haired woman’s hands red and chafed. Melissa opens her mouth to ask about that, but then she realizes there’s a far more pressing question. “W-where’s Lindsay?” Melissa had asked earlier, but she couldn’t remember Jessica’s answer now.

“She was downstairs.” Jessica answers quickly, seemingly having anticipated this question. “I was locked up with her for about a day, but a few hours ago, Azrael moved me up here and left Lindsay downstairs.”

Oh, right. Melissa remembered now. That must have been what Azrael had been doing while Melissa was in the bath, she remembers thinking. “Wait, there’s *another* downstairs?” Melissa asks, realizing the oddness of what Jessica just said.

The futanari pornstar smirks. “Yes, your would-be lover has a separate floor for her food, it would seem.” She bites her lips, looking slightly worried. “I hope Lindsay’s okay down there. I haven’t seen her in hours, and I don’t think she can get out by herself. I hope she’s not too hungry...”

There being a downstairs might explain what happened to Daniella, Melissa realized. The tiny prey might have found the lower floor and assumed that was the whole apartment. “I think... Lindsay might be okay.” If Daniella had reached the lower floor, she either would have gotten Lindsay out, or Melissa’s girlfriend would have eaten the tiny prey as a snack. Either way, Melissa and Jessica were in bigger danger right now.

“Are *you* okay?” Melissa asks Jessica, eyeing the pornstar’s lower body. There’s a few bruises on her thighs, and dried cum is streaked all down Jessica’s legs. “Did Azrael...?”

“Hmm?” Jessica blinks and looks down at her thighs. “Oh, most of *this* is from myself, I’m ashamed to admit.” She doesn’t *look* particularly ashamed, Melissa notes. Jessica sighs, smirking lightly. “As much as I dislike the woman who locked me up, I couldn’t help but coat my thighs when she decided to stick that monster of hers up my rear end.”

Melissa winces. “Oh, that must have *hurt*.” Azrael’s cock had practically broken her jaw earlier. Having the thirteen-inch monstrosity inside one’s rear end would be *brutal*.

“Yes, I feel as if some of my lower intestines have been moved around...” Jessica winces, rubbing her abdomen. “Though it did not hurt as much as I feared. At least, after a little while. Lindsay and I both discovered that we could submit to her cock quite easily.” She smirks, and Melissa sees the futanari’s cock twitch. “That really pissed her off. She wanted us to *suffer*, but I begged for more.”

Well, that was one way not to break, Melissa supposes. “I’m sorry.” She says to Jessica, closing her eyes. “All this is because of me. You got raped because of me. I’m so sor-”

Suddenly, Melissa feels a hand over her mouth. She opens her eyes, and looks up at Jessica. The lighting-haired woman is glaring at Melissa. “Are you a fool? The only one at fault here is *Azrael*. *She* dragged us here. *She* assaulted Lindsay and I. *She* forced you to come.” Jessica pulls her hand away. “I daresay you’ve made a few mistakes. So have I. But never pretend that there’s more than *one* person at fault for all of this.”

Melissa knows that Jessica's right. But that doesn't make her feel any less guilty. "She... didn't *quite* force me to come." The brunette admits awkwardly.

"What?" Jessica blinks in surprise. "Then why...?"

Melissa smiles sheepishly. "Daniella and I had an idea of how to get the two of you out..."

"Daniella?!" The futanari pornstar looks baffled. "The little prey? How the fuck did you two end up working together?"

"Well..." For the next few minutes, Melissa explained the plan to Jessica, feeling a little foolish as she did so. She explained about using the scent of sex to temporarily block Azrael's deadly sense of smell, allowing Daniella to infiltrate the building. About springing Jessica and Lindsay while Melissa kept Azrael... *busy*. About having an escape vehicle ready to take the two of them away. And lastly, about Melissa staying with Azrael.

Jessica listened to Melissa's story, her face inscrutable. Finally, when Melissa finishes, the futanari scowls. "I... Melissa, that's *insane*."

"Yeah, I know." Melissa blushes. "Look, I was in a pretty bad place when I came up with the whole plan, so I guess it's pretty dumb..."

"No, honestly I think the plan was pretty *good*." Jessica tugs on her handcuffs, frowning at Melissa. "The only problem was that it hinged on you giving up your freedom for us... for *me*. I wouldn't want that. I can't believe *you* would be okay with doing that."

Melissa grins weakly at the pornstar. "Turns out... I wasn't." She had realized that she didn't want to spend the rest of her life as Azrael's pawn, in the end. "I didn't want to stay here with *her*, when the people I loved were living without me. Maybe that's selfish, but..."

"Selfishness is good." Jessica smiles at Melissa. "Be selfish, Melissa. You've earned it." Finally, the lightning-haired woman shrugs. "Oh well. I guess it doesn't matter *why* you came here. You're here with me now. And we can try to escape together."

"Escape?" Melissa looks around the room. It's completely bare, apart from the door in front of them. Both of them are naked. Jessica is *handcuffed*. So, there's an obvious question to be asked. "How?"

Jessica points at Melissa's butt. "I don't know, but what's under your arse might help."

Now that the futanari mentions it, there *is* something digging into Melissa's behind. With a grunt of effort, the brunette lifts her butt off the ground and moves over. As she does, something glints on the carpet. The key to the door!

Melissa snatches the small key up, feeling her heart surge. "I saw you drop it earlier." Jessica explains, scooting over to Melissa to look at the key in her hand. "I don't think you or Azrael noticed..." Well, Melissa certainly hadn't. The brunette turns to the door, looking for a keyhole.

But unfortunately, it seems that Azrael hasn't been as negligent as they'd hoped. The inside of the door has no keyhole, Melissa realizes. The dark predator must have always intended this room as a makeshift cell. Come to think of it, the metal door looks rather sturdier from the inside than Melissa had noticed on her way in. "Dammit!" She said out loud. "I... we can't open it from inside, I don't think..."

"Oh..." Jessica's face falls, and she sits back, leaning against the wall with a sigh. "Guess I got your hopes up. Sorry about that." She snorts bitterly. "I guess that's the second time today I've done that..."

Melissa stares at the key in her hand for a moment, feeling a little disappointed. Then, she blinks. "What, what are you talking about?" She asks, giving Jessica a confused look.

The futanari stares at her for a moment, and then looks a little sheepish. "Oh, no, I just meant..." She shrugs. "I mean, you were hoping to find Lindsay, right?" Jessica rolls her eyes. "I'm not having a go, I'm just..."

"I was *hoping* to find both of you." Melissa feels a little confused as to what the lightning-haired woman is getting at. "Wait, are you...?" Did Jessica mean that she expected Melissa to be disappointed that she'd found Jessica instead of Lindsay. "Jess... I would have been happy to find you *or* Lindsay, equally."

Jessica seems more than a little taken aback by that. "Wait, what? But Lindsay's your girlfriend?" She didn't seem to understand what Melissa meant.

The brunette frowns and touches her belly. "Jess, I'm carrying your child. Remember?"

"I could hardly *forget*." The futanari's eyes flick to Melissa's belly for a moment. The brunette is pregnant, but she's far too early to even be showing a slight curve. "But, I mean, Lindsay's your girlfriend, right? I knocked you up, sure, but..."

