

“Are ya fucking *kidding* me?” Grace Havisham glared down at her phone, at the irritating message she’d just received. Tonight was a Friday night, and the blonde woman had been about to get ready for her date tonight. She’d rubbed cream on her cheeks to bring out her freckles the night before, and she’d even curled her blonde hair just the way she liked it.

Sorry love, can’t go out with you tonight, forgot I’d made other plans.

It was a fucking *hour* before they were supposed to meet! And Grace hadn’t gotten some dick in almost *three fucking days!* The whole point of the date tonight was for her to get *fucking laid*. And this dumbass *knew* that! “You *absolute...!*”

No, Grace wasn’t about to allow this idiot to get her riled up. The blonde woman had been in the middle of deciding her outfit for tonight, and she tossed down the white shirt she’d been trying on for size. Dressed in only her panties, Grace stormed into her apartment’s kitchen and grabbed a large jar from on top of her fridge.

People had different comfort foods. Some people liked ice cream, some people liked chocolate. Grace Havisham’s comfort food was *fairies*.

“Oh gods... What’s happening?!”

“It’s time! It’s finally going to happen! She’s going to eat us!”

“N-no! No, I haven’t figured out how to escape yet! She can’t... Argh!”

Grace shook the jar idly as she wandered back into her bedroom. Inside the jar was about a dozen small fairies, each about five inches tall. They were a mix of male and female, their small wings clipped off by the farm before they were bottled and sold in the local supermarket.

Plopping her bottom back down on her bed, Grace unscrewed the lid of the jar. Inside, the fairies were squirming around, trying in vain to escape. But the glass walls were smooth and they were packed too tightly to wriggle out.

“Fucking bastard...” Grace complained out loud, shooting an angry look at her phone. “Who does he think he is?” She *knew* he was doing this deliberately. The blonde had experienced this kind of thing before. He was trying to leave her out in the cold to show her that she needed *him* to have a good time. “Piece of shite... Yeah, go and have a date with some other girl. Go right fucking ahead.” She reached into the jar and pulled out a male fairy.

“Gods... We’ve been in there for *days*... They snatched us from our homes... Please, just let me go *hom-*”

Grace stuffed the fairy into her mouth headfirst, ignoring its tiny voice. Swallowing a living fairy wasn’t easy, but the blonde woman had *plenty* of practice. Shovelling the fairy in headfirst, she swallowed over and over again, slowly sucking the struggling fairy down into her throat. Along her tongue, she could feel the tiny cock and balls sliding. She could hear its muffled screams

inside her mouth, a delightful sound to her ears. It was one of the reasons she loved eating fairies so much, other food couldn't *scream* as it went down.

"No! No! Please! Oh gods, not like this! NOT THE THROAT, AAA-"

Once the fairy hit the back of her throat, it was all over. Grace felt the tiny creature slide down into her neck, squirming in vain as it slid down her throat. A few moments later, she felt it enter her belly. "Urp!" She let out a loud burp, and then sighed in satisfaction. Eating the fairy had made her feel a *little* better.

"Whatever. It's *his* loss." Grace said to herself, as she felt the fairy inside her belly begin to struggle again. It amused her to imagine how unpleasant her stomach acids must be for the tiny creature. "I can do better than that *wanker*." Grace knew she was good-looking. She was a lithe, pale blonde with an excellent scattering of freckles along her pale cheeks. Easily a nine in her own opinion. The guy who'd stood her up was a solid *seven* at best, and Grace had only really been seeing him because he had a decently sized tonker. Not her preferred type of guy at all.

Feeling more than a little irritated, Grace fumbled for the fairy container again, sticking her hand into the jar. Her stomach was rumbling for a female fairy this time. She ignored the distant screams of terror and roughly poked each fairy until she felt one with breasts.

"Agh! She's got me! She's got me! HELP! Argh! NO, PLEASE-"

Barely even aware of the tiny humanoid, the white-haired girl stuffed the fairy into her mouth, easily gulping the tiny woman down in a single swallow. This one was a wriggler, and the young woman took a moment to savour the feeling of the fairy struggling in vain inside her throat... and then sliding down to meet her fate inside Grace's belly.

Flouncing back onto her pillow, Grace opened her dating app. She wasn't the type to let an annoying guy ruin her night. If this dickhead was trying to neg her into chasing after him, then he was in for a rude awakening. As the fairy settled into her stomach, the blonde began to swipe through the profiles.

Apps like these were an *invaluable* resource for Grace, who knew *exactly* what she wanted tonight. *Dick*. She was just *aching* to get laid tonight. It had been almost three days since she'd last had a cock inside her. Three *entire days*! She'd been expecting to get laid tonight, but those plans were shot now. Even the thought of going another night without getting her pipes cleaned out made her shudder.

"Please! I'm not food! I have a daughter who needs me...!"

Scoffing another fairy down, she quickly began to flip through the app. If she wanted dick, then this was the best way to get it. The app was essentially a phonebook of men who were willing to give it to her.

Of course, like any phonebook, it was filled with a thousand numbers except the one she wanted. "Nope." Grace said out loud as she swiped 'no' on an unattractive man's profile. "Hell no. Nah. Oh, *fuck off!*" She stopped to report a chap who'd apparently thought that showing his small cock as his introductory picture was the route to a woman's heart. Neither of his heads were helping him much, apparently.

Reaching over, Grace snatched up a couple of fairies. Holding them both in her right hand, she continued to swipe left with her left thumb.

"This is it! Are you excited?!"

"N-no! Oh, gods... I don't want to die! What's wrong with you?!"

"What's wrong with *you*? We're about to experience true bliss! I'm ready, goddess... Take me!"

Stuffing one fairy in between her breasts for a momentary storage, Grace opened her mouth wide to swallow the other. "Oh, *come on*. Ya chose *that* haircut, you twat?" Her own twat had a better head of hair than *that*. Rolling her eyes, the blonde woman swiped left before opening her mouth wide.

"NO! Why me?! Take *her*, she's the crazy one!"

"T-thank you for this divine blessing, goddess! To experience your glorious body is a glory I'm glad to die for!"

"You're mad! Completely... No, please! Don't eat me! I have daughters! I have a wife! You can have them instead if you want, just please don't digest me... NO!"

The fairy slid down her gullet easily, despite her feeble struggles. Grace stroked her throat for a moment, and then let out a moan of satisfaction. These fairies were *good!* The blonde was used to the farm-grown variety, who usually just stayed silent and slid down her throat with barely a twitch. These ones were full of energy and survival instinct. In fact, she could feel the three inside her belly wriggling around in there, trying to escape their squishy, wet tomb.

"*Urp!*" Grace covered her mouth and smirked. Chuckling to herself, the blonde looked back at her phone and continued swiping. "Nope. Nope. Get real, asshole. Oh, *for the love of...*" She sighed as she saw that a particularly enterprising lesbian had apparently set herself up in the male section, hoping to snag a straight girl. Grace hovered over the 'no' option for a long moment, before adding the woman to her 'maybe' pile. The blonde was straight, but, hey, desperate times called for desperate measures, right?

"Goddess of beauty! Thank you for letting me feel your divine body! How many fairies have experienced the glory of becoming part of these breasts?! Please, let me join them! I am ready!"

Ignoring the fact that she was literally being worshipped, Grace silently swiped through the profiles, waiting patiently for one to jump out at her. This was a dance she'd done many times before, and it always paid off for her. She just needed to be patient. Reaching down, the blonde picked up the fairy that had been squirming happily between her breasts and opened her mouth wide, still looking at her phone out of the corner of her eye.

"Yes! Let me descend into the darkness forever!"

David Walker. The name caught her eye before his picture did. It was... an *unusual* name for someone living only 5 miles away, in the middle of London. A moment later, his picture loaded. And Grace's patience was rewarded.

The first thing she noticed was his smile. Pale teeth against rich chocolate skin, almost black in the lighting of his profile picture. David Walker had a warm smile and a sweet face, confident happiness in expression. "Well, *hello!* Nice to meet ya, David!" The pale blonde pulled the praying fairy away from her mouth and took a good, long look at the picture on her phone.

David was... *big*. As she scrolled down, Grace let out a low whistle as she saw that the black man was quite tall. "Geez, you're six foot six?!" Broad shoulders and strong arms made her heart race a little as her eyes continued downward. David was wearing a grey shirt, but thankfully it did little to conceal his powerful body. Grace could see strong pecs and hard abs beneath his shirt. "Fucking hell, did ya *paint* that shirt on?"

David was... American, from West Virginia. "Ooh!" Grace liked that. She didn't really have any special preference for Americans, but she'd had enough Brits between her legs to last her a lifetime at this point. "What are *you* doing in London, handsome?"

David was... A soldier. "Oh?" Grace was a little interested now. That certainly explained the muscles. She'd never *met* a soldier before, let alone matched with one on a dating app. This could be interesting...

"Please, Goddess! Stop teasing me! I want to bury my heart inside your darkness! Let me be *one* with you! Take my soul. Take my *everything!*"

The fairy was being annoying, making irritating noises. Grace didn't speak Japanese... or whatever language this little man was squeaking. Opening her mouth, the blonde stuffed the delicious little creature down her gullet.

"YES! KILL M-"

The blonde swallowed impatiently. "You snooze, you lose, dumbass!" Grace said out loud, as if her former date for tonight could hear her. Or at least, that's what she tried to say. With a throatful of fairy, it came out more as a smug gargling, but it still felt good. The blonde swiped right on David Walker, the handsome American.

Almost immediately, a notification popped up to say that she'd matched with David. This wasn't unexpected, honestly. Most guys tended to use dating apps by swiping right on every girl they saw. It was unusual for Grace to *not* match with a guy immediately upon swiping right. Still, it was a good sign.

Hey, looking good, Walker. She tapped out a message quickly, feeling the fairy sliding down her throat. That felt a little short, so she added: *What's an American up to tonight?* Yeah, a question was the best way to end it. It would make it easier for him to answer her.

Grace licked her lips hungrily. Damn, these fairies were fucking *choice!* Leaning over, she checked the label of the jar. *Kyoto-Mishima Free-Range Tinies.* Ah, yes! She'd wanted to try this brand for ages! Kyoto-Mishima grew their fairies in special habitats that left the little ones none the wiser to the fact that they were on a farm. The company specially prided itself on making sure that their fairies thought they were totally safe right up until they were captured and had their wings clipped. Of course, they were a heck of a lot more expensive than the farm grown fairies, but damn if they weren't worth the extra quid!

And then, to the blonde's delight, her phone buzzed.

Just got home from work, thinking about going out tonight. What about you, Grace?

"Heh..." Grace smirked at her phone. The man must have answered her almost immediately after he'd gotten the message. Clearly, David must have liked the look of her just as much as she'd liked the look of *him*. The blonde sat up in bed and reached over, plucking out another fairy.

"No, please not me... Oh, gods..."

Holding the little man in her hand, Grace laid down on her chest, her bare legs in the air. Placing the fairy under the weight of her breasts, the blonde reached behind her and adjusted her panties for a moment.

"Too heavy...! I can't breathe... Gods, how can humans *lift* these things...!"

Bored as fuck, laying in bed. I had a date tonight, but he stiffed me.

Not in a good way, I assume?

Grace chuckled softly to herself. "God, I *wish*..." Her legs kicked aimlessly in the air as she looked at David's profile picture over again. Mmm... He *was* a good looking man, wasn't he?

"Wish what, you giant freak?! Do you get off on torturing us before you eat us alive? Gods, I feel like I'm being *crushed*..."

The fairy was squirming quite pleasantly under her breasts, and the blonde shivered at the feeling. Normally, she just stuffed fairies down her throat, but these ones were so lively... She couldn't help but want to make them suffer. Pressing down even harder on the tiny creature, Grace tapped out a response to David's message.

LOL! He said he had other plans. Left me in my knickers.

Considering how pretty you are, I hope his other plans involved looking for his brain.

David was... funny. At least, funny to Grace. She chuckled to herself as his response popped up. Reaching down, she shifted slightly to the right and pulled the fairy out from under her breasts.

“...Ah! Ah... Ah... Oh gods, I couldn't breathe...”

Yeah... Okay. Grace was ready to call it. David seemed like a real catch. She'd gotten lucky tonight to find him, and she wasn't going to miss this chance to get even luckier with him tonight. Now then, it was time to go on the offensive!

Who cares what his plans are? MY plans are to be at the Fischer's Pub in about forty-five minutes. You know the place?

I think so. You want some company?

Grace sighed and rolled her eyes. God, men were dense sometimes. She opened her mouth and lowered the struggling fairy inside.

“At least it will be an end to this nightm-”

With the fairy's legs dangling outside of her mouth, the blonde sucked on the tiny creature for a few moments. It was female, judging by the relatively large breasts on her tongue. Grace could hear tiny screams inside her, which aroused her a little. She'd already been kinda aroused, admittedly.

If the company's name is a handsome American, then yes, I would love some company, David.

Gotcha. I'll meet you there in forty-five!

Reaching up, Grace poked the tiny fairy in the butt. Opening her lips, she stuffed the creature into her mouth and swallowed hard. The fairy didn't try to resist as it slid down her throat, to her slight disappointment. She liked it when they struggled.

A moment later, the blonde rose from her bed and stretched her arms. Forty-five minutes to get ready wasn't long. Hooking her thumbs into her panties, Grace quickly pulled them off and tossed them into the hamper. There was nothing wrong with them, but for a date, she wanted to wear something *exciting*.

The fairies inside her belly were still struggling as Grace moved to stand in front of the full-length mirror next to her bed. It was her most important piece of furniture. Grace looked her body up and down, and was impressed by her own appearance.

She was a petite Englishwoman, pale and blonde, with an athletic body. And if she had to say so herself, she looked *damn* good. Considering that she was a model, others seemed to agree. Her breasts were large, D-cups the last time she'd measured. Her waist was thin and her belly was taut, a testament to her daily gym routine. After all, looking good *was* her job.

Of course, her taut belly was currently a bit ruined by the squirming shapes of several devoured fairies. Grace could feel them inside her, screaming and desperately trying to escape her belly. "Gosh, you little ones are lively!" The blonde grabbed her belly and stroked it for a moment, and was pleased to feel the fairies inside react in terror at her touch. "Shite... If I didn't have a date tonight, I'd be breaking out the dildo because of you lot..." But when some *real* dick was on offer, a dildo wouldn't cut it.

Anyway, Grace had to look good for this date. Getting to third base in a single night wasn't hard for her, because she knew how to dress for success.

First was the underwear. She needed something... exciting. Reaching into the box next to the mirror, she pulled out a few sets of new underwear. They had been sent to her by a clothing company as part of her modelling job.

"Too *dull*." She sighed as she tried on a nice white set. Comfortable and soft, but hardly something that would excite most men. Felt pretty comfy, though.

"Too *spicy*." The black set she tried on next was a bit *too* aggressive. Crotchless and lacy, it was *very* obviously a set for a woman who wanted to get fucked. No, Grace needed something with a little... refinement. That being said, she *did* make sure to take a few selfies of the black set before moving on. Never hurt to have some extra *material* for her OnlyFans.

Finally, she settled on a nice light blue set. The bra was bound in the middle by a gold ring, and the panties were nice and tight. Grace admired herself in the mirror for a long moment. "Oh, *yeah*, he's gonna love these..." God, she was hot. Honestly, if cloning was a thing, she'd just happily date herself instead. Though a handsome American in the meantime wasn't bad.

The fairies in her belly were still wriggling around as she wondered what to wear for her date. "Oh, would you lot give up and *digest already*?" Grace poked her squirming belly, feeling a little annoyed. She liked her fairies lively, but not when they were being a nuisance. She didn't want David's first impression of her to be of her squirming belly.

Trying to ignore the final struggles of her meal, Grace tried on a few sets of shorts. It was warm tonight, but she didn't feel like wearing a skirt. Shorts would be sexier *and* more casual. Actually, she was in the mood for something *racy* tonight.

The shorts she settled on were a denim set of short shorts, with the sides cut out to expose her thighs. Tied together at the side with white string, Grace was pleased that they showed off her

pale thighs, and a hint of her panty strings. It would give David something to enjoy, and hopefully make it clear what she wanted from him.

She completed the outfit with a nice wool knit sweater that showed off the outline of her boobs quite well. The sweater wasn't exactly *sexy*, but Grace decided that she liked the contrast between a mild top and *spicy* shorts. Yeah, David was going to have his socks knocked off when he saw her.

Picking up her phone and putting it into her pocket, Grace looked around, checking that she had everything she needed. She was due at the pub in about thirty minutes. It would take her about fifteen minutes to walk there and she wanted to be ten minutes early...

Her eyes fell on the jar of fairies. There were still three in there, their tiny faces turning fearful as she stared down at them.

"N-no... Please, spare us!"

"You're going out, right? You don't need to eat us! Please!"

"I'll give you anything! Anything! Gods, I don't want to die!"

Would she really eat just *three* fairies next time? Grace considered the idea. Usually, when she ate fairies, she liked to have her belly nice and full, to the point where they couldn't move anymore...

Oh, sod it. Might as well.

"No! Please no!"

"You don't need to do this! You don't need to-"

"I'm not food..."

Grace picked up the jar and reached in. Without much ceremony, she quickly stuffed one of the fairies into her throat. It struggled briefly for a moment, but the blonde woman immediately reached back into the jar and pulled out another one, pushing it into her mouth right into the other fairy's backside. A moment later, both of them slid down her throat, screaming in unison as they descended into her stomach.

Pulling out the last fairy, Grace walked over to her kitchen and placed the glass jar on the counter. She wanted to remember the brand for next time, after all. "Urp!" She let out a short burp and turned to look at the final fairy.

"It's over... I'm the last one... You're a monster. You ate them all... They were all *people*, and you didn't even-"

Without a second thought, Grace shoved the fairy into her mouth.

“David Walker?”

The tall black man turned around at the sound of Grace’s voice. “Oh! Hey! Didn’t see you... Oh.” He stopped as his brown eyes took in the blonde woman before him.

Grace smiled warmly at her date for tonight, feeling rather pleased. David was as tall and well-built as she’d been led to believe. She was a smaller woman, and proud of it. Especially because it meant that most men were bigger than her. And she was pleased to see that David was more than a foot taller than her. When it came to online dating, you never quite knew what you were getting. But David Walker was exactly as his profile looked, thankfully. “I’m Grace Havisham. Nice ta meet you, David.” She greeted him softly.

Inside her, the fairies were still struggling. But now with three more of their comrades crammed into her belly, there was little room for them to struggle. Below her wool sweater, Grace was pleased to feel the digestion begin, and could even hear the pained screams of her meals if she concentrated.

“Yeah, you’re definitely...” David actually seemed taken aback at the sight of her, much to Grace’s satisfaction. “I mean, yeah! Nice to meet you, Grace.” His eyes went up and down her body, and Grace liked that he clearly liked what he saw. “Wow, you look... You look amazing!”

“Thank you!” Grace put her thumbs into her pockets and made a cute pose. “I put a lot of work into my appearance, so I appreciate it when someone *enjoys* the sight of me like you are right now...”

David blushed slightly and chuckled. “Oops, I guess I *am* staring, aren’t I? Sorry.” He licked his lips, and Grace could tell that he was a little nervous. How cute. “Damn, if you haven’t got the sweetest little accent I ever did hear...”

“Edinburgh.” She grinned at him. “If you call it a Scottish accent, I’m legally allowed to kill ya.”

“Noted.” He grinned right back at her. “You hungry?”

“No, I just ate some fairies before I message you.” Grace winked at him and nodded at the pub doors. “But I could go for a pint or two.”

David reached for the door. “Sounds like a plan.”

The pub was lively tonight, but not too loud. And Grace’s favourite booth was free, the one right at the back where the bartender couldn’t quite see them. Perfect atmosphere for a date. Too

bad for that wanker who'd decided to give her the slip. "So how's an American soldier end up in London?" Grace asked, once David had brought over a couple of beers.

"Oh, that's *classified*." David gave her a serious look. For a moment, Grace almost thought he was being serious, until his face turned into that cute smile again. "No, just joking. I ain't that high up in the chain." Grace rolled her eyes, smiling back at him. "I signed up for a joint-training job with the RAF, stationed over at Fairford for six months or so. But I actually live in London most of the time. Pretty lax job, to be honest."

Six months... "How long have you been here now?" Grace asked, taking a sip of her beer. Her throat was a little dry from her meal earlier, and the cool liquid was nice on her throat. She fancied that the fairies in her guts wouldn't enjoy it *quite* as much.

"Only about three weeks." He looked around for a moment, taking in the pub around them. "Still getting used to it, but London's been a blast so far."

"I'm glad you like it!" So, he had another five months before he left. Five months was fine for Grace. She could work with that. "It's my hometown, and I love showing people around." She didn't actually. But she could make an exception for a handsome American.

"That'd be cool..." David turned back to her with a smile. "But my momma didn't raise me to talk about myself all night long. What's a woman like you do for work, Grace?"

Ah. A delicate topic. Honestly, Grace would have preferred to leave this conversation for a little later, but... Oh, fuck it. That whole mess with the dickweed who'd stiffed her tonight had left a sour taste in her mouth. "I'm an... *online businesswoman*." Grace grinned at her date. "I model clothes for businesses online."

Inside Grace, the alcohol finally worked its way down to her belly, and she felt the fairies inside begin to squirm as they were coated in cheap beer. Given that they were already being coated in stomach acid, it was probably *quite* painful.

"Oh... really?" David seemed surprised by that. "I mean, I can certainly believe you're a model." He gave her a meaningful nod, which Grace proudly accepted. "But, uh, does that really pay *that well*?"

Grace had to giggle a little at that. Young David was clearly a bit naive when it came to this kind of thing. "Of course!" The blonde tugged on a lock of her hair, grinning with amusement at him. "Well, I do *supplement* my income as well..." When he gave her a curious look, Grace grinned even wider. "Similar job, *less clothes*."

Her date blinked for a moment, but then he seemed to understand what she was hinting at. "Ah. I get what you mean. Something... well, *restricted to fans*, right?"

“Exactly!” Grace winked at him. She wasn’t ashamed of where her money came from, but saying that she was an OnlyFans model in the middle of a crowded pub wasn’t the best idea. “I use my natural talents. There’s nothing wrong with that, right?” With men, it was best to make things clear from the start, Grace knew.

David shrugged, grinning back at her. “No, not at all. Honestly, it’s kinda cool.” He raised an eyebrow at her. “Not to sound like a broken record, but... does *that* really pay that well too?”

“Ha!” Grace pointed her drink at him with a smirk. “Friend, you don’t *want* to know how much I make every month. Definitely more than you!” The blonde leaned in slightly, feeling a little nervous beneath her confident sneer. “Tell me, does that *intimidate* ya, David?”

The handsome American just rolled his eyes. “I don’t let myself be intimidated by women, Grace.” He gave her a playful look. “But if you wanna brag that much, is the meal on you tonight?”

Grace was pleased by that remark. David was clearly a confident man. She *liked* confident men. “You’re damn right I’m payin’ tonight, handsome.” She put her drink down and leaned forward to stare into his beautiful eyes. “But your job sounds *much* more exciting than mine, so how about you tell me all about it?”

So far, so good...

“...which I guess was Berlin.” Grace listened as her date told her all about his trip to the mainland. “I mean, I’m from a country where we drive for five hours minimum for a road trip. Being able to visit Berlin for a *weekend* is just crazy to me...” David blinked and gave her a curious look. “You okay?”

“Hmm? Oh, I’m fine!” Grace touched her belly, rubbing her churning stomach. Inside the fairies were being drowned in a pool of rising stomach acid. Usually, it was a sensation that Grace loved, but it was a bit distracting right now. She could feel the still living fairies using up their last reserves of energy, desperately clawing their way through their comrades to reach the top of her stomach in a vain attempt to escape her acid. The others were sinking into her stomach, melting slowly as their comrades desperately stepped on their corpses. “Yeah, totally fine.”

“I’m not boring you, am I?” David suddenly seemed a little worried. “Sorry, I guess I do kinda go on...”

Grace shook her head and reached out to touch his hand. “No, I’m listening!” To tell the truth, she didn’t *really* have much of an interest in his travel stories. But David was clearly passionate about it, and she found *that* entertaining. “Where else have you been apart from Berlin?”

David looked down at her hand, seeming a little surprised. When he looked back up at her, Grace just smiled.

“People think it’s so *easy*, y’know?” Grace complained as she sipped her pint. “Just taking pictures on the internet, just gotta take yer clothes off.” She frowned. “But it’s *not* easy. Building a following is hard damn work. Do you know how hard it is to look sexy for thousands of people every day?!” It was a rough job, and only dick could cure her tiredness.

“Yes. That sounds just awful.” David said, his face perfectly still. “Please, tell me more about your hard life.”

Grace snorted at him. “You just want me to talk about me taking selfies in my underwear, don’t you?”

Inside her, the fairies were succumbing to her stomach. One by one, they ran out of energy and sank into her stomach acid, feebly struggling in agony as they were melted alive. As each fairy was defeated by her stomach, the dwindling survivors desperately tried to climb on top of them, to escape the painful, shameful death that was sizzling below. There was nowhere left in her stomach to run, nowhere that a fairy could survive...

David was really trying not to laugh, she could tell. “I mean, I could lie and say I don’t, if you like...”

The blonde woman grinned. “Well, you’re just damn lucky that I wanna talk about taking selfies in my underwear.” She winked at him and lowered her voice. “Okay, so these companies send me, like, boxes of shit to try on, so that my followers see their products on a hot lass, right?”

Her date nodded quickly, clearly *very* interested in this topic of conversation. “And that must be such hard work to choose...”

“Don’t sass me, Yank.” Grace couldn’t help but chuckle. “And it was damn hard work to settle on the ones I’m wearing right now...”

She was pleased to see that her date’s eyes flicked down to her body for a moment...

“I can beat you at darts.” Grace rolled her eyes at him as she nursed her second pint. “How many nights do you think I’ve spent in pubs like these?”

“Bullshit.” David grinned at her. “I’ve earned the Army Sharpshooter Badge for the last four years running.”

“Ooh... Am I meant to be scared, Yank?” Grace drained the last of her pint. “Put your money where your mouth is.”

Inside her, the last fairy was laying on top of a pile of melting fairies, suffering through her final moments of pain, darkness and indignity. As another wave of alcohol splashed down on her, the fairy gave one final shudder and joined her brethren, melting into the corpse pile as one big pile of *meat*.

David snorted and rose from the table. “Your ass is about to get *creamed*, Scottish girl.”

Oh, he did *not*... “Oh yeah? Don’t make a girl a promise if you’re not gonna keep it!” Grace leapt to her feet, ready to kick some American ass...

“So, what now?” David asked as they stepped out of the pub.

Grace blinked for a moment. God, had it really been three hours? Tonight had been a good date, and she’d really had a good time chatting with the American. Especially since she’d ‘creamed his ass’ at darts. “Night’s still young.” She pulled out her phone and checked the time. It was barely eleven.

“We could find another pub.” Her date suggested. “Or... I guess if you know anywhere good? You’re a local, right?”

She was a local, and showing David around London sounded kinda fun... But Grace had a better idea for the handsome American. The date had been good, and she was eager to *reward* him for it. “Oh... Honestly, I’m pretty tired.” She feigned a yawn, and then winked at him. “You got a coffee machine at your place, by any chance?”

“I’m American. Of *course* I do.” David looked her up and down, his eyes lingering on her bare thigh. “You want to come over and have some coffee?”

It was a question that had two layers. On the surface, he was asking if she wanted to... Well, have some coffee at his place. But the two of them both knew *exactly* what the deeper question was.

Grace grinned at her date. “Lead the way, handsome.” She’d been wanting some *coffee* for some time now. It was the whole reason that she’d gone on the date in the first place... Although, David had turned out to be even more enjoyable company than she’d expected.

Inside her, the fairies were beginning to melt together. The stomach acids around them were as merciless as any other kind of food. As Grace hooked her arm around David’s, and allowed her

date to lead her away, her stomach got to work, digesting the fairies into energy that would be sorely needed in the next few hours...

“Come on in, make yourself at home.” David opened the apartment door, gesturing for Grace to enter. The blonde did so eagerly, stepping into his home with a pounding heartbeat in her chest. Her goal was so close, she could almost feel it inside her already. A big, thick American cock...

“Nice digs.” She said, looking around. David’s apartment was small, but pleasantly compact. The living room and the kitchen were fused into one room, while the bathroom and bedroom branched off together on the far side. A nice little *pad* for a man to live. Or for a man to bring a woman for the night. Grace had gotten laid in far less comfortable places, admittedly.

“Thanks! I was worried it would be too small for me, but since I only really use it on weekends, it’s actually a good size.” David grinned at her and walked over to the kitchen, pulling open a cupboard.

The moment his back was turned, Grace immediately reached for the hem of her sweater. This was her *favourite* part of these kinds of dates. Pulling off her woollen shirt with a practised ease, Grace quietly tossed it aside. Quickly, she checked her belly. There was still a slight bump that indicated the presence of fairies, but they were rounded enough that he probably wouldn’t notice, right?

Then, she reached down and carefully unzipped her shorts. They were quite tight, and it took her a moment to wiggle them down her thighs. But they quickly joined her sweater on the floor nearby.

Grace was left standing in her blue underwear in the middle of David’s living room. Her date was none the wiser, still picking out coffee cups. “I’ve got a few types of coffee. Any preference?” He asked, without turning around.

Inside her guts, the fairies were starting to lose their cohesion. The lines that separated the individual fairies were beginning to blur as they melted into one another. Where one fairy began and another ended was becoming less and less clear, as they began to sink into a mass of meat and tiny limbs.

The blonde woman smirked. “Actually, I *hate* coffee.” She admitted, carefully adjusting her bra. Then, she struck a nice pose as David turned around.

There it was. The look of surprise as her date realised how horny she was. Grace *loved* it every time she saw it. The shock, the processing as they stared at her sexy body, the realisation that they were about to get *damn* lucky...

“Oh.” The black man blinked for a moment, the sudden sight of Grace in her underwear clearly quite a surprise. But judging by the smile spreading across his face, it clearly wasn’t an *unwelcome* surprise for David. “I see we’re *impatient* tonight.” He put down the coffee cup in his hand with a chuckle.

“Don’t blame me, blame the handsome stallion who’s been winding me up all night.” Grace could feel his eyes on her chest, on her groin. She looked good, she looked *damn* good. And when David bit his lip slightly, she *knew* that he agreed.

David’s eyes fell to her belly. “And is that a bellyful of fairies?”

Grace felt a little taken aback. “Er... Yeah.” Though she could feel her cheeks blush, the blonde woman still tried to look proud. “Scoffed a jarful of them before I met you. I *hoped* that they’d be gone by now, but...”

“No wonder you weren’t hungry! That must have been quite a meal...” Her date licked his lips, clearly enjoying the sight of her bare thighs and belly. “Yeah, I heard they were popular over here. Not really my thing, but some of my friends like to stuff the female ones down their... Well, y’know.”

Now *that* would be a sight Grace would pay to see! “Well, I’ve been eating them since I was a wee girl. They’re fuckin’ delicious.” She slapped her belly, pleased that her attempts to hide her appetite had been pointless.

“Well, they must be *working*.” David chuckled and slowly began to walk toward her. “You know, you might hate coffee...” He winked at her. “But I think if you follow me into the bedroom, you might find something that might fit your tastes a bit more...”

Heh... “A Long Black, perhaps? Americano?” Grace could feel her heart beating fast as David moved towards her. She could feel his warmth as he approached. “As long as it’s nice and *thick*, I think I’ll enjoy it...”

The American put his hand on her shoulders, gently sliding his strong hand down her bare back. “Mmm...” He grinned at her. “Personally, I’m in the mood for something pale and creamy... maybe with a little sugar too...” His other hand gently massaged her belly, making the mass of fairy inside her gurgle loudly.

“I can give ya sugar, but you’ll have to provide the cream, handsome...” Grace chuckled as David’s arms embraced her. She felt a strong hand on her bottom, and let out a yelp of delight as her date picked her up and began to carry her into the bedroom. Her weight was nothing to him, and he barely even noticed the tiny additional weight of a dozen melting fairies inside the small woman he was carrying...

“...it’s not *always* true.” David insisted as he stroked Grace’s hair. “I know *I’ve* got a big one, but it’s really mostly just a myth...”

Grace really wasn’t listening, to be quite honest. She was a bit too fixated on the *massive* cock in front of her. David Walker’s cock was almost nine inches long, by her estimate. Powerful veins pulsed along its dark length. He’d been generous enough to shave, but that just made it look even *bigger*. Two heavy balls hung beneath his shaft, each one looking full of cum.

Grace knelt before it, feeling its heat on her face as she inhaled the powerful *musk* that emanated from her date’s genitals. “Good *lord*, David. You’re really not helping the stereotype of American men, are you?” She could feel herself almost salivating at the sight. “Fuck, I think you could cram a whole fairy into that thing and they wouldn’t even reach the bottom before their head vanished...”

“Well, maybe we can buy a jar of the little bastards and find out next time.” David shrugged and grinned down at her. “But right now, I’d prefer to have it crammed into *you*. Or is it too big for a delicate little *English* girl?”

Grace wasn’t about to let *that* slide. “Ooh, you fuckin’ done it now, Yank.” Reaching up, she began to tie back her hair into a ponytail. David’s smug smirk seemed to fade as he saw the determination on Grace’s pretty face. “I’ll show you what a stiff upper lip looks like.” Well, it wouldn’t quite be *stiff*. More like wet and soft, but he’d get the idea.

With a snap, Grace finished tying her hair back. Then, she leaned forward, grabbed her date’s cock and opened her mouth wide...

Several minutes later, the digesting mass of fairies was joined by a torrent of American cum.

“What the fuck is this shite?” Grace looked down at the condom in her hand. With her other hand, she was reaching behind her back, unhooking her bra. A small trail of cum ran down her chin, the small dregs that she hadn’t managed to choke down as David unloaded down her throat.

“Er...” David had the decency to look a little embarrassed. “I couldn’t find any in my size yet...” He was naked, powerful muscles fully exposed.

Grace felt somewhere between amused and incredulous. “You really expect *this* to fit on *that*?!” The condom in her hand was a ‘large’, but David’s tonker was almost as long as her fucking *forearm*. “Oh, whatever...” She removed the condom and placed it on the head of his penis, rolling it down the length carefully. “Jesus...” It only barely reached halfway down.

“That... should be fine, right?” David bit his lip, and the blonde woman felt his cock twitch under her grip. He was clearly just as eager to do this as she was, and neither of them were going to let a small condom stop them. “It’ll catch the... y’know?”

“Fuckin’ *better*.” She poked his balls gently with a smirk. “These things look *potent*.” Grace fully intended to gargle both of his thick, meaty testicles, but first she needed to *fuck*.

Her belly was making all sorts of awful noises as it digested the mass that had once been a dozen fairies. David’s cute smile wasn’t the only thing sending Grace’s ovaries into overdrive, her stomach was begging her for a workout to really kick start her digestion.

Grace tossed away her blue panties, leaving herself completely naked. A tuft of blonde hair decorated the top of her vagina, and she directed his dark thumb to rub against it. Sitting on top of David’s strong thighs, she began to stroke his huge cock back to full mast. Her throat was still aching from the deepthroat she’d just given him, but she was *far* from satisfied.

“Oh, *fuck*...” David let out a moan as she guided the head of his cock into her slit. Grace loved it when she made a man moan like that. She was already wet and eager, having been ready for sex since before she even walked into the apartment. The blonde could feel his amazing size as her twat began to envelop the head of his cock... Oh *god*, it was fucking *huge*! She could feel the condom covering his cock being stretched taut.

David shivered beneath Grace as his cock slid into her. “Jesus, you’re *tight*...” He actually gasped out loud as she continued to sink onto his length, hungrily swallowing inch after inch. “Fuck, it’s been too long since I got laid...”

How exactly a man as handsome and sexy as David didn’t get laid every night was a mystery to Grace. “Hard not to be tight with this bastard inside me...” The blonde was breathing heavily now, the sheer effort of accepting his massive cock inside her making her sweat. At the same time, it felt fucking *amazing*. “Fuck, I think this corker’s going to ruin me for any other man...” Grace had never thought of herself as a size queen before, but it was going to be hard to go back to a six-incher after this.

“Oh my god, are you actually fucking taking it all?!” Her date actually seemed quite shocked beneath his arousal. “God, I’ve never met a woman who’s been able to...”

As it turned out, not *quite*. Grace had to finally accept defeat about an inch and a half from his groin. Still, she’d taken almost seven and a half inches of dark meat inside her, which was goddamn impressive even for her. It was just too much for her, the length, the thickness. She could feel his heartbeat inside her, throbbing through his shaft.

Yeah... This is it. This is the *fucking feeling* that Grace has been longing for. The power she felt with a man between her legs. Feeling her body begin to adjust to his size, she looked down at David. “You ready, handsome?”

“Give me... Give me a moment...” David was breathing heavily. “I need to... Ugh!”

Moving her hips up and down, Grace smirked at her date as she began to move. Giving him a moment to recover wasn't really her *thing*. “Ah... This is American size, right? No wonder there were so many pregnant women left after the war!” She could feel the head of his penis inside her, scraping gently against her cervix. Or, at least, it *felt* like that. His heat was radiating through her entire love body, it felt like.

“Ugh... Don't talk about that...” David groaned, his thumbs reaching up to stroke Grace's belly. “I got a big ass impregnation fetish...”

“Oh yeah?” Grace was willing to indulge him. “What, ya worried that you'll accidentally spurt inside me and make my belly swell up?” She chuckled softly as his eyes widened, and she felt his cock twitch in excitement.

Grace had been tired before, but no longer. A new wave of energy was spreading through her body as the fairies inside her began to drain into her intestines, their energy extracted by her digestive process. Their bodies were slowly transmuted into nutrients and energy that now powered her movement, as she impaled herself into her date's cock.

“Ah! God, this is...” David shuddered beneath her. Clearly, she was doing *something* right, judging by the way her date was now biting his teeth. A moment later, his strong hands grabbed her hips, pressing her down onto his cock in time with her own movements.

Grace gasped as his cock was thrust even *deeper* into her. Almost his entire cock was now moving up and down inside her abdomen, stretching out her vagina in a way that was deeply and utterly satisfying. She could almost feel it displacing her intestines. Luckily for the fairies inside her, they weren't conscious of the way they were now flowing around a monster cock. Then again, perhaps they couldn't quite be called fairies anymore...

“Ah, you're such a big, *strong* soldier!” Grace chuckled as she felt David's cock stiffening even further inside her. “Come on, David! I'm a foot shorter than you and half your weight! Is this the best you can do?” It was rare that she felt in such a dominant mood, but having such a powerful man underneath her was driving her wild. “Are you even trying?!”

“No...” David grinned as his eyes rolled back in his head. “Grace, you win this fucking round, holy shit...” He winced as another wave of pleasure surged through his cock as Grace's muscles squeezed him. “God, I've never met a woman as dominant as you...”

“So much for not being intimidated by a woman!” Grace chuckled to herself, revelling in her victory. God, this felt fucking amazing... Her vagina was exploding with pleasure, hungrily swallowing his cock over and over again. If she'd ever wanted to be satisfied, she couldn't do better than this...

Ah... Inside her, she could feel her guts shift into overdrive as her stomach began to shift the massive hunk of fairies inside her. Sex always made her digestive system *dance*. It was part of the reason she loved eating fairies so much.

All of a sudden, David's face turned from a stupid, aroused grin to a look of alarm. "Grace!" He moaned, a note of warning in his voice. "Grace, fuck, I think the condom just..."

Oh. Yeah, she could feel it now. "Shit... did it fuckin' *break*?" Grace paused for a moment, shifting her hips to feel the dick inside her better. Yeah, there was definitely a sensation of an uncovered cock head inside her. The motion of the ocean must have been too much for the poor prophylactic to handle, and it had torn open inside her.

Her date was a bit too kind for her liking. "Shit... Should we stop?" David looked up at her, his face worried. "This... this is dangerous. If I cum, you could get..."

Ugh, stop *now*? Grace was riding a sexual high. This felt fucking *amazing*, and she wanted to continue. "Uh..." The blonde hesitated. "Well..." Ugh, she *knew* she didn't want to stop, but was it worth the risk? If they stopped now, they wouldn't really be able to start again, would they? The other condoms wouldn't be big enough, and she had no idea where to even find ones in his size. At best, they'd have to stop and meet again another night...

Nope. Fuck *that*. Grace had been waiting for this for days, and now that she was finally getting her pipes cleaned by a real man, the thought of stopping right on the edge of that glorious climax was almost offensive.

"No." A broken condom wasn't going to stop her. Rising up, she pulled David's cock out of her body and removed the condom, tossing it away. Then, she guided the cock back into her vagina. "Okay... We're goin' with the pull-out method. You know it, Yank?"

"Only that it doesn't fucking *work*!" David seemed a little worried... until the head of his cock sank deep into her pussy once more. Then, he relaxed and sighed in defeat. "Well... Up to you, I guess. You're the one taking the risk here..."

As he slid back into her, Grace could feel his *raw* power emanating. Oh *fuck*... This felt so dangerous. She could already feel his precum soaking her vagina. If David couldn't control his balls...

With that disturbingly hot thought in her mind, Grace resumed her motion, slamming down onto his thick cock. She was rewarded with an erotic moan from the large man beneath her, which just made her feel even better. The blonde woman grinned and resumed pounding him with all her might. The thought that if he came inside her, she'd have her entire life changed was a terrifying one, but the risk also felt...

Fairies were rich in calories, but she was burning through their energy at a lightning rate. Grace loved this feeling. The sensation of the digested fairies pumping through her body, melting into literal soup. Each time she bounced up and down, she knew the energy was coming from a fairy who'd *died* for her pleasure.

After just a few minutes more of sex, the huge American suddenly began to twitch violently. "Shit... Oh, shit, Grace! I can't..." God, he was so fucking cute when he was underneath her. She could control his pleasure so perfectly...

"Can you feel it, handsome?" She sneered down at him. In her hands, she was squeezing her breasts, tweaking her nipples. She could feel his hands on her thighs, stroking her pale skin with his powerful dark hands. "Don't try and resist, just give in the pleasure...."

"I would, but... Ugh!" He grimaced in pleasure. "If I do that, I'm gonna... Oh fuck, Grace, I'm gonna *cum* if you don't stop...!"

Oh God. Stop *now*?! Was he insane? This felt so fucking good... And the thought of him blowing a *fat* load of hot cum inside her aching pussy just made Grace want to...

Ugh... No. Grace knew this was a fucking awful idea. If David came inside her, there was a chance she'd end up with his kid in her belly. Not in the same way that those fairies were inside her, of course. She'd be *creating* life instead of ending it...

But she *really* didn't want to stop.

Was this worth it? One blast of cum wasn't going to get her pregnant, probably. A single night of pleasure really wouldn't be *that* likely, she knew. Some people spent years trying for a baby, right?

Just for tonight... God, Grace needed this. It was worth the tiny, *tiny* risk!

"What?" Grace pretended not to hear him as she continued. This was a bad idea, but the blonde woman was beyond caring at this point. That was Tomorrow Grace's problem. Tonight Grace was only interested in feeling that sweet, sweet cum inside her.

David tried to shift, but Grace just continued her movement, pounding his cock into her over and over again. "You gotta... I can't..." For a moment, he looked terrified. Then, David's cute face relaxed and he sighed happily. "Oh, *fuck it*..."

That was it. Grace slammed down on her date's cock one final time, tipping her over the edge. Her orgasm spread through her vagina, surging through her abdomen throughout her entire body over the course of a few seconds. Her body began to shudder violently, and she was glad of David's hands steadying her on top of him.

As she continued to shiver, Grace felt a powerful warmth spreading through her groin. David's cock was twitching something fierce, and it didn't take a genius to realise he was cumming inside her. She could feel his balls pulsing beneath her bottom, spraying their contents into her unprotected womb. Minor impatience might have just turned into a life-changing moment...

Grace felt the heat of her date's cum inside her, and her vagina responded in kind. Moment's later, a second orgasm ripped through her groin, making her shudder again. This time, she lost control of her muscles entirely, and it was only David catching her in his arms that saved her from collapsing into the bed.

David's embrace was warm and powerful around her. As her orgasm made her muscles sing, Grace was amazed at how safe she felt in his arms. He was much bigger and stronger than her, and the feeling that he could crush her at any moment felt strangely exciting.

Finally, the two were left lying in bed, arms around each other. Both Grace and David were breathing heavily, and when they came back to their senses, the two grinned at each other.

"Oops." Grace looked down as her date's cock finally slid out of her, flopping down onto his thigh. His cock was shining with a mix of both his cum and her juices. "Guess your warning came a little late..."

David just chuckled at that. "Ah... Fuck, that was good, Grace. I haven't fucked like that in *ages*."

"What do ya mean, *fucked*?" Grace sneered at him in amusement. "I fucked *you*, soldier boy. Never seen a man bite his lip like he's a damn woman getting fingered in the fanny." Not that she was *complaining*, mind. "I've always wanted a big strong man to be my bitch..."

"Oh yeah?" David raised his eyebrows at her. "Is that a challenge?"

"Ya damn right it's a challenge." Grace licked her lips. "Come on, little bottom bitch. Show me what kinda shite an American can pull."

David hesitated for a moment. Then, he gave her a sweet smile. "Have you ever heard of something called a 'mating press', Grace?"

"No." Grace rolled her eyes. "But you're stupid if you think you're going to top me now that-"

"Oh fuck!" Grace cried out as David's cock slammed into her, stretching out her vagina with incredible force. His muscles and weight were on top of her, pinning her down onto the bed as he held her down. "Fuck, you're heavy!" It wasn't a complaint.

“Hmm? How’s that, Grace?” David snarled, grinning down at her. “Come on, where’s that arrogant smirk? I wanna see it again, come on!”

Inside Grace, the... Well, the *soup* that the fairies had become were now filtering through her lower intestines. Not content with the mere indignity of being eaten alive, the fairies were now being shaken apart by every thrust of David’s cock, melting into ever more unrecognisable shapes of digested meat.

“Fuck...!” Grace wanted to snark back at her date, but she was losing herself in his strength now. “Ugh... Shit... I’m supposed to be the one on top...”

“Don’t worry, I’ll let you be on top again next time. Just needed to put you in your place, you little Scottish slut.” David’s strong hands were almost crushing her thighs as he desperately tried to force himself deeper and deeper inside her. His balls were slapping against her ass, and Grace knew it wouldn’t be too long until he came again.

“Ugh...” Grace was a little annoyed at how happy being called that made her. “Asshole...!” God, he was fucking *strong*! It felt so good in his embrace, having her pussy *hammered*...

