

The dildo shines in the morning sunlight, its pitch black surface glittering slightly as Chris stares at it. The sex toy is huge, at least eight inches long by her eyeball measurement. Shaped into an enormous penis, the massive phallus sits on Chris's bed, pointing rigidly at the ceiling of her bedroom.

"Holy crap..." Does Di really use something like this when she masturbates?! Chris could honestly believe that the tall, cool dark-haired girl could take something like this inside her, but the thought of her friend sitting on this enormous beast is...

Chris shudders and feels a warmth between her legs. Well, *more* warmth. When the young woman had woken up this morning, she'd been unsurprised to feel that she was very aroused. The previous day had been very... *intense*.

Yesterday, Becky Chastity had eaten both of her friends, Di and Kit. Di had apparently gotten slurped up by the blonde bully while she'd been alone, and Becky had then led Chris and Kit on a very cruel race to save Di. They'd failed, of course. Chris had been forced to watch Becky digest her friend, but not before the blonde had then tricked Kit into climbing down her throat. The small girl had slipped down Becky's gullet and been digested like a side dish. And then Becky had casually decided to not reform her friends. If it hadn't been for Aunt Vicky's arrival, Chris would be a friendless wonder right now.

Sitting on the bedside table next to Chris are two jars. Each one contains the soul of one of her friends, Kit and Di. They *look* empty, though the soft green light on the side of each jar indicates that there's a soul inside each, though she has no idea which is which. Either way, Chris stares at the two glass jars for a long moment, feeling a profound sense of relief.

The two girls had both had their bodies digested by Becky last night, but now Kit and Di are safe and sound... Relatively speaking. "Hey girls..." She grins at the jars, feeling a bit awkward. "Don't mind me. Just... Uh, using a couple of your toys, Di." Aunt Vicky said that the two are effectively alive, but basically unconscious right now. So...

Slapping her belly, Becky stands before Chris, a nasty gurgling sound echoing through the room as her stomach gets to work on making Di into Becky's dinner. "Don't want Chrissie to miss her friend getting digested..." The blonde bully smirks as she removes her designer dress, revealing a set of blue panties. Her copper breasts are bare, and the blonde seems to have no shame showing off her topless body to Chris and the others...

It had been *very* erotic. Chris hadn't been able to appreciate it right in the moment, mostly because she'd been terrified for her friends and also slightly scared that she'd be next. But watching the blonde digesting the two girls in her underwear had made Chris very aroused, apparently. The tomboy hadn't even realized it until this morning, when she'd woken up with soaked pajamas.

For a moment, Chris had feared that she'd peed the bed, but it turned out that she'd just cummed in her sleep. She *had* dreamt last night about having sex with a girl, but in the light of day, she couldn't remember much about it. Other than that the girl had a massive cock. Chris is very glad that she now lives with her aunt, because her sisters at home would have made fun of her for having another wet dream.

It was a little shameful to be having those kinds of dreams at her age, but Chris isn't that surprised, in hindsight. After all, she hasn't masturbated since she'd arrived at her aunt's house.

It's a little embarrassing, but Chris is a very horny girl. She tries her best not to show it, but the tomboy's body is practically on par with a teenage boy's in terms of sheer horniness. Chris hadn't been lying when she'd told her aunt that she usually masturbated *at least* once a day. Back home, her shower routine had almost always involved rubbing one out. That had been the only real place where she'd felt comfortable masturbating, since she shared a room with her two sisters. She certainly didn't feel comfortable masturbating on the toilet like Marcy and Sienna. Her sisters jerked off so much there, Chris had been legitimately concerned that she might get pregnant if she masturbated there.

A lot of her horniness had come from needing to put off masturbating until the rare chance when she could rub one out. When a girl only had one chance during the day to get off, it meant that she not only got used to masturbating once a day, but her body had gained an appetite for masturbation whenever she could. Back in high school, there had been times when she'd missed her morning shower relief and been forced to endure a full day of arousal until she could relieve herself.

Luckily, Chris was no longer a teenage girl. She hadn't become less horny, but she had become better at controlling it.

Not that she has any intention of suppressing that feeling this morning. She can't ignore how horny she feels, and the tomboy knows her body well enough to know that it won't go away without *relief*. With her pants and panties now removed, the young woman is now only wearing her pajama shirt. As such, she has decided to take care of this... arousal. Before Aunt Vicky had taken her home last night, Chris had taken a bag full of Di's sex toys from the girl's apartment. She'd told herself that it had just been to keep them safe, but really, she just wanted to see them. As a horny girl growing up in a rather conservative household, Di's bag was basically the Holy fucking Grail to Chris.

And boy, it turns out that Di has quite a collection!

The tomboyish university student is sitting on her bed, admiring Di's dildo with a mixture of respect and fear. This... *thing* isn't even the biggest in Di's collection. There's at least a dozen dildos of various shapes and sizes in the bag, along with vibrators, nipple clamps and something that Chris suspects is a shock collar. There's even a strap-on! As cool as Di comes across as, she must be a *very* horny girl in private.

That thought really doesn't help Chris's arousal at all. As the mental image of Di wearing a strap-on forms in her mind, the tomboy feels another wave of heat in her groin and she shudders. A moment later, she feels some of her juices trickle down her thigh. Chris *really* needs to pleasure herself, and fast.

Oh God... As exciting as the idea is, Chris knows she shouldn't take on this silicon behemoth right now. Nor should she pull out that rainbow monstrosity that lurks at the bottom of Di's bag, the leviathan that's shaped like some kind of alien horse's... Damn, Di has some wild tastes.

No, Chris needs something more manageable. Dropping the black beast back into the bag, she reaches in and fishes out a smaller purple dildo. 'Smaller' being relative, of course. This thing is still about six inches long and excitingly thick.

"Hey, Di, you don't mind if I...?" Chris looks over at the jars as she holds the purple dildo. "I mean, I'll wash it before I give it back." Chris is pretty sure that Di wouldn't mind Chris borrowing her sexy toys, but in hindsight, it *does* feel really weird for Chris to take and use them without asking first. But... Oh well. What's done is done. If she's going to do the time, might as well do the crime, right? "Cool! You girls sit tight, I'm just gonna..."

A short trip to the bathroom later, the tomboy returns with the cleaned dildo. She doubted that Di kept her toys dirty, but a girl couldn't be too careful. The vagina wasn't exactly the most sterile place. Laying back down on the bed, Chris reflects that this particular dildo has almost definitely been inside Di's pussy.

That's... actually a really erotic thought, come to think of it.

The thought of Di sitting on her bed, bouncing up and down on this dildo. Her big boobs bouncing and swirling in circles as the beautiful girl hungrily quested for an orgasm...

Chris feels another pulse of pleasure in her vagina, another wave of liquid dribbling down her thighs. She can feel her hard nipples rubbing against the fabric of her shirt. "Jesus..." She moans, frowning down at her crotch. It's been a *long* time since she'd been this aroused. "Guess I don't need to warm up." Usually, the young woman needs to rub herself for a little while to get her pussy nice and ready. But Chris's cunt is practically screaming at her that it wants something inside it.

Grabbing the dildo, the tomboy lays back and experimentally places the head of the 'penis' against her entrance. She feels her slit part easily as the dildo slides into her, eagerly slurped inside by her pussy.

"Ooh... Fuck!" Chris moans, as she feels the wide sex toy begin to stretch her hole. "S-shit..." Nervously, she pulls the dildo back out, despite the overwhelming urge to just plunge it right inside. This is easily the biggest thing she's ever had in there, and it's a little scary.

After all, the biggest thing that she's had inside her before is... God, was it that fucking green vegetable she'd bought one day? It had been long and firm, and the condom she'd wrapped it in had barely fit. Even though Chris knew it wasn't smart for girls to use those, she'd tried it anyway. A teenage girl didn't have a lot of options, y'know? At least Marcy and Sienna had been able to jack off in the bathroom whenever they wanted. It had been *good*, but she hadn't been able to keep it for very long. She'd tried a few other improvised toys over the years, but nothing permanent.

"Okay... Okay, I can do this..." Despite her apprehension, Chris has no intention of backing down. Masturbating with a dildo like this has been part of her horny dreams since she hit puberty. "Alright... Nice and steady..." She holds the base of Di's toy and aims it directly at her slit.

The tomboy takes a deep breath and begins to push the dildo inside of her...

"Ooh!" Chris can't help but let out a moan as her wet vagina slowly widens to accept the massive sex toy. Inch by inch, the young woman groans as she penetrates herself, feeling the 'head' of the dildo pushing deeper and deeper inside of her. As big as the dildo had looked, it feels even bigger, a wideness that almost makes the girl fear that it will tear her in half. "Oh shit... Oh shit..."

Sweat breaks out on the young woman's face, but so does a satisfied smirk. Chris grins as her pussy slowly swallows her friend's sex toy, inch by painful inch. It hurts like *fuck*, of course. Even as wet and ready as she'd been, no pussy can just instantly swallow eight inches of silicon. But it's doing a pretty damn good job of... Fuck, this thing's *big*!

As she about reaches the halfway mark, Chris stops for a breather. "Oh boy... Oh God..." She breathes, feeling her groin muscles trembling. Yeah, it hurts, but it hurts in a good way. Chris can feel that she needs a break for a moment because of the sheer size, but she's excited. Finally, she's gonna be like all those amazingly hot videos of cute girls just going to town on themselves with *colossal* dildos...

Speaking of... Something fun to watch would be nice. The tomboy grabs her phone and opens the browser app. Above the phone, a holographic interface flares into life, showing the usual home page. Ignoring the news feed, Chris opens a carefully hidden folder of bookmarked pages. Within seconds, a dozen tabs of porn have been opened.

Ever since she'd first discovered porn years ago, the tomboy has been a passionate lover of pornography, a secret she'll willingly admit to no-one. Her collection is quite impressive, in her own opinion. So many different categories of fetishes and favorite girls. Chris has encountered plenty of damn good porn in her years, and she momentarily gravitates toward her collection of girls masturbating with huge sex toys. Which she would expect would be her desire right now, but...

After a few moments of scrolling through titles, Chris frowns and goes back. As weird as it might sound, she's actually not in that kind of mood. She wants something more like... Well, last night. As guilty as it makes her feel, watching Becky digest her friends is what's made her so horny. Well, that and when Aunt Vicky had saved... her...

Oh God... Chris just had the worst idea.

Oh, it really is the *worst* idea.

With trembling fingers, the tomboy taps in a series of letters.

V-I-C-K-Y... She hesitates for a moment and then goes back two letters. V-I-C-T-O-R-I-A-A-B

Almost instantly, a series of search terms appears.

<i>victoria ab</i>
<i>Victoria Abrams</i>
<i>Victoria Abrams vore</i>
<i>Victoria Abrams cumshot</i>
<i>Victoria Abrams Cassie Jones sex</i>
<i>Victoria Abrams anal</i>
<i>Victoria Abrams podcast vod</i>
<i>Victoria Abrams jerking off stream</i>

"Oh my *god*..." Chris is a little appalled at how easy it had been to find her aunt's porn videos. And a little impressed. Being the first result on a search engine meant that she wasn't the only one searching for Aunt Vicky's...

Which she's only doing out of curiosity, of course! Chris isn't going to *click* on any of these videos. And she's not actually gonna search for her aunt, she's just...

Chris stares at the screen, biting her lip for a long moment. There's nothing wrong with this, right? Vicky's open and proud about her former job. And it's just out there for anyone to see. Chris could have stumbled across it at any point by complete accident. Heck, she might have actually watched some of her aunt's work before without realizing it.

Well... If she's come this far, she might as well...