Oh boy. Melissa knows that it's as good a time as any to have this conversation. It's far from the place and time she'd hoped to have this conversation, but there might not *be* a better time. "Jess..." She sighs, trying to pick the right words. "I didn't... I wanted to find *you* just as much as Lindsay."

"Oh." Jessica licks her lips nervously. This is the first time Melissa's ever seen such an expression on her face. "W-why?"

“I think you *know* why.” Melissa gives the futanari a soft smile.

The lightning-haired woman blushes. “I think so... but I still want to hear it.”

Fair enough. Melissa owes her that much. “Jessica... I like you. A *lot*.” She finally admits. “Ever since we met, I’ve been thinking about you. I think it’s a little early to say that its *love*, but it’s the same feeling I had with Lindsay, and well...”

“Oh...” Jessica looks away, covering her mouth. But Melissa saw the hint of a smile before the futanari could conceal it. “Back when we had the VoreFans meetup, I asked you if you wanted to break it off with Lindsay, and you said ‘no’...”

That was true, Melissa remembered saying that. “And I’m still not interested in doing that.” She answers, shifting her butt to sit a little closer to Jessica. “But if it’s a matter of Lindsay and I *adding* to our relationship...”

The futanari blushes. “Yes, Lindsay suggested something similar to me right before we were captured, I believe. She suggested that the two of you would bring me into your relationship as a third person. As a three way relationship.”

Melissa couldn’t help but smile at that. Of course Lindsay had already approached Jessica with the idea. “Well, there you go then.” It wasn’t like Melissa had ever expected Lindsay to be *opposed* to the idea. “Lindsay feels the same way. I knew she had feelings for you already.”

“I mean, that’s all well and good, but...” Jessica clears her throat. “I mean, how would this... even work? If you’re with Lindsay, and I’m with you *and* Lindsay...”

“Don’t overthink it.” Melissa grins at Jessica. “We’ll all be with *each other*.”

The lightning-haired woman is silent for a long moment. “I... Melissa, I feel the same way... about the both of you...” She looks back at the brunette, unable to suppress a joyful smile. “If you and Lindsay will have me, I’ll happily become part of your relationship...”

Melissa does not wait any longer. Leaning forward, she kisses Jessica on the lips. The futanari is surprised at the sudden move, but she eagerly returns the kiss.

For a long moment, the two are pressed against each other, enjoying the taste of each other’s love. It’s not the first time Melissa and Jessica have kissed, of course. The brunette is already pregnant with her child, so there’s very little intimacy left that they haven’t already enjoyed. But this is their first kiss as real lovers.

After a little while, Melissa breaks the kiss, pulling away from her new girlfriend with a satisfied smirk. “Well... that was a good start to a relationship...” She jokes.

Jessica is breathing heavily. "Yes, I... quite enjoyed that." She admits, grinning back at her new girlfriend.

"Yes, I can tell." Melissa gestures to Jessica's penis, which is now standing proud and slapping against the futanari's bare belly. A small dribble of precum betrays Jessica's arousal.

Jessica blushes deeply. "Yes, well... It's only appropriate, is it not?" Melissa can't find fault in that idea. The futanari takes a deep breath. "So, now what?"

"Now?" Melissa's not come this far to give up now. "We figure out a way to escape."

"Really?" Jessica seems a little confused by that. "But how...?"

"We figure out a way." Melissa states calmly. She's just created a new future, with her, Lindsay and Jessica together. And for that future to survive, they need to escape from here alive. "Let's start with those handcuffs."

Reaching down, Melissa tries to pull the handcuffs open, hooking her fingers into the narrow space between Jessica's wrist and the hard metal. But the handcuffs, aren't cheap BDSM toys, they're actual police handcuffs that Azrael conveniently has access to. Melissa frowns, letting go of the handcuffs and rubbing her hands. She only succeeded in making her fingers sore.

Melissa sighs, wondering what to do. "Any ideas?" She asks Jessica.

The futanari blushes. "Well... Lindsay *did* have an idea on how to get out of her handcuffs earlier. I think if I can get some lubricant, I might be able to pull my wrist through..."

"Lubricant?" Melissa wonders where in this bare room they could possibly get some... oh. The brunette looks down at Jessica's cock, which is already twitching in anticipation. She smirks. "Well... if you *insist*..."

Melissa reaches down and wraps her hand around the futanari's erect penis. "Ah!" Jessica gasps at her touch, her muscles twitching in involuntary excitement. "M-Melissa..." She moans, as the brunette begins to stroke her cock.

"Just calm down and let your girlfriend jerk you off..." Melissa smirks at the futanari, scooting over to sit next to her. Their warm thighs and shoulders pressed together, the brunette leans her cheek on Jessica's shoulder. "There you go... just relax and let me get you off..."

Jessica tries to stay quiet, but as Melissa fingers squeeze her arousal, she can't help but moan out loud. "Ugh... ugh!" Her face turns a bright red, and she spreads her legs, giving her new girlfriend easier access to her genitals. Her balls are already tight, ready to eject their contents.

Melissa can feel Jessica's dick already twitching. "Geez, you're a real quickshot today, aren't you?" Melissa whispers into Jessica's ear, causing the futanari to shudder in pleasure. "When you were *destroying* my vagina during our porn shoot, that dick of yours was so strong and scary..."

"Ugh... I love you, Melissa!" Jessica blurts out, as Melissa's thumb caresses the head of her penis. "I can't... I can't hold back!"

"Then *don't* hold back, Jess!" Melissa kisses her girlfriend on the cheek. "Come on, show me how much you love me! Empty those fucking balls! Come on, I love you, Jessica...!"

That does the trick. As soon as the word 'love' drifts into Jessica's ear, the futanari's dick suddenly hardens like a rock. "Fuck! Fuck! Urgh...!" She groans, and Melissa can feel Jessica's cock pulsing, as her balls begin to empty themselves. A lance of pure, white cum sprays into the air...

...Just as there's loud knocking on the door, startling the two new lovers.

"Oh fuck, jam it in there!" Daniella moans, as Lindsay rubs the tiny prey's clit. "Come on, give it a good squeeze, really get that load right up inside me..."

The tiny prey is sitting on the desk in the serial-killer room. That's the name she and Lindsay have given to the small room filled with pictures and trophies taken from Azrael's victims. Apparently, the dark predator had been using it as a way to relieve the pleasure she'd felt in killing her prey, judging by the sex toys littered around the room.

"Uh..." Lindsay is bent over the tiny prey, holding part of the home insemination device that the tiny prey had, for some insane reason, brought along. The rest of the device is buried in Daniella's vagina, sunk deep into the jungle of pubic hair and soaked with copious amounts of arousal. "So... I just squeeze this part, and it shoots up inside you?"

Daniella, ever the gambler, had found a dangerous way to pass the time while she and Lindsay were effectively trapped in the secret part of Azrael's apartment. Having found a freshly-used fleshlight, the tiny prey had decided to try an 'experiment' with Azrael's leftover cum; spurting it into her own womb and seeing what the fuck happens after that.

"I've been risking death for a long time..." The tiny prey moans, feeling extremely aroused at what Lindsay's about to do. "This is my first time risking *life*..." As Lindsay squeezes the bulb at the end of the device, the tiny prey suddenly feels heat spreading through her cervix. "Oh shit, is that...? *Oooh*..."

