

Lindsay Smith shivers slightly as she half-runs along the Sydney streets to the hotel that her best friend called her from. Her heart is beating quickly, partly from the effort of moving quickly, and partly from excitement. Less than ten minutes ago, Melissa had called in a panic, claiming that she had “eaten someone”, and begged for her best friend’s help. It was only natural that Lindsay was rushing to get to her desperate friend.

It had been warm during the daytime, but Sydney at night had a chilly bite to the air. Lindsay rushed out of her apartment as quickly as she could, so her outfit is rather more casual than usual. A tight-fitting pair of gray yoga pants leaves little to the imagination when it comes to her ample behind. Based on the tight feeling she’s getting from her groin, it’s not leaving much to the imagination in the front either, especially considering that her black panties are somewhat visible through the thin gray fabric.

Her top isn’t much better. While she’d been cleaning her bedroom, she’d only been wearing a zip-up hoodie, with nothing underneath. In her haste, she’d just zipped it up before running out her front door, and now she’s paying the price. The hoodie was more comfortable than it was warm, and her chest was freezing. Any colder, she fancies, and her nipples would be hard enough to just punch a hole straight through the fabric of the hoodie. No bra also means that her chest is bouncing uncomfortably as she walks, as a few people she passes by seem to notice quite intently.

Whatever. Melissa’s more important to Lindsay than a few random people’s stares at her chest. Or her bum. Or her camel-toe. If getting to her quicker meant that a few pervs got a good eyeful, she’s quite happy to pay that price. Then again, strangers staring at her private parts is her job these days anyway, Lindsay thinks to herself, smirking.

The Meriton, by Town Hall. That’s where Melissa had said she was. Lindsay looks down at her phone again, to make sure she’s still walking in the right direction. Only a short distance away now. It’s about a half-hour walk there from Pier One, where Lindsay is staying. Of course, Lindsay is taller and fitter than most girls, so she estimated that it would take her twenty minutes. She’d considered calling an Uber, but it would have taken so long to arrive that it probably would have taken the same length of time anyway.

A few minutes later, Lindsay walks up the steps of the hotel, checking her phone again for any messages from Melissa. There’s none, which she hopes is a good sign. Between Lindsay and the hotel entrance, two teenage girls are chatting loudly to each other about something Lindsay doesn’t care about. They’re too absorbed in their conversation to notice Lindsay approaching, so she just reaches out and grabs them by the shoulders, rudely pushing them both aside. As they stumble back, the two girls seem rather stunned as Lindsay strides past them.

Pushing the hotel doors aside, Lindsay ignores the nasty slurs that the two girls shout after her. Normally, she would have turned around and kicked their asses, but she has more pressing matters to attend to.

The reception desk is staffed by two women, both of whom look up at Lindsay as she approaches. This is the awkward part, Lindsay thinks to herself. Melissa gave her the name of the hotel, but apparently hadn't known what room she'd been in. One is a white woman in her thirties, with short blonde hair. The other is a young Asian woman, who's barely in her twenties. Lindsay naturally gravitates to the younger woman. "Excuse me," she asks the younger receptionist in a brisk tone, "I'd like to know which room Melissa Jones is staying in."

The receptionist looks a little baffled for a moment. "Oh, um..." She looks around nervously for a moment. "I'm sorry, are you a guest of our hotel?" She leans over the reception desk slightly, looking Lindsay up and down.

"No." I don't have time for this, Lindsay thinks to herself. "I'm meeting Melissa Jones. What room's she in?" she asks again, trying to sound more authoritative.

The young receptionist looks confused. "I don't... I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I don't think our company policy allows..."

The other receptionist stands up. "Please excuse her, Ma'am, she's new." Interrupting her co-worker, the older woman waves Lindsay over to her side of the desk. "Melissa Jones, you said?" She taps on her computer for a few seconds.

"Wait, hold on a moment!" The younger receptionist gives an irritated look to the blonde woman. "Don't we have rules against... y'know!" When the other woman raises an eyebrow, the young woman leans over and whispers something in her ear, so that Lindsay can't hear.

The blonde receptionist looks up at Lindsay. "Ma'am, my colleague here seems to think you're a prostitute." The younger girl flinches, and looks up at Lindsay fearfully. The blonde woman ignores her. "Is that true?"

"No." Lindsay gives the younger woman a nasty look.

"In that case, please accept her apology." The blonde woman looks meaningfully at the younger woman.

The receptionist looks irritated. "Wha... are you serious? You're not my boss!"

She receives a filthy look from the blonde woman, who turns in her chair to glare at her younger co-worker. There's a sizeable bulge in her pants, Lindsay notices with interest as the receptionist pushes away from the desk slightly. "I don't like your tone. You know what my gender is. Do you want to get written up for hermaphobic speech *again*?"

The younger woman's eyes flick to the other receptionist's crotch for a single second. "N-no, I'm not saying anything-"

The older woman slaps her hand down on the desk sharply. The Asian girl flinches slightly and shrinks back, as her colleague rebukes her. "I don't want to hear any more of this hermaphobic crap! The law says I'm better than you, and not the other way around. We may have the same role, but I've been working here for five years longer than you have *and* I'm genetically superior. Shut your mouth, and do what I tell you. Is that clear?!"

"Y-yes..." The younger woman backs down as quickly as she can. "S-sorry... please don't tell anyone I'm a hermaphobe, I wasn't..."

The older receptionist ignores her, and turns back to Lindsay. "I'm terribly sorry you had to see that, Ma'am. Please don't take my colleague's rude outburst as a reflection on the quality of service here at our hotel." She side-eyes the other receptionist. "Especially, *since she's about to apologise to the guest...*"

"Oh, yes!" The younger woman stares at the floor for a long moment, before also turning to Lindsay. "Please accept my apologies, Ma'am."

"I don't care." The older woman was clearly getting off on talking down to the younger woman, but Lindsay really couldn't care less about what either of them thought. Melissa was waiting for her. "What *room* is Melissa Jones in?"

"Please allow me to pull that information now." The blonde receptionist types into her computer again. "Melissa Jones is indeed staying in our hotel at the moment. I'll need to call her and confirm that you're expected."