Steeling herself, Chris eyes the closed bedroom door for a long moment. She definitely locked it earlier, she knows. The young woman didn't want to take a chance on her aunt walking in like

Chris had walked in on her the day she'd arrived. Then, without looking at the screen, the tomboy hits the 'search' button.

It's a little alarming how quickly the page loads.

Almost immediately, Chris's eyes are greeted with a series of blurry pictures of... Well, those are *definitely* Aunt Vicky. Same body shape, same face if a bit younger. Under each video is a title that the young woman can't help but read.

Victoria Abrams Destroys an Entire Girl's Football Team with her COCK (53:56 min)

Badass Futa eats a cheerleader and shits her out on camera (32:35 min)

Bratty Sarah Jacobs gets her shithole demolished by Victoria Abrams (12:23 min)

Goth Chcik gets a faceful of cock before Vicky Abrams eats her alive (26:12 min)

Good God! There's forty videos on this page alone, each one with a blurry picture of her aunt either smirking at the camera, standing menacingly over some girl or sitting on a toilet. And this is page *one*. Of, like... Chris presses the button to go to the end of the list and is astonished to see that it goes to page twenty-three! And these aren't even related videos, Aunt Vicky is still in the last video on the page!

Chris is enough of a porn connoisseur to know that this is an impressive display. Her aunt hadn't just been a pornstar, she'd been... Well, a *busy* career! And that's a... Well, a... Oh boy.

The last video on the page has caught the tomboy's eye.

Victoria Abrams IMPREGNATES a Rich Slut!

The picture above is... Fuck, that's *just* a picture of a Vicky's cock, isn't it? Chris has technically seen it before, but it's just right there... Wow. Oh fuck. And the video says she *impregnated*...?! Chris feels a *powerful* pulse throughout her vagina.

Bad idea. Stupid idea! With a shaking hand, the young woman closes the tab. She'd thought this would be funny, but it's less funny when she can feel herself getting even more turned on. Her aunt *knocking someone up*? Chris would never *admit* this to anyone, but she has a little bit of an impregnation...

No! No, she doesn't. She's never fantasized about getting knocked up. Ever.

Chris takes a deep breath and looks down at her groin. Di's dildo is still halfway inside her. She can feel that her pussy has now more than adjusted to the size of the sex toy. It's time to chase the dragon.

Grabbing the base of the dildo, the young woman pushes it even deeper inside her. Those few minutes of unwisely looking up her aunt's porn videos haven't cooled her down, quite the opposite, in fact. The dildo slides into her with a silky ease that's almost disturbing. "Ugh!" Chris shudders as she feels the width of the dildo stretching her out. "Oh shit... Oh shit..."

It's so fucking big! It hurts so fucking much! It hurts so fucking *good!* The tomboy sits up in bed, carefully getting onto her knees. The dildo hangs out of her pussy as she rises, as if she's impaled. Once she's balanced, Chris takes a deep breath and lowers her body down, placing the base of Di's dildo on the bed, so that it's now pushing... Holy fuck!

As the last few inches slide into her, Chris lets out a hungry moan. God, this feels so goddamn good! This is a problem... She might not be able to go back to just using her fingers after this, shit...

Finally, Chris feels the 'head' of the dildo reach something inside her that it can't push past. The tomboy might be in a brave mood, but she's not dumb enough to try and push past it. Besides, there's something like... Oh God, *seven inches* of silicon inside her right now, it's... Oh fuck. Jesus...

Her shirt is stained with sweat, Chris realizes. The collar of her pajama top is damp, and she can feel sweat trickling down her sides too. This feels fucking amazing, but it's also rough work. If her mom hadn't made her exercise every fucking day, then Chris probably wouldn't have been able to take this... Fuck!

Unbuttoning her shirt with shaky hands, the young woman struggles out of her shirt. Unconsciously, Chris begins to slowly bounce up and down. It's just the barest half inch or so of dildo, but she can already feel her pussy quivering. She's not gonna last long before...

"Ugh!" Chris feels a little bit of saliva trickling down her chin as she pulls off her shirt. Her breasts spring free... Well, they're not quite big enough to *spring* free, but it's nice to feel that they're bare now. Moments after the damp shirt hits the bedroom floor, Chris has both of her breasts in her hands, her fingers gently teasing her hard nipples. Despite their relatively small size, her tits are quite sensitive, a talent which Chris has been quite thankful for over the years.

Becky leans in and kisses the tomboy on the lips. Stumbling backward as the blonde bully giggles, Chris steps out of the bathroom. The tomboy can still taste the bully on her lips, a dangerously intoxicating warmth...

Oh fuck, why would she remember that *now?!* Chris had forgotten that even after everything, the digestion of her friends, Aunt Vicky threatening her into submission, Becky had still been cruel enough to kiss her on the lips. And Chris despises herself for how *good* it had felt...

Shit... Chris knows what she's going to look up now.

“Sorry girls.” The tomboy mutters, short of breath. As she bounces up and down on Di’s dildo, Chris turns and grins at the two jars on her bedside table. “I know she ate you two, but... Oh please, forgive me for this...”

With shaky fingers, the young woman types in Becky’s name. *Becky Chastity* almost immediately returns a dozen top results on different websites. Chris isn’t remotely surprised to see a few modeling websites pop up. When she clicks on Journey, the biggest current social media site, Chris also isn’t surprised to see that Becky has over ten million followers. And it’s not hard to see why.

Right at the top of Becky’s account is the image she’d shown Chris in bed last night, as she’d been digesting Di and Kit. Becky, her copper skin resplendent in a black bikini on an idyllic beach, smiling as if she’s not the worst person Chris has ever met. God, she’s so fucking hot. Her tits look so fucking good in that bikini. The tomboy can even see the slightest curve of a cameltoe in Becky’s bikini bottoms... Fuck!

“Oh shit... Oh shit...” Chris isn’t far off now. She can feel the orgasm coming. It’s gonna be a *big* one. “Fuck...”

Cumming to Becky is embarrassing. Chris needs something more... More...

Reaching out, the young woman grabs the two soul jars on her bedside table. “Girls... I need your help!” They’re unconscious or something, right? Di and Kit can’t actually see Chris debasing herself like this, right? Please God...

“Di...” Chris places one of the jars on her right nipple. “Kit...” She places the other jar on her left nipple. The jars are surprisingly warm against her breasts, and the young woman imagines her friends, alive and smiling at her. Di with her sexy smirk and stunning body, Kit with her cute face and cheerful smile. It was just so... So... “Oh fuck!”

The orgasm washes over her like an ocean wave, knocking down her thoughts and driving Chris’s mind blank. Spreading from the tip of the dildo and thundering through her nervous system, the young woman’s body explodes with pleasure. Chris can feel her body twitching, shaking violently...

She’s cumming...

Cumming...

Cumming...

Finally, the orgasm begins to die down, and Chris returns to reality. The tomboy is still bouncing up and down on the dildo as her pussy twitches violently. Sweat is pouring down her body,

dripping down the two soul jars in her hands. Oh shit, when did she pick these up? Chris barely remembers now.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Chris falls forward on the bed, the aftershock of her orgasm making her muscles twitch slightly. She feels the two jars underneath her body, warm and safe. They're far too strong to be broken by her body. "Oh my god..." She groans, knowing that she has a stupid grin on her face. "That was... That was..." The best orgasm of her life, she knows.

Slowly, Chris feels the dildo sliding out of her. After about a minute, there's a wet pop as it falls out of her. The beautiful sex toy plops down on the bed, glistening with sweat and vaginal juices. Chris can feel her pussy gaping, a wonderful *gap* inside her where there never had been before. It would close up in time, but right now, she could enjoy the aftermath of her first proper masturbation in her new home.

"Thanks, girls..." Chris takes both jars in her arms and cuddles them gently, feeling her friend's warmth against her naked body. "You really helped me out there..."

"Chris?" There's a loud knock on her door. "You awake or what?!"

Chris almost falls off the bed. Jumping up, she grabs a pillow and tries in vain to cover her naked body. The two jars fall from her hands, bouncing gently across her bed. "Uh...! Y-yeah! I'm up! I'm awake?" She takes a deep breath to steady herself. "Um... What's up? What do you need, Aunty?"

"Cool." Aunt Vicky's gravelly voice echoes through the bedroom door. "So... We going to the gene clinic or what? I'm still shitting out those two twins from last night, so I wanna get this shit over with ASAP, kid."

Ah... Right. Chris looks down at her friends. The two jars are silent. "Ah... Yeah! Just let me... Uh, get dressed." Feeling a flash of shame, the young woman closes the picture of Becky in a bikini and turns off her phone. "Hey... You didn't... Hear anything from in here just now, did you?"

"Are you kidding? I just got off the toilet, kid. The only thing I've been hearing is my farts rattling off the bathroom tiles." Aunt Vicky chuckles on the other side of the door. "Why, you worried I heard you masturbating or something?"

"N-no!" Chris feels her cheeks flushing. She still remembers the picture of her aunt's cock from earlier, and she hates that her pussy already wants to go for a second round. "I'll be right down, okay?"

"Uh oh." Aunt Vicky's voice suddenly turns concerned. "Uh... Maybe give me thirty minutes, kid. Then we'll go... Oh, damn..." Chris can hear her aunt's belly rumbling dangerously as the futanari quickly walks away.

Chris takes a deep breath and drops the pillow, feeling a wave of relief. If Aunt Vicky had walked in on her masturbating... Well, the young woman has no idea what might have happened. But, much to her pleasure, her aunt hadn't even tried to enter. That was... a nice change of pace from what Matilda or Rose might have done.

Picking up the two jars, Chris grins at them. "Alright girls... I'm gonna get you back, just wait a little while longer, okay?"

"Welcome back to the Coffee Break!" A glowing logo for some crappy morning news show flashed across the cheap holo-screen before it faded away, showing two female hosts sitting on a white couch. "Now, who else has been looking up at the moon at night and wondering what's going on up there?" The one on the right asked, a black woman with a fake smile plastered across her face.

"You know I have, Trish!" Her co-host answers, with an equally fake grin on her pale face. "Thinking about those brave Americans who will soon be walking on our new world!"

Trish nodded happily. "Well, you're in luck, Taylor! Because today, we're going to be interviewing a *very* special guest about the new moon colony project!" The black woman took a sip of her coffee mug, which was clearly empty. "But first, should straight women switch from men to futanari women? The results of the Coffee Break survey *may* surprise you!"

"It won't surprise *me*!" Taylor answered, and the two hosts laughed for an appropriate two seconds. "And I'll be talking to Farrah Greene, creator of a brand new vegan diet! But here's the catch; you can eat all the red meat you want... as long as it's from your *partner*!"

"God, morning television doesn't fucking change, does it?" Vicky snorts loudly, as she lounges against the waiting room's plastic seats. "Bet you five bucks that Taylor is banging Trish."

Chris blinks and looks up from her phone. "What?" She had lost interest the moment the moon was mentioned. "Who's banging who?" Despite showering, the tomboy still feels a bit awkward, knowing that she'd been masturbating only an hour or so ago. Chris is now dressed in her usual style; blue jeans and a short-sleeved red flannel shirt.

"The white chick on the TV." Vicky points at the screen in the corner of the waiting room. "She's a futanari. Definitely banging her co-host."

The tomboy felt her cheeks flush. "Hey, Aunty, keep it down a bit, would you?" There's not many people in the waiting room with them, but still...