Azrael Tueuer had only heard of Daniella Coven in a tangential sense. When she'd looked over the tiny prey's information as part of her stalking Melissa Jones, she'd almost immediately dismissed the death-risking prey as a minor being who was unlikely to survive long enough to even bother caring about. After that, she'd spared not even a fleeting thought to the prey's existence.

Now, unbeknownst to the dark predator, Azrael's sperm is now flooding Daniella's womb, still virile and healthy enough after several hours pooling inside the fleshlight to make a real attempt at knocking up the tiny prey. Normally, sperm only lasted an hour or so at most, but Azrael's sperm is, like their progenitor, a cut above average.

Lindsay gives the device a few more squeezes, making sure that there's nothing left to blast into the tiny prey. She's never actually used one of these devices before, though she's generally familiar with their function. The child currently inside her own womb had been conceived through direct injection. "Alright..." The redhead let go of the device, leaving it hanging between Daniella's legs. "Time for stage two."

"Stage two?" Daniella is shivering in joy as the sperm begins to spread into her tiny body. "What's stage t.. Oh!" She moans, as Lindsay leans down and begins to lick her clit.

It was lucky, the redhead reflects as she sucks on the tiny mound of flesh, that she'd already been pregnant when Azrael had decided to take her vagina for a spin last night. If little Xanthe hadn't already been there, then Lindsay knows that there would have been an approximately 100% chance that she would have conceived Azrael's child. Which, oddly, the redhead felt strangely disappointed by.

"Shit, Lindsay, shit!" Daniella groans as the redhead mercilessly sucks on her clit. Lindsay clearly has a *lot* of experience doing this, judging by how effective her technique is. Squirming awkwardly on the desk, Daniella reaches out and tangles her fingers in Lindsay's beautiful red hair. "Oh, fuck, I'm gonna..."

A few moments later, the tiny prey's body begins to shake, as a powerful orgasm rips through her body. As her womb continues to accept more and more of the dark predator's sperm, Daniella's mind temporarily goes blank, succumbing to pleasure.

A moment later, Lindsay sits up, wiping her mouth. "Did you feel that?" She asks, straining to listen. It almost sounded like...

"Oh, I *felt* that, babe." Daniella moans. "You're a fucking *stallion*..."

"Not *that!*" Lindsay waves a hand, though she does feel a hint of pride at the tiny prey's words. "Does that sound like the elevator moving to you?"

Daniella blinks for a moment, and then sits up, cupping her ear. In the distance, there's the sound of machinery moving, and the sound of something large moving in the elevator shaft. The sound is moving downward!

"Oh, shit!" The tiny prey shrieks in excitement. Pulling the insemination device out of her vagina, Daniella jumps off the table. As Lindsay moves out of the way, the tiny prey grabs her discarded shorts and sprints out into the hallway. A trail of white liquid splashes down her legs, leaving a glistening trail in the cheap carpet.

When the redhead steps out into the hallway, she sees that Daniella is already crouched down near the open vent that she'd crawled in from. Lindsay slowly walks over to her, eyeing the tiny prey's visible butthole. "What do you see?"

Daniella turns and grins at Lindsay. "Elevator's gone downstairs. We can climb up top now."

"We?" Lindsay asks, feeling a hint of alarm. "Oh, no. I'm not climbing up that *death trap*."

"Okay!" Daniella steps into her shorts, pulling them up to cover herself. Almost instantly, a wet stain appears in front of her groin. "I'll go and rescue Jessica and Melissa by myself, will I?"

"Melissa?" The redhead's eyes narrow dangerously. "You said Melissa *wasn't here*."

Daniella realizes she just fucked up big-time. Melissa had told her not to mention that she was here, since Lindsay wouldn't be willing to leave otherwise. "Oh... um... uh..." She's going to need to pick her words very carefully. "Well... I lied! She *is* here!" Or not.

"You little...!" Lindsay grabs the tiny prey by the collar of her hoodie, lifting her up without any real effort. "My girlfriend's *here*, in danger, and you had me eating you out?!"

"Um..." Absolute terror breaks out in Daniella's brain, and she scrambles to find a proper response. "Yes!"

Lindsay glares at Daniella for a long moment, and then sighs angrily. "You..." She puts down the tiny prey, shaking her head as a wry grin spreads across her face. "You're so lucky I'm attracted to you, Daniella Coven. Otherwise, you'd be boiling in my guts right now."

Daniella is *well* aware of her luck, of course. "Luck is a skill!" She chirps happily, and then points to the vent. "Alright, let's go then!"

"Huh?" Lindsay bites her lip, and crouches down to look out of the vent hole. Beyond, she can see the empty void of the elevator shaft. "Oh... oh *no*." She leans back, shaking her head. "No way I'm going in there. That's insane." She turns and sees Daniella grinning at her. "Why are you looking at me like that? No! I'm *not* doing that! No way!"

Fifteen minutes later, Lindsay and Daniella are sprawled on the floor of the apartment's foyer, breathing heavily. Lindsay is laying face-down, as if she's hugging the ground.

"I shouldn't have done that..." Lindsay groans, covering her face. As she closes her eyes, she can still see the yawning void of the elevator shaft beneath her. The redhead had never been particularly scared of heights, but climbing up about five meters with nothing but her own grip keeping her from the death drop beneath had been easily the worst experience in her life, *including* having her buttohole plundered by a thirteen-inch penis.

"That was fun!" Daniella grins, picturing the death drop in her mind. "We totally almost *died*." About halfway up, Lindsay's grip had failed, and the predator had to spend an agonizing few seconds clinging on with her other three limbs before she got hold of the ladder again. IF the redhead had fallen, she would have taken out the tiny prey on the way down.

"Never again..." Lindsay groans. "I'd rather get eaten alive by Azrael than do that again." She actually meant it, amazingly enough.

Daniella sits up, wishing she had enough time to rub one out. "If it's any consolation, you did a great job smashing through the vent on this floor. I never would have been able to get in without you." Nearby, the shattered vent lays in pieces on the floor, having been ripped through by the predator, desperate to get back on solid ground.

"I'm going to smash *you*..." The redhead growls, though it's not a serious threat. As Lindsay catches her breath, she opens her eyes to see Daniella standing over her, offering her hand. With a sigh, Lindsay reaches up and takes it.

A moment later, the two of them are looking around Azrael's apartment, looking for any sign of Melissa or Jessica. Presumably, the elevator went down with Azrael on board, so it was *probably* safe to look around.

"Did you find anything?" Lindsay asks, after searching through the mind-bogglingly large bathroom. "I found some of Melissa's clothes, but..." She stops at the entrance of the home theater. "What are you *doing*?"

Daniella is stuffing half a dozen hard drives into her various pockets, and also drinking a beer she'd pilfered from the small fridge. "Drinking alcohol?" She offers, slowly pushing the hard drive in her hand into her hoodie.

"Are you *robbing* Azrael?" The redhead asks, incredulous. The little prey is certainly bold, she has to admit.

Daniella thinks about this for a moment. “Yes.” She says at last. “I’m stealing her porn collection.”

Lindsay smirks at the tiny prey. “Right on!” She gives her a thumbs up.

A few minutes later, the two of them are combing the hallways of the apartment, trying each door. Most of them are locked, and the ones that aren’t contain a disappointing lack of Melissa and/or Jessica.

“God, this place is *big*.” Daniella whines, as they close the door to *another* bedroom. “How many fucking people was this place built to house?”