Lindsay watches impatiently as the blonde woman picks up the phone next to her. "Miss Jones? This is a courtesy call to let you know that I have a Lindsay Smith here, in the lobby. Are you expecting her tonight?" Lindsay can't hear her friend's response, but the receptionist nods after a moment. "Yes... yes, I will." Putting the phone back down, she looks back up at Lindsay. "Miss Smith is staying in Room 1008. Please use the elevators on the right."

The elevator feels like it takes forever to reach the tenth floor. When the doors finally ding, Lindsay slips out before they're fully open, looking around impatiently. There, Room 1008. Lindsay sees the room number, and strides over to it quickly. There's a doorbell next to the door, and she presses the button without hesitation.

There's a pause for a few seconds, before a familiar voice comes out of the speaker above the doorbell. "Lindsay?" Melissa's tinny voice asks, and Lindsay feels relief rush through her body. "Can you... open the door?"

Lindsay tries the silver door handle, but it doesn't move. There's an electric lock above it, and she doesn't have the keycard needed to open it. "No can do, Mel. You gotta open the door."

“Oh *god*... I’m not even... I’ll try, Mel.” From the sounds of it, Melissa is struggling with something. Lindsay can make an educated guess as to why she’s having difficulty moving around. Probably something to do with suddenly doubling her weight.

It feels like a small eternity, as Lindsay waits for her best friend to open the door. Listening intently, she can hear the sound of her best friend slowly approaching the door, groaning with effort. Finally, there’s a cheerful beep from the electric lock, and the door clicks open.

“Finally!” Lindsay says, pushing the door open. “How are you fee- *Holy shit, Mel!*” she can’t restrain herself from exclaiming, as her best friend comes into view.

Melissa’s face is a familiar sight to Lindsay Smith, even if it’s ringed with sweat. She’s pretty, in a nervous mousy way, as usual. An adorable smattering of freckles dots her tan face, and her eyes are dark, as if she’s just been crying. But Lindsay only lingers on her best friend’s face for a moment before her gaze lowers.

Skipping past Melissa’s bare breasts, Lindsay’s eyes take in the incredible sight of her best friend’s grossly swollen belly. It’s almost as large as she is, and Lindsay can see Melissa’s hands struggling to heft the massive weight of what’s inside. What’s inside, of course, is utterly unmistakable. Lindsay can easily see the outline of a person’s back and legs along the surface of Melissa’s belly, still as death. Well, that’s one less concern.

“Lin, do you really need to stare *that much?*” Melissa tries to scowl at her best friend, but she’s interrupted by a shockingly loud growl from her belly. “Oh, *Christ*...” The surface of her belly actually ripples slightly from the force of her stomach rumbling.

“Whoa there!” Lindsay feels a twinge of alarm as Melissa sways slightly on the spot. Her best friend doesn’t fall, but Lindsay wraps an arm around her shoulder to support her anyway. “It’s okay, I’m here now. Let’s get you back to bed...”

Even with Lindsay’s support, it’s clearly an effort and a half for Melissa to walk back over to the hotel bed. As she sits down, the bed groans dangerously. Melissa doesn’t seem to find much relief when she lies down, her stomach clearly too heavy to be anywhere close to comfort. Lindsay stands over her best friend, still feeling a little mesmerized by the image of her cute best friend, now clearly digesting another person. It had been a sight she’d been waiting to enjoy for a long time, and she hadn’t been sure that Melissa even had it in her. But now, it was rather clear that she *did* have it in her, literally.

Sweat is still dripping down Melissa’s face as she turns to look up at Lindsay. “Lin, what do I do? How can I... oh...” She grimaces, and closes her eyes.

“Huh?” Lindsay feels a little baffled at the question. “You don’t need to do anything, Mel. Your body knows what to do.” Playing with her red-hair as she thinks, Lindsay wonders what she can even do to help her best friend.

“No! I mean...” Melissa looks somewhat desperate as she opens her eyes. “How do I... I need to let her out!”

Lindsay stares at Melissa for a long moment, feeling lost as to how to reply to that. Eventually, she decides that being blunt would be best. “Mel, she’s *dead*. You’re *digesting* her.” Digestion usually wasn’t conducive to a prey’s survival, Lindsay could personally attest to that. If they weren’t dead when they entered her, getting bathed in her powerful acid tended to correct that. “Letting her body out now would be a waste of time and meat.”

“Oh... Oh, *god*...” Melissa covers her face, staring at her belly through her fingers. “Talía... I’m so sorry...”

Talia, the tattooed waitress. Lindsay remembers her from the cafe a few days ago, without much pity. The red-head wasn’t a religious person, but she’d always been fond of the belief that people that got eaten alive were condemned to Hell, regardless of their goodness. With any luck, ‘Talía’ had an eternity of Hell to look forward to. “Uh, why don’t you tell me what happened?” Lindsay had a pretty good idea, but she wanted to hear it from Melissa.

“I... she...” Melissa swallows her tears, and starts to explain. “We... met up a few hours ago... to go on a date at a fancy restaurant...”

Melissa’s explanation takes a while, but Lindsay listens carefully. Her best friend tells her about the dinner at Tetsuya’s and their trip back to the hotel, and then what happened in the hotel room after. At a few points, she feels like her best friend might be skipping over something. Melissa is suspiciously light on details when it comes to how she blacked out, or exactly what she and Talía talked about after she woke up, but Lindsay has no intention of trying to force anything out of her best friend right now. As Melissa haltingly explains how she choked Talía into submission and swallowed the tattooed woman, she trails off, clearly upset.

Sitting on the end of the bed, Lindsay nods slowly. “Mel, I know you,” she begins carefully, “I know you’re the kind of person who’d feel guilty about this, and think it’s your fault. But that bitch had it coming.” Nodding approvingly at Melissa’s belly, Lindsay smirks. “Preds who date prey don’t eat on the first date, everyone knows that. It’s just a fucking rule. No prey would ever date a predator if they did. If a shithead pred eats someone on the first date, they get fucking hunted down. You did the right thing.”

Melissa still looks tearful, but she raises an eyebrow at that. “Didn’t you eat that girl Tiffany on your first date? And I’ve *seen* you eat girls on your first date when we were in high-school.”