The gene clinic's waiting room is practically identical to any doctor's waiting room that Chris has sat in. It has that atmosphere of a room that's *supposed* to be comfortable, but is actually painfully uncomfortable. The chairs they're sitting on are mostly plastic, but also include possibly the least cushioning cushions ever designed. Cheap linoleum covers the floor and the walls are splashed with a 'fun' green wave design that *might* be trying to look like stomach acid? Who on earth thought that was a fun design? There's a subtle stench coming from somewhere, and every now and then, a phone rings loudly. Chris suspects that Purgatory might look a bit like this room.

The two of them are seated in the corner of the room. After Vicky drove them over here, she'd made Chris drop off the four soul jars to the receptionist, a surprisingly pretty young man who'd given the tomboy a vaguely impressed look. "Wow, four jars?" He had said, clearly surprised. The receptionist had clearly thought that *she* had filled the jars, but Chris had decided not to correct him. After all, the respect in his eyes was surprisingly...

After that, Chris had been given a few forms and directed to fill out as much information about the four girls that she knew. Which, admittedly, wasn't a whole lot. The tomboy knew a decent amount about Di and Kit, but she'd had to guess with Senna and Farrah. "That's okay!" The receptionist had told her when she'd handed back the forms. "That's more info than most preds can give us." Then, he'd put on plastic gloves and taken the jars away.

Anyway, Chris has no idea how reforming actually works, but after Holly had been digested by her aunt the other day, the redhead had called her at, like... midday? So it couldn't take *that* long. Besides, if there was a waiting room, it presumably meant that they expected people to stay and wait. Then again, to see Kit and Di again, Chris would easily wait as long as it took.

When Chris had sat down, her aunt was already lounging on the chairs, her legs spread wide. Vicky somehow manages to fill two entire chairs with her stance, laying back against the chairs like she's trying to sleep upright. Dark aviator sunglasses cover her face.

"Jesus fucking Christ, how long do we have to wait?!" Vicky groans, as she yawns and stretches out her arms. "Ugh... See, this is why I usually just drop off my jars and leave. These clinics always make you wait for ages."

"Aunty, it's only been *fifteen minutes*." Chris is a bit embarrassed at how *loud* her aunt is in public. Vicky's a big woman, tall and buff. And she's got an attitude to match.

There aren't too many people in the waiting room with them. A few bored-looking women scattered around the room, most of them wearing sunglasses or looking exhausted. Predators dropping off last night's meal, Chris suspects. They clearly weren't in the mood for a chat, busying themselves with their phones or earphones. Chris can also see a few impatient looking men and women as well. Probably waiting to pick up someone who'd been digested last night. Every now and then, Chris caught someone glancing at her aunt.

Of course, the tomboy isn't particularly patient herself. Chris has been glancing at her phone, bouncing her knee as the minutes tick by. Still, she knows that whatever's happening in the clinic can't be that quick.

That being said, her aunt is doing a good job of distracting her.

"You bring those clothes?" Vicky asks, grabbing the backpack that's on the seat between them. "Can't reform clothes, remember? Unless you want your friends to walk home naked." She chuckles at the idea. "Sounds like fun, actually..."

Chris can clearly see that her aunt enjoys the idea. "Aunty, could you maybe... Close your legs?" Chris feels her cheeks flush again, nervously tugging on the buttons of her shirt.

"Hmm?" Vicky looks down at her groin. She's wearing yoga pants, and the shape of her cock and balls are clearly visible. Not only that, but her gray shirt is at least two sizes too small, a clearly deliberate choice to show a few inches of her abs. Chris has to admit, as embarrassing as it is, it's an impressive display. One made even worse for Chris, after seeing an actual picture of her aunt's cock earlier this morning. "Nah, I'm good. Not my problem if people see my nuts, kid." She reaches into her leather jacket and pulls out a packet of cigarettes.

"I mean, I get that *you're* fine with it, but other people are... Wait, what the heck are you doing?!" Chris flinches as she sees her aunt pulling out a cigarette. "Aunty, you can't... You can't *smoke* in here!" She whispers, mortified.

Vicky winks at her, smirking. "It's cool, the receptionist can't see us from here." At least, Chris assumes her aunt winks, since her thick sunglasses obscure most of her face. "You want one too?"

"No!" Chris grabs her aunt's hand and pushes it down. "Put that away!" She looks around the room, mortified.

"Geez, *fine*." Vicky stuffs the packet back into her jacket, frowning. "I haven't had a smoke all morning, that's all. Nothing wrong with a smoke, kid." Well, that partly explains why her voice is so deep and gravelly.

"This is a *medical* building, Aunty." Chris sighs, already feeling a little exhausted. Though, that was almost admittedly from her glorious masturbation session earlier. "Can't you just wait until after?"

Vicky folds her arms. "I *guess*." She grumbles, irritation in her voice. Then, she reaches into her backpack. This time, she pulls out a bottle of Coke and undoes the cap. Taking a long swig of the black bubbly liquid, the tall futanari burps loudly and wipes her mouth. "Ugh... That hits the spot!"

“Aunty, it’s barely eleven AM…” Chris starts, and then stops herself. “No… It’s fine, whatever.” The tomboy doesn’t want to sound like a nag. Still, drinking a soft drink at this time of the day? It makes her cringe a little bit.

“I mean, I’d rather it was a beer.” Vicky chuckles to herself, as if she’s just told a joke. “Gotta have a little gas to top off the tank, right? Otherwise it’s hard to have fun, y’know?” She takes another *long* draught of her Coke. Then, she burps again, the sound echoing off the cheap linoleum and making the seat under Chris’s butt vibrate slightly.

The young woman sighs deeply. Vicky’s cool, but the futanari can also be quite… Well, she really lives her life out loud, would be a good way to describe her aunt.

And it’s about to get even worse. As she stuffs her drink back into the backpack, Vicky slaps her toned belly. The older woman’s tight abs let out a nasty gurgle. “Ugh… Speaking of dropping things off, I gotta hit the bathroom again. These twins have really been giving me a workout!” She chuckles as she stands up, rubbing her belly. “Here, watch the backpack, kid.”

Chris pulls out her phone again as her aunt swaggers off toward the clinic’s bathroom, trying to ignore the glances from the other people in the waiting room. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the gene clinic has quite an extensive set of bathrooms, presumably for this exact reason. Chris has noticed a few of those other predators in the room ‘casually’ sauntering into the bathrooms every now and then.

It’s been about twenty minutes now. Chris wonders if she should ask the receptionist how long the usual wait time is. She hadn’t even thought about it when she’d been handing in the jars. Kit and Di are being reformed right now, right? Chris couldn’t wait to see them, but she didn’t have a choice right now.

As Chris glances up from her phone again, she seems to catch the eye of a woman sitting a few rows away. As the tomboy blinks in surprise, the woman lowers her sunglasses, giving Chris a curious look. She’s a pale woman, black hair and black clothing. Almost a little bit like Di, though this woman is far more casually dressed. Clearly a predator dropping off her prey. She and Chris stare at each other for a long second. Then, to Chris’s alarm, the pale woman glances across the room to where her aunt had vanished and then stands up.

Almost nonchalantly, the pale predator slowly walks over to Chris, hands in her dark hoodie. She’s tall, though not nearly as tall as Vicky. Chris gulps nervously, feeling her heart skip a beat. A moment later, the woman sits down next to her, perching on the edge of Vicky’s chair.

“Sup.” The woman says softly, in a deep voice.

“Uh…” Chris gulps nervously. “Hey. Can I… help you?” She crosses her legs, feeling her jeans rubbing against her crotch slightly.

The pale predator smirks. "Caught you checking me out, girl. Guess you were waiting for your girlfriend to leave, right?" When Chris flinches in surprise, the woman chuckles quietly. "The name's Adelaide. Nice to meet you."

"Oh, she's not my..." Chris splutters nervously, then takes a deep breath. "No, that's not important... Uh, Adelaide, I think you have the wrong idea. Sorry. I wasn't checking you out." This has happened to the tomboy before, actually. It's best to be direct in these kinds of situations.

"Oh." Adelaide seems a bit surprised to hear that. Then, she just shrugs. "Well, I was checking you out. What's your name, girl?"

The young woman is a bit taken aback by the predator pressing ahead anyway. "Uh... Chris." She says, lowering her phone. This... is a pretty public place, right? Chris isn't in danger, right?

"Chris. Nice name, I like it." The pale predator grins at her. "Hey, how's about we hit the bathroom together, Chris?"

"Excuse me?" Chris blinks in surprise. Is Adelaide trying to seduce her? In a gene clinic waiting room?!

"Heh... Oh please, I know what girls your age are like." Adelaide smirks and sits back in the chair. Chris is about to say something, but the words catch in her throat when she sees the *lump* in the pale woman's black jeans. This woman is a futanari, and a well-endowed one at that. "There's only two kinds of girls your age; gutsluts and *liars*. Come on, I know you really were checking me out. I'll follow you into the toilet, we can get our freak on and you can slide down my gullet. And I can just hand you over to the receptionist when we're done..."

A shameful part of Chris is tempted to accept. Adelaide might be rather grossly hitting on her, but she's an attractive woman, pale and handsome. And clearly eager to fuck Chris, apparently. That lump in her jeans is getting bigger by the second.

But Chris also isn't stupid. And she has bigger things to worry about right now. Like seeing Kit and Di again. "Um... No thanks." She says to Adelaide. "Appreciate the offer, though."

The pale predator blinks in surprise. "Oh." She puts her hands back into her hoodie and sighs, even as her belly rumbles loudly. "Fine, whatever. Your choice, girl. Come sit next to me if you change your mind." And with that, Adelaide stands up and saunters back to her seat.

Chris sits there for a long moment, trying to process what just happened. It had been so... *casual*. A predator had just offered to fuck her in the bathroom in the same way that someone might offer to get something down from a high shelf. Apparently making eye contact in the gene clinic waiting room was a sign you meant business when it came to vore.

The tomboy takes a deep breath and shakes her head. Wow. This is a totally different world to the one she normally lives in.

“I wish I had that kind of backbone...” A quiet voice mutters nearby. Chris blinks and looks around. There’s a redhead sitting on a chair not far away, wearing a pair of sunglasses and a rather slutty outfit. A tight shirt leaves little to the imagination, and Chris can see even from this distance that the girl’s got some *seriously* big boobs... Wait. This sounds a little familiar.

“Pardon? Were you saying something to me?” The tomboy asks. She’s seen this girl before, but where?

“Huh?!” The redhead jumps in her seat. “Oh, sorry! I wasn’t trying to... Uh, I just...”

Somewhere... Somewhere... “Wait, you go to CSU too, don’t you?” Chris finally remembers where she’s seen this girl before. The tomboy had seen her in the courtyard after Professor Klein’s course introduction, right before Becky had eaten Di. “You take Introduction to Social Studies too, don’t you?”

“Oh!” The redhead lowers her sunglasses and gives Chris a proper look. “Yeah... I know you. You’re... Chris, right? Diana Simons’ friend?”

Wow. This girl is seriously hot, now that Chris can see her face clearly. Oh yeah, she and Kit *had* been talking about how hot this girl was before the small girl had separated from her and Di, hadn’t they? “You were there with your... girlfriend?” The redhead had been sitting next to a rather *handsy* blonde. Chris scoots over a few seats to sit closer to the hot girl. “What’s your name?”

The busty girl grimaces. “Maya Brown.” She sighs deeply. “And yeah, that’s my... That was my girlfriend.” She seems a little on edge now that Chris is closer to her, but she doesn’t seem to be upset.

Maya Brown. Chris has heard that name before somewhere. Had Holly told her about this girl, maybe? It was hard to remember after all the madness of yesterday. “I’m Chris Abrams. It’s nice to meet you, Maya. ”

“I bet it is...” Maya mutters softly. “Uh... Yeah. I know who you are, Chris. Becky was talking about you yesterday on the group chat.”