Inside her abdomen, she could feel the fairies she’d eaten today trickling through her bowels, their nutrients and energy being siphoned into her. God, how many fairies had she eaten now over the years? Thousands? Tens of thousands?

Ah, who cared? She didn’t count the grains of rice she’d eaten either, did she? Even if they were sapient, fairies were such excellent food, Grace really just couldn’t help but delight at how horrible their deaths must have been. Taken from their ‘homes’ on the fairy farm, wings clipped and bottled. And then bought by humans like her to devour without a second thought. God, it was almost enough to make her cum again...

David kissed slowly down her neck, making her moan softly. “Any objections if I send another platoon in?” He whispered softly into her ear.

“Ah... The last batch you sent in is still inside my twat...” Grace could feel his cum still soaking into her vagina. “Doesn’t fuckin’ matter, does it?” She wrapped her legs around his waist and locked her ankles together. “Make a fucking mess, David...” She moaned, pressing her face into his beautiful chest.

A few moments later, they came together again, David driving his huge cock deep inside her already soaked cunt. His heavy balls pulsed again, emptying their contents into her poor, vulnerable womb. Grace didn’t bother trying to resist. She just let her own orgasm blossom inside her, as her womb hungrily drank down every drop of cum he spurted into her.

With a sigh, Grace sat down on the toilet in David's bathroom. Her muscles were aching, and she could still feel her body shivering slightly from the orgasms she'd had earlier. Taunting David had been a great idea, and she was still reeling from how thoroughly he'd used her smaller body. It would be a long while before she was in such dire need of a fuck again... Perhaps even a few *days*.

Pulling out her phone, Grace checked her messages and saw something that made her truly happy.

Hey babe, my plans washed out, you can come hang out with me if you want.

So, he'd taken some chick on a date and failed to worm his way back to her apartment. How *sad*. For him.

"Ugh..." The blonde woman moaned as she spread her cheeks. Her ass was aching, warning her that her meal was due to exit. After a few hours of sex and then cuddling in David's bed, the fairies from before were well and truly digested. "Come on..."

A moment later, her asshole began to stretch open. A loud fart echoed through the bathroom as the excess air she'd swallowed along with the fairies exited, making her ass ripple slightly. The scent it made was awful, and Grace was glad that David had the foresight to solve the problem beforehand. The man hadn't bought condoms, but he *had* bought an air freshener. Grace almost fell for him just because of that, to be quite honest.

The mass that had once been almost a dozen fairies began to crown, spreading Grace's backdoor as they began to slide out. After a few seconds, they became too heavy and broke off, splashing into the toilet below. Grace let out a sigh of relief as the remains of the fairies began to slide out of her, just as easily as they'd slid into her earlier.

As more and more of the fairies splattered into the toilet, her vagina opened up and spurted out a torrent of white cum. David's sperm left a pale coating on the brown remains, dripping into the toilet as the blonde woman let her bowels relax.

"You usually shit with the door open here in the UK?" David asked from the bedroom. He was laying in bed, turned to face the open bathroom door.

Grace shrugged with a slight grin. "What, and deprive you of the view?" Actually, it was a slight fetish of hers, to be quite honest. And David didn't seem particularly bothered by it. The blonde woman shifted on the toilet and felt another spurt of cum spray out of her. "Fuck, you came a lot inside me..."

"Not my fault." Her date snorted in amusement. "I *did* warn you."

"What an *unfortunate* accident..." Grace smirked at him.

“Unfortunate accident, my ass.” David rolled his eyes. “You’re a badass, Grace Havisham, but you’re gonna regret that in a month or two.”

Grace shrugged. “I doubt it. You know how much girls who are up the duff make on OnlyFans?” Of course, a one-night-stand *actually* resulting in pregnancy was pretty unlikely, the blonde woman knew from personal experience. “Oh, relax, I’ll take a birth control pill tomorrow.” Wait, did she have any of those left? She wasn’t quite sure... Oh, whatever.

“Are you almost done?” David gave her a cute smile. God, how could a man of his size and strength have such heart-meltingly soft eyes. “I want to snuggle...”

“Yeah, yeah, have some blood patience, Yank...” Grace sighed and concentrated. Clenching her bowel muscles, she pushed and pushed until she finally ejected the last log of fairy remains. As it splashed into David’s toilet, Grace sighed. “There, that’s all of ‘em.”

A few moments later, after cleaning herself and hitting the flush, Grace washed her face in the sink. “By the way, are you single, David?” She asked casually.

“What?! You’re asking me that now?!” Her date gave her a look of baffled amusement. “Of course I am!”

“Oh, good. Hold on a moment...” Grace picked up her phone again.

We’re through, asshole. Don’t contact me ever again.

That was as much as her now ex-fuck buddy deserved, in her opinion.

“Okay...” Grace stood in the doorway of the bathroom and grinned down at David. The handsome American had really made a hell of an impression on her, both as a date and during sex. “Consider yourself no longer single, David Walker.”

It took him a moment to understand what she meant, and when he did, David raised an eyebrow at her. “Jesus, you really are the most *confident* woman I’ve ever met, you know that?”

“Am I hearing a refusal?” Grace smirked at him.

“Fuck no you’re not!” David actually laughed at the idea. “Are you kidding? I’ve always wanted to date a chick who’ll let me do it raw.”

Grace rolled her eyes. “I hope you enjoyed tonight, idiot. You’re going to have some fuckin’ condoms next time, got it?” As much fun as tonight had been, the blonde knew that doing it raw was a terrible idea. “Doing it raw is fun as heck, but I reckon your job won’t be happy if you knock up a girl right away.”

“Eh, it’s kinda expected, honestly.” David grinned at her. “But hey, being a daddy would be kinda fun, right?”

“If you want someone to call you ‘daddy’, I’m right fuckin’ here.” Grace took a deep breath and stretched her arms. Then, she looked down at her boyfriend’s chest. His muscles looked like a *nice* place to lay her head. “Now then, what’s a girl got to do ta get some cuddling from her new boyfriend...?”

“Hold on.” David held up a hand. “That toilet’s got a bastard of a flush, you gotta do it harder than that.”

Grace turned and saw that the fairies were still nestled at the bottom of David’s toilet. “Ah, fuck! I can’t believe it’s done that...” Leaning over, she pulled the flush again, longer this time.

At the bottom of the toilet, the mass that had once been a dozen living creatures began to crumble and sink into the pipes. Unlike humans, whose funerals were sad and beautiful ceremonies, being flushed down a toilet was as close to a dignified end that most fairies would ever get.

And as Grace slipped back into bed, into her new boyfriend’s arms... As the sperm inside her womb silently slipped into the egg... The remains of the fairies filtered into the sewers.

There, they joined the tens of the thousands of their kind that had been devoured that day alone. All across the world, millions of fairies were being harvested to join them.

And tomorrow, Grace will buy another jar...