“No, that... that thing with Tiffany wasn’t a date.” Lindsay sighs, trying to figure out how to properly explain the pseudo-rules of being a predator. “And high-school’s got no fucking rules for that at all. Being a pred as an adult is different. Talia was an adult pred going on a date with another adult, she wasn’t a hormone-addled teenager tricking some other dumb teenager into letting them come over after school.” The idea makes Lindsay mad, mostly because her friend had almost fucking died.

Shit, was this *her* fault? She’d just been trying to push Melissa to explore lesbianism, and that was a good thing, obviously. Lindsay had just been so depressed at the thought of her best friend being straight, she *had* to try and break Melissa’s heterosexuality. Maybe trying to combine that with asking her to date a pred had been the issue.

“Did you, like... do something to make her more predatory? What caused her to want to eat you in the first place?” It was a bit odd, when Lindsay thought about it. If Talia had just been a shithead pred who wanted a easy meal, why had she not just eaten Melissa as soon as they were alone? Why risk her meal by dragging it out?

Melissa suddenly looked evasive. “She was just, uh... jealous, I guess.” She shifts uncomfortably, clearly thinking about something else. Looking down at her body, Melissa flinches all of a sudden. “Oh, shit, I totally forgot!”

Lindsay blinks as Melissa grabs a pillow and covers her chest. “The heck you doing, Mel?”

“I’m...” Melissa tries, badly, to block Lindsay’s view of her boobs. “Lin, I’m *naked*. I didn’t even think about it until just now...”

Seriously? Lindsay rolls her eyes. “Mel, I’m not gonna fall apart if there’s a naked woman next to me. We’re in private, who cares if you’re naked?” She wouldn’t admit it to Melissa directly, but Lindsay quite enjoyed seeing her best friend naked. “I mean, you’ve got a bit more to worry about than if I can see your lady parts. Which I can. Right now.”

Melissa’s thighs clap together, as she realizes that Lindsay has had a prime view of her vagina from the other end of the bed this entire time. “I... oh, goddammit...”

Lindsay thinks of something else. “Mel, you know I’m subscribed to you on VoreFans, right? I’ve seen *way* more than just you naked before.” And masturbated to it, Lindsay thinks to herself, but she feels like saying that *right now* might be a bad idea.

Melissa blushes heavily as she seems to realize this. “Wait, does that mean you saw the video I made yesterday...?”

Yes, Lindsay remembers it rather vividly. “The one where you used the dildos I gave you? Yeah, absolutely.” She can’t resist teasing her best friend a little. “You cleaned them beforehand, right?” She knew Melissa would have, but Lindsay kinda wishes she hadn’t.

Melissa doesn't answer the question. It seems that she's not in a joking mood right now, considering she keeps glazing guiltily at her stomach every few seconds. "I... I still feel kinda weird about being naked in front of you..." Even still, she drops the pillow, which wasn't doing much to hide her nudity anyway.

Well, maybe that was a good thing, in Lindsay's opinion. But, she knew she had to reassure her friend somehow. "Look, I'll do it too, would that make you feel better?" Without waiting for her friend to reply, and possibly refuse, Lindsay quickly unzips her hoodie and tosses it aside. Arching her back slightly with her hands on her hips, the red-head proudly presents her bare chest. "There. See?"

"Wha... you weren't wearing a shirt under there?!" Her best friend looks rather stunned. Looking Lindsay up and down for the first time since she'd arrived, Melissa blinks. "Actually, what the hell *are* you wearing, Lin?"

"My normal outfit when I'm home alone?" Lindsay glares at her best friend, though it's more play irritation than real. She tugs on the waistband of her yoga pants. "Comfy pants, comfy undies, comfy hoodie. But *someone* needed help across town, so I hauled my butt as fast as it could move in yoga pants."

Melissa can't resist a tiny grin at that. "Well, remind me to thank your butt sometime." Lindsay could think of some ways that the brunette could thank her butt, but she keeps that to herself. After a moment, Melissa sighs. "If you're not gonna wear your hoodie, can I wear it?" I know you're trying to make me feel better, but I feel really weird just being topless."

Fine, Lindsay won't push the issue if it makes Melissa uncomfortable around her. Besides, seeing Melissa wearing her hoodie would kinda be enjoyable in itself, Lindsay decides. Standing up from the bed, the red-head crouches and picks her hoodie up off the floor, handing it to Melissa. "Here, don't say I never do nothing for ya, kid." Melissa takes the hoodie gratefully. Sitting up with a bit of effort, the freckled girl strains against the weight of her stomach to pull the hoodie on. Thankfully, it doesn't quite cover her chest, but she seems a little bit happier now.

As Lindsay begins to stand back up, she sees something twinkling under the bed. Curious, she kneels down and reaches under the creaking bed frame. "What's this?" Her hand curls around something cold and metallic, dragging the surprisingly heavy object into the light.

It's a necklace, Lindsay sees, as she holds up the glittering jewelry. Silver links from a thick chain, with a gleaming ruby in the center. Melissa's eyes widen as she sees it. "Oh... I must have dropped under there while I was..." She trails off, looking downcast.

"Real fucking pretty, Mel." The red-head has to admit, it's quite a spectacular piece of wealth. "Is this up for grabs? The ruby matches my hair-"

“No, it’s *mine*.” Melissa’s sudden sharpness catches Lindsay off-guard, and the red-head almost flinches. Her best friend’s gaze is suddenly dark and cold, as she stares at the necklace in Lindsay’s hand. As Lindsay stares back, the brunette slowly blushes.

“Geez, Mel, I was only joking.” Lindsay hands the necklace to Melissa, who seems rather embarrassed about her outburst. “How’d you even get that thing?”

Melissa puts on the necklace without hesitation, looking relieved when she hears the click of the necklace clasp. Sitting back on the pillow behind her, the freckled girl looks surprisingly relieved. “It... was a gift. It belongs to me now.” Touching the ruby with hint of dull happiness, Melissa’s face suddenly turns to distress as her stomach rumbles loudly again. “Oh, *god*... I feel like I’m gonna die, Lin...”

“You’re not gonna die, Mel. Stop being dramatic.” Well, it *was* her first time, Lindsay knew. Eating a whole ass person tended to give the internal plumbing quite a workout the first time around. Spying something interesting, the red-head stands up and wanders over to the corner of the room. “Hey, Talia Ink-for-Brains paid for this room, right?”

“I think so? Why...” Melissa begins to say something else, but there’s another monstrous groan from her distended belly. “Fuck, fuck, *fuck*... Is this normal, Lin? Should I be doing something? I feel like I’m gonna die if I don’t get her out of me...”

Lindsay looks through the mini-bar, and is delighted to find a couple of vodka cruisers. Taking one out, she leaves the other for later. “You’re fine, calm down Mel.” What else is there for Lindsay herself to drink? Ah, there’s a couple of cans of VB. The drink of choice for a futanari watching the Sunday cricket match on television while their wife cleans the house. Or so the stereotype went. “Ugh, *fine*. It’s below my social class to drink this swill these days, but it’s better than nothing.”

Holding the two drinks in her hands, the red-head walks back over to Melissa. “You wanna know what you gotta do now, Mel?” Still grimacing, her best friend cracks open an eye to stare at her. Lindsay holds out the vodka cruiser, and Melissa hesitantly takes it. “You drink this, and enjoy melting down a tasty slab of meat. Just think of her ink as soy sauce or something.” Cracking open her can of beer, Lindsay takes a long draught as she walks around the bed.

Placing her beer on the bedside table, the red-head picks up the television remote and then pokes Melissa in the shoulder. “Come on, scoot over a little, bestie. I know you’re two people right now, but make some room.” With quite a bit of difficulty, Melissa manages to move over slightly, and Lindsay plops herself down on the bed next to her. Grabbing the pillow that her best friend had tried to use to cover her nudity earlier, the red-head puts her hands behind her bed and lays down cheerfully. “You ready for the next step, Mel?” She presses a button on the remote and turns on the television. “Next part is Netflix and chill. The only thing that’s gonna help you right now is time. Digesting a whole ass person takes a while, so some Netflix’ll help you take your mind off it.”

Melissa stares down at her belly forlornly. From this angle, the bulge of Talia's head is clearly visible. "Am I really gonna be able to... Oh god, I don't even wanna think about it..." She closes her eyes and covers her face for a moment. Taking a deep breath, she opens her eyes and looks at her best friend instead. "How long before this is over?"

"Give it most of the night? You're a first time predator." Lindsay logs in to her Netflix account, feeling kinda happy. She'd been meaning to have a chill hangout with Melissa like this for a while, and even had a particular movie in mind. "Most of your troubles right now is her taking a while to turn to mush. Once she melts good and proper in a couple hours, you should feel much better."

"That's... good?" The idea of Talia turning to mush inside her clearly unsettles Melissa, and she tries to focus on the television instead. "What are you playing on Netflix?"

"Movie." Lindsay takes a swig of her beer, and burps. "'Emelie and Me'. Have you heard of it? It's new, and it's pretty popular right now."

Melissa shrugs. "Not really." She winces as her stomach grumbles again, quieter this time.

An almost-comfortable silence reigns between the best friends for a while, as they watch the movie. In it, a young French chemistry student meets an eccentric Arctic researcher, who is serving as a professor at her American university. After a little bit of friction, the two women bond over a mutual love of cold weather. Eventually, the professor invites the student to come with her on her next trip to the Arctic. But, on the eve before they depart, the two get a little too drunk and...

Melissa makes a noise of shock as she watches the two characters on the screen make out. "Wait, is this a lesbian romance movie?" she asks Lindsay.

"Nah, I think the French chick's bisexual, like all French girls... you didn't realise this was a lesbian thing?" Lindsay had known it was beforehand, but she would have picked up on it straight away. Then again, she'd watched a lot of lesbian movies in Newcastle. "You're not gonna say you don't wanna watch a lesbian romance movie, are you? You were planning to have sex with *her* tonight!" She smirks and jabs a thumb at Melissa's belly.

Melissa doesn't look down. "I just... thought it was a drama about a crazy university professor."

On the screen, the two characters are sober the next morning, and trying to convince themselves that the kiss meant nothing, and that it won't ever happen again. Which it obviously will, Lindsay knows.

“Ya know, if that’s really meant to be the Arctic, then Frenchie here isn’t really dressed properly.” Lindsay remarks a few minutes later, once the scenes have shifted to the characters on their research trip. Despite the ostensible cold, the student seems quite happy to swan around in bike shorts.

“Probably something the director wanted her to wear...” Melissa groans in discomfort, and shifts in the bed, “Geez, Lin... how the fuck do you do this? I can’t *not* think about what’s happening inside me.”

Lindsay rolls her eyes. “Like I said, you can only wait. Digestion takes time-”

“Not how do I do it, how do *you* do it?” Melissa pulls the hoodie tighter around her body. “How can you *tolerate* this? How do you *enjoy* this? I feel like I’ve got indigestion times five. Times *ten*, even.”

Her best friend shrugs. “You learn to love it.” Looking up at the ceiling for a moment, Lindsay tries to think of how to put it in words. “It’s kinda like vegemite. It’s awful the first time, but eventually you realize you love how awful it is. I can’t quite explain it, but you’ll see.” After a moment, Lindsay snorts. “I mean, you haven’t even gotten to my favorite part yet.”

“Your favorite part?” Melissa blinks. “What’s your favorite par... oh, you mean...” Her face turns ashen. “I forgot about that part.”

“Don’t get too stressed about it. It’s a long way off yet.” Lindsay grins wryly. “And it’s more fun than you’d expect, even if you’re sitting down for a long time.”

There’s another long silence between the two friends. On the screen, the student and the professor are forced to take a communal shower together, and pretend they’re not interested in each other’s genitals.

“Is this what you usually do?” Melissa asks after a while. “When you... eat someone?”

Lindsay scratches her nose for a moment. “Yeah, I usually watch stuff on TV or my phone.” And masturbate usually. But suggesting that to Melissa right now would definitely be crossing a line.

Almost an hour later, there’s a climatic love confession scene. After sleeping together one night in the Arctic research base, the student and the professor return to their university life in America, apparently trying to pretend they’re not lesbians for each other. And the professor is leaving or something? Lindsay got distracted by her phone for a moment, and now the student and the professor are confessing their love for each other in the middle of the professor’s last lecture at the university. It’s a romance movie, so they obviously start making out in front of the whole classroom. “I mean, that’s hot, but she’d probably get fired for that.” Lindsay rolls her

eyes at the movie, as the professor slips a hand down the front of the student's shorts. "And she'd *definitely* get fired for doing that in front of her other students."

As the credits roll, Lindsay stretches her arms. "Well, I enjoyed that movie. Especially the kissing parts. Have you ever thought about how cool it is when two girls kiss, Mel? Like, imagine if two best friends... Mel?"

Looking over at her best friend, the red-head sees that her eyes are closed. Melissa is lying back on the pillow, her chest slowly rising and falling. Her face is still troubled, but falling asleep is a good sign. From the looks of it, Talia is rather less solid than she used to be, the outline of her body almost gone, though Melissa's belly is still just as swollen.

"Good work, Mel." Lindsay says softly, so as not to wake her best friend. "I'm so fucking proud of you."

Who knew that the cute nervous girl who'd been friends with Xanthe Lewis all those years ago would come this far? Lindsay certainly wouldn't have pegged the teenage girl to be a future predator when she'd met her. In fact, she'd been rather dismissive of her, thinking that Melissa Jones had a life expectancy of a couple years at best. It just went to show how bright teenage predator Lindsay had been, she thinks to herself.

"Yeah, you go ahead and sleep." Lindsay gingerly sits up in bed and grabs her phone. "I'm gonna go and sort out a couple of problems for you." This was gonna be annoying, but she wouldn't dream of not helping out her best friend.

Four hours later, Lindsay is lying in bed again, quietly using her phone. Beside her, Melissa is snoring softly, her face finally peaceful. The brunette's stomach is now much smaller, and every now and again, it gurgles happily as whatever is left of Talia drains into Melissa's bowels. Lindsay pays no mind to the sound of an almost completed digestion process, instead focused on her phone.

Lindsay scrolls down her inbox, passing by hundreds of messages from random fans. Every now and again, a picture catches her eye, and she sends them a response. If the person in question is a content creator themselves, she marks them with a little heart. It's all part of her networking process; by connecting and flirting with other popular predators and prey, she can use them to improve her own fame. And more fame means more income. And speaking of income, she made a post earlier....

Navigating over to the payment tab of the app, Lindsay feels a little flutter of excitement at the shockingly large number at the top of her screen. It was large before, but it only keeps increasing every day. Thirty-thousand dollars a month is a figure that she had never expected to earn at any point in her lifetime, but her fans were delightfully relentless. Lindsay isn't bothered

to admit to herself that the amount even *arouses* her, and she can feel her groin heating up as she thinks about how much more she'll be earning in a few weeks, if everything goes well.

Greed, that's what it was. Lindsay had no problem admitting that she was greedy to the core. And why shouldn't she be? Her income was from her body, and her body had always been incredible. Lindsay had loved a few people in her lifetime so far, but herself had been the first and most enduring. When she looked in the mirror, the red-head couldn't help but be in awe at how incredible she was. She deserved every dollar, and more.

The money would be put to good use of course. As much as she enjoyed flaunting her wealth by staying at Pier One, Lindsay knew she needed an actual apartment. And what she really needed was an outrageously extravagant apartment. Big enough for... Her eyes drift over to Melissa for a moment. Well, time enough to think about that later.

Oh, here's a cute one, Lindsay thinks to herself. A young futanari prey with five-thousand subscribers of her own has sent her a rather horny message about wanting to fuck her buttocks. Lindsay stares at the girl's profile picture and shrugs. *Sure*, she responds, *I've been lacking in anal content. But I'm playing for keeps, kid. Don't think you're going home afterward.*

Lindsay smirks to herself as she fires off the message. It's a shame that Melissa was marketing herself as a prey, since she would have probably made absolute bank from her stomach tonight. But then again, more predators than prey online tended to mean that prey got more interest from horny teenage predators. Actually, when Lindsay tabs over to Melissa's VoreFans page, she can't help but be impressed at how quickly her best friend has built up a following. At this rate, she might even overtake Lindsay in a few months.

Which wasn't a bad thing, quite the opposite, Lindsay thinks to herself. If everything with Melissa went as *planned*...

There's the sound of stirring, and the red-head is shaken out of her plotting. Closing her phone, Lindsay turns to look at her best friend. "Oh, you're awake. How are you feeling?"

Melissa's eyes are still half-closed as she blinks herself awake, seeming disoriented and confused. She always looks like this when she wakes up, Lindsay remembers. It's unbearably cute. "Wha... oh, right..." The freckled girl appears to remember where she is. "Ugh, fuck, what time is it...?" Almost instinctively, she touches the ruby on her neck, and seems a little relieved at its presence.

"Four-thirty in the morning." Lindsay puts her phone on the bedside table. "Good thing I don't need to work anymore."

"Fucking *hell*..." Melissa whispers softly to herself. Lindsay turns to see that her best friend is staring in horror at her stomach. Her belly is still swollen, but it's far cry to how large it was when Lindsay arrived. "Where... where the fuck did she *go*?"

The red-head sits up in the bed, feeling her bare breasts bounce a little. "Stomach acid is real strong, Mel. It's nuts to think about how fast it can reduce a person to soup."

"Oh." Melissa doesn't look like she wants to think about that. She tears her gaze away from her stomach, and looks to her best friend. "Have you been awake this whole time?"

"Yeah." Lindsay shrugs. She's used to staying up this late. Admittedly, she's usually having sex around this time, not waiting her her friend to finish digesting someone. "I did go downstairs for a little while, though." When Melissa looks confused, the red-head elaborates. "I convinced one of the receptionists to say that your soupy friend left before I arrived. So, you shouldn't get in trouble with anyone. Not that anyone would care, but still."

"Wha... really?" The brunette is rather shocked by that. "How'd you convince them to do that?"

Lindsay rubs her jaw, still feeling rather stiff and sore. "It's... a long story. Let's just say that they wanted more than money, but I was happy to pay..."

"...huh? What the heck do you m-" Melissa is about to say something else, but instead her face pales and she looks down at her belly. "Oh, I feel kinda..." Suddenly, Melissa screws up her face. "Oh, no." She speaks softly, but her voice is dire. "O-oh no... Lin?!" Holding her belly, the brunette looks to her best friend in terror. "Lin, what's happening?!"

Lindsay looks down at Melissa's belly, and then shrugs. "Guess your body woke you up for the next part."

"The next part?" The brunette is clearly panicking a little too much to think straight. "What's the next part?!"

"The next part is you emptying that woman out of your body." The red-head says simply, waiting for Melissa to get her meaning.

"Emptying...?!" Melissa's eyes widen as understanding dawns on her. "Oh, please no. I don't want to... I don't think I *can* do that, Lin!"

In one fluid motion, Lindsay leaps off the bed, and walks around to the other side. "Ooookay, Mel. Calm down. Like I keep saying, you're *gonna be fine*." She holds out her hand to Melissa. "You've heard me do this loads of times before. It's just a natural process, just more than the usual amount of poop."

"I've *heard* you do it before, but that's totally different to *me* actually doing it!" Melissa hesitates for a moment, but she takes her best friend's hand. As soon as she does, Lindsay wraps her other arm around Melissa's waist. With a grunt of effort, Lin easily hefts her best friend to her feet. Suddenly, Melissa looks panicked. "Oh shit, I'm gonna...!"

The fart that bursts out of Melissa's behind almost puts Lindsay in mind of a car backfiring. She can almost fancy that the sheets on the bed ripple slightly as the brunette girl grimaces in discomfort. Once the painfully loud fart dies away, Melissa covers her face, already red with embarrassment. Lindsay tries to surreptitiously take a deep whiff. "Geez, Mel, that one's been brewing for a few hours!"

Melissa looks mortified. "Oh my god, this is so humiliating..." Her eye twitches slightly, and she shifts her weight uncomfortably. "Oh no, not *again*..." A second expulsion of gas announces itself, and Lindsay tries hard to fight back laughter.

"Okay, that's your butt letting us know that Talia's ready to come out!" Lindsay pulls Melissa toward the bathroom. "Come on, Mel. She's gonna come out soon, one way or another!"

Melissa lets her best friend half-walk, half-carry her into the bathroom. She's still only dressed in Lindsay's hoodie, which the red-head amusedly notes makes things a lot easier in terms of not needing to get undressed. As she sits down heavily on the toilet, Melissa grabs Lindsay by the shoulder. "You saw my poop the other day, remember? It's the same process."

"There's a difference between seeing yours, and having it *come out of me*..." The freckled girl is stuck somewhere between 'panic', 'slightly drunk' and 'scared of the upside down volcano that her butt was about to become'.

Had Lindsay's first time been this bad? She barely even remembered her first time digesting a person. Whatever their name had been, the red-head couldn't even remember their face. "Okay, I'm gonna coach you through this, alright?" She takes Melissa's hands and squeezes them reassuringly.

Melissa's face is pale. "Oh god... I can feel how much there is in there..." She shifts nervously on the toilet bowl, wincing every now and again from the pressure in her bowels.

"Mel, look at me." Lindsay commands, trying to snap her friend out of her panic. It seems to work, as Melissa's eyes refocus on Lindsay's face. "First things first, you're gonna be on this toilet for a while. This is a marathon, not a sprint, okay? You're not gonna push a whole person out in one go." After a moment, her best friend nods meekly. "Good. Second thing, you need to keep your fluids up. Here." Lindsay picks up the vodka cruiser from next to the toilet and hands it to Melissa. "I put this here while you were asleep. It'll help you relax too."

Without hesitation, Melissa grabs the drink and cracks open the top, taking a few quick gulps. Some liquid courage to help her face the trial ahead must have sounded appealing to her. "Is... is there anything else?" She seems desperate for anything else to help her.

Lindsay thinks for a moment. "I doubt this toilet was built for vore. *Don't* let it back up. Make sure you flush every few minutes, and you should be fine, okay?" Ugh, Lindsay knew that from

personal experience. The toilet in her own hotel room was still backed up from what Tiffany had left behind. She'd had to use the bathtub instead. Oh, that hadn't been pretty. "Everything else, you're better off learning on the job, as it were. Let me know when you run out of vodka, I'll bring you some water."

As Lindsay stands up, Melissa becomes distressed. "Wait, you're leaving?!"

The red-head raises an eyebrow. "You *want* me to watch you poop?" Well, Lindsay wouldn't say *no* to that, but she'd expected her friend to want to some privacy.

"Well, I..." Melissa's face flushes red. "It's not that, I just... I'm scared to do this by myself." Rubbing her thighs nervously, her best friend looks temptingly emotionally vulnerable. Lindsay guesses that Melissa would agree to almost anything right now...

Fighting back against temptation, Lindsay refuses to take advantage of her best friend. "You'll be fine, Mel. I'll leave the bathroom door open. Sing out if you need something, okay? I'll just be out here." Putting on a brave grin, Lindsay waits until her friend calms down, and then turns to walk out of the bathroom.

Sitting down on the bed, Lindsay listens intently. After a little while, she hears a muffled fart, and then the sound of something splashing into water. And then something else. And then something else. The splashes quickly increase in speed, and Lindsay listens to her friend pooping with no small amount of interest. So, Melissa is the type to do lots of little poops instead of one big log. That's knowledge that Lindsay is perversely happy to gain. She can hear her friend grunting in effort, and the sound is deeply arousing to Lindsay's ears.

Satisfied at the sound of her friend crapping out a person, Lindsay lays down in the bed. Rather than the side she'd been sleeping in earlier, the red-head deliberately lays down where Melissa had been sleeping. Snuggling into her friend's spot, Lindsay can feel Melissa's warmth on her bare skin.

Oh fuck it. Melissa couldn't see or hear her, probably. Reaching down, Lindsay slips her hands down the front of her yoga pants. It's not the first, or the dozenth, time she's masturbated to her best friend, but it's the first time that her best friend has been physically present for it. Listening to the deeply vulgar sound of her cute best friend emptying her bowels into the toilet, Lindsay begins to masturbate quietly...

Half an hour later, Melissa stumbles out of the bathroom, looking a little disoriented. In the window behind her, dawn's light is slipping through the cracks in the blinds. Birds are chirping in the distance, as the brunette yawns. She's carrying her clothes, and a lot less weight.

Lindsay looks up, her cheeks still a little flushed from masturbating earlier. “Oh hey,” she says, trying to sound nonchalant. “You’re finally done.”

Melissa looks down at her stomach. It’s much reduced from before, but there’s still a decent curve to her belly. “Yeah... mostly.” She clears her throat awkwardly. “Um... I think there’s still some... stuff... left in there. Is that normal?”

“Yeah, for a first timer. Your body isn’t used to crapping such a high volume at once. But, that’ll change.” Lindsay points the television remote at the screen and changes the channel. There’s nothing good on at this hour. “If you’re done shitting, come watch some shitty TV with me.”

“First timer...” Melissa scowls at nothing in particular. “I”m never doing that again, Lin. *Never.*” Lindsay just rolls her eyes at that. Her best friend probably actually believes that, the red-head smirks to herself. “That was the worst thing I’ve ever done. I can’t understand why predators seek out that experience.”

Lindsay raises an eyebrow. Her best friend seems to have regained her confidence, and there’s not much point trying to convince her that she enjoyed what she’d just done. But she can’t resist a little retort; “If you still think that a week from now, I’d be a lot more surprised.”

“I... whatever.” Melissa doesn’t try to argue. Instead, she sighs and scratches her head in embarrassment. “Lin, you really saved my ass tonight. If you hadn’t been here, I’d have...” She trails off, trying to find the words. “I... don’t even know what I would have done. I owe you a lot, Lin.”

“Don’t mention it.” Lindsay just shrugs. If she’d had to walk across broken glass to get here tonight, she would have. But, that might be a little much to say. “What are best friends for?”

Melissa opens her mouth, but she can’t seem to articulate how grateful she is. Instead, she just sighs again. “Well, it’s over now.” She shrugs off Lindsay’s hoodie, and holds up the dress she took off much earlier. “I can get dressed again, at least.”

“Damn, I knew there was gonna be bad news eventually.” Lindsay snickers to herself, as Melissa begins to put her white bra back on. The comment is meant as a joke, but her best friend freezes mid-movement, and stares at Lindsay. The red-head notices her gaze, blinking curiously back at her. “Uh, something wrong, Mel?”

“N-no, nothing.” Melissa shakes her head, and grimaces for a moment. “Fuck, did my bra shrink?” She looks down at herself, and realizes. “Oh, right...”

Lindsay smirks. “Lemme guess. Your bra’s a D-cup, but your boobs have had an upgrade?” As Melissa looks away in embarrassment, her best friend laughs out loud. “Yeah, that tends to happen when you eat someone. Actually, you’re probably experiencing post-expansion swelling.” She points at Melissa’s breasts, which are redder than usual, in addition to being

fatter. "After you eat someone, your boobs and butt tend to swell up bigger than they actually are. So, they'll probably go back down within twenty-four hours or so. Only a little though, you're still gonna be way bigger than you used to be."

Melissa sighs. "Wow, lucky me." It seems like she's not quite celebrating her body's newly increased assets. Probably because it took a person's life to achieve them. "Well, that's something I'm gonna have to deal with... forever, I guess."

Lindsay snorts. "Oh, poor you!" Shaking her head in amusement, the red-head can't help but be amused at the concept of someone lamenting their boob upgrade. "Well, I guess the rest of us will have to enjoy looking at them for you!"

With a bit of effort, Melissa finally manages to get her bra on. Slipping her underwear back on, she stares at her dress for a moment, and then at Lindsay. "Lin... are you..."

"...am I what?" Lindsay feels a little unsettled by the strange look in Melissa's eyes. "Something wrong, Mel?"

Melissa stares at her best friend for a long moment, before sighing. "You're in my spot."

"Huh?" The red-head looks down, and realizes that she's still lying on Melissa's side of the bed. "W-well, geez, Mel. I didn't think you cared that much about what side of the bed you were using!" Her cheeks tinged with redness, Lindsay scoots over in the bed, and pats the spot where her butt just was. "Come on, warmed it up for ya!"

The brunette has a wary look on her face, but she sits down on the bed. Biting her lip, Melissa seems to think about something for a short while, before she turns toward the television. Her stomach grumbles as she lays down in the bed next to Lindsay, though much less viciously than it did before.

For a few minutes, there's an uneasy silence between the two friends. On the TV, some boring morning new program is playing, but Lindsay can tell that neither of them are really watching it. Her best friend has something on her mind, she can tell. As the minutes tick by, the red-head can't stand it anymore. "What's on your mind, Mel? I've known you long enough to know when you're chewing on something in that cute head of yours."

"My cute..." Melissa scowls for a moment. "Lin, I need to..." Tapping her thigh with her thumb, the brunette is clearly thinking hard. "I... don't really know how to ask this, Lin."

Lindsay blinks, feeling a little unsettled by her friend's sudden seriousness. "Take your time. I'm not going anywhere." She grins, trying to lighten the mood a little.

Her best friend doesn't seem to be affected by her smile. "Lin, I need to know..." She awkwardly clears her throat. "That is... before Talia told me she was gonna eat me... we kinda talked about..."

As her friend trails off awkwardly, Lindsay raises an eyebrow. Melissa is clearly having trouble with this topic. "Talked about what? Me?" Lindsay tries to lighten the mood again with a joke. "I don't blame you, I'm pretty great after all."

Melissa shifts awkwardly in the bed, licking her lips nervously. "Well, actually, yes. It was about you..."

"Wait, *really?*" Shocked, Lindsay wonders why the two of them had been talking about her. "How the heck did I come up in conversation? Weren't you two about to-"

"Well, yes, but... I just..." Melissa screws up her face. "We talked about..." There's a long pause, and she sighs. "No, this isn't the right time for this. Sorry, Lin." She looks frustrated, and Lindsay can't help but feel like they're on the cusp of something important.

The red-head reaches out and grabs Melissa's shoulder. "Mel, you can talk to me about anything, alright?" She has a sneaking suspicion about *what* her best friend is getting at, and there's no chance she's just gonna let the conversation end like this. "Please, tell me what you two talked about."

Melissa sighs again. "She... said that she thought that you're in love with me." She rubs the bridge of her nose. "And that you wanted me to go on a date with *her*, so I'd be open to dating *you* in the future."

Oh boy. Oh boy, oh boy. Here we go. Here we *go*. The red-head feels excitement welling up in her stomach. It was time for *this* conversation, finally. Play it cool, Lindsay thinks to herself, play it *cool*. "Yeah..." Lindsay says, "...she was completely right, I *am* crazy in love with you. For years." Oh, *nice* job. Cool as a pool of fucking lava, she was.

"I know." Melissa grimaces. "Since you got back, it's been really obvious. I just... didn't let myself realize it until Talia told me. She hadn't even *met* you, and she could tell." She leans forward, an uncomfortable look on her face. "Oh, this is bad..."

Oh god, this wasn't the reaction that Lindsay had expected. "Mel, if you don't feel the same way, I..."

Quickly, her best friend holds up her hands. "No, no, no! Lin, I'm not trying to..." She grimaces again. "Lin, this is a really big thing to process, okay. But the most important thing is, I just finished *turning my fucking colon inside out*." The freckled girl pats her stomach, which rumbles nastily. "I feel like my bowels are bruised to hell right now. This is an important conversation, and we're gonna talk about this, but I don't wanna have it while I'm feeling like *death*."

Oh. That made a lot of sense. Sheepishly, Lindsay scratches her hair. "Yeah... I can understand what you mean. We can discuss this later, I guess..."

"We *will* discuss it. I *want* to talk to you about this. But we need to be comfortable and ready to talk about our relationship." Melissa sits up in the bed. "Oh god, I have that filming session with Jessica Storm tomorrow, I just remembered. I gotta go home and fucking sleep..."

"Wait!" Lindsay can't quite leave the discussion without making sure of something. "Mel, I need to know... I'm not asking you to agree to anything, but at least tell me if it's a hard 'no'." She knows that she won't be able to stand the next few days not knowing.

Melissa blushes and looks away. "I'm not saying... I need to think about this, Lin. I can't just..." After a moment, she sighs. "It's not a hard 'no', not even close. Can you be satisfied with that for a few days?"

Yes, very much. Lindsay can't stop herself from grinning. "I can be satisfied with that. Take a few days, let me know when you're ready to talk."

"Thanks for being cool about this, Lin." Melissa pulls the dress over her head. She turns back to her best friend, a real smile on her face for the first time that night. "We can talk about that secret thing you've got planned, too."

"My what?" Oh, Lindsay had forgotten that she was keeping her apartment plans a secret for now. "Oh, yeah... It's kinda related to that topic, actually."

"Really? That's... interesting." Melissa looks around at the hotel room, and shakes her head. "Come on, Lin. Time to go home. I don't wanna stay in this room anymore. There's nothing good in here... apart from you."

To tell the truth, Lindsay wanted to stay a little longer, but she can't refuse her best friend. Jumping out of bed, the red-head picks up her hoodie and puts it on, zipping up to cover her bare breasts. "Yeah, might be a good idea. I've been feeling kinda weird in the mornings lately."

As they exit the hotel room, Melissa raises her eyebrow at her best friend. "You're feeling sick in the mornings? Doesn't that kinda sound like..." She presses the button for the elevator.

"Yeah, I know what it sounds like." Lindsay smirks. She'd slept with that cute futanari waitress a few days ago, and using a condom had seemed boring. As the elevator doors ding open, the red-head smirks. "Yeah, I don't think Tiffany was firing blanks. Maybe she got a lucky spurt off." It was an exciting idea, to tell the truth.

A minute or so later, the elevator doors open into the lobby of the hotel. Lindsay and Melissa step out, walking quickly across to the entrance. Behind them, the younger receptionist calls out

to them, but her older coworker loudly yells at her to shut up and let her sleep. Lindsay turns and smirks nastily at the Asian girl, before holding the door open for her best friend.

The chill of morning washes over the two best friends, and there's a bite to the sunlight that seems to suggest that the afternoon will be quite hot indeed. Lindsay stretches her arms, yawning. "Hell of a night, Mel. You always know how to-" She's cut off by Melissa hugging her suddenly.

The hug is quick, and Melissa pulls away quickly. She smiles up at her best friend. "Thank you Lin, for everything. You're the most important person in the world to me right now." She takes Lindsay by the hands, and squeezes them.

"O-oh... you're welcome." Lindsay could have fallen in love with her for a second time, right then and there. "A-and you're my most important person too, Mel!" She can feel her nipples trying to poke a hole through her hoodie again, but this time it's not from cold.

"I'm really tired, so I'm going home." Melissa lets go of her hands, and turns. "I'll call you soon, okay?" She says, waving as she walks away.

Lindsay watches her best friend go, feeling excitement and longing in her heart. Neither of those are new emotions when it comes to looking at Melissa, but now they're tinged with the knowledge that her love might be reciprocated soon. *It's not a hard 'no', not even close.* The words make a pleasant ring in her ears.

With a spring in her step, and a bounce to her chest, Lindsay turns toward home. People were going to stare at her outfit along the way, and she didn't care. Let them stare, and enjoy it. Even if the red-head had disliked the attention, she was high above any mortal concerns right now. All she wanted to do was go home, and masturbate non-stop to every single picture of Melissa Jones that she could find. Which was pretty normal for her, to tell the truth.

End of Part Four

KNOWN STATUS OF KNOWN CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART FOUR:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility :	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	Single	Wealthy	Fertile	Preparing to throw out an entire drawer's worth of underwear, now that she's a cup size bigger.
Lindsay Smith	Feeling a bit weird?	Single	Wealthy	Fertilised by Tiffany	Confessed her feelings to her best friend, and

					was delighted at the response. But hope can be dangerous thing in a predator's heart...
Talia	Dead	Digested by Melissa Jones.	Dead	Extinguished before she could procreate	Found out that overconfidence is a weakness that strikes when least expected, and that preds come in all shapes and sizes. And finally, that there are no second chances in this world.
Tiffany	Dead	Digested by Lindsay Smith.	Dead	Has proved that death is no barrier to knocking someone up	Has succeed at filling up Lindsay's belly in two seperate ways.
Jessica Storm	Alive	???	Opulent	Very Virile	After abstaining from masturbation for a few days, the sperm in her balls have reached lethally fertile levels.
Azrael	Alive	Hunting	???	Very Virile	Error: Data Corrupted!
Xanthe Lewis	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Was rich	Extinguished before she could procreate	Picked a fight in a foreign country, now taking a permanant vacation in the sewer underneath a college.
Jane	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Broke	Extinguished before she could procreate	A nurse who gave her patient a little too much relief. Could have been used to impregnate a few people, if she hadn't ended up on the floor.