Group chat? Uh oh. “You’re... one of Becky’s friends?” Chris feels her heart beating a little faster at the mention of the blonde bully’s name.

“I don’t think Becky *has* friends.” For a pretty girl, Maya sure doesn’t smile. The girl always seems to have a slightly depressed look on her freckled cheeks. “More like... Cronies? Vassals?”

Chris gives the redhead a curious look. "I can see that." Becky was far too haughty to have an equal, really. "I guess you don't like her? You seem pretty eager to badmouth her."

Maya raises an eyebrow at the tomboy. "I'm not badmouthing her. Becky has said that to me multiple times, pretty much verbatim."

"O...kay." Whatever. Chris isn't really in the mood to talk about the blonde bully right now. After all, Becky's the reason she's even here in the gene clinic this morning.

Ugh... Maya's *really* hot. The redhead is wearing a pair of tight shorts that squeeze her thighs in a way that makes Chris's tummy flutter. Surely it can't hurt to try her luck with Maya while they're both waiting and Vicky is busy, right?

Yeah, Chris is gonna hit on Maya. This should be pretty easy, right? "Uh... What are you doing here today, Maya?"

"Just... dropping off my ex-girlfriend." Maya looks a little embarrassed. The redhead seems to reflexively touch her tummy.

Chris blinks for a moment. "W-wow, really?" The redhead's a predator?! Maya doesn't seem nearly bold enough to eat someone. Quite the opposite, really. The tomboy licks her lips nervously. "Well, that's one way to break up with someone, I guess."

"Actually, she broke up with me..." The redhead plays with her hair for a moment. "She dumped me for another girl and then made me eat both of them. And then they had sex inside me." She sighs deeply. "I was on the toilet for *hours*. And I'd already agreed to drive them home from the clinic today..."

"O-oh..." The tomboy swallows, not quite sure what to say to that. "Er... Well, at least you got a chest size upgrade, right?"

That... was the wrong thing to say. Almost immediately, Maya shifts in her seat, glancing down at her chest and then up at Chris. "Yeah, and I had just bought a whole bunch of bras. So that's great." She awkwardly rubs her neck for a moment, and Chris realizes that the redhead is trying to cover her chest from the tomboy's gaze. "My ass went up a size too..."

"Oh, er..." Chris looks away from Maya's tits. "Yeah, that sucks. The girl you like dumping you for another girl..." What the fuck is she saying? How is this helping? It's just reminding Maya of her shitty situation! Fuck...

Maya grimaces. "Uh... I actually didn't like Jenny that much. She kinda... bullied me into dating her. I think she just wanted the prestige of dating me. And sex. She definitely wanted that too."

Chris can see why. The redhead is hot as *fuck*. “Yeah, I can see why...” Wait, what? Did she just...? “Uh... did I say that out loud?”

“Yeah.” The redhead shrugs. “Don’t worry about it. It was pretty obvious what you were thinking anyway.” She drops her arm and sighs, apparently giving up trying to cover her chest. “I mean, pretty much the only reason anyone ever talks to me is because they wanna sleep with me or jump down my throat.” Maya sighs. “Or both. Usually both.”

Chris feels a bead of sweat dripping down her forehead. “Oh... Really? And that’s... bad?” She immediately regrets the question. Better change the subject! “Well... Anyway, you’re single now, right?” Oh wow, an even *worse* question.

The redhead sighs sadly. “You just wanna leap down my throat too, don’t you? Go ahead, ask me out.” Maya says, in a rather depressed tone. “I’ve learned by this point that I’ll never be able to say ‘no’ when someone hits on me.”

“Wha... No way!” Chris lies, and even she’s aware of how obvious the lie is. “I would never... I mean, not that you’re not super hot...”

“Maya Brown?” Behind the reception desk, a female doctor in a white lab coat calls out. “Maya Brown?”

“Oh, that’s me.” Maya stands up a little too quickly, as if she’s eager to end the conversation. “Next time, I’d appreciate it if you just asked me out instead of pretending you want to be my friend. See you at uni, Chris.”

Chris feels a twinge of disappointment. “Uh... Yeah! Nice meeting you, Maya!” She says, as the redhead walks away. “Dammit, Chris...” The tomboy mutters to herself, feeling ashamed. Apparently, hitting on girls is harder than she’d expected.

“Wow.” A gravelly voice says, startling Chris. “Are you sure we’re related, kid? That was a fucking disaster!”

“Aunty!” The tomboy looks up as Vicky wanders back over from the bathroom. As the tall futanari sits back down next to her, Chris feels herself cringing. “Uh... You saw that?”

“Couldn’t look away, kid. It was like watching a plane crash video.” Vicky grins at her niece. “And I thought *I* was the one shitting my pants. Jesus, kid, you had that one in the bag, how’d you fuck it up with a girl like that?” Vicky reaches into the backpack and pulls out her Coke.

On the holo-screen, the two co-hosts are animatedly chatting with a blonde woman in a sundress. She seems to be shilling some kind of vegan diet that involves small jars of white liquid... Whatever, Chris really isn’t that interested. “Hey, I did my best!” She protests, feeling her cheeks turning red.

“No, you didn’t. If you did your best, you’d be fingering that chick in the bathrooms right now.” Her aunt chuckles in amusement. “Come on, you need some better game than that if you’re gonna be a college kid.”

“That’s not...!” Chris feels a flare of anger. “Well, I’d like to see you do better!” Getting made fun of really stings after embarrassing herself. And Aunt Vicky seems awful smug for a woman who looks hungover and bored.

“Oh? Wanna bet I can pick up a date in here?” Vicky lowers her sunglasses and gives the tomboy a playful look. “Cause I’ll take that bet.”

The young woman immediately feels a flash of shame. “No... Sorry, Aunty. I shouldn’t have snapped at you. I just...”

“Too late!” Vicky cracks her knuckles, looking vaguely excited for the first time today. “If I can’t pick someone up before the doc calls for us, I’ll give you five-hundred bucks.”

“No, I really wasn’t... Five-hundred? Really?” That’s a lot of money! Chris hadn’t been serious, but now she’s a little tempted. But then, her aunt wouldn’t be betting if she didn’t think she could win. “I mean, I don’t have five-hundred to spare myself...”

Vicky waves her hand dismissively, smirking. “Oh, that’s fine. We’ll just say you owe me a favor if I win, okay?”

Chris licks her lips nervously for a moment. On one hand, it seems like an easy bet. Surely her aunt can’t get a date within that amount of time *and* in such a crappy place, right? Plus, her aunt is probably just gonna be bored as hell and complain the whole time instead... Oh, fuck it.

“Sure.” The tomboy grins at her aunt. “Deal.” At least it’ll be a distraction from counting the seconds until she sees Di and Kit again. She can picture their faces in her head, and part of her still doesn’t quite believe that she’ll really see the two girls again.

“Awesome!” Vicky reaches over and shakes her niece’s hand. Then, she lays back in her chair and slowly looks around the room, as if she’s surveying the room for potential prey. “Hmm...”

Chris has to admit, this *is* a little exciting for her too. “So...” She asks her aunt, curious. “Who are you gonna go for?” She looks around the room too, careful to avoid eye contact this time. Adelaide is still surreptitiously watching her, she notices.

“Go for?” The futanari chuckles, as if Chris has just said something funny. “Oh, kid... You’ve got a lot to learn about picking up chicks. It’s all about timing and opportunity.”

“Really?” Chris eyes the reception desk. They haven’t been called yet, but surely the doctor could come out at any second, right? “I mean, you probably don’t have a lot of time, so…”

“You just relax, kid. I don’t need any advice.” Vicky gives her niece a smug grin. “I know what I’m doing.”

That... is definitely a fair point. Vicky’s been hunting for girls since before Chris was even *born*. Perhaps it was better to leave this to a professional.

“Fine. So what’s the plan?” The tomboy presses, feeling a hint of excitement. “What’s the Victoria Abrams technique?” After those videos she’d seen earlier, Chris can’t help but feel curious about how easily her aunt seems to get around.

“Easy. You gotta stop thinking about girls as a target species, and realize that each girl’s their own person. You gotta tailor your approach to what they like.” Vicky smirks and takes a long swig of her Coke. “You know, that Asian chick’s been looking at me for a while.” A few chairs down, there’s a Korean-looking girl who’s doing a bad job of pretending she’s engrossed in her phone and not looking at Vicky’s dick.

Chris has noticed that, yeah. But then, so has almost everyone in the waiting room at this point, including Chris herself. It’s *really* hard to ignore, and every time she glances at her aunt’s bulge, Chris is reminded of the picture of her aunt’s dick... “Because you’re wearing tight sweatpants, Auntie.” Calling it the elephant in the room would be accurate for more reasons than one, in the tomboy’s opinion. “Uh, you know that’s her *mom* next to her, right?” Next to the curious girl is an older woman, very clearly her mother by the look of their faces.

“Might as well make it a challenge, right?” Vicky chuckles in amusement. “Who knows, she might get mad and eat me? Wouldn’t that be fun?”

“You’re such a perv.” As much as Chris is appalled by her aunt’s lack of decency, the tomboy more than makes up for it in respect for the futanari’s boldness. Her eyes graze the holo-screen as she turns back to her aunt. “You... Uh. Oh, *holy fuck*.”

Well, that’s unexpected. And a very unpleasant face to see on what had been a so-far mostly pleasant morning...

“Yup. I’m that much of a perv, I’m gonna... Wait, what’s up?” Vicky catches the look on her niece’s face. She turns to the holo-screen and her eyes widen. “Oh damn. There she is.”

Chris follows her gaze, toward the holo-screen. Ah. There she was, indeed.

“...a warm welcome to today’s special guest!” On the screen, Trish and Taylor are introducing their next segment. Chris had tuned out the moment they’d started talking about the moon project, so this was a very unwelcome surprise for her. “Joining us today from Beale Air Force

Base, we have Lieutenant-General Matilda Abrams, to give us a *briefing* on the recent moon colony news!" Trish holds up her hands as a second view appears on the screen.

"Trish, Taylor. A pleasure to be on the show today." The look on her face is anything but pleasure. Her mouth pursed in a tight line, her hair trimmed to an exact length and her uniform tight and sharp, Matilda Abrams looks every inch a military officer as she stares down her nose into the camera. Around her, Chris recognizes her mother's office at Beale.

"Holy *fuck*." Chris swears, louder than she'd intended. As a few people glance at her, the young woman blushes slightly and looks down at the floor.

Beside her, Vicky snorts in amusement. "Damn, Sis is looking good these days. Same old stick up her ass, though." She chuckles for a moment, and then bites her lip. "Uh... Don't tell your mom I said that, though."

"Why the heck are they interviewing my mom?" Chris whispers to Vicky, feeling more than a little baffled. Matilda isn't exactly photogenic. She's not an unattractive woman by any means, but her dour expression is more suited to managing an air force base than smiling at a camera. Not that Chris ever remembers her mother smiling.

As she stares at the screen, it strikes Chris just how similar Vicky and Matilda are. Her aunt has dyed her hair blonde, but the brown roots are the same shade as Matilda's short cropped hair. As Vicky lowers her glasses, Chris can see an almost identical tired shade in the eyes of the woman on the holo-screen. And of course, the same 'downstairs setup' too. Not that Chris has ever seen or wanted to see her mother's cock to compare.

The difference is in their expressions. Vicky's expressive face seems to go from smug to annoyed to childish excitement on the barest whim. But her mother...

"Your recent promotion has been all over the news, General!" Taylor claps her hands and turns to her co-host. "As I understand it, you've worked with Space Force closely during your career, but this will be your first official posting within the branch, right?"

"Correct." Matilda's face betrays no hint of joy or excitement at the idea. "I will be taking over as chief of space operations when General Winslow retires at the end of August. My appointment comes at his personal recommendation."

The two co-hosts wait for a long moment, expecting the general to continue. But Matilda does not elaborate further. Trish rallies quickly. "W-well! Isn't that exciting! The first female chief of Space Force! And first *futanari* as well! Here at Coffee Break, we're always very excited for *futanari* accomplishments, aren't we, Taylor?"

"Yes!" It's hard to see on the small screen, but Chris is pretty sure that's a bulge in the pale woman's red dress. "It's so wonderful to finally see a *futanari* in charge of a major branch of our

country's defense. How does it feel to be leading the charge for our gender, General?" Ah, there it is.

"I'm deeply excited." Matilda answers in a flat tone. "This is something I've been working towards for my entire life, and I'll be honored to serve my country. I have every intention of representing the United States on the solar stage to the best of my ability."

"W-well, yes..." Taylor doesn't seem to have quite expected that answer. "But, in the sense of gender politics, can we expect to see more futanari appointments within the military? I imagine you'll be eager to see more of us within Space Force when you're in control."

Vicky chuckles as she watches the screen. "Damn, that chick's not subtle about being a futa supremacist, is she?" She chugs the last of her Coke and hands it to Chris. "Hold my drink, kid. Gonna go win our bet."

"Wait, what?" Chris blinks as her aunt saunters away. The futanari strides over to the mother and daughter and plonks her ass in the seat next to them. The two had been watching the holo-screen with clear interest, and when Vicky sits down, the mother and daughter turn to look at her.

"That's my sister on the screen there." Vicky smirks at them. "So proud of her..."

The mother and daughter look understandably surprised. "Really?" The daughter asks. She's a young skinny woman in shorts and a t-shirt. "That's so cool!"

"Thanks." The futanari winks at her. "I'm Victoria."

"Sam." The Asian girl blushes slightly, and Chris sees her glance down at her aunt's groin for a moment. "N-nice to meet you."

"And I'm Soo-Yin. Her *mother*." Beside her, the older woman has a slightly disapproving tone in her voice as she speaks to Vicky.

Vicky just smirks at her. "No kidding! I had you pegged as her older sister, Soo-Yin."

The mother opens her mouth to reply, but she hesitates. "R-really? Oh, thank you." The compliment seems to have disarmed her instantly.

"So what are a couple of cuties like you doing in the gene clinic today?" The futanari casually slips into a conversation with the two. "Picking up, or dropping off?"

"Mom came to pick me up." Sam answers eagerly, turning to face Vicky. "I got eaten last night."

“Really? Not surprised, you do look like a tasty little thing.” Her aunt chuckles in that deep, gravelly voice that almost makes Chris’s heart shudder slightly. It’s such a rich and exciting sound. No doubt Sam and her mom feel the same way, from the looks on their faces. “Please tell me all, kid...”

As the three begin to chat, Chris tunes them out. The smoothness of her aunt’s technique for picking up girls clearly isn’t based on just words, it’s all about attitude and sexual energy. There’s just something so disgustingly charismatic about Vicky when the older woman turns on the charm. Somehow sleaze seems to turn into smoothness when she smirks.

Back on the holo-screen, Matilda is flatly explaining something dry to Trish and Taylor. “...part of our commitment to seeing American citizens back on the moon again. Beijing’s latest programs have been showing promise, but General Winslow and I are very confident that the International Project will have boots on the moon by the end of the decade.”

“How exciting!” Trish responds with trained joy. “Now, onto more *personal* matters...” She turns to her co-host.

“General Abrams, as I understand it, the space program is very important to your family. Don’t you have two daughters currently enrolled in the Air Force Academy?” Taylor asks with a bright smile. Chris feels a pang of dread. “Will there be any chance that we’ll see an Abrams on the moon in the not too distant future?”

“Perhaps. But I assure you, my daughters have not, and will not, receive any special treatment. Their achievements will be based on merit, not their relationship with me.” Matilda takes a deep breath. “However, I have full confidence that my daughters will follow in my footsteps, and make me proud.”

Chris stares at her mother’s face for a moment. It almost feels as if Matilda is looking directly into her eyes.

“*All of them.*” And for the first time, a ghost of a smile passes across her mother’s face.

“Then, we’ll all pray for their success!” Trish laughs politely. “Well, thank you for joining us on the Coffee Break today, Lieutenant-General Abrams! I’m sure all our viewers enjoyed meeting the soon-to-be first futanari head of Space Force!”

“Thank you for having me. God bless America and all her citizens.” And with that, her mother vanished from the screen.

“Coming up next, the heartwarming story of a wheelchair-bound futanari who’s managed to father two-dozen children...” But Chris is already tuning out the boring television show.

Fuck. So, Matilda finally got the promotion she'd been hunting for. This is bad news. If Chris was facing pressure before, how much worse would it be now...?

"Abrams?" The sound of her name being called jolts Chris back to reality. The tomboy looks up and sees a doctor standing behind the reception desk, looking down at a clipboard with an impatient expression. "Victoria Abrams?"

"YES!" Chris leaps up from her seat, blurting out an answer. A few people around her jump and turn to look at her, but she doesn't care. The doctor's calling them?! Kit and Di are ready? Or, reformed? Or whatever. "I mean... Yeah, that's us. Aunty!" She calls out, grabbing the backpack and rushing over to the reception desk.

"Wha... Oh, right." Her aunt stands up from her seat and grins at the mother and daughter. "See you tonight, Sam!" Walking over to Chris with a big smirk on her face, Vicky taps her niece on the shoulder. "Jeez, keep your jeans on, kid. Your friends aren't gonna vanish."

Yeah well, they'd vanished last night. Chris isn't going to apologize for being eager to see Kit and Di again. She feels a surge of excitement in her chest. Her friends are really alive?! Of course, she logically knew that the gene clinic would reform them, but seeing was believing. Part of her wouldn't really believe it until she hugged them.

Still, there was another matter to address as well. "Don't tell me you *actually* asked that girl out?" Chris whispers to her aunt, as Vicky leans against the reception desk. "In front of her mother?!"

"Of course not. I just happened to mention that I was single, and her mother practically jumped at the chance to suggest that Sam ask *me* out." The futanari cracks her knuckles triumphantly. "Got what I call a 'two-for-one deal'. Gotta think outside the box sometimes, kid." Vicky winks at Chris. "And you owe me a favor now."

Chris clicks her tongue. "Fine. I owe you a favor, Aunty." The tomboy can't say that her aunt hasn't earned it. That was fucking impressive.

A moment later, the doctor steps out and walks toward them. She's a short woman with rich tan skin and a thick pair of glasses as she pushes up every now and then. She also looks none too pleased to see Vicky.

"Doctor Santiago." Vicky smirks at the short woman, giving her the same look that she gave the mother and daughter earlier. Lowering her sunglasses, the tall futanari gives her a seductive smile. "Long time, no see."

"Abrams." The doctor doesn't seem particularly charmed by Vicky. "Nice of you to stop by for longer than thirty-eight seconds." Chris assumes based on her name and complexion that Santiago is Hispanic. She's small, but a surprisingly fit woman. With her sleeves rolled up, the

tomboy can see rather toned biceps flexing as the doctor looks at her chart. "Four jars today? Someone had a busy night."

Her aunt chuckles in amusement. "Well, yeah. Only two were actually mine, though."

Santiago frowns and glances at Chris. "Ah, I see your... I'm guessing *niece*, since I can't see you spending time with a daughter. I see this girl is following in your footsteps. I take it you're responsible for the other two?" She handed the clipboard to the tomboy. "Both of you, fill this out." The doctor looks Chris up and down, and raises an eyebrow. "Rather young for a twofer, but considering who your aunt is, it shouldn't surprise me. Impressive."

"Well, actually, she didn't..." Vicky begins, but she's cut off.

Chris shoves the clipboard into her aunt's hands. "Your turn, Aunty!" She blurts out, and then turns to the doctor. "Yeah, yesterday was... a big experience for me." Something about being looked at as a predator felt... *Satisfying*, in an odd way. The respect in the doctor's eyes felt good. "I'm surprised you didn't assume I was her daughter."

Santiago snorts derisively. "Given Victoria's history, you might want to *make sure* that's true before you claim otherwise." The doctor folds her arms, tapping her foot impatiently. "She has a habit of leaving illegitimate children all over the place..."

"Heh..." Vicky chuckles nervously. "She's... she's just joking, Chris. Santiago's a real joker, y'know?"

"Right." Chris eyes the doctor's utterly stoic face for a second. "Real jokester." Of course, she knew that there was no chance of that being true. Her mothers were almost sickeningly committed to one another. The idea of Rose ever cheating on Matilda was laughable. That, and her aunt was clearly terrified of her young sister.

Vicky finishes filling out the form and hands it back to the doctor. "You're looking sexy today, doc. What are you doing this weekend?"

"Not you. Come this way, please." Santiago tucks the clipboard under her arm and walks away without waiting for an answer. Striding toward the doors that lead deeper into the clinic, the doctor holds them open, an impatient look on her face as she looks back at them.

"I'm getting the feeling she doesn't like you." Chris mutters to her aunt, as they follow the doctor.

"We... have a little bit of a history together." Vicky grins at her niece, an anxious grin that seems intended to suggest that there's no reason to ask any further questions. "I can't think of anything specific, though."

An interesting choice of words. Vicky's trying to make it sound like she can't think of a reason, but the word *specific* catches her niece's attention. Chris suspects that her aunt *can* think of several reasons, but the futanari doesn't actually know which one is making Santiago angry with her.

But before Chris can needle her aunt for information, she spies a second chance coming down the hallway towards them. "Maya!" She blurts out, as the redhead looks up at her. As the tomboy slows down, Vicky gives her a curious look, but continues following Santiago, leaving her niece behind. It seems that she can sense when to give Chris some space.

"Oh... Chris." Maya waves at her politely. "Finally got called, did you?"

"Yeah..." The tomboy looks around, curious. "I thought you were picking up your ex?" The redhead is walking back to the waiting room alone.

Maya heaves a tired sigh. "Apparently, Jenny and her new girlfriend need a hot minute to themselves." She shrugs as she begins to pass Chris by. "See you..."

"Wait, Maya..." Chris says, as the redhead passes by her. Maya stops, giving Chris a curious look. "Hey... Sorry about before. I wasn't trying to be... I mean, I didn't know about people hitting on you all the time."

Maya gives her a slightly surprised look for a moment. Then, the busty redhead sighs. "It's fine, Chris. I'm really, *really* used to it by now..."

"Yeah, I get that." Chris tries to give the redhead an apologetic grin. Just ahead of her, Vicky turns to glance at her, but the futanari doesn't try to cut in. "Uh... Look, I was just really nervous. You're really hot, and I really have no experience flirting with girls..."

"Yeah, I got that." The redhead snorts softly. Then, she grimaces. "Ugh... Sorry. That came out way more bitchy than I intended. I've been having a crappy day." She sighs. "Look, even if you were hitting on me, I can tell you're not a dick. So, it's cool, Chris."

"Cool!" Chris feels her heart beating faster. "Hey, maybe I could apologize by taking you out for coffee?" Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Vicky roll her eyes. "Er... With me and my friends, I mean. Not as a date..."

Maya stares at her for a long moment. "You really want to be friends with me?" Then, to Chris's relief, the redhead smiles slightly. "Look, if you're serious about really wanting to be friends... Hmm." The busty girl thinks for a moment and then nods at Chris. "I'll think about it, Chris. I have to go pick up my girl... Ex-girlfriend and her girlfriend. See you around campus, Chris." She holds up a hand and walks away.

"See you." Chris waves as Maya walks back into the waiting room. That felt a lot better than she'd left it before.

As she catches up with Vicky, her aunt gently elbows Chris in the arm. "Nice work, kid. Starting as friends is a good idea. Trust me, you'll be sliding your hand down that girl's shorts in no time."

Speaking of, as Chris and Vicky walk away, the tomboy spies Adelaide casually sauntering over to Maya and sitting down next to the redhead. The pale futanari gives the redhead a flirty grin and Maya sighs in defeat and turns toward Adelaide... But the doors to the waiting room close before Chris can see any more.

"I guess." As hot as the redhead is, Chris hadn't been lying when she said she wanted to be friends with Maya. There had been a strangely lonely glint in the busty girl's eye when she said the word. Maybe she and Maya really could become friends.

But right now, Chris's current friends are much more important.

Doctor Santiago leads the two through the clinic hallways for several minutes. As they pass by a few windows, Chris can see rooms full of advanced medical equipment, huge machines that seem to be a cross between an MRI machine and a smelting furnace. Other rooms have doctor's examining various patients, most of which are young women in hospital gowns. Presumably the newly reformed.

Vicky, on the other hand, is trying to get a feel for the doctor's mood. "So... You're still mad at me for not calling you back after the last date, right?" The futanari moves up beside the doctor and tries to laugh in amusement. "Doc, you know how busy I am! It happens!"

"Yes. Three separate times, apparently." Santiago doesn't look up at Vicky's flirty smile. "I'm not angry at you, Miss Abrams. That would be unprofessional. And I am a *professional* right now." A rather unsubtle way of telling her aunt to stop trying to flirt.

Naturally, Vicky isn't about to let something like that get her down. "Well, if it's not *that*... Wait, you're not still mad at me for sleeping with your sister? Like I told you, *she* came onto *me*!"

"Given the pictures you sent me afterward, I think you came onto her face considerably more." Santiago clicks her tongue. "That was two years ago, I already forgave Michelle for that." When Vicky goes to speak again, the doctor holds up a hand to silence her. "*Enough!* I would have mentioned this earlier, before I was *interrupted*, but there's been a problem with two of the girls you handed in to be reformed."

Chris feels a flash of alarm. "What?!" Darting forward, she pushes in between Santiago and Vicky. "Are Di and Kit okay?! What's happened to them?" Part of her is still having a hard time believing that they're not dead.

The doctor looks down at her notes. "I take it you mean Miss Simons and Miss Chen?" The tomboy feels her heart almost stop for a moment as the doctor eyes scan the page. "No, your meals are fine."

"Oh thank *God*..." Chris breathes a heavy sigh of relief. She's about to correct the doctor, but decides not to. Explaining about Becky and yesterday's events isn't something she feels like doing right now, with her heart hammering in her chest.

"But there's been an issue with... Senna and Farrah, I think are the names your aunt wrote down?" Santiago pushes up her glasses and shoots Vicky a glare. "I see you didn't bother asking their last names, Victoria?"

The futanari grins. "Hey, I don't ask my prey's life story. You should know that, doc."

"Yes, I do." The doctor growls back at her. "But it's clinic policy to assume that a lack of information may mean that the prey was forced..." Vicky suddenly looks a bit worried now.

"Sorry..." Chris apologizes to Santiago. "Actually, Aunty was... Well, protecting me at the time."

The short woman glances at Chris for a moment, looking surprised. Then, her eyes soften. "Well... I can overlook it this time, Miss Abrams. But if you're going to continue as a predator, please be aware of your legal requirements."

Vicky lowers her sunglasses and shoots the doctor an irritated look. "Hold on, why does Chris get a pass when I don't?"

"Because she's a young woman who deserves the benefit of the doubt, Abrams." Santiago smiles at Chris. "How old are you, by the way, Miss Abrams?"

"Eighteen." Chris answers quickly. Wait, is Santiago flirting with her?

"What kinda question is that?" Vicky growls, sounding suspicious. "Hey, hands off, Santiago. That's my niece."

The tanned woman snorts and rolls her eyes. "A simple medical question, Victoria." She leads them to a door, which she opens and gestures for Chris to enter. "Step inside."

Vicky steps forward, but she places an arm around Chris. "Chris is *mine*, doc. You better not be entertaining any ideas about her. Come on, Chris."

"Excuse me?" Chris looks up at her aunt as they enter the room. Vicky has quite a strong grip on her shoulder as they step inside, and it's a little... Well, the words *alarming* and *exciting* both come to mind. "I'm yours? Since when?"

Vicky scratches her cheek, looking annoyed. "Since your mom gave birth to you, kid. You're my niece, and I'm not about to let some older woman hit on you..." She bites her lip and glances back at Santiago as the tanned woman closes the door. "Even if she's a hot piece of ass..."

"Oh..." Of course. That's what her aunt meant. Chris nods quickly, feeling a slight blush on her cheeks. "Right."

Inside the small doctor's office, there's a young woman laying on the examining table, staring up at the ceiling. She's wearing a hospital gown that doesn't quite reach her knees, and Chris gets a glimpse of some rather nice olive-coloured thighs. As they approach, she sits up and looks at Chris and Vicky. "Oh... Chris!"

Which one is this? Senna or Farrah? Chris isn't quite sure. "Uh... Hey." The tomboy isn't quite sure what to say to the twin. Last time she'd seen the two of them, Senna and Farrah had been delightedly helping their boss humiliate her. Well, before Vicky had eaten and digested them. "Uh... Senna, right?"

"Yeah..." The twin blinks for a moment, and then grimaces. "Uh... I mean, no, I'm..." She rubs her forehead, as if she's having a headache. "Wait, which one am... I'm Farrah... No, I'm Senna... Fuck!"

The tomboy blinks in surprise. She looks up at her aunt, but Vicky just gives her an equally baffled look. "Uh..." Chris turns back to the doctor. "Is she okay? Where's the other one?" There is clearly only one twin in this room. Is the other in another room, or...?

"You're looking at both of them, Miss Abrams. This occasionally happens with twins." Santiago shrugs and makes a few notes on her clipboard. "You brought in two jars, but after testing, we noticed that both souls were actually in one and the other was a false positive. I suppose their souls were too similar, so they must have begun to mix together inside you, and then spent the rest of the night merging together inside the soul jar. The machine mistakenly reformed them into a single body."

"They got *merged*?!" Vicky seems quite surprised to hear that. "I thought that kind of thing was an urban legend."

"Nope." Stepping forward, the doctor shines a light into the hybrid's eye. "We placed them into the genetic rebinder, but the machine only spat out one body." She shrugs. "It's rare, but it happens."

The hybrid sitting on the bench seems quite dazed, as if she's just woken up from a deep sleep. Her olive skin is unblemished, her eyes a sparkling green like before. For a pair of girls who'd just been melted by stomach acid, she looks remarkably fine. Apart from being *merged*, that is.

“Can they be separated?” Chris asks, seeing that the hybrid herself is a bit too confused right now to speak for herself.

“Unlikely.” Santiago gives her a shrug. “We’ll give it a shot, but I really wouldn’t hold out much hope. The time to separate these two was right after your aunt crapped them out, spending an entire night getting stirred together has made it really difficult to separate them. If you’re willing to stay and help them, we might be able to...”

“Nah, they’re fine! What a shame!” Chris claps her hands together impatiently. She’s so close to seeing Kit and Di that she really can’t bring herself to care much about Senna and Farrah’s fate right now. “Nice to meet you! Welcome to the world, Serrah!” She reaches out and shakes the dazed hybrid girl’s hand.

‘Serrah’ blinks at Chris for a moment, smiling in a somewhat confused way. “Ah, okay... Thanks?” The hybrid girl grimaces and rubs the bridge of her nose. “Ugh... my head hurts...”

“Merging is a long process. Her current body is stable, but her mind and body need a good deal more treatment before she’s ready to live as a single person without any issues.” Santiago puts down her clipboard and begins to loosen her shirt. “But since there’s no objections, I’ll make sure these two merge together properly.”

“Really?” Chris blinks in surprise. “How does that w- Holy crap!”

Doctor Santiago leans forward and undoes Serrah’s hospital gown. As the thin garment falls away, the hybrid girl just glances down at her bare chest in dull surprise. “Oh... Looks like I got Senna’s tits, at least?” Indeed, her breasts are at least a D-cup in size, with rather puffy pink nipples.

“Just relax.” Santiago says to the hybrid girl. “Hold still.” Reaching into a cabinet, the doctor pulls out a needle. A few seconds later, she injects it into Serrah’s arm. “Here, this will relax you. I’m going to eat and digest you now. We’ll make sure you come out fully cooked next time.”

“Oh... That sounds good.” Serrah allows the doctor to gently tilt her backward. “See you at school, Chris...” She stares up into the descending maw. “Oh yeah, two digestions in two days, this is awe-” Her words are cut off with a wet pop.

Santiago’s method of devouring a girl is remarkably clinical. Chris watches in stunned horror and fascination as the doctor expertly slurps down Serrah’s body. Perhaps she’d actually literally been trained to do this.

Holding Serrah’s wrists tightly, the tanned woman swiftly devours the hybrid’s head and shoulders, her lips easily enveloping the girl’s olive body. Chris wonders how Serrah tastes to the doctor. Santiago’s eyes are closed and her face calm, but she doesn’t seem to be not enjoying her meal.

As she swiftly descends down Serrah's body with a series of wet pops and bubbling swallowing sounds, the doctor pushes the hybrid girl's arms into her throat and then reaches downward. Pulling off the rest of Serrah's hospital gown, Santiago easily tosses it into a small basket nearby. As the doctor reaches Serrah's hips and lifts her meal up, Chris and Vicky are treated to a spectacular view of the hybrid girl's vagina. The pink slit is wet and dripping, and it's obvious to Chris that Serrah is enjoying her 'treatment'.

Finally, Santiago grabs the girl's ankles and gently folds up her legs, inserting them into her hungry mouth. With one final great swallow, Serrah is devoured, her body sliding down into the doctor's belly without any resistance. Santiago's loosened shirt balloons out, easily parting to reveal tanned skin as the shape of Serrah's body bulges against the doctor's tummy skin.

"URRP!" Santiago lets out a burp so loud that it seems to rattle the window of the small doctor's office. "Ah... There we go. I'll digest her and let the two souls properly meld together inside me for a few days. I'll have someone contact her family and let them know of the girl's new circumstances." She pushes up her glasses, as Serrah squirms inside her. "Now, shall we go and see the other two girls, Miss Abrams?"

Chris stares at the doctor's belly for a long moment. "Uh... Yes, please!"

"Damn, you get *paid* to eat people?" Vicky licks her lips as she stares down at the doctor's gut. "I thought porn was the only way to get paid to do that!"

"Aunty..." The tomboy isn't really in the mood for the futanari's horniness right now. Not when Di and Kit are so close. "Please, you can flirt with the doctor later, okay?"

"Indeed." Placing the clipboard on top of her gently wriggling belly, Santiago holds her stomach up as she walks over to the door. "Follow me, please."

The next minute or so feels like an eternity for Chris, as the doctor leads them down the clinic's corridors. Di and Kit are only moments away, yet she still can't quite believe that they're okay. Every window they pass, Chris glances into the rooms, hoping to see her friends. Each time, she's slightly disappointed to see an unfamiliar face. Every now and then, they pass a young girl or boy doing the walk of shame back towards the waiting room. Chris can feel her heart pounding in her chest...

Finally, they arrive at a larger room. Doctor Santiago opens the door and gestures for Chris to enter. "In here, Miss..."

Chris needs no instructions. The moment the door begins to open, the young woman pushes past the doctor's bulging belly and surges into the room. "Di?! Kit?!"

“Huh?!” The small girl is sitting on the examining table, looking down at her thighs. As Chris stumbles into the room, Kit flinches and looks up at her. Then, her cute face blossoms into a joyful smile. “Chris!” To the tomboy’s relief, Kit doesn’t look a hair different than she did yesterday. Every dark hair on her head looks the same, every inch of her small frame exactly as short as she had been before Becky had melted her alive.

Behind her, Di had been facing the wall, reading a medical chart that showed a cartoon version of the digestion process. At the sound of Chris’s voice, the pale girl turns, a rare expression of excitement on her cool and handsome face. Like Kit, Di seems just as tall and healthy as she had been yesterday. “Oh, Chris! We were wondering where you were...” She chuckles softly, and Chris feels her heart fluttering slightly.

“You’re alive!” Chris blurts out, as Vicky and the doctor enter behind her. Perhaps a bit obvious of a thing to say, but if Becky had her way yesterday, the two girls wouldn’t be standing here today, would they? “Are you... Are you guys okay?”

“We’re fine!” Kit seems a bit tired, but she gives Chris a happy smile. “Well, I mean, being digested wasn’t fun. I really thought me and Di were gonna get...” She seems to notice the doctor standing behind Chris. “Uh... Well, you know what happened.”

“R-right...” Chris stands there for a long moment, as the three girls stare at each other. It feels a bit awkward, but the tomboy really wants to...

Behind her, Vicky snorts out loud. “Oh, just hug them, would you?” Chris feels a strong hand push her forward, and she stumbles toward Kit.

The small girl blinks in surprise, but she smiles at Chris again as the tomboy walks over to her. Blushing, Chris reaches out her arms. “Uh... I’m glad you’re...”

Kit reaches out and hugs Chris, pulling the tomboy into her embrace. She’s quite weak, but Chris leans into her, wrapping her arms around the small girl. “We are. Thanks to you, Chris.”

Chris takes a deep breath, feeling tears stinging her eyes. She’s not going to let herself cry, but a huge wave of relief flows through her body. If she hadn’t been so lucky yesterday, neither Kit or Di would be alive today. Becky would have happily kept their souls and absorbed them until there was nothing of Kit or Di left.

A moment later, Chris feels another set of arms embrace them both, as Di hugs them too. The tall girl gives them a cheerful squeeze. “Come on, girls. We can get all sappy later, okay?” Chris can feel Di’s boobs squishing against her side. Thank God those are intact. And speaking of, Kit has no tits at all, does she? Chris might as well be hugging a boy.

Chris takes a deep breath and pulls away from Kit. There would be plenty of time for hugging later, Di was right. "Um... Yeah." She clears her throat, and the three girls look down at the floor for a moment. "Oh, um...!" The tomboy takes a step back. "Yeah, this is my aunt, Vicky!"

"Hey girls." Vicky grins and looks Di and Kit up and down. Especially Di. "Chris didn't tell me her friends were so cute. Nice to meet you, kiddos." She leans against the door and nods at Chris. "Don't mind me, kid. This is your moment."

"Nice to meet you in the flesh, Vicky." Di grins at the futanari. "I think both me and Kit saw you in action last night."

"You did?" Chris blinks in surprise. But weren't both of them long digested by that time last night? Oh, right... "Wait, you could actually still see through Becky's eyes?" The blonde bully had said they could, but it was still a bit hard to understand.

Kit rubs her hands together, looking oddly excited. "Yeah, it was so crazy!" She says, sounding oddly excited. "It was like... Like, I was in Becky's body, right? And I could see and feel and smell and everything. But I couldn't *control* anything."

Chris feels her cheeks burning. "Oh... So when she and I were in bed together, you two could totally...?" She trails off, feeling embarrassed.

"Yup." Di smirks at her. "Nice abs, by the way."

"Girls, girls." Santiago interjects, stepping forward. "There will be time for discussion later. Are the two of you feeling back to normal?"

Di and Kit glance at each other. "Uh... Yeah." Kit shrugs, patting down her body for a moment. "Everything feels in place. I even still have that scar from when I fell off my skateboard last... Er, years ago."

The pale girl pats her stomach. "Urgh... I'm hungry as hell, though. Those candy bars you gave us didn't really help much." Her stomach rumbles loudly.

"Your digestive systems were completely empty when you were reformed. Don't be alarmed if you don't use the toilet for a while, it'll take a while for you to fill up your bowels again. I suggest the two of you have a hearty meal as soon as you can." The doctor rubs her own belly slowly, the churning sound echoing loudly as she speaks.

"Looks like you already did!" Di raises an eyebrow at her. "Who'd *you* eat, doctor?"

"This? This is a medical procedure, Miss Simons." Santiago waves her hand dismissively. "Pay my belly no mind, please. This patient's fate is her own business... Urp!" She lets out a small burp and then pats her chest. "Now, the two of you need some clothes, don't you? We can't well

send you home in a hospital gown.” She eyes Di’s chest for a moment. “Um... I’m not sure we have something in your... uh, *caliber*, Miss Simons...”

Chris turns to Vicky. “Oh, we brought some clothes for them to wear.” The futanari nods and shrugs off the backpack, throwing it over to Chris. The tomboy catches it easily and hands it to Di. “Here, some of mine. Maybe not your fashion, but they’ll be enough until you get back your apartments. Um...” Chris feels herself blush. “I, er... Didn’t bring any underwear, sorry.” Having her two friends wear her underwear would just feel... dirty. In both good and bad ways.

Kit and Di glance at each other, but they don’t seem too upset. “That’s okay.” Di smiles at the tomboy. “I don’t think yours would fit either of us anyway, Chris. We’re pretty different sizes, after all.”

Chris looks down at Di’s boobs. Yeah, they certainly are. Trying to cram those melons into one of Chris’s bras would be like trying to squish a cake into a teacup. Jesus, they look even bigger when Di’s not wearing a bra. Chris feels a rush of heat through her groin as she realizes that she can actually see the shape of Di’s nipples through the fabric of the gown.

“Pretty good, aren’t they?” Di unzips the bags and roots around inside it. “Kitty was staring earlier.”

“Oh, er...” The tomboy feels her cheeks burning. “S-sorry, Di...”

“I wasn’t complaining, Chris. Look all you want.” Chuckling, the pale girl pulls out a button up shirt and some shorts out of the bag. Reaching in again, she tosses one of Chris’s shirts to Kit. “There you go. Excuse me for a moment.” Walking to the corner of the room, Di draws the curtain to cover herself as she changes.

Chris and Kit watch the silhouette of the tall girl as she pulls off her gown... Uh, better stop looking before Chris soaks her shorts. Shaking her head, the tomboy turns back to Kit and grins. “Kitty, was it?”

The small girl blushes. “She just started calling me that after we woke up! It’s so weird...” She bites her lip cutely. “I mean, I *like* it, but it’s so weird...”

“Hey, it definitely works as a nickname.” Chris smirks at her friend. “Kitty? You do kinda remind me of a cat sometimes...”

Kit gulps nervously. “W-well, you can both call me that if you want, I guess.” She takes a deep breath and looks up at Chris again. “Uh... So... You totally saw me naked last night, didn’t you?”

“Yeah.” Becky had stripped Kit naked before she’d convinced the small girl to climb down her throat. Chris decides not to beat around the bush. She’d already learned from interacting with

her aunt that the best way through awkwardness was to be direct. "If you're worried about how you looked, don't be. I think all of us thought you were pretty cute."

"A-and you said... Well, Becky said, that you... You thought about me when you..." Kit begins, but starts stumbling through her words as her cheeks turn red and redder.

Oh. Chris had forgotten about that little... admission on her part. *I bet every girl you've ever met has fantasized about picking up your light body and fucking you on every piece of furniture they own.* Chris could practically hear Becky's smug voice. *Even your friend there...*

"Listen..." Chris reaches out and squeeze's Kit's shoulder. "Why don't we talk about that later?" Both Vicky and Santiago are politely pretending to be busy looking at something else, but Chris can feel their curious ears listening in.

Kit blinks and then nods quickly. "Well... Also, I..."

"Uh... Chris?" From behind the curtain, Di sounds a bit worried. "We have a... *slight* problem."

Kit nods at Chris. "Never mind. You, ah... You help Di, I'll get changed." With that, the blushing girl scurries over to the other side of the room and draws the curtain.

The tomboy feels a pang of alarm. "What is it?" Chris rushes over to the silhouette of Di. "Are you alright?!"

"I'm fine!" Di holds up her hands to calm Chris. "It's just... Can you just come in here?"

"In there?" The tomboy feels her heart skip a beat. "Aren't you getting changed?"

"Yeah?" The tall girl laughs softly. "But I'm having a little trouble."

Well, if Di wants her to...?! Chris takes a deep breath, and pushes the curtain aside, quickly stepping aside. "Uh... Yeah? What do you...?" The young woman trails off as she sees her friend.

Di has removed her hospital gown and is now wearing a pair of Chris's shorts. She's *almost* wearing one of Chris's button-up flannel shirts, but it's still unbuttoned, leaving her torso exposed. The pale girl is blushing as she covers her breasts with the folded up hospital gown. "Ah... Yeah." Holding the gown over her chest with one hand, Di grabs the side of the shirt and tries to pull it around her breasts. "I think... You might have overestimated the size of your shirt."

Chris stares for a long moment. God, that's a *lot* of sideboob. The curve of Di's tits is magnificent. "Uh... Y-yeah... That's, um..." Blinking, Chris manages to get her brain back on track. "Oh, shit. It doesn't fit?"

“Not really.” Di actually seems a bit embarrassed. “I mean, I could try and stretch it, but I don’t think these buttons would hold. I wouldn’t mind if I had a bra underneath, but there’s a good chance my tits’ll burst out before I get back home, y’know?”

Yeah. That would be... Bad. For sure. Chris isn’t now vividly picturing that scene in her head. Not at all.

“Uh...” The tomboy scratches her head, feeling at a bit of a loss. “Sorry, I should have brought some of Vicky’s clothes instead.” It definitely isn’t a bit galling that her shirt wouldn’t fit Di. Not at all. Chris’s boobs are a totally normal size. “I’m not really sure... Oh!” Chris has an idea.

Stepping out of the curtain, Chris beckons to Vicky. “Aunty!” The futanari looks up from her phone. “Can you let Di borrow your jacket?” Her aunt’s chest is probably about the same size as Di’s, right?

Vicky frowns, looking a little annoyed. She folds her arms protectively. “What does she need it for? This is my lucky jacket.”

Chris rolls her eyes. “She’s topless, so she needs to wear your jacket instead. I promise she won’t damage it, okay?”

The futanari thinks for a moment, and then shrugs the heavy leather jacket off. “Fine. But I better be able to sniff it afterward.” It seems that the desire to protect her favorite jacket is outweighed by the desire to have Di rub her boobs all over the inside.

A few minutes later, Di steps out from behind the curtain. The dark-haired girl is wearing Vicky’s jacket and a pair of Chris’s shorts. Grinning, she pats down Vicky’s jacket. “Lotta stuff in here, Mrs. Abrams.”

“Miss.” Vicky corrects her. “And those are my smokes. And my condoms.” She winks at Di. “Never know when you’re gonna need ‘em.”