“It’s pretty big...” Lindsay agrees, and then turns to smirk at Daniella. “Though, I guess it must seem even bigger to you, huh?”

“Oh, ha *ha*.” Daniella rolls her eyes. “Make fun of my physical impediments, sure.”

Lindsay snorts. “Okay, I will. Hey, are you legally, like, a dwarf or whatever?”

“Well...” Daniella begins, but she trails off as Lindsay holds up a hand. “What? Do you hear something? What do you hear?” The redhead waves a hand angrily. “Huh? You want me to be quiet? Oh, right!” The tiny prey falls silent.

In the distance, Lindsay can hear a strange noise. It sounds like... a couple of people talking and a curious moaning... “This way!” She yells out, sprinting down the hallway, following the sound.

Running along the hallway, Lindsay comes to a corner and turns to see another long hallway that has a long window along one side, showing off an impressive view of the city skyline. Out the window, she’s shocked to see the sun rising. She hadn’t had access to a clock while she was locked up, and she’d assumed it was the middle of the night.

The sounds were coming from a door at the end of the hallway. As Lindsay walks up to it, Daniella trotting along behind her, she hears a familiar voice moaning “Fuck! Fuck! Urgh...!”

Lindsay reaches out and bangs on the door. Inside she hears two cries of alarm, having probably startled the two people inside. “Jessica?” The redhead calls out, having recognized both voices. “Melissa?”

“Lindsay?!” The redhead hears Melissa’s voice. “Is that you?” Nearby, Lindsay can hear Jessica groaning. Is Jessica hurt?!

She grabs the door handle, trying to open the door. It's locked, of course, but the redhead tries to wrench it open like she did with the door downstairs. No luck, this one seems sturdier than that one. "Hold on, Melissa! I'm gonna get you outta there!"

"Lindsay, wait!" She hears Melissa call out, as the voice moves closer to the door. "Come on... yes!"

Lindsay looks down, and sees a tiny glimmering shape appear from the crack under the door. A key? The redhead has no time to question it, she just reaches down and picks up the key.

It takes a few seconds, but the door lock clicks open. "Melissa!" Lindsay opens the door. "Is Jessica all ri-"

A spurt of cum lands on Lindsay's right tit. The redhead pauses, and then sees that Melissa is holding Jessica's cock, the futanari's balls still pulsing as cum dribbles down the length of her shaft. A moment later, another lance of cum paints the carpet, landing at Lindsay's feet.

"Guess she's alright." Lindsay smirks down at the two of them. Melissa gives her a sheepish smile.

A moment later, Jessica's handcuffs are lying in a puddle of cum on the floor, as the futanari rubs her sore wrists. "Oh my *god*..." She groans, flexing her fingers. "You have no idea how good it feels to be able to move my hands properly again."

"I mean, I got *some* idea." Lindsay smirks at the futanari, as she offers her hands to both Melissa and Jessica. She hadn't been locked up as long as Jessica had, but her wrists are still chafing a little. "Come on, up you get, you two."

As she helps Melissa and Jessica to their feet, Daniella admires the stained carpet. "Man, you two sure had a good time in here." She grins at Jessica. "Guess I didn't need to worry so much, huh?"

"Thank you for coming, Daniella." Once she's on her feet again, Jessica walks over and hugs the tiny prey. "I'm so glad to see you."

"Yeah, I know. You're kinda... poking me in the hip, y'know." The tiny prey can feel the pornstar's half-erect cock pressing against the top of her shorts. When Jessica awkwardly tries to shift her waist, Daniella rolls her eyes. "I didn't ask you to *not* poke me."

Jessica pulls back slightly, and then, to Daniella's shock, kisses the tiny prey on the lips, just a momentary peck. "Melissa told me all about how you helped. We owe you our lives."

"Y-yeah, well... You're my friend, right?" Daniella smirks at the futanari. "'Sides, I got to risk my dumbass life in entirely new ways, so I think we're about even."

Lindsay watches the two for a moment, and then turns to Melissa. "So... you told Daniella to tell me you weren't here?" She asks, raising an eyebrow.

"It's a long story." Melissa says, looking embarrassed. "I didn't want you to..."

Her girlfriend holds up her hand. "Its okay, Melissa. I get the feeling you were trying to be a martyr again, right?" When Melissa sighs and nods, the redhead rolls her eyes. "If it's a long story, tell me later, okay. It's not that important right now, is it?"

"No, I guess not." Melissa looks over at Jessica, who is stepping away from her hug with Daniella. "Oh, er... Jessica and I..."

Jessica turns around as she realizes what Melissa's trying to tell Lindsay. "Oh, yes!" She begins and then blushes deeply. "Yes, Melissa and I... ah..." It seems that the words are a bit hard to find right now.

Lindsay looks between the two blushing women, and chuckles to herself. It's not very hard to work out what they're hinting at. "Did you..." Lindsay raises an eyebrow at Melissa. "...Get another girlfriend?" She asks, nodding at Jessica.

Melissa nods slowly. "I did." She reaches out and takes Jessica's hand for a moment, squeezing her girlfriend's fingers gently.

A wide grin breaks out on the redhead's face. "Did I get another girlfriend?" She asks, more than a little excited.

"Yes, I think you might have, Lindsay." Melissa looks at Jessica, who blushes.

The futanari pornstar nods. "You... If you're willing, Lindsay, I'm happy to become..."

"Yeah!" Lindsay walks over and hugs the lightning-haired woman, squeezing her new girlfriend happily. "This is awesome!" The redhead kisses the surprised Jessica on the lips and then steps back, a contented blush on her cheeks. "Alright, guess we're doing this, huh? Triple the fun, right?"

"I... I guess." Melissa gives Lindsay, and then Jessica, a weak smile. "I've never... I've never done anything like this before. A three-way relationship, I mean." She blushes deeply. "I don't really know how they even work..."

Lindsay steps forward and puts an arm around both of her girlfriends. "Well, we're gonna have a lot of fun figuring it out together, right?" She kisses Melissa on the forehead, and then winks at Jessica. "Fuck, if we get out of here alive, we're gonna have a *lot* of kids, aren't we?" Jessica's dick twitches, seemingly in approval.

“Ahem.” Daniella coughs, and the three lovers turn to look at her. “Speaking of getting out of here alive, perhaps it’s best if we…”

“Fuck, I’m hungry!” Lindsay suddenly realizes, squeezing her girlfriends’ shoulders. “I haven’t eaten in *hours*.”

Melissa can feel her own stomach rumbling. “Oh, I think I need to eat as well…” She blushes, licking her lips eagerly.

Jessica nods in response to her girlfriends. “Yes, I need to eat before we do anything else, I’m afraid.”

Three pairs of eyes turn to Daniella. “Huh.” Lindsay smirks. “I just thought of something we could do as a couple… I mean, a *triple*.”

It suddenly strikes the tiny prey that she’s alone in the apartment with three hungry predators. “Uhm!” She gasps, feeling sweat break out on her forehead. “Well, I’m sure Azrael has a nice kitchen… Uh, somewhere!” She takes a step back, estimating her odds at escape. They’re not *good* odds…

Padma stares at the phone in her hand, moving her finger across the screen to line up the small jewels. Each time she gets more than four in a row, the phone makes a pleasant dinging sound, and every time she clears a level, it shows her a *racy* picture of an anime girl. So, in other words, it’s the highest selling app online.

Beside her, Elsa is snoozing in the passenger seat, leaning her head against the side of the van, cushioned by a discarded hoodie. In the back, Sofia is snoring loudly, her gut finally reduced back down to a normal level. Though they’d tried to stay awake and alert, it had been hours since Melissa and Daniella had gone into the building. Attention span had never been Padma’s strong suit.

With a dinging sound, Padma is rewarded with an anime girl’s squeal, as another layer of clothes falls off the already-scantily clad girl on the screen. “Oh, fuck yeah…” The Indian-Australian girl moans, absent-mindedly rubbing the front of her shorts. “Kana-chan, I’m coming for your bra next…” For a moment, Padma wonders whether she should wake up Elsa, and see if she’s in the mood for some *playtime*…

There’s a knock at the driver-side window.

Padma jumps, looking up from the bright phone screen to see only darkness outside the window. She blinks for a moment, rubbing her eyes. The sun has risen, but the shadow of the

apartment build has still left most of the alleyway in darkness. Yawning, Padma presses the button to roll down the window, wondering if it might be a police officer checking they're not squatting here.

"Hello?" She asks, as her eyes adjust to the darkness.

"**Hello.**" A gleaming row of teeth appear in the blackness, along with a pair of shining golden eyes. "**Who might you be? To be parked outside my home all night?**"

Padma's eyes widen in horror as she realizes that a powerfully built woman with coal-black skin is standing just outside. A red ruby sits on a heavy necklace around her dark neck, glimmering softly in the sunrise. It's rather obvious who this is. Everyone in the van is in deadly danger, Padma realizes. "Um... Nobody!" The girl answers, terror written across her face. "We're nobody!"

"**I see...**" Azrael growls, and beckons to Padma. "**Step outside the vehicle, ma'am.**"

"W-why?" Padma tries to pat her pockets for the van's keys, a difficult task when she's trying not to let the predator outside know what she's doing.

"**So that I can rape you all, and then crush your skulls beneath my feet.**" The terrible smile grows even wider.

Padma stares at Azrael for a moment, fully understanding what it's like for a prey to stand before their natural predator. "Um, I think I'll decline, thank you." She presses the button again and window slides back up. Taking a deep breath, the young girl steels herself.

Then, she slams the van's horn.

"Whoa, what the fuck?!" Elsa yells, catapulted out of her dreams by the almost-deafening sound. Behind them, Sofia rolls over, a litany of curses flowing out of her mouth. "What the fuck are you doing, Padma?" Elsa demands, looking royally pissed off.

"We gotta go!" Padma yells right back at her, stunning the pale futanari. The girl pats down her pockets again, looking desperately. "Where are the keys, Elsa?!" She demands, grabbing her girlfriend's hand.

"Wha... I don't know?!" Elsa looks around the van, still groggy from sleep. "What the hell is the pro-"

The driver's side window *explodes* under the hammer force of Azrael's elbow. The van hadn't been a particularly sturdy vehicle when it was new, and almost a decade of being chopped and changed to suit whatever criminal job it was needed for had made it even worse. Whoever had installed the windows this time around had clearly done a shoddy job.

Fragments of glass are thrown into the air, scattering across the front of the van. Elsa grabs Padma, shielding the girl from a good amount of the glass at the cost of a few bursts of pain across her back.

Azrael reaches into the car, grabbing for Padma's arm. Luckily for the young girl, the dark predator's reach isn't *quite* far enough, since there's still a ring of sharp glass around the ring of the driver's side window that she needs to avoid. When it becomes obvious that she won't be able to grab Padma and wrench her out of the vehicle, Azrael turns her hand downward, trying to find the inner door handle.

Thinking fast, Elsa kicks Azrael's hand, knocking it away from the lock. If the dark predator manages to get the door open, she knows it'll be the end for all of them. There will be no escape for them in the confined space of the van. It would be like being stuck in a blender, is the mad thought that comes to Elsa, as she sees Azrael's hand reach down again...

"Over here, pig!" Sofia roars, throwing open the back doors of the van. "I'll take you on, come and fucking get me!"

"Sofia, are you crazy?!" Elsa screams. With horror, she sees Azrael's hand whip back out of the window, as the dark predator immediately changes course.

"Fucking *run!*" The Hispanic predator screams, leaping out of the van. As she stumbles into the alleyway, she can see Azrael coming toward her, murder in her eyes. Sofia turns and runs down the alleyway, trying to draw the dark predator away.

In the van, Padma pushes Elsa off her, and grabs the hoodie in her hands. For a moment, Elsa wonders what she's doing, until the young girl reaches into the pocket and pulls out the car keys. Sweeping aside some of the fallen glass shards with the hoodie, Padma starts the car.

Azrael pauses in her stride toward Sofia, and turns to watch as the van's engine bursts to life. A moment later, the vehicle peels out of the alleyway, swerving dangerously onto the road. As the van vanishes in a scream of tyres on asphalt, the dark predator turns back to Sofia.

"Do you think you've saved them?" Azrael smirks, and reaches into her pocket. She pulls out a small radio, and tunes it to a very specific frequency. "This is Chief Superintendent Tueuer." She speaks into the radio, as she sneers at Sofia. "Calling in a Code Blue on a white van with a broken driver's-side window in the Martin Place area. Two non-compliants inside who are *likely to resist arrest*. Proceed to detain them as quickly as you can." *Capture and devour the two drivers*, is what the order actually means. A moment later, Azrael turns on the radio again. "See if you can identify the driver." The Indian girl had looked vaguely familiar for some odd reason...

“Understood, Chief.” The expected response comes through, and Azrael chuckles to herself. This frequency is used by her to contact the predator officers who are under her thumb, and they’ll carry out her order without question, she knows.

“You saved no-one, Sofia Santiago.” The dark predator takes immense joy in informing the furious Hispanic predator. “My officers will hunt your two little allies down and eliminate them for me. It would have been simpler for me to just devour all three of you. I know my officers will take their time enjoying those two...”

“You fucking bitch!” Sofia bares her knuckles at Azrael. “I’ll fucking kill you!”

“Greater predators than you have tried.” Azrael chuckles, a deeply menacing sound that promises imminent violence. She touches the ruby around her neck. “Now, they are a part of me. As you soon will be.”

Sofia Santiago knows that she doesn’t stand a chance against this monstrous predator. She might as well try fistfighting a brick wall. Even the recent digestion of that security guard won’t give her enough strength to overcome this living wall of muscle and guts.

But, a true predator would never die of old age. If it has to be somewhere, then here is as good a place and time as any, Sofia thinks to herself. At least she could go to heaven knowing that she’d died in battle, and not, like, getting eaten by some little bitch after being slipped a roofie or something undignified like that.

Still, Sofia knows that her odds weren’t zero. Strong as Azrael is, she’s only human, despite what the dark predator seems to think.

“If you want me, come fucking get me!” Sofia snarls, raising her fists.

Azrael does. With twin roars of rage, the predators clash in battle!

Melissa rubs her belly, feeling properly full for the first time in a long time. Her last meal had been a load of Azrael’s cum last night, which had actually been surprisingly filling, though probably not particularly nutritious.

Letting out a burp, Melissa sits back on the stool, feeling her digestion begin. Stomach acids are pumping into her belly, the contents of which are already half-melted...

“Would Mistress like some more cereal?” Daniella asks, nervously rubbing her hands together. She was standing next to Melissa, a terrified grin on her cute face. “There’s plenty of non-Daniella Coven shaped food left, haha...”

Luckily for the tiny prey, the four of them had quickly found Azrael's kitchen, and had spent the last twenty minutes ransacking the large room for anything they wanted to eat. Melissa had downed two bowls of cereal, Jessica had eaten six slices of toast and Lindsay had drunk two protein shakes. Daniella, ever the gambler, had eaten a possibly out-of-date plate of sushi, though it seemed like her luck had held out once more.

Melissa rolls her eyes. "Dani, Lindsay was only joking about eating you." She told the tiny prey for the fifth time, as she stuffs another spoonful of expensive cereal into her mouth. It's delicious, but Melissa has no idea how long they'll have to enjoy the food before its owner returns.

"No, I wasn't!" Lindsay calls out from the doorway, where she's watching the elevator door. All four of them laugh.

"It's funny 'cause I would have been killed by my own friends..." Daniella giggles to herself. "Kinda hot, too."

Melissa raises her eyebrow at the tiny prey. "Oh, well in that case..." She puts down the bowl and reaches for Daniella.

The tiny prey flinches backward. "N-no, no, I'm good!" She stammers, sweat dripping down her cheeks. "Eat your cereal, please."

The brunette rolls her eyes at Daniella. "I'm *joking*." She says, giving the tiny prey a curious look. "Anyway, I would have thought you'd love to die."

"Haha... I love to *almost* die. The whole point is to skirt the edge of death and then get away." Daniella chuckles nervously. "But, y'know... it's kinda hard to get off when you're a corpse, right? Plus, I figure that I'm going *down*, not *up* when I die."

"Dani, when you die, there's nothing but hellish oblivion." Lindsay sneers at the small woman. "There's no such thing as souls or an afterlife. When you bite it, you vanish forever." The redhead rubbed her belly, an aroused look on her face. "That's why I *love* eating people."

"No way!" Daniella shakes her head. "There's gotta be an afterlife. I wanna burn in Hell for all eternity when I finally fuck up one day."

Truth be told, Melissa isn't entirely certain what side of the debate she falls on anymore. She had never really considered what would happen after she died, save that she'd be dead, obviously. But after spending some time with Azrael, the brunette could sense that she was swinging more to the religious side. "I think I'd like to believe in Heaven." She admits, and Lindsay gives her a curious look.

"Believe what you want, Mel, but you can't change reality." Lindsay snorts derisively.

“Okay, *fun police*.” Daniella rolls her eyes at the redhead, and turns to Melissa. “Maybe Heaven and Hell are the same place, but the good people are the ones who get to torture the bad ones. Like, predators get to enjoy Heaven by eating nasty little prey like me.”

Now, that sounded like an afterlife Melissa could get behind. “Sounds good to me.” The brunette winks at Daniella. “I’ll put myself in charge of *your* punishment if that’s the case.”

The tiny prey gives Melissa a cheerful thumbs up. “Deal!”

“Sorry to interrupt all the cheerful talk about death...” Jessica says in a sardonic tone, as she walks back into the kitchen with a handful of her clothes under her arm. “I found the luggage you told me about in ‘your’ room, but these were all I could find...”

Melissa puts down the bowl of cereal and takes the clothes offered to her. The brunette was still naked, and as much as she loves being naked in front of the women she loves... and Daniella, clothes were an exciting prospect right now. On top of the small pile of Melissa’s clothes that she’d brought to the apartment is the red ruby set of underwear she’d bought for the porn shoot with Jessica a few weeks ago. Stepping off the stool, Melissa steps into the ruby-encrusted panties, pulling them up to finally cover her genitals for the first time in hours.

Jessica has stolen some of Azrael’s clothes, it would seem. She’s wearing black leather jeans and a pair of heavy combat boots. On top, she’s got a tight tank top, through which her nipples were clearly visible. Jessica catches Melissa’s gaze. “I *looked* for a bra, but none of Azrael’s were my size...” She sighs in irritation.

“No one complained.” Daniella points out with a smirk.

“It’s better than nothing.” Melissa smiles at her girlfriend, pulling the ruby around her shoulders. She turns around, and gestures a thumb at her back. “Could you hook me up, Jess?”

“S-sure...” The futanari blushes, and awkwardly helps Melissa clip her bra. “Sorry, when it comes to other people, I’m more used to taking bras *off*...”

As Melissa turns back around, she catches the other three staring at her. “What?” She asks, blushing slightly.

“Is it just me, or does she look more erotic with underwear on than she does naked?” Daniella asks, licking her lips.

“It’s not just you.” Lindsay chuckles to herself. Jessica awkwardly adjusts her jeans, which is pretty much an answer in the affirmative, really.

Daniella walks over to the kitchen counter and turns a stool around. The prey is so short that it's actually a little difficult for her to climb up onto the tall chair, and when she sits her butt down, Melissa is more than a little amused to see that Daniella's legs can't even reach the footbar. A moment later, the tiny prey pulls out her phone. "Might as well check my VoreFans account while I'm waiting..."

"Hmm?" Melissa had been reaching for her bowl of cereal, but now she turns back to Daniella. "Hey... any chance I could check mine as well?" It's been ages since she's had a chance to look at her money... *her account*, she corrects herself mentally.

"Uh... yeah? I guess?" Daniella gives Melissa a vaguely amused look.

Lindsay waves at the tiny prey. "Yeah, me after Melissa, thanks."

Jessica looks up from trying to adjust the tank top, and blushes slightly. "I would also like to check my account, if you wouldn't mind..."

"Y'all are in a life-or-death situation, and you want to stop to check your bank accounts?" Daniella raises an eyebrow at the three lovers.

Melissa, Lindsay and Jessica look at each other for a moment. "Yes." All three of them respond simultaneously.

Daniella shrugs, and hands the phone over to Melissa, holding her hands up in defeat. "Sure, whatever." The tiny prey jumps down from the stool and walks over to the kitchen window.

Melissa opens the VoreFans app, and is automatically logged in as Daniella. Instantly, the brunette is flooded with a metric tonne of messages from hungry predators, each lavishly detailing how they intended to eat Daniella. Melissa sighs in amusement when she sees that most of them are replying to long conversation chains with Daniella, who's been encouraging them quite extensively.

Tabbing over to Daniella's income page, Melissa is stunned to see a six-figure income per month. "Holy *shit*, Daniella, how much do you make?!"

"I got a lotta predators with deep pockets after me." Daniella snickers to herself, and then gives Melissa a suspicious look. "You're not fucking with my account, are you?"

"I mean, it's your fault for not logging out before giving it to me..." Melissa points out, truthfully.

"Yeah, fair point." Daniella shrugs. "I was kinda hoping you would, honestly..."

Melissa rolls her eyes at the tiny masochist. "Maybe next time." She says. "I'll try not to steal all your money, will I?"

“Ugh, that’s kinda hot to think about...” Daniella licks her lips, looking disturbingly turned on by the idea. “Maybe I could give you my bank account info, and let you...” She stops, staring at something in the street below the window. “Uh... you might wanna come and see this.”

In a flash, Melissa and Jessica have walked over to the window, staring down at whatever the tiny prey is looking at. The alleyway below looks empty. What’s Daniella...?

Melissa realizes what the tiny prey has seen. “The van’s gone.” She says, feeling her gut wrench.

