

You are in love with your best friend.

This is not news to you. Quite the opposite, in fact. Himari's been your first, and only love so far in your life, and you've known that you wanted to be together with her for over a decade. Which was impressive considering that you're only eighteen. The two of you have been best girlfriends since the fateful day that you'd moved into the house next door to hers. You'd been together before you'd even known how to write the word 'love'.

You know the moment that you'd fallen in love with your best friend, though it had taken you a little while to understand what the feeling even *was*. Some girl had been bullying you, and you'd been crying. And then, out of nowhere, Himari had come in and swallowed the girl whole. You'd fallen for her right then and there, and ever since then, you'd been best friends for life.

Himari had gotten into a lot of trouble for eating that girl, especially since her parents hadn't found out until *after* the bully was thoroughly digested. But you'd explained to them that Himari had just been protecting you, and so everