

“Did we lose them?” Padma asks, looking around for any sign of the police cars that had been chasing them for the last twenty minutes. The sound of sirens is distant, but not gone. Luckily, there’s no-one around at this time of the morning to see them.

“I think so...” Elsa leans over the steering wheel, breathing heavily. “Holy shit, I can’t believe we got away!” The blonde mafia member and her brown-skinned girlfriend look exhausted, and rightfully so.

About an hour ago, they’d narrowly avoided being attacked by the dark predator, Azrael. Sofia had bought them time to flee, possibly at the cost of her own life. The last time Elsa and Padma had seen her, the Hispanic predator had been locked in a deadly battle with the dark predator. Her odds had been slim at best. But still, Elsa had taken the chance to escape. She’d been trying to drive back to a safehouse owned by the Reilly family, but that hadn’t worked out. Elsa had just managed to call her ‘boss’ when two police cars suddenly came barreling toward them on the city street, and she’d had to put the van in gear to escape.

Old white Renault Traffics were hardly made to flee from the cops, but somehow, they’d managed to get away. Honestly, Elsa was a fantastic driver, but even then, it had been a small miracle that she’d managed to evade the cops for long enough to dart into a side street. Admittedly, it was far from the first time Elsa had done so, though she would usually pick a faster car. And that was kinda becoming clear, now that she caught her breath.

As she catches her breath, the blonde thug looks up and sees a thin plume of smoke rising from the front of the van. “Oh, *fuck*...” Elsa groans, realizing that the van is in trouble. “I think the van’s fucked...”

Beside her, Padma seems to come to the same conclusion. “The alleyway!” She points at a nearby opening between two buildings.

As it turns out, the engine holds on just long enough for the poor van to trundle into the alleyway, before letting out a loud bang and falling silent. As the van slowly rolls to a stop, Elsa tries to start the engine again a few times.

“Nope, it’s fucked.” She says again, after the engine fails to start over and over again. “Well, we should be fine, though. I think the cops are...”

Suddenly, there’s the sound of a siren behind them. Padma and Elsa flinch and they both stick their heads out of the windows, looking behind them. In the mouth of the alleyway, a police car is slowly drifting toward them, its lights flashing. “Ah... fuck.” Elsa sits back down in her seat and sighs. “Me and my fuckin’ mouth.”

“Sorry, Elsie.” Padma smiles at her. “You did your best, though.”

“Not good enough, though.” Elsa frowns, a look of regret flashing across her pale face. “Sofia gave us a chance to get away, but...” It struck Elsa just then that her new friend was now probably dead and digesting inside Azrael.

“Step out of the vehicle with your hands up!” A female voice calls out from a loudspeaker. “Do not resist, or deadly force will be used!”

The two girls reach out and take each other’s hand. They smile at each other for a moment, and it’s clear that they both know that they’re at the end of the road, both literally and metaphorically. “You ready?” Padma asks.

Elsa sighs deeply. “No... But whatever.” Letting go of Padma’s hand, the blonde thug opens her door and steps out of the van, holding her hands above her head. “I’m here! No weapons!” She calls out to the police car. On the other side, Padma does the same, holding up her hands to show that she’s unarmed.

A moment later, two female cops step out of the police car, holding torches. As they shine their lights on Elsa and Padma, their hands fall to their guns. “No sudden moves, asshole.” One of the cops, a tall brunette, calls out to Elsa. Her partner, a much shorter redhead, just smirks silently.

“Hey, you already fuckin’ got us, man.” Elsa obediently holds her hands up as the two cops advance. “We’re gonna come quietly, okay? Just don’t... Ow!”

As the brunette cop reaches Elsa, she grabs the blonde thug by the arm and shoves her up against the van. Her partner hangs back, her hand still warily on her gun. “You two look like smart girls.” The short redhead says to Padma. “You just stay quiet and we’ll get this over with quickly.” The young girl nods eagerly, not eager to have a gun pointed at her.

“Pair of fucking idiots.” The tall cop complains as she pulls out a pair of handcuffs. “Should have just pulled the fuck over when we gave you a chance.” With a loud metallic rasp, she cuffs Elsa. A moment later, the blonde thug is roughly pushed to the ground, facing down with her hands behind her back.

A minute later, Padma joins her on the ground, cuffed by the short policewoman. “Ugh... You alright?” She asks Elsa, wincing slightly from the unpleasant feel of asphalt underneath her. “W-what now?”

“I’m good.” Elsa shakes her head. “We’ll be fine, Pad. I’ve been in a cell before, it ain’t that bad. When my boss finds out where I am, she’ll...”

“Hey! Stop moving, suspect!” The tall cop plants a boot on Elsa’s back, pressing down painfully. Beside her, the short cop looks around, as if she’s looking for her comrades.

“Ow, *fuck!*” Elsa curses as she squirms on the ground. “I’m not fuckin’ moving, what the fuck?!”

“Yeah, you are!” The tall cop sneers down at her. “You’re getting up off the ground and trying to resist, aren’t you?” The heel of her boot digs into Elsa’s back, and the blonde thug can’t resist crying out in pain. “Now you’re trying to attack me!”

Beside the cop, her partner snorts in amusement. “Oh, shit, Casey... I think she’s trying to go for your gun!” Her own boot slides up between Padma’s legs, pressing against the young girl’s shorts. “Oh fuck, I think the bipty’s doing the same thing with me!”

“We’re not... What the fuck are you...?!” Padma flinches as she feels the cop probing her groin. She can’t really move anymore, but she can awkwardly turn to look up at the two cops. “Oh, *shit.*” From this angle, it’s much easier to notice something that she and Elsa had missed earlier; both of the cops have heavy bulges in front of their pants. These are Azrael’s goons!

Casey sneers at the two helpless girls in front of her. Then, she picks up her radio. “Two suspects resisting arrest! We’re going to have to resort to drastic measures!” Then, she turns off her radio. “There we go. Nice and *legal.*”

The remaining color drains from Elsa’s face as she realizes that the two cops have no intentions of bringing them in alive. “You fuckin’...” Her voice is terrified as she looks up at the two cops. “Don’t you... You know who you’re fucking with? I’m part of the Reilly family! When they find out you ate one of their...”

“One of their *what?*” The tall cop sneers down at her, rubbing her groin in anticipation. “Didn’t one of your bosses get melted by a cop the other day? They didn’t do shit then, they’re not gonna do shit about some low-level bogan thug.”

“Oh man, I can’t wait to tell the boss that we got these two bitches.” The short cop kneels down and grabs a handful of Padma’s ass without hesitation. The young girl hisses angrily as she’s groped, but she can do little to stop it from happening. “Maybe she’ll give us a bonus...”

“She’s not gonna fuck you, Jac.” Her partner kneels down as well, looking Elsa’s body up and down with a sneer. “Spend your kickback at the brothel like a smart girl. I’m *this* close to convincing that teenage flip girl to let me go bareback with her...” She rolls her eyes and looks over at her partner. “You want the paki?”

Jac licks her lips hungrily. “Fuck yeah, I’m in the mood for curry! You spicy or what?” She laughs cruelly as Padma pales in fear. “Yeah, I hope you’re spicy as fuck, kid. I wanna feel you on the way out too!”

“Suit yourself.” Casey begins to unbuckle her belt. “I’m gonna teach this bogan shithead a lesson before I suicide her.”

Any color remaining in Elsa's face drains away as she realizes that the tall cop intends to violate her before devouring her. "Oh, fuck, fuck, *fuck!*" She squirms, trying feebly to get away. "Please don't!"

"Oh man, I need some fuckin' pink..." Casey reaches for Elsa's waistband and tugs the blonde girl's pants down. Elsa can do little to prevent her ass and genitals from being exposed. "Oh, are you fucking..." The cop groans as she sees Elsa's cock and balls. "Whatever. Brown's just as good as pink."

"Any hole's a goal!" Jac laughs as she grabs Padma's hair and begins to drag the young girl's head toward her hungry maw...

Casey climbs on top of Elsa, and begins to grunt in anticipation. "Okay, tighten those muscles, bitch. I'm going in dry!"

The blonde thug feels something hot and heavy probing her bare asshole. "Go to hell, you fuckin'...!"

All of a sudden, there's the sound of spinning wheels from outside the alleyway. Several vehicles have pulled up, from the sounds of it. As Elsa looks up, she sees several white vans have pulled into the alleyway.

To Elsa and Padma's eternal relief, the two cops stop what they had been about to do. Climbing off Elsa, Casey angrily stuffs her erection back into her pants, zipping up with a look of fury. Jac spits out Padma's hair and jumps up, hands on her gun.

The white vans open up, and about a dozen futanari thugs spill out, holding all manner of blunt weapons. They have no markings or uniform, but Elsa easily recognizes her fellow Reilly family thugs.

"T-told ya!" Elsa shouts, unable to hide the relief in her voice. "Oh my fuckin' *god...*"

"Get the fuck off 'em!" One of the thugs levels a cricket bat at Casey, glaring threateningly. "Get the fuck outta here!"

"*You* get the fuck out of here!" Jac shouts back, looking far less smug than she did a few seconds ago. Both she and Casey have their hands on their guns. "Stand back, or we'll use lethal force!"

Just as the situation looks about to get ugly, a tall woman in a white shirt and pencil skirt pushes her way to the front of the small group of thugs. "Don't you fuckin' *dare* draw those weapons!" The prim and proper shouts at the two cops, narrowing her tired-looking eyes. "Or I won't be responsible for what happens to you after that!"

Both of the cops seem a little taken aback. It seems that they recognize Renay Reilly, and they're more than a little concerned to see her here. "What the fuck does the Reilly family want?" Casey snaps. "These two are guilty of speeding, breaking and entering and resisting arrest!"

"How the fuck would I know what the Reilly family wants? I'm just a fuckin' lawyer! Jesus, I need more than two hour's sleep..." Renay glares at the two cops, apparently utterly unintimidated by their guns. "But if I had to hazard a guess, I'd think that *my sister*, Maddie Reilly, wouldn't be too happy about two cops on the take trying to rape one of her family members." Casey pales a little at the name, and it seems she's street-wise enough to recognize the name of one of Sydney's nastiest crime bosses.

Her partner is... *less* informed. "I don't give a *fuck* what the Reilly family is or isn't happy about!" Jac rudely jabs a finger at the lawyer, despite the fact that she's more than a foot shorter than Renay. "Stay in your lane, you stupid cunt, or the Superintendent won't be happy. You make trouble for her, she'll make a *turd* out of you. You know what happened to one of your bitches the other day?"

"Yeah, you two slags work for Tueuer. The family knows." Renay sneers at the redhead. "And yeah, it's true that the Reilly family treads lightly around Tueuer. They know her reputation. And that's why they didn't say shit about Dana the other day."

Casey bares her teeth as she grins. "Exactly! Now fuck off back to your sister and tell her that the Superintendant expects an apology by..." Her words falter. "Why the fuck are you still looking at me like that, bitch?"

The lawyer rolls her eyes. "Oh, you hadn't heard?" She reaches into her pencil skirt and pulls out her phone. "I spent most of last night on the toilet, but I got the news right as it broke, girls! Your boss is *toast*." She holds up her phone for the two cops to see.

Neither Elsa or Padma can see what's on the phone, but whatever it is makes Casey and Jac's eyes go wide in horror. "H-holy shit!" Jac says, taking a step back.

"Yeah, quite a lot of it, actually!" Renay sneers at the two cops. "So, it seems to the Reilly family that the situation has *changed*. And they might be a lot *less* intimidated by two thugs who work for Azrael Tueuer." She narrows her tired eyes. "Now, *get the fuck in your car and drive away*. Or I won't be a witness to whatever these girls do to you."

Casey and Jac exchange a look of horror at each other. Then, the two cops wisely sprint to their police car. In seconds, they peel off down the alleyway, vanishing from sight as quickly as they can.

"Oh... Thank fuckin' *god*, Miss Reilly." Elsa lets out a sigh of relief as a couple of her comrades begin to pick the lock of her handcuffs. "If you'd been a few minutes later, we woulda..."

“Shut the *fuck* up, Elsa!” Renay glares down at her ‘employee’. “You know how much I hate getting involved in the family business directly! And what the fuck was that phone call? I could barely hear your stupid voice on the phone.” She jabs a finger toward the van, which is still smoking slightly. “And what the fuck did you do to Clarence?! You know that’s my sister’s favorite car!”

“It is?!” Elsa rubs her hands, where the handcuffs have left red marks. “I thought it was just some fuckin’ junk! Oh, *shit*...” Beside her, Padma has been freed as well, though the Reilly family thugs seem a bit confused as to who she is.

“It’s the first car she ever bought, you fuckin’ dipstick!” Renay groans loudly, rubbing the bridge of her nose. “Ugh... whatever. Sis has bigger fish to fry right now. You’re just lucky there’s a GPS locator under the hood, or you’d be another one of Tueuer’s victims. Who’s the Indian chick?” The lawyer nods at Padma.

Elsa blushes slightly. “She’s... uh, my girlfriend.” Padma blushes slightly as well.

“Cute.” Renay seems a little amused by the idea. “Don’t let Sis find out you’re dating an ethnic girl, though.” After a moment’s consideration, she shakes her head with a slight grin. “Okay, get the fuck up, princess. I guess my sister’s gonna give you enough of an ass-reaming later, so tell me what the fuck you were saying on the phone earlier. I heard something about Lindsay Smith.”

“R-right!” Elsa looks over at Padma, and the young girl nods quickly.

Together, the two girls tell Renay everything that’s happened so far. About Azrael being in love with Melissa Jones, about the dark predator kidnapping Lindsay Smith and Jessica Storm, and about their crazy scheme to break the two out.

“Well, that didn’t fuckin’ work!” Renay complains, as they finish explaining. “Good job, Melissa. How the fuck are we supposed to save Lindsay now?”

“You want to save Lindsay?” Elsa asks, rather stunned. She knew that Lindsay Smith was Renay’s client, but not much more than that. “Why?”

“You ever heard of the Aboriginal word, ‘nunya’?” The lawyer asks, and the two girls shake their heads. “Nunya fuckin’ business! She’s an old friend of mine, okay? And she owes Sis a few favors. So we’re not keen to let her get gurgled by Tueuer.” Renay frowns. “That being said, I think she’s beyond saving now.”

Padma holds up a hand, and Renay raises an eyebrow at her. “Um... Maybe not? If they were able to escape, they’ll need our help, right?” Beside her, Elsa nods eagerly.

“Escape?!” Renay seems baffled. “From Tueuer? Who the fuck would be stupid and *insane* enough to break into the *Superintendent’s* apartment?!”

“I am!” Daniella Coven shouts. “I’m the one!”

“Huh” Melissa Jones looks over at the small prey woman. “You’re the one, what?”

Daniella smirks at the brunette, her arms full of beer cans. “I asked, who’s the slut who’s raiding Azzy’s mini-bar? I am!” Kneeling before the small fridge, the small prey slowly inserts a thin can of Coke in between her large breasts, shivering from the icy coldness. “Oh, yeah, that’s fucking good... You want anything?”

“No... Actually, I’ll take a vodka cruiser if there’s any left.” Melissa has to admit that she could use a drink before... what’s about to happen.

The four of them are in Azrael’s apartment, preparing for what will be the final confrontation with the dark predator. Last night, Melissa had slipped out of Azrael’s bed and tried to free Jessica from the dark predator’s imprisonment. But Azrael had discovered her. Now aware of Melissa’s ‘betrayal’, the dark predator had thrown her into imprisonment as well.

Then, just a couple of hours ago, Daniella and Lindsay had broken into the upper floors of Azrael’s apartment and freed them. After eating a quick meal and dressing in some of Azrael’s clothes, Melissa and the others had realized that there was no real chance of escape for them. The van that should have been holding their friends was gone, no doubt attacked by a furious Azrael. Melissa hoped that they were okay, but she didn’t hold out much hope. And even if they were down there, Melissa knew that there was no way that they could escape via the elevator anyway.

Melissa knows that there is no real escape as long as Azrael continues to hunt for her. Even if they could run, she would never be able to feel safe again. One day, she might lose her loved ones and end up back in this apartment, at Azrael’s mercy. No, today is the day that she needs to end this, one way or another. It’s not overly dramatic to say that this will decide the fate of their lives. Literally, failure will mean their deaths at the hand of Azrael.

Not far away, Lindsay Smith chugs an entire can of Pepsi. Letting out a loud burp, the redhead casually tosses the can away, letting it bounce across the white tiles of Azrael’s kitchen. “Alright, I got enough energy to fight! Let’s fucking do this!”

On the bright side, Melissa had finally confessed her feelings to Jessica, and the blonde futanari had reciprocated. Lindsay had been overjoyed to hear it too. So, perhaps for the final half-day of her life, Melissa could take solace in the fact that she wouldn’t regret not doing that before she died.

“Hold on a moment.” Jessica Storm looks back at Lindsay with a frown. The futanari pornstar stands in front of a small pot plant and pulls her black jeans down to her thighs. “Lindsay, you’re pregnant.” She reminds the redhead. “And so is Melissa. If you two try to fight...”

But Lindsay and Melissa were already prepared for this. “Jess... the best way that the girls inside us are gonna survive is if we fight.” Melissa tells her, taking the drink that Daniella offers her. “If we don’t, they’re just going to die with us.” The brunette takes a quick swig of alcohol for courage, and then hands it back to the tiny prey. She can’t really feel the life inside her belly, but she knows there’s a little spark inside her womb. Jessica had lit it back when they’d first met.

Lindsay grins at Jessica, and pats her belly. “Little Xanthe’s just as much of a fighter as her mum, Jess. Plus, I’ll get to see her in Valhalla or something, right?” It’s a bad joke, and the redhead is clearly forcing a grin, but it’s better than fear right now.

Jessica seems to accept their words without much fuss. “Still, you’ve *met* Tueuer, Lin. You know that charging in without a plan is suicide, right?”

“No plan survives contact with the enemy.” Lindsay shrugs, smirking at her new girlfriend. The redhead is lounging on a stool in Azrael’s kitchen. “Instinct’s better than brains in a fight between predators. That’s how I live, Jess.”

“No, Jess is right.” Melissa says, as she walks back over to her two girlfriends, Daniella in tow behind her with about a dozen stolen drinks in her arms. “When it comes to fighting Azrael, we can’t just *wing it*. She’s got far better instincts than us, and she’ll beat us in a straight up fight... Are you pissing in her pot plant?”

A thick stream of golden liquid is watering Azrael’s pot plant. Jessica shrugs as she continues to urinate. “I am draining my snake, yes. Facing Azrael with a full bladder seems like a bad idea.”

Melissa can’t really disagree with that, so the brunette just smiles in amusement. “Well... I don’t think I’ll need to worry about that.” Cracking open her vodka cruiser, Melissa tries to think about what they can do to fight Azrael when the dark predator returns. “Okay... Any ideas, Lin? You and Jess are way more experienced at this kinda thing than me...”

Lindsay tugs on the collar of her loose white shirt. “Ugh... Not gonna lie, our odds are pretty shit. You’re inexperienced, and Jess and I are gonna be hindered by our boobs.” Like Jessica, she’s very clearly not wearing a bra, and the heavy weights on her chest are indeed rather unbalancing. “Even with four on one, we’re at a disadvantage.”

“*Three* on one.” Daniella cuts in, shaking her head. As Melissa and her girlfriend turn to look at the small prey, she gives them an incredulous look. “What? You can’t expect *me* to fight Azrael Tueuer, are you crazy? I’m getting outta here and finding Sofia the moment I can.”

That was... not *unfair*, Melissa has to admit. "Fine, good point." She nods at the small prey. "I don't know what happened to the others, but..." The van had vanished from the alleyway earlier, and Melissa could only fear the worst. "Well, try and find Natasha and the others and see if they're okay."

Daniella rolls her eyes. "I'd bet money that at least one of 'em got snuffed. But Sofia's fine, I know it."

Her bladder now empty, Jessica shakes her cock a few times and then stuffs it back into her jeans. "You know that if we lose, Azrael won't let you live, Dani?" She asks, as she zips up. Her blonde hair flashes in the morning light as she frowns. "If she catches you, we all know you won't have a quick death."

"God, I hope not..." Daniella licks her lips, clearly more aroused than scared by the idea. "Yeah, it's a bit of a gamble, right? Guess I'll just have to trust that you guys will win!"

"We *could* hide and try to ambush Azrael." Jessica suggests, frowning at the thought. "I don't like the idea, but if we can get the drop on her..."

"I doubt that will work." Melissa shakes her head. She already knows from first-hand experience that Azrael's most powerful weapon is her nose. "She'll be able to find your scent the moment she walks in." They'd been able to fool the dark predator's nose once before, and Melissa knew it wouldn't work twice.

Lindsay thinks for a long moment, and then her eyes light up. "Hey!" She jumps up from her stool, looking rather excited. "I totally forgot! Back downstairs, me and Dani found this whole ass room full of Azrael's trophies!"

Jessica looks a little confused at this. "Trophies? How would that help us?" The lightning-haired woman frowns as she thinks about this for a moment. "Well, we already knew she was athletic..."

"Not *sports* trophies, you bimbo!" The redhead rolls her eyes. "Murder trophies! She had a whole room full of pictures and names and everything!" She points at Dani, who suddenly looks a little worried. "Dani took pictures and sent it all to, uh... whoever she was talking to on her headset."

Daniella suddenly looks like she's sweating bullets. "Uh... Yeah. Might have forgot to mention that I already sent all the information to our mutual friends, Mel."

Melissa raises an eyebrow at the small prey. "Wait, what did you send? To who?"

"Yeah..." Daniella reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone. "Here, take a look..."

In the depths of the same building, the dark predator lays on the mattress, enjoying her victory over Sofia Santiago. Azrael Tueuer has tasted victory many times before, but it's a flavor that never loses its goodness. The Hispanic predator had tried to fight her, presumably due to some foolish belief that she could defeat God's chosen one. Naturally, she hadn't lived to learn from the lesson that Azrael had taught her. Sofia had admittedly fought well enough, but Azrael had inevitably defeated her and devoured her alive. If she'd meant to sacrifice herself in order for her friends to escape, then she'd failed there too. Azrael had reported their van to a few of her more corrupt friends on the police force, so they'd be little more than sewer water by the end of the day.

The dark predator had been able to even capture Sofia's phone, and had made the delightful discovery that the former predator hadn't even left it locked by a passcode. Idly browsing through the late Sofia's VoreFans account, Azrael amuses herself by reading through the woman's messages and chats. Sofia had been *quite* prolific, and it seemed that there were going to be quite a few disappointed preys. Luckily for them, Azrael had already gathered their information for her later use. Not only that, but she'd even been able to appropriate any money remaining on Sofia's account. She hadn't been able to access the banking app however, but she'd make sure to capture those funds too. Azrael didn't *need* money, but as the victor, it was only fair that she got the money.

After all, the Hispanic futanari was now little more than soup, draining through Azrael's powerful guts. She could hardly use the money, and whatever family had been stupid enough to be related to her certainly didn't deserve it. The dark predator had taken little more than a couple of hours to reduce the once proud Sofia Santiago to a slightly round shape in her belly. Shortly, most of her would be disposed of, while the rest of her would have the privilege of becoming a part of Azrael's divine body. Azrael chuckles as she looks forward to shitting out the former predator.

"Ugh..." Natasha Birch makes an involuntary moan of fear as Azrael laughs softly, the young girl flinching in alarm.

Oh yes. The phone hadn't been the only thing Azrael had captured. The young pink-haired girl had been unfortunate enough to be right in the dark predator's warpath. Luckily for her, she'd presented so little of an obstacle that Azrael had just decided to take her hostage instead. And it was turning out to be an excellent decision so far.

"Do not fear, little one." Azrael smiles at the nervous little prey, amused at her fear. "Return to your worship of me at once."

"Y-yes, mistress!" Natasha leans back down and returns to slowly licking the dark predator's balls. Cringing at the taste, the pink-haired girl nonetheless begins to suck on Azrael's left testicle, causing the massive penis in front of her to twitch in pleasure.

After returning from her meal, Azrael had put the young girl to work. Natasha had proved generally inexperienced at dick-sucking, but she was clearly new to sex in general, which was enjoyable in its own way. "Mmm... Suck harder, little one." Azrael smirks down at the young girl. Yes... Why had she never considered doing something like this in the past? A young acolyte to worship her perfect body was completely appropriate, after all. "Worship me well enough, and I will reward you with a taste of my seed." Her nose buried in Azrael's thick pubic hair, and the shadow of a huge black penis over her face, Natasha is already falling under Azrael's spell, the dark predator can tell.

Melissa had rebelled against her, it was true. The thought still made Azrael a little bitter and frustrated. Despite everything she'd given the beautiful girl, Melissa Jones had still refused her. The dark predator really couldn't fathom the girl's mental process. She'd laid with her, experienced Azrael's full power throughout her body. How in God's name could she now refuse? And worse, try to abandon the woman who loved her?

Yes, Azrael had been bitter about that. But now victory over Melissa's friends had cooled her anger a little. In truth, when Azrael considered the situation, it wasn't nearly as bad as she'd initially feared... Not feared, Azrael didn't *fear*. The situation wasn't nearly as bad as she'd *thought*.

The woman God had ordained to be her soulmate had rebelled, yes, but she was now safely locked away. Jessica Storm was locked away as well. And Lindsay Smith was still sealed in Azrael's secret dungeon. Anyone else who'd been helping Melissa had now been driven off or killed. The thought made Azrael's cock harden even further.

Yes, the situation was not great, but it was still far from terrible. Azrael knew she could recover from this. First, she would go upstairs and kill Lindsay Smith. Second, she would separate Melissa and Jessica Storm, and eliminate the latter. Finally, she would make Melissa understand that their love was pure and divine, and that they were meant to be together. Melissa's... incorrect choice could be forgiven, and in time, she would come around to Azrael's side. Azrael knew she would. She *had* to, or...

No, Azrael didn't need to think about that anymore. Those thoughts were banished the moment she'd laid eyes on Melissa Jones.

Azrael feels Natasha awkwardly slurping on her balls, and has to admit that the young girl is trying her best. "Ah... You impress me, little one." She says, reaching down to gently seize the girl's vibrant pink hair. "Yes, you will make an *excellent* acolyte! You will join my harem and I will teach you how to properly worship me from now on." With her other hand, Azrael begins to rub her cock, eager to coax the seed from her divine balls as a reward for the young girl.

"Y-yes, mistress!" Natasha says, in a terrified voice. *Mistress*. Azrael has to smile at that. It seems that the young girl is a quick learner.

“Sit up and place your lips around the head of my penis, young one.” Azrael commands. The dark predator knows that the small girl could never hope to properly suck her off... yet. A few years training would be needed, and Azrael was looking forward to training her. Yes, perhaps this situation was even *better* than it had been before.

Obediently, Natasha sits up and takes an anxious gulp. Sweating nervously, the young girl leans forward and desperately tries to take the head of Azrael's penis into her mouth. The dark predator's dark penis is enormous, and the poor girl struggles with just the head alone.

“Ngh...” Azrael is pleased to feel that an orgasm is not far away. Nastaha's worship had been inexperienced, but surprisingly effective. “Ngh! Here's your reward!” A moment later, the dark predator feels an orgasm dawning at the tip of her penis, and she feels her massive organ go rigid and begin to twitch. A moment later, Natasha is rewarded with a wave of divine sperm spurting down her throat. Reflexively, the girl tries to pull away, but Azrael's hand on the back of her head pins her in place.

Azrael lays back as she almost casually empties her balls down the young girl's throat. Then again, a single load like this is hardly anything worth moaning for. The dark predator knows that she'll be ready to go again within minutes. Luckily for the young girl who's currently choking down her seed, Azrael has a lot to do now...

But just as Azrael feels her orgasm begin to subside, she feels her phone begin to buzz. Blinking, the dark predator takes a moment to realize that someone's calling her. How odd. No-one should be contacting her for at least a week, considering she'd specifically taken leave from her job in order to welcome Melissa into her home.

As she sits up, the dark predator reaches for her phone...

Azrael Tueuer is a SERIAL PREDATOR!

Cynthia Whelken (Verified Predator)

@cynthiawhelken

1 Hour ago

Hi guys, sorry for the break from my usual content! I've just gotten a message from a friend of mine, asking me to share something quite horrifying about our city's police force! I've copy and pasted it below, please read it and share it if you can!

[\(Click to show image\)](#)

"Azrael Tueuer (picture in the link above), one of the NSW Police Force's Superintendents, is apparently a prolific predator, who's gathered quite a collection of victims!

[\(Click to show image\)](#)

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These pictures show a TROPHY ROOM of pictures of various people, many of whom match the names of people who've GONE MISSING within the past few years! Azrael Tueuer ate them and used her position to shut down any investigation!

[\(Click to show image\)](#)

The bottom one shows the name and badge of Samantha Hoffman, a police officer who recently went missing in Sydney! Why does the Superintendent have this missing woman's badge?

Predators have faced discrimination in this country for years, and people like Azrael Tueuer are the reason. Unlike the rest of us, who engage in our sexuality legally, she abuses her power for her own pleasure, and gives the rest of us a bad name! Share this post and get the word out before the NSW Police can suppress this information!"

By the way, I will still be posting the anal video later today, don't worry.

[7:47AM, 26/01/2023] [Views: 12,573] [Comments: 23]

Jane Malone @jmalone

This is sick and evil. How can the police force be so stupid as to let someone like this into such a high-ranking position? I thought the police were supposed to STOP crimes, not commit them!

NSW Police need to investigate this immediately, or it's obvious that they're trying to cover it up!

7:56AM, 26/01/2023

Maddie Green @greeninblue

This is absolutely disgusting! We need more information about this cruel woman! What she did, who she did it to, plus any pictures or videos that might exist! Also, any social media accounts she posts pictures of herself on so we can avoid her!

8:07AM, 26/01/2023

[Monique Dubois @mdubois](#) ([Verified Prey](#))

Thanks for sharing this, Cynth. I shared it as soon as it was sent to me by our mutual friends. Let's hope these girls are this sick bitch's last victims.

8:05AM, 26/01/2023

[Crystal Blake @u8737433](#)

So sweet of you to support your cute girlfriend!

8:34, 26/01/2023

[Monique Dubois @mdubois](#) ([Verified Prey](#))

SHE'S NOT MY GIRLFRIEND

8:35AM, 26/01/2023

[Cynthia Whelken @cynthiawhelken](#) ([Verified Predator](#))

Monique and I are merely friends, I assure you. I have no idea why people mistake us for being a couple. Sex does not make two people a couple, and we were quite drunk when we filmed the anal video anyway.

8:43AM, 26/01/2023

[Monique Dubois @mdubois](#) ([Verified Prey](#))

CYNTH, SHUT THE FUCK UP, YUO'RE NOT HELPING

8:43AM, 26/01/2023

[Katie Willems @jmalone](#) ([Verified Predator](#))

"Predators have faced discrimination in this country for years, and people like Azrael Tueuer are the reason." Oh, FUCK OFF! If anything, this woman should have our SUPPORT! Treating this brave woman like a monster is exactly what the right-wing vorephobes want us to do, Cynthia!

8:11AM, 26/01/2023

[Stacey Brown @prey83743](#)

Are you seriously trying to support someone breaking the law rn?????

8:21AM, 26/01/2023

[Katie Willems @jmalone](#) ([Verified Predator](#))

First of all, you're a prey, shut the fuck up when a pred is talking. Second, YES! Predators are discriminated against by this country's murder laws. Our sexuality is persecuted every time a brave pred like Azrael Tueuer is treated like a murderer for doing something completely natural. Thirdly, DM me your fucking address immediately.

8:24AM, 26/01/2023

[Stacey Brown @prey83743](#)

Fuck off, you stupid cunt. You're a fucking vore supremacist, and you're a fucking sociopath who gets off on killing innocent people. I'll DM you my address, but only because you're hot AF

8:27AM, 26/01/2023

[Stacey Brown @prey83743](#)

I DMed you my address?????

8:51AM, 26/01/2023

[Katie Willems @jmalone](#) ([Verified Predator](#))

Didn't see it until now, calm your tits. I'm leaving now, keep your door unlocked.

8:54AM, 26/01/2023

[Natalie Korshaw @prey3uu4u3](#)

WTF, the superintendent of my local police station is a pred who looks like THAT?! Makes me wanna commit some crimes so she can punish me...

8:24AM, 26/01/2023

[Daniella Coven @tonightdinner](#) ([Verified Prey](#))

Hi, I'm the one who took the pictures, Daniella Coven. Azzy, if you're reading this, I'm responsible, I broke into your place and shared all this. I did it, my name is Daniella Stella Coven. My personal info is...

[CLICK TO SHOW MORE](#)

“So, uh... What do you think?” Daniella asks, as the three women in front of her stare in shock at the phone screen in Melissa’s hands. “Looks like it’s kinda going viral?”

Melissa can’t believe what she’s seeing. “Who... How many people did you send this to?!” Almost thirteen thousand people had viewed Cynthia’s post alone! And it was almost just as shocking that the girl had over thirteen thousand subscribers on VoreFans! She’d seemed so calm and refined back when Melissa had gone to the VoreFans meetup, but then again, she was a cute predator. God, what Melissa wouldn’t give to have that many subscribers on VoreFans...

Er, no. That wasn’t what she should be worried about now. Evidence of Azrael’s crimes are now all over the internet. Well, all over VoreFans. Which is perhaps not the kind of audience that would be greatly horrified by this news, from the sounds of it. But it was still rather damning.

Daniella shrugs. “Everyone who was at the VoreFans meeting... and a few other non-VoreFans content creators... and a few Vtubers I know. And the Sydney Morning Herald.” She thinks for a moment, and shrugs again, still holding a dozen stolen drinks in her arms. “And I guess everyone *they* shared it with...”

“Well, she’s *fucked*.” Lindsay smirks down at the phone and clicks her tongue. “That’s a career torpedo right there.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure...” Jessica frowns, seeming unconvinced. “It’s still just a rumor right now, and I can’t help but notice that there’s more than a few people on *her* side.”

But Melissa knows that Lindsay’s the more correct of her two girlfriends right now. With this many people seeing it, the news would make its way to the mainstream media pretty soon, and the public would be *far* less sympathetic about a police officer abusing her power. She wondered if Azrael herself had seen the news, and how the dark predator was reacting to it...

“Oh.” Azrael stares at Sofia’s phone, at the post that’s just popped up on her timeline. “Oh.” For the first time in a *very* long time, the dark predator is left speechless. “Oh my God...”

“Huh?” Natasha looks up at her and cringes at the fearsome look on Azrael’s face. “What’s... What’s happened?”

But Azrael has no time to spare for a tiny little prey right now. Stumbling to her feet, the dark predator stares dumbfounded at the words on her phone screen. With a shaking finger, she taps one of the links... and stares at a picture of herself, taken directly from the local police website. “Oh, no...” Azrael feels her heart pounding, as she tries to stay calm. With another tap, she sees a couple of pictures taken from her personal trophy room, a room *no-one* but she was meant to see. How...?!

Daniella Coven. The little imp that Melissa had been friends with. Azrael remembered looking through the tiny prey's information, but she'd judged that Daniella was no threat, and probably likely to die soon anyway. But somehow, the vile little creature had managed to get into her sanctuary?! How could this have happened?!

With a burst of fury, Azrael hurls Sofia's phone against the wall, and the small device shatters into a million pieces. Natasha shrieks in terror and crawls over to the wall, cowering from the waves of anger boiling off the dark predator's skin.

Azrael stands there for a long moment, thinking quickly. Her phone is buzzing in her pocket, and she pulls it out and stares at it, as messages pop up one by one. Her colleagues are sending her links to webpages that must be sharing the information, and the predator is alarmed to even see that some of them are actual news websites. As she watches, a phone call comes in, with a very familiar phone number. Azrael ranks high enough to have a direct line to the Chief of Police in NSW, but that cuts both ways. Now, he's calling her directly...

For a moment, panic seizes the dark predator. With a flex of her muscles, her phone is pulverized into plastic and components, saving her from the conversation that she can't have. Azrael knows that she's in serious trouble.

It doesn't matter if she's a police officer now. Her superiors had been fine with looking the other way for a long time, either because she paid them off, or because they had no interest in risking her wrath by going after her. But now, all bets were off. Her name and face were bound to the police force, and she was making them look bad. Corrupt people looked out for their own, but now she was on the outside...

What the fuck?! How was this *fair*? Azrael was an honorable woman who'd just wanted to claim what rightfully belonged to her. How could her enemies resort to such underhanded tactics? Sure, she'd *technically* broken the law. But Azrael was above every law, even the ones God handed down for humanity to follow. This was just dishonorable. Jessica Storm must be behind this, Azrael decides. The pornstar was in league with Lindsay Smith, trying to corrupt Melissa with her twisted atheistic lifestyle...

Azrael reaches up to her neck and feels the heavy silver necklace that Melissa had given her as a gift. The cold metal feels reassuring to the dark predator. Azrael takes a deep breath, feeling a little better now that she'd vented her anger. No doubt the woman she loved was innocent of spreading this disgusting slander. Even if she'd been involved, Melissa could only have been misled.

No, she needed to think about this rationally. God was all-powerful, and He knew everything. He wouldn't have sent the dark predator such a trial if she couldn't overcome it. Azrael didn't know how yet, but she could fix everything. Whatever it was, she knew the first step was to go upstairs as quickly as possible and *dispose* of anyone in her apartment. If Daniella had broken

into her sanctum, then the little freak must have freed Lindsay Smith. And if she'd done that, it would be prudent to assume that whatever way she'd found to break in would let her get upstairs and free Melissa and the futanari whore as well.

Reaching into her jacket, Azrael pulls out her Glock 22. It's her favorite gun, the first one she'd ever been issued as a uniformed officer. She carries it with her always, something that would be a crime for anyone other than God's chosen. It contains 15 bullets, more than enough to blast Jessica Storm, Lindsay Smith and Daniella Coven into bloody pieces that Azrael would devour. The dark predator was no longer deigning to be honorable. She'd just put a fucking *bullet* into their skulls the moment she saw them.

Cowering on the floor, Natasha sees the gun in Azrael's hand and whimpers in terror. As the dark predator's golden eyes turn to her, the pink-haired girl tries to flatten herself against the wall.

"Get up, little one." Azrael grins at her, and Natasha's heart skips a beat as she sees genuine madness in her dark expression. Grabbing the pink-haired girl's flannel shirt, Azrael drags her to her feet, and presses the barrel of the gun against Natasha's lips. It tastes like metal and death. "We're going upstairs to talk to Melissa."

And with that, Azrael drags Natasha out of the small security room and over toward the elevators...

Melissa Jones waits for her fate in the 'lobby' of Azrael's apartment, staring at the elevator doors. The interior lobby is at the center of the apartment, a wide room that extends up into the second floor of the apartment. Melissa sits alone, on a small desk that decorates the expansive lobby, impatiently watching the black doors. Lindsay and Jessica have hidden, hoping to ambush the dark predator at the right time. Not the best plan in the world, but it's the best chance they're going to get. Daniella is hiding somewhere, Melissa didn't see where. Azrael will be able to catch their scent, but it's better than nothing.

Melissa herself is bait. No-one of them said it in those words, but it's how it has to be. The dark predator probably won't harm her... well, not *immediately*.

The brunette knows she should be scared or worried about what's about to happen. But she isn't. It's not that she's suddenly become brave or fearless all of a sudden, it feels more like she's tired of being scared. Or rather, Melissa knows that whatever happens next will be the end of the road. Even if she could flee, Melissa has no desire to. If they could escape the apartment, then Azrael would just continue to track her down. No, this is going to be decided now, one way or another.

Melissa thinks back to the beginning of her VoreFans career. How had that whole thing started again? Oh yeah, Lindsay had bullied her into starting an account when they'd gone to lunch, hadn't she? Melissa had to admit that the redhead hadn't been wrong about how well she'd do. The brunette had proven quite popular indeed, hadn't she? Well, not so much relative to people like Jessica and Daniella, but still...

And Lindsay, of course. Melissa still had a bit of a shock whenever she remembered that the redhead was now her girlfriend. They'd been friends for so long, years and years. And then Lindsay had gone off to Newcastle... and come back to Sydney full of lesbian pride. In truth, Melissa wished they'd gotten together years ago.

And of course, the redhead had introduced her to Jessica as well. Melissa had been a bit wary of the blonde futanari at first, but now... The brunette reflexively touches her tummy, where she knows her baby is still just starting to develop. Yes, now she was pregnant with Jessica's child. Which was itself a big change, of course.

Melissa... had actually really enjoyed using the app, in hindsight. It had been fun, and it had brought her a lot closer to Lindsay and Jessica. And it had meant meeting so many other people too. Daniella, Sofia, all the other girls... Even Talia in a way.

Of course, VoreFans had been how Azrael had found her too, so it wasn't all good, she supposed.

But even then, Melissa still couldn't bring herself to regret using VoreFans. If she had the choice of whether or not to do it all again, the brunette probably still would. Maybe a little *differently*, but still...

In the distance, there's the sound of the elevator moving, snapping Melissa out of her retrospection. Of course, thoughts of what had been and what might have been are irrelevant now. What matters is *now*.

Melissa knows that she might not live to see the end of today. It's a feeling she's felt before, but it's not a feeling you can really get used to. Worse, the people she loves might not live to see the end of today either. But the brunette can at least take solace in the fact that Azrael won't get away with anything anymore.

The elevator comes to a stop, and Melissa holds her breath for a long moment. She feels her heart beating in her chest, and tries to remain calm. At least, on the outside. The moment seems to stretch into a small eternity as she waits, and Melissa almost fancies that she can see her life flashing before her eyes.

Of course, even what feels like an eternity eventually comes to an end.

The elevator doors open, and the dark predator steps out. Though Melissa's fear is almost gone, she can't help but still feel a hint of intimidation as Azrael stands before her. Towering black muscles and terrifying expression. The silver necklace Azrael had stolen from her flashes in the light.

Azrael sees Melissa waiting for her. "Ah... Waiting for me, were you? So the little creature *did* release you. Oh well, I suppose it makes no difference..." Melissa feels a stab of fear as she sees that Azrael is holding Natasha tightly *with a gun pointed at the young girl's cheek*.

"Natasha!" She blurts out, almost on reflex. Standing up from the desk, Melissa hovers for a moment, feeling like she's immediately lost control of the situation. She had hoped that Natasha and the others had fled, but the pink-haired girl had clearly failed to escape. And now, because of Melissa, the poor girl had a *gun* pointed at her.

"Easy now..." Azrael's smile is terrifying, white tombstone teeth against near pitch black skin. The huge predator dwarfs the small girl under her arm, easily holding the trembling girl in place with her powerful muscles. "I don't want to hurt the little one, but you may *force* me to..."

Melissa stands as still as she can, keenly aware of the dark finger resting on the trigger of the gun. One pull would... "Are you okay, Nat?" She asks, aware that the young girl's life is hanging by a thread. "Did she... hurt you?"

"I'm..." Natasha gulps nervously, giving Melissa a worried look. "I'm okay. She..."

"Fear not, Melissa." Azrael's booming voice interrupts the pink-haired girl. "I merely allowed her to worship me, in a manner befitting a-

"Shut the... shut the *fuck* up!" Both Melissa and Azrael are stunned to hear Natasha interrupt the dark predator holding her hostage. Even Natasha herself seems rather stunned at her own outburst, but the young girl continues regardless. "You... I did what you told me to do down there, but if you're gonna hurt Melissa... Fuck you!"

Azrael bares her teeth angrily, growling at the trembling girl in her grip. "Girl... I enjoy you, but be careful. You are *not* indispensable to me."

Melissa knows that she needs to remain calm, though that's quite a tall order with her friend at the mercy of a trigger. "Azrael, let Natasha go. This quarrel is between you and me." She says, trying to keep her voice as steady and level as possible.

"Is it?!" Azrael shoots a menacing look at her, golden eyes flashing in anger. "Yet *you* brought our enemies into my home, let them get in the middle of our relationship..." The predator takes a deep breath, her dark nostrils flaring. "The scent of whore is strong in the air. Jessica Storm... and Lindsay Smith. Seems more like this *quarrel* is between you, me and *your two lovers*."

So, Melissa had been right about Azrael detecting the two hidden predators. Well, it couldn't be helped, she supposed. "Azrael... It's over. You're exposed. Have you seen the...?"

"Yes, I *have* seen your little attempt at blackmail." The dark predator chuckles, tapping the barrel of her gun against Natasha's cheek. "That room is sacred ground, only fit for my eyes. How your little... *friend* got in, I have no idea. But I *will* punish her for it, mark my words."

"If you've seen it, you know how bad it is for you." Melissa presses on. She has no faith that this will work, but it's worth a *try* at least. "You have better things to do than worry about me. Let us go, and we won't continue to expose you. You can do damage control..."

But Azrael just chuckles in amusement. "Do you really think the best damage control I could do right now wouldn't be just *killing* your friends? You are the only real witnesses to my crimes, after all. Well, *living* witnesses. Somehow, I doubt that the sewer system will be able to testify against me. This is a *minor* setback, Melissa, I promise you."

Melissa opens her mouth to respond, but the dark predator presses the barrel of her gun hard against Natasha's cheek, forcing the young girl to whimper in pain. Feeling a chill in her heart, the brunette instead takes a step backward.

Azrael shakes her head, grinning madly. "Yes, the rumor mill will be annoying, I grant you. But the only *evidence* is shaky pictures. None will ever find that room, not after I dispose of all those who know of its existence. The police force won't allow these rumors to persist, even if they *are* true, because they're far too damaging to them. It will be swept under the rug." The dark predator has a triumphant look on her handsome face as she steps toward Melissa, pushing Natasha along with her. "At *worst*, I will be asked to retire early, and I will then collect a hefty payout. And then I will enjoy my retirement with *you*, my love."

Melissa knows that the dark predator isn't entirely wrong. A lot of what she's saying is true, she knows. But she's come too far to back down now. "You say that like it's so simple!" Melissa snaps at Azrael. "But me and my friends won't be so easy to silence, Azrael!"

"Why not?" Azrael smirks, baring her teeth like a savage animal. "I've *already* killed three of them, Melissa!" Beside her, Nastasha gasps in shock.

Melissa feels a cold shard of glass stab her heart. No... She has to be lying. Azrael couldn't have... "Who?!" She demands, not wanting to hear the answer.

"The two fools in the truck." Azrael laughs as she explains, and there is not a hint of remorse on her face. Melissa can't help but imagine that there never has been in Azrael's entire life. "I signed their death warrant. And the stupid Hispanic *whore*. She tried to fight me, and she paid the price-"

“N-no!” There’s a voice from upstairs, and both Melissa and Azrael look around in surprise. “You’re a fucking *liar*! Sofia can’t be... She would never...”

“Daniella Coven!” Azrael roars, her dark voice reverberating across the tiles of the apartment floor. “When I get my hands on you, I’m going to break every bone in your body and eat your eyes. Then, I’ll kill you and you can join Sofia Santiago in Hell!”

“Fuck you!” For once, Melissa can hear genuine grief in Daniella’s high-pitched voice. “I’m gonna... I’ll fucking kill you!”

“No-one can kill me, fool. I am the *chosen of God*.” Azrael turns back to glare at Melissa. “And you are the one whom God has given to me, Melissa.” Taking another step toward the brunette, Azrael gives her a cruel smile. “I will give you all one final chance to surrender. All of you, kneel before me, and I will make *most* of your deaths quick. Then, Melissa and I will...”

Enough was enough. Melissa knows that this conversation will never lead to anything other than a fight. “No, Azrael!” She declares, taking a step toward the dark predator. Azrael seems rather taken aback at the firmness of Melissa’s response, and even Natasha blinks in surprise. “I will *never* be your slave. I will never love you, not even if you kill my friends, not even if you take me prisoner for the rest of my life!” Melissa stares directly into Azrael’s golden eyes. “I will *never* love you.”

The two stare into each other’s eyes for a long moment. Azrael searches for some crack, some weakness that will betray Melissa’s true feelings... But it’s in vain. The dark predator sees, for the first time, that Melissa is telling the truth.

“Why?!” Azrael’s face begins to twist into a hateful glare. “Why would you refuse my love? After *everything* I’ve tried to give you?!” Driving the barrel of the gun so hard into Natasha’s cheek that the young girl begins to bleed, Azrael begins to tremble in rage. “I gave you my love! I accepted the child within you as my own! What else could you possibly want from me?!”

“I don’t want *anything* from you!” Melissa takes another step toward the furious predator. Amazingly, Azrael almost takes a step back, her trigger finger trembling. “That’s not how *love* works, Azrael! When you love someone, you don’t need to buy their love in return! The people who love me, love me for who I am, not for what I could be for them!”

“Damn you!” Azrael pulls the gun away from Natasha’s cheek, and aims it squarely at Melissa’s chest. “God gave you to me! I waited so long...” The dark predator narrows her golden eyes. “I waited for so long...”

Then, there’s a shout from above. “Hey, handsome!” Azrael looks up, seeing Daniella on the floor above her, holding about a dozen drinks in her arms. “You thirsty?!” And then, those dozen drinks are falling toward Azrael’s face.

The dark predator is a powerful woman, tall and bristling with muscles. A can of Coke is barely more than a nuisance for her. But a dozen of them hitting her face and shoulders is a hell of a distraction...

"FUCK!" The dark predator roars, flinching backward. By some dumb luck, it seems that a falling can of Coke clipped Azrael right in one of her golden eyes. Apparently, her police training must have instilled *some* unconscious sense of firearm safety, because her first instinct is to take her finger off the trigger. Melissa launches herself forward, grabbing for Azrael's gun. Breaking the predator's grip would be almost impossible, so the brunette instead grabs her trigger finger. This is an *incredibly* ill-advised move, but Melissa is desperate and acting more on instinct. "Natasha, run!" She yells, as loudly as possible.

Melissa grabs the dark digit and pulls it back, trying to break Azrael's finger, but she's not nearly strong enough. As the cans of drink loudly bounce away across the tiles, Natasha makes an attempt to flee, twisting in Azrael's grip violently.

"Melissa!" Lindsay calls out in alarm, coming out from behind a nearby doorway where she'd been hiding. The redhead sprints toward Azrael, screaming an inarticulate battle cry. Azrael, one of her eyes closed, snaps her head around to see the redhead. In an instant, she lets go of Natasha and jerks her arm back, her elbow catching Lindsay in the cheek and sending the redhead stumbling back a few steps.

But this was part of the plan. Leaping out from behind the desk that Melissa had been sitting on, Jessica Storm vaults over the desk with ease, landing on her feet directly in front of the dark predator. There's no time to throw a punch, so the lightning-haired predator decides to use her head. Literally.

Jessica's forehead slams into Azrael's face with a painful sounding smack that probably rattles the brains of both predators. Both of them take a step backward, clearly rather disoriented. Melissa takes the chance to drive her shoulder into Azrael's chest. The dark predator is far stronger than her... but unbalanced and with blood leaking from her nose, Azrael loses her footing and falls backward...

A loud and confusing second ensues. Melissa feels hard tile smack into her shoulder, and it takes her a moment to realize that she's fallen over. Azrael's gun bounces away on the hard tile, coming to a slow stop next to the wall. Azrael herself managed to stop her fall with her arm, though it looks rather painful. Not far away, Melissa can see Natasha sprinting away like her life depends on it, which it honestly does. Melissa needs a moment to breathe...

But Azrael is far faster on the draw. Jessica is still standing but she's clearly a bit rattled by her own headbutt. Taking advantage of her lowered position, Azrael kicks the blonde woman's feet, sending her tumbling to the floor. "Ugh!" Jessica lets out a grunt of pain as she takes a hard fall onto the cold tile.

Melissa snaps back to her senses. The gun is not far away! No time to stand up. Rolling onto her hands and knees, the brunette crawls toward the small firearm...

She *almost* makes it. Just as Melissa is about to reach out and grab the gun, a heavy boot lands on her hand. Pain explodes up the brunette's forearm, and Melissa lets out a shriek of pain. Azrael stares down at her, glaring angrily. "No, we settle this like *predators*." Reaching down, she picks up the gun. In a practiced movement, Azrael removes the magazine, pops out the bullet in the chamber and tosses them away into different rooms, far out of reach of any of them for now.

By now, Lindsay had recovered from the heavy blow to the face that Azrael's elbow had dealt her. "Hey! Those are my girlfriends, you sick bastard!" She calls out, clearly trying to draw the dark predator's attention.

Azrael has no qualms about turning her attention to Lindsay. "When all of you degenerates are dead, you can all enjoy Hell together." Melissa lets out a groan of relief as the dark predator's boot lifts off her hand. But that relief is short lived, as she watches Azrael move toward her best friend...

Lindsay holds up her fists, in what looks like a fighting stance of some kind. Melissa doesn't know if her girlfriend actually *knows* any martial arts, but Lindsay had gotten into a few fights when they were younger, so maybe...

Yeah, no. Lindsay might have a predator's experience at fighting, but Azrael isn't just strong. As the dark predator approaches Lindsay, she moves her arms into what looks like a self-defense stance, probably learned at the police academy. As Lindsay throws a punch, Azrael easily blocks it with her forearm, deflecting the blow with little damage. Then, she jabs her fist forward, trying to catch the redhead in the throat. But Lindsay flinches backward at the last second, saving her windpipe. Despite this, it's clear that Lindsay is no match for Azrael by herself.

But luckily for Lindsay, she won't be fighting alone for long. "Are you okay?" Jessica is back on her feet now, crouching over Melissa's prone body with a look of concern. Melissa blinks for a moment, and then nods. Her hand hurts like a bitch, but it's not broken. Well, it might be, but she's far too full of adrenaline right now to care. Jessica grimaces. "Then, get up! We need all the help we can get!"

Jessica stands and runs toward Azrael. As she does so, the blonde woman leans down mid-sprint and picks up a can of drink. As the dark predator turns to notice her, Jessica hurls the can at Azrael's face. Azrael twists her head away, the can of Pepsi missing her by a few inches. As she does, Melissa notices that her right eye is still half-closed, clearly injured by Daniella's distraction from earlier.

Melissa has to look away for a moment as she pushes up from the floor. Wincing in pain as she puts weight on her sore hand, she looks around for the gun that Azrael threw away. Wherever it

is, she doesn't have time to look for it. As the brunette stands up, she feels her balance go wobbly for a moment, before managing to steady herself.

Not far away, Lindsay and Jessica are taking on Azrael, trading blows with the mighty police superintendent. To Melissa's surprise, it actually seems to be going rather well. As the dark predator blocks another strike from Lindsay with her forearm, Jessica manages to get around her guard and punches her in the ribs. Melissa can immediately tell that Jessica must be stronger than Azrael expected, because the dark predator's face twists into an expression of pain for a moment.

It's nothing like a movie, Melissa realizes in a moment of madness. There's no carefully choreographed battle, where trained martial artists trade spectacular punches and kicks. This is a *brawl*, an awkward and brutal slugging match where both sides are trying to smash their enemy.

Beset on two sides by a predator, Azrael growls in fury. She turns toward Jessica, but Lindsay aims a kick at the back of her knee, forcing Azrael to stumble and almost fall to one knee. Jessica surges forward, grabbing Azrael's arm and twisting it painfully. Beside her, Lindsay seizes Azrael's other arm. But instead of twisting it, the redhead opens her mouth wide and swallows the dark predator's hand, beginning to devour her.

Is this it? Melissa feels a surge of hope. Azrael suddenly seems on the back foot, frozen in place as Lindsay slurps down her left arm all the way down to her elbow...

Azrael's heavy boot slams down hard on Jessica's foot. The blonde futanari cries out in pain and lets go of Azrael's arm. It's only because the blonde woman is wearing a near identical set of boots that Jessica's foot isn't broken, Melissa suspects.

Surging to her feet, Azrael turns back toward Lindsay and wrenches her arm out of the redhead's mouth. Then, she spins her entire body around, lashing out at Jessica with a powerful roundhouse kick. She'd clearly intended to hit the blonde woman in the ribs, but she misses and catches her hip instead. It still has the desired effect though. Jessica lets out a yell of pain and stumbles backward. Having bought herself a few seconds of respite, Azrael turns back to Lindsay with vengeance in her eyes...

Melissa lunges forward and catches Jessica, her new girlfriend barely managing to stay on her feet. "Jess- oof!" The weight of the blonde futanari makes her grunt from the effort of holding her upright, but she's successful in making sure that Jessica stays on her feet.

"T-thanks!" Jessica grunts, one of her eyes twitching slightly. She's slightly doubled over now, the blow to her hip clearly leaving her in more than a little pain. "But we need to help Lindsay-"

It's too late. As Melissa turns, she sees Lindsay stumble backward, coughing heavily from the force of having an entire arm pulled out of her throat. As she does, Azrael suddenly lunges

forward, slamming her shoulder into the redhead's chest. Lindsay stumbles backward, barely managing to keep her footing... But Azrael follows up her attack by leaning down and reaching out with both hands.

Wrapping her powerful arms around Lindsay's shoulder and groin, Azrael lifts the redhead's entire body off the ground. Then, standing in the doorway of the next room, she *hurls* Lindsay backward. Melissa sees her girlfriend slam into a couch with such force that the entire piece of furniture tips over, and Lindsay rolls away on the floor in a tangle of limbs.

"You bitch!" Someone shouts at Azrael, and Melissa is shocked to realize that it was *her*. In a rage, the brunette lunges forward and punches Azrael in the back with her unhurt hand. It's like punching a wall, and Melissa feels a jolt of pain shoot up her arm as she feels her knuckles crunch together.

Azrael turns in a flash. Melissa feels the predator's powerful hand seize her shirt. A pair of golden eyes stare into her soul for a moment, and there's a hint of betrayal in their shining depths. Then, Melissa is pulled forward off her feet, and then thrown backward.

The brunette falls hard on her ass, and it's lucky for her that Talia and that Greek girl from the club had given her some extra padding down there. Still, it hurts her ass worse than any anal she's ever experienced in her life.

"Hey!" Jessica roars at Azrael. "Leave her alone and fight me like a futanari!" Her hair flashing like lightning, Jessica Storm cracks her knuckles menacingly.

"Gladly!" Azrael's dark face splits open as she grins, a vast array of pale white teeth glittering with murderous intent. "I hope you've prayed to God, whore. The Judgement will be upon your soul *very* soon!"

Then, the two predators clash.

Melissa can do little but try to stand. The past few days have been tiring enough, and even what feels like just a few minutes of fighting has been *exhausting*. Melissa can feel sweat all over her body, and she can see that Jessica's skin is flashing just as much as her hair. Even Azrael is clearly sweating as she tries to brutally beat down the other futanari.

Azrael is strong, but Jessica is no weakling. The lighting-haired woman is a powerful predator in her own right, and there's more than a few girls inside her. Probably far more than Melissa and Lindsay combined. As Azrael swings over and over again, Jessica dodges and deflects her strikes each time. As Melissa stands up, she can see that Azrael is limping slightly, the strike to her knee that Lindsay dealt her earlier slowing her down.

As Azrael swings at Jessica's head, the blonde predator dodges out of the way, and then lunges forward like lightning. Her fist slams into Azrael's throat, causing a small burst of saliva to shoot

out of the dark predator's mouth. As Azrael reflexively reaches for her own throat, clearly unable to breathe for a moment, Jessica takes advantage of her weakness to reach out and grab the necklace around Azrael's neck, open her mouth wide and lunge forward, starting to swallow the top of Azrael's head...

But Azrael hasn't claimed the title of 'apex predator' without good reason. As soon as Jessica begins to swallow her head, Azrael surges *forward*, driving her head into the blonde futanari's gullet. It must have felt like a basketball slamming into the back of her throat, and Jessica's entire body flinches. She involuntarily rears back, spitting out Azrael's head and tripping over the desk she'd been hiding behind earlier.

As Melissa sits up, Jessica stands up again. Azrael reaches down and seizes the desk with one hand. And then, with an almighty display of strength, the dark predator flips the desk up, brutally slamming it into Jessica with a sickening crunch. Melissa can only watch as her new girlfriend is knocked off her feet. Jessica's eyes are terrifyingly vacant as she crumples to the floor.

Melissa reaches down and touches her belly, feeling strength inside her body. Not just from the women who are now a part of her, but also from the life that's inside her belly even now. In truth, Melissa always knew things would likely end like this.

As the desk hits the ground, Melissa runs forward and charges directly into Azrael's back. The dark predator is knocked forward a few steps, but then spins around and grabs Melissa by the neck.

The brunette feels immense power wrapped around her windpipe, but even now, Azrael still refuses to harm her more than necessary. "Submit!" The dark predator roars at her, her deep voice still partly gravelly from being punched in the throat. "Don't make me *kill* you, damn you!"

"Kill me!" Melissa yells back defiantly. "I'd rather die than spend another moment with you!"

Azrael's eyes widen, and Melissa is shocked to see that her words have actually stung the dark predator. "Please, Melissa... I want you to be with me! I don't want to..." Then, her golden eyes fall to Melissa's belly. "I don't want to be alone again..."

"No!" Melissa accepts her fate now. I'll *never* be with you! Kill me and be done with it, Azrael Tueuer!"

And finally, Azrael seems to accept that Melissa's words are the truth. "Very well..." Her handsome face morphs into something almost resembling sorrow. Reaching up, she grabs the heavy chain necklace around her neck and pulls it off. Then, she brings it down around Melissa's neck... and *twists*.

Instantly, the heavy chain links of the necklace bite into Melissa's throat, squeezing the air from her lungs. The gift that Talia Vanderberg had given her... The weapon Melissa had used to bring down Talia that night... Maybe this was karma, of a sort...

"You first." Azrael says, almost in sorrow. Then, her eyes glow with fury. "Then, the two whores will join you in Hell, Melissa Jones."

Her lungs burning, Melissa desperately claws at the necklace strangling her. This must be how Talia had felt in her last moments, Melissa thinks to herself, as the edges of her vision begin to darken. For some reason, she can see the tattooed woman's face so clearly...

"You had your chance for greatness, Melissa Jones..." Azrael says, and there's tears in her eyes. "But you refused me. And that is the greatest sin of-"

A gunshot rings out.

The world is filled with sound.

Melissa feels blood splattering across her face.

Then, the brunette is on the floor, the heavy chain necklace hanging limply around her neck.

Opening her mouth wide, Melissa sucks in air, desperate to fill her scorched lungs. The darkness that had been about to claim her subsides, retreating back to the edges of her vision as her lungs fill with air once more. She's never imagined that oxygen has much of a taste, but now it tastes sweet and beautiful. Her neck is aching painfully, and she can feel a little bit of blood dripping down inside her clothes.

Nearby, Azrael is howling in pain. "Agh!" The dark predator roars, clutching her bleeding shoulder. There is a brutal wound where a bullet has grazed her skin. It seems that the predator hadn't been expecting to be shot by...

Melissa turns and sees Natasha Birch holding the gun that Azrael threw away. The young girl's hands are shaking, and she looks utterly horrified. Beside her stands Daniella, the tiny prey holding Nastaha's arms. She must have helped her aim, Melissa realizes. As the teenage girl stands frozen in horror, Daniella reaches out and grabs the gun from her hands.

Daniella says *something*, but Melissa can't hear it over the painful ringing in her ears. She fancies that she sees the tiny prey's lips mouth the name *Sofia*, but perhaps that's just wishful thinking. But she can see Daniella's meaning in the motion of her hand. Melissa reaches out, and the tiny prey throws the gun toward her...

By some miracle, Melissa catches the gun, the deadly firearm disturbingly heavy in her hands.

Darkness rises in front of her, Azrael recovering from her bullet wound with terrifying speed. Disoriented, she turns toward Natasha and Daniella, murder in her eyes.

Melissa holds up the gun and fires...

BANG! The gunshot is louder than anything Melissa has heard before. *BANG!* It comes again, the recoil ripping through her injured hand with deadly force.

Azrael is an apex predator, probably one of the most powerful in the entire world. Her body is a weapon, honed by decades of training, combat and vore. Her muscles are rock hard, her mind is focused. And her abs are like iron. Melissa can personally attest to that.

But her abs are not *bulletproof*.

The dark predator slams into the wall, blood splattering all over the tiled white floor. Both bullets caught her in the gut, ripping all the way through her body to punch holes into the wall behind.

Azrael stands there, her back to the wall. For a terrifying moment, Melissa wonders if the dark predator will simply shrug off her wounds and walk toward her...

But then, with the slow purposefulness of a sinking ship, Azrael slowly slides down the wall, leaving a thick trail of blood behind her.

It's over. The battle is over.

There are no victors. Only survivors.

Melissa sees the floor suddenly invert, the world tilting sideways. No, it's not the world tilting, she's about to hit the-

And then, darkness claims Melissa Jones.

End of Part Eighteen

Status of Characters at the End of Part EIGHTEEN:

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Status:</u>	<u>Relationship :</u>	<u>Finances:</u>	<u>Fertility:</u>	<u>Activity:</u>
Melissa Jones	???	"It's complicated."	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	The road has been long and difficult, paved with joy and suffering in equal measure. Melissa doesn't regret walking down this road, but she may not live to see it's end...
Lindsay Smith	???	In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?)	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Despite her best efforts, she was no match for Azrael in battle. But it's hard to say she didn't earn a place in Valhalla for her efforts.
Jessica Storm	???	In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?)	Opulently wealthy	Very Virile	Jessica Storm has fought for many things in her life. But this is the first time she's fought for love. It may have cost her life.
Azrael Tueuer	!Danger!	In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?)	Opulently wealthy	Very Virile	God spoke to Azrael, and chose her as His instrument. He made her immortal... Or so she thought. For the dark predator, mortality may come in the form of a bullet.
Natasha Birch	Alive	Has a crush on Melissa Jones	Broke	Fertile	Azrael always thought the girl was no threat at all to someone like her. But Natasha had the instinct to gather the fallen gun and deal a deadly blow to the terrifying predator.
Daniella Coven	Alive	Single	Opulently wealthy	Pregnant (Azrael)	Possibly the first time the prey has ever successfully gotten revenge on someone.
Sofia Santiago	Dead	Dead	Dead	Dead	Currently a part of Azrael Tueuer's body. Becoming the dark predator's fat, muscle and blood probably wasn't the fate that she had in mind.
Elsa	Alive	In a relationship with Padma	Poor	Virile	Had her arse saved in the nick of time, literally. Now, she's trying to guide Renay and the others back to the apartment, but the cops might just beat them there...
Padma	Alive	In a relationship with Elsa	Broke	???	Today has been the most dangerous and exciting of her entire life. Despite her near-death experience, Padma doesn't regret a thing. Though, near-death experiences are far from over just yet...