“Van?” Lindsay asks, from her post in the doorway. “Oh, the getaway van?” She clicks her tongue. “Oh... that’s not good news, is it?”

“Guess we know where Azzy went...” For once, Daniella looks pained about something. “Geez, I hope they got away...”

If Azrael had gone down there, Melissa doubts that any of the four who’d been waiting in the van would have survived for long otherwise. She feels Daniella take the phone from her hand, and dial in a phone number.

The tiny prey places the phone to her ear and waits for a long moment. Then, she pulls it away, frowning. “Elsa’s not picking up...” She says, giving Melissa a worried look.

“They’re... they’re probably fine.” Melissa says after a moment. It’s based on nothing but her own desperate belief that it’s true, though.

Daniella stares at her for a long pause, and then smiles weakly. “Yeah, Azzy probably went down there, and they bounced the moment they saw her, yeah.” She rolls her eyes. “Sofie woulda been the first to pull the plug. Dying’s the *last* thing she’d do, y’know?”

There’s no sign of the dark predator down there, but there *is* a large stain on the asphalt that Melissa and Daniella are carefully not noticing. From up here, it’s thankfully impossible to see more than a tiny blur, though. “So, now what?” Jessica asks, frowning down at the alleyway.

“Time to leg it?” Daniella suggests, with a little bit too much cheer to be genuine. “Any ideas, ladies?”

“You two came in up the elevator shaft, didn’t you?” Jessica asks, turning to Daniella. “What are the odds that we could...?”

“No!” Lindsay blurts out, shaking her head violently. “Hell *no*.”

Daniella bursts out laughing at the redhead's reaction. "Well, she's actually right." The tiny prey says, as her giggles fade away. "We actually can't escape from this floor. Either the elevator is at the bottom, blocking our exit, or it's up here... also blocking our exit." She shrugs. "We *could* theoretically climb down to the lower floor and wait for the elevator to pass, but our odds are pretty nasty..."

"So, that's a no..." Jessica sighs. "I suppose I can't say that I'm unhappy to hear that." Clearly, she hadn't been looking forward to the idea of climbing down the elevator shaft. "I don't suppose we could *hack* the elevator?" The lightning-haired suggests, with a hint of excitement.

Daniella and Lindsay stare at the futanari for a long moment. "...How?" Daniella asks, confused.

"You know..." Jessica makes a gesture with her fingers, looking a little embarrassed. "You could... pull out the wires and hotwire it, or something..."

"I can't even hotwire a *car*." Daniella raises an eyebrow. "What makes you think I can hotwire a high security elevator? Besides, I think you'd have more computer experience than me, Jess. Don't you have to use a computer to upload videos?"

Jessica looks a little sheepish. "Sejin... I mean, Marlene uploads that stuff for me. The only computer experience I have is playing Final Fantasy 14..."

"You too?" Lindsay looks impressed. "Me too! We should play together sometime..."

"Staying on topic...!" Daniella interrupts, gesturing around them. "Any *more* ideas on how to escape?"

"Call the police?" Lindsay suggests, and the three of them stare at each other for a moment, before bursting out laughing.

Jessica wipes a tear from her eye, shaking her head. "Oh, Lindsay..." She gives her new girlfriend a loving look. "I knew I was right to agree to Melissa's suggestion..."

Lindsay jokingly huffs. "It was *my* idea first..." She turns around. "Mel, you got any ideas... Mel?" The brunette is staring out of the window, not having said a single thing for the past few minutes. "Melissa?"

Melissa stares at the sunrise, her face devoid of any trace of humor. In her reflected eyes, the others can see determination. "Lin... I'm not planning on escaping."

"W-what?" Lindsay stammers, looking around at the other two. Both Jessica and Daniella are equally shocked at the brunette's words. "Melissa, you gotta..."

Sighing, the brunette turns away from the window. "I can't leave." She says, her voice truly steady for the first time in a long time. "I can't run from this. Even if we escape, even if we leave Sydney, Azrael will chase me to the ends of the Earth." She touches her stomach, feeling the life within. "And not just *me* now..."

"So, what?" Lindsay demands. "We just stay here and get eaten?"

"No." Melissa gives her girlfriend a steely look. "I stay here and *face Azrael*." The brunette clenches her fists, and takes a deep breath. "One way or another, this will end. But Azrael will not get what she wants. I'll make sure of that, *one way or another*."

The other three stare at Melissa, dumbfounded.

Melissa looks around at them after a moment, giving them a weak smile. "... won't ask any of you to stay..." She begins, but both Lindsay and Jessica step forward as one.

"Hell no!" Lindsay exclaims, grinning savagely at Melissa. "I lost you once, Melissa. I ain't doing that again. We ride together, we *die* together, either today or at the end of days."

"I... haven't been your lover for as long as Lindsay." Jessica's face is strong, and her hair seems to flash like a storm in the sunlight. "But I have no intention of leaving. I will be a part of this relationship until the end... no matter how long that actually is..."

"You two..." Melissa feels tears in her eyes. "I... love you both so much..." She begins to sob, a mixture of happiness and fear. A moment later, she is embraced by both of her girlfriends.

"I... am also here!" Daniella declares, and then looks a little sheepish as the three turn to look at her. "I just wanted to be part of the moment..."

Melissa sighs and holds her arm out. "Come on in, Dani."

The tiny prey joins the hug, and the four friends embrace each other for what might be the last time.

Natasha paces slowly in the small security room, wondering what the *hell* is going on outside. Normally, she wouldn't like to swear like that, but right now, she was just so darn upset!

On a nearby desk, there are some live feeds from security cameras outside the building. On them, Natasha had been able to watch helplessly as Azrael attacked the van. She'd seen Sofia climb out of the back, and then the van drive away at high speed. But after that, Sofia and Azrael had gone off screen, and Natasha hadn't been able to see them on any of the other security cameras.

Azrael had shoved her in here and left, promising to return for her 'shortly'. Well, it's been twenty minutes now, and the pink-haired girl is getting some dangerous ideas about slipping away before the dark predator comes back.

Perhaps Sofia has won the fight, the young girl thinks to herself! That *would* explain why Azrael was taking so long to return. Sofia wouldn't have a key to the building, so Natasha might be waiting for nothing at all...

Natasha pauses in front of the door, thinking about this possibility for a moment. Yes, if Sofia had won the battle with Azrael, then there was nothing to be scared of. Sofia's probably waiting at the front door for Natasha to come out, her belly full of the defeated dark predator and cursing under her breath that she's being made to wait longer than she needs to. No, Natasha's just keeping the predator waiting for no reason...

The pink-haired girl reaches for the door handle, and then hesitates. Here, in the ignorant mental safety of the small security room, Natasha didn't know who had won the battle. If she opens the door, she knows, one of the two options will become true.

No, she's just being silly! Natasha smiles to herself, and turns the door handle, opening it up to see...

Golden eyes and darkness.

Azrael pushes her way into the small room. "Thank you for opening the door for me..." The dark predator sneers dangerously at Natasha, forcing the young girl backward. "I've just spent a *lot* of energy, so I certainly appreciate it."

Natasha's eyes travel southward, and she sees the terrible shape inside Azrael's belly. The dark predator's belly is bulging horrifically, with the shape of a woman outlined painfully within. Natasha had only known Sofia for a day or two, but she easily recognizes the shape of the Hispanic predator, defeated and devoured by Azrael.