“I bet you don’t...” Di smirks right back at her. Chris just rolls her eyes. Somehow, she knew Di and Vicky would end up flirting as soon as they could.

Nearby, Doctor Santiago is on the phone. She turns and notices Di, “Oh, good, you’re done.” The doctor waves at Di. “Miss Simons, I have a phone call for you.”

“Me?” Di stops examining the jacket she’s wearing and looks up in surprise. “From who?”

“Your sister.” Santiago shrugs. “Apparently, she’s been trying your mobile all night, and has been ringing all the clinics in the area too.”

The pale girl heaves a sigh of exhaustion. “Oh, *dammit*. I bet she’s pissed.” She walks over to the doctor, holding out her hand. “I’ll take it, thanks.”

The tanned woman hands the phone off to Di, and then walks back over to the other three. “Your friends have cleared all medical checks, Miss Abrams. They’re free to leave. But do tell them to please come back if they have any unusual symptoms in the next few weeks.” She picks up her clipboard and folds it under her arm. “You’re also free to contact me as well, Miss Abrams.”

Chris blinks in surprise. “Oh, I don’t have any medical issues.”

The doctor winks at her. “Good. I’d hate to talk about work on a date.” The tomboy blushes deeply as she realizes that the older woman had been hitting on her. Damn, two people in one day? When it rains, it pours in Sacramento, apparently...

Vicky glares at the doctor, folding her arms. The futanari is now dressed in her small gray shirt and her tight yoga pants. “Are you fucking serious, doc? That’s my niece! No way I’m gonna let you try something like that.”

“And I will take criticism from many people on whom I am attracted to, Victoria, but not from *you*.” The doctor’s belly growls dangerously as she walks past Vicky. “By the way, I hope you enjoyed your date with that redheaded girl. The pictures you posted on social media certainly indicated as such. After all, you missed your daughter’s tenth birthday party for it.” And with that, the doctor stomps off with her nose in the air.

“Huh? I did?” Vicky stands there for a few seconds, looking vaguely confused. “Oh. *That’s* what she was mad about.” She stares after the doctor for a long moment.

Somehow, it doesn’t surprise Chris that her aunt apparently knocked up Santiago. Frankly, the tomboy would have been surprised if Vicky *didn’t* have a litter of illegitimate kids. But it’s still a little fucked up. “Jesus, aunty. You forgot about your own daughter’s birthday?”

The futanari shoots Chris an irritated look. “Hey, don’t look at me like that. Santiago knew what she was getting into when she signed up for that porn shoot. I don’t have any legal responsibility.” She frowned. “Besides, I was... busy. I just forgot, okay?” And there’s just a hint of *something* in her green eyes...

“So what?” Chris hasn’t known her aunt for that long, relatively speaking. But she’s not *stupid*. “You’re retired, aunty. You’ve got tons of time.” Futanari had a stereotype of pumping and dumping their girlfriends, and it shocked Chris not at all to know that her aunt is fulfilling that stereotype. “Look, I don’t wanna tell you what to do. But it just seems like a bit of a dick move...”

“So what, I should have showed up with my badass jacket and ripped abs and said ‘Hey, it’s me, your sperm donor?’” Vicky rolls her eyes. “Come on, kid. You know me. I’m a boss bitch, not a *parent*. Better for everyone if I’m just not involved...”

Chris raises an eyebrow. “I thought you forgot about it?”

Vicky opens her mouth to respond, and then bites her lip. It seems like her aunt has been caught out. “Uh...”

“Aunty, you don’t have to give a shit what I think.” The tomboy shrugs. “I’m not trying to guilt you into doing shit you don’t wanna do.” She pointed at Santiago’s retreating back. “But it can’t hurt to let Santiago know the real reason why you didn’t wanna go.”

The futanari glares at Chris for a long moment, and the tomboy feels a flash of regret. Has she crossed a line here? “Eh... I’m not gonna say you’re wrong.” Vicky frowns. “But, you better not make a habit of sticking your nose into my personal life, kid. I give you space to do what you want, you let me do what I want without judgment too, okay? That’s our deal.”

“Sure.” Chris smiles at her aunt. “I’m not trying to judge you. You’re family, Aunty. I just want you to be happy.”

“Hmmp.” Vicky shakes her head. “Yeah, I get that.” She sighs deeply. “Look, I’ll... talk to the doc. Guess it can’t hurt...”

Chris watches in relief as her aunt runs after the doctor. To her surprise, Santiago does slow down to let Vicky catch up.

Turning back, Chris can see that Di is still on the phone. “...spending the night inside a belly isn’t that bad.” The pale girl is complaining softly into the phone. “Sis, I’m *fine*! You don’t need to... No, the person who ate me is a friend, okay? Would you calm down...” Best to give her some privacy.

As Chris steps out of the office, she sees someone awkwardly ambling down the corridor toward her. As the woman draws closer, Chris recognizes Adelaide, the pale futanari who’d tried to pick her up earlier. “Oh, hey!” She waves to the pale woman as they pass one another. Adelaide flinches at the sound and spins around. “Did you see where that redhead... Oh.” Chris sees that the woman’s hoodie has been pulled up to reveal the familiar shape of Maya Brown, now outlined against Adelaide’s gut.

“Aw shit...” Adelaide smirks at Chris. “It’s the little tease herself.” She pats her gut, making the girl inside squirm. “Too late, kid. I already ate.”

“You... talked her into getting eaten?” Hadn’t Maya said she was a *predator*? Admittedly an unwilling one, but still.

"I talked her into the bathroom." Adelaide chuckles darkly. "Fucked her senseless until she couldn't stand, and I didn't use a condom. Dumb girl had to use my guts as birth control..."

Chris isn't surprised. Maya doesn't seem like the type to be able to say 'no' to heavy pressure. Still, she doesn't like this idea. "And you're sneaking about because...?"

"Trying to find a nice place to digest her before anyone notices? There's a back exit to this place, I've used it before." Adelaide winks at Chris. "How about you forget you ever saw me, girl? I wanna add this girl to my trophy rack permanently..."

"Yeah, no." Chris isn't in the mood for shit like that. Not after last night. "Maya's my friend. If I don't see her at uni by tomorrow, I'll tell the clinic who ate her."

"Geez, what are you, the fun police?" Adelaide clicks her tongue irritably, and then grins at Chris. "Fine, I'll reform her. But only because I'm into you, kid." She gives Chris a lecherous stare. "But next time I see you in here, you're coming to the bathroom with me and spreading those sexy legs..."

Chris feels a mixture of disgust and excitement. "Deal." She says to Adelaide.

The pale woman gives her a thumbs up and scampers off, presumably to the back exit she had mentioned. Chris watches her go, eying Adelaide's squirming belly. "Poor Maya..." She bites her lip.

"How do I look?" Chris turns as Kit steps out of the office. The small girl is wearing an oversized shirt and *presumably* a pair of shorts, but the length of the shirt makes it hard to tell. Actually, it's one of Chris's regular shirts, but anything would look oversized on Kit, really.

"Cute!" The tomboy answers immediately. It's the truth, of course. Chris *does* decide to omit the fact that Kit's nipples are clearly visible through the white fabric. Just a little hint of pink... "Ah... How are you feeling?"

"Fine, fine..." Kit answers, a little too quickly. "Me and Di had a long chat while we were waiting for you, y'know? After Becky ate us... Well, we both thought we'd be fine, but then she started going on about not reforming us..." The small girl shivers. "Damn, if you and Vicky hadn't stepped in, we'd be part of Becky forever..."

Chris bites her lip, feeling a mixture of relief and shame. Not just because Kit and Di had gone through such a horrible experience, but also because... Well, Chris is ashamed to admit that a part of her enjoyed watching it happen to her friends. "But you're safe now." She tells Kit. The tomboy knows it's a lie, though. Kit had been devoured once, there was nothing stopping it from happening again. And not just by Becky either. If Chris had learned anything about their campus, it was that it was fucking *infested* with hungry mouths.

"It was... horrible, Chris." Kit shudders slightly. "When Becky swallowed me, I got shoved into her stomach. It was so... So dark and hot. I thought I was gonna melt, it was so hot... And then I *did*." The small girl bites her lip. "There was so much... *gunk* inside her. It took me ages to realize I was, like, splashing around in what used to be *Di*..."

Chris gulps nervously. That sounds horrifying. "Are you... Okay?" She asks the small girl through the curtain. "That sounds like a nightmare."

"A nightmare?" Kit bites her lip and looks up at Chris. "Ah... Yeah. It was horrible, yeah." She takes a deep breath. "But also kinda..." The small girl trails off, her soft cheeks reddening.

"Kinda what?" Chris asks, a little confused.

The small girl shakes her head. "Er, nothing. Just... Not as bad as I thought it was, now that I remember it." She grins at Chris. "Don't worry about me, Chris. It wasn't fun, but I'll be fine. Thanks to you." Kit sighs, and then gives her friend a big smile. "And you even managed to get Becky on your side!" She blinks and then shakes her head. "Well, at least *pretend* to be. But I do think we can be real friends with her one day."

Chris doesn't feel totally satisfied with that, but she also doesn't want to press the small girl for details after going through something traumatic. "Yeah, me too." Chris lies. There's no way in hell she'll ever believe that Becky would ever look at her friends as anything more than walking lunches. "Well, you let me know if you need anything. Or you wanna talk about it."

"There *is* one thing..." Kit begins, but she's interrupted by Di hanging up the office phone.

"My sister..." Di declares as she steps out of the door, in a loud and tired tone. "Has decided to come up from San Francisco to check on me personally. She'll be arriving tomorrow, and taking me back to my mom's house for the weekend. Won't that be *fun*?"

"Won't it?" Kit seems a little confused as she glances up at Di. "Sounds fun to me."

Di smirks down at Kit. "Kitty, you don't know my sister. She's a real piece of work. And my mom?" The pale girl rolls her eyes. "Urgh. I knew they wouldn't be able to leave me alone for more than a couple of weeks."

Chris can feel a depressed air settle over them as they leave the office. She's glad that her friends are alive, but neither of them seem to be in the best spirits. And obviously they have a good reason for that. Being *digested* wasn't fun. Chris didn't need to experience it herself to guess that. Still, Chris knows it's her job to cheer her friends up.

And she knows exactly how to do that.

“Ladies.” Chris folds her arms and smirks at Di and Kit. “From the sounds of it, the two of you need some rest and relaxation.” Taking a deep breath, the tomboy puts her arms over both of her friends' shoulders. “Which is why, tonight, I’m inviting the two of you... to the first ever Chris Abrams sleepover!”

End of Chapter Eight (Part One of Sleepover Arc)

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Feeling:</u>	<u>Status:</u>
Chris Abrams	Relieved	I've never hosted a sleepover before! We're adults, so we can drink and have all sorts of fun...
Kit Chen	Embarrassed	Oh God... What's wrong with me? I swear I didn't enjoy last night, but getting digested... Actually was kinda fun...
Diana Simons	Hungry	Wow... Getting digested last night was a blast. Kinda wish it had been on my own terms, though. Hey, if it felt that good to <i>get</i> digested, I wonder how good it would feel to digest someone else? Hmm... Maybe I'll find out soon.
Aunt Vicky	Distressed	Oh shit, what was the name of Santiago's kid? I keep mixing her up with the other two Latino girls I knocked up...
Maya	!Danger!	Got fucked in the gene clinic toilets and then eaten alive. The alternative was getting knocked up, though. Despite Chris's deal with Adelaide, there's about a 50% chance of the pred just deciding not to reform her anyway. Just another day in her shit life...