"S-Sofia?!" Natasha can't help but gasp out loud. She stumbles backward, as Azrael steps inside the small security room, slamming the door behind her. The dark predator looks rather battered, sporting a few nasty bruises and bloody cuts along her right arm, especially near her elbow.

"Na... tasha..." A faint voice emanates from Azrael's gut, muffled by thick layers of muscle. "Run..."

"Oh, don't worry about Miss Birch." The dark predator slaps her belly with a contemptuous chortle. "I'd worry more about yourself, Sofia Santiago. Have my stomach acids boiled off your

sinful genitals yet?" There is no response from the woman inside her, but a painful jab that makes Azrael wince.

Natasha covers her mouth, feeling a little queasy. "You... you *ate* her!" She states the obvious, unable to process that the woman she'd seen just hours ago is now being *digested* right in front of her.

The pink-haired girl had seen someone being eaten and digested before, of course, but that had been Melissa eating someone Natasha had never met before. This was entirely and horribly different. "P-please, let her out!" She begs desperately.

Her pleading is utterly in vain. Azrael just laughs at her. "I will *not*. Sofia Santiago will die inside me, and you will watch it happen, Natasha Birch." She sneers down at the young girl, her terrifyingly white teeth flashing. "Oh, but I *will* let you watch me release her from my rear end soon enough, I promise you that..."

"Natasha..." Sofia's voice is getting weaker. "Tell Jessica that I'm sorry I didn't get to see her again... and tell Daniella..." The predator let out a groan of agony, as the stomach acids began to eat into her flesh. "Tell Dani that I..."

Azrael places both hands on either side of her belly. "'Oh, *enough*." She growls.

As Natasha watches in horror, the dark predator presses her hands into either side of her belly, flexing her muscles as hard as she can.

"Hngh... Huh?!" Natasha hears Sofia suddenly grunt in pain, as the stomach around her suddenly contracts, pressing every part of her body at once. "N-no! Fuck! Agh...!"

"Come on, die and go to Hell, sinner..." Azrael's face becomes strained, the dark predator baring her teeth as she begins crushing Sofia to death. "Accept your fate!"

"No! Argh!" Sofia groans, and Natasha can instinctively sense that the woman is at the end of her rope. Any remaining life in her body is being literally squeezed out of her. "Gah! Ah! Argh...!" With one final groan of agony, Sofia's voice trails off one final time, as her life comes to an end inside the dark predator's guts. Sighing in relief and satisfaction, Azrael relaxes her belly muscles.

Natasha stares in horror as Sofia's limp body sinks down inside Azrael's stomach, silent as the grave.

"Sinners don't get to choose their last words. Rest in *shit*, Sofia Santiago." Azrael smirks at her groaning belly. "No one will mourn you, I swear unto God Himself that I *will* make sure of that." Chuckling with deep satisfaction, Azrael pushes past the stunned girl and walks toward the corner of the room, where a well-used mattress lays.

The dark predator sits down on the mattress heavily, groaning with the effort of carrying two entire body weights. Azrael's body alone is heavy enough, let alone carrying the additional weight of the well-endowed Hispanic predator. After a moment, Azrael lays down on the mattress, grabbing the half-squished pillow to cradle her head.

Natasha hovers near the door for a moment, wondering if she should make a run for it. The dark predator is pretty overencumbered right now, after all. But, the pink-haired girl realizes, there's no point. If she runs, she has nowhere to go, not if Melissa and the others aren't around anymore. Worse, Azrael knows her name and can simply hunt her down at the dark predator's leisure.

Finally, Azrael makes the decision for her. "Natasha..." The dark predator looks from the bed, as she begins to unzip her pants. "Make yourself useful would you?"

"Huh?" Natasha blinks, wondering what Azrael means. "What do you... *Oh.*"

Azrael's cock is the *largest* penis Natasha has ever seen. No, really. The young girl has never watched porn before, and the thirteen inch monster is *literally* the biggest cock she's ever seen. Like a pillar of dark flesh, the black penis towers above Azrael's thighs, standing like a monument to some evil god. At its tip, thick precum is already dripping.

"I... I didn't know they could get that big..." Natasha takes a step toward the monster, feeling like she's partly lost control of her body. Without her brain consciously giving such an order, the pink-haired girl kneels before the monster, lowering her head until the head of the penis is above her. "What... what should I..."

Azrael smirks. "Do you see my balls?" She asks, pointing at the two heavy orbs below her penis.

"Y-yeah..." Natasha can't look away from them.

"Everything inside them, should be inside *you.*" The dark predator laughs, a deep and menacing sound that makes Natasha both terrified and aroused. "God has commanded that mankind does not worship idols, Natasha Birch. But He will make an exception for you." She reaches down and strokes the young girl's cheek, and feels Natasha shudder in fear. "You may *begin* your worship..."

One of Melissa's 'friends' is dead, two others scattered. Lindsay is still imprisoned on the floor below her apartment, and Melissa and their child are safely stored in her apartment, along with her next victim, Jessica Storm. And yet, as Natasha's lips hesitantly touches the head of Azrael's cock, the dark predator can't help but feel a strange sense of alarm...

All across the city, tens of thousands of regular Sydneysiders wake up, check their phones, and see a brand new, very *interesting* post from several of their favorite VoreFans predators and/or prey...

(End of Part SEVENTEEN)

Status of Characters at the End of Part SEVENTEEN:

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Status:</u>	<u>Relationship:</u>	<u>Finances:</u>	<u>Fertility:</u>	<u>Activity:</u>
Melissa Jones	Alive	"It's complicated."	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	Tired. Very tired. Not physically, but mentally. The road before her is long, and she may not live to see its end. But even death is better than slavery.
Lindsay Smith	Alive	In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?)	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Outwardly confident, but deep down, Lindsay knows that their odds of survival are low. Still, she wanted to die alongside Melissa someday...
Jessica Storm	Alive (for now)	In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?)	Opulently wealthy (not that it's helping at the moment)	Very Virile	Has just obtained her true loves, and may lose them just as quickly. But maybe it's better than to have loved and lost, than to never have loved at all...
Azrael Tueuer	!Frenzy!	In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?)	Opulently wealthy	Very Virile	Even at the apex of her power, it all seems to slipping away somehow. Azrael can only thunder onward, hoping to change the future the only way she knows how; with force.
Natasha Birch	!Danger!	Has a crush on Melissa Jones	Broke	Fertile	Scared, trapped and rapidly succumbing to the dark predator's pheromones. Natasha is likely to survive, though perhaps only at Azrael's mercy...
Daniella Coven	Alive	Single	Opulently wealthy	Pregnant (Azrael)	Daniella's faced worse odds than this, and survived. But it would be a gambler's fallacy to think that history's likely to repeat.
Sofia Santiago	Dead	Dead	Dead	Dead	There are bold predators, and there are strong predators, but there are no old predators. This is the fate of Sofia Santiago, whether it was Azrael or some other predator in a few years. Still, that wouldn't be much comfort for the recently deceased predator to know.
Elsa	!Danger!	In a relationship with Padma	Poor	Virile	Bloodied, bruised and fleeing. Trying to make a desperate phone call to someone that everyone else seems to have forgotten about...
Padma	!Danger!	In a relationship with Elsa	Broke	???	Bloodied, bruised and fleeing. Currently has a police car on her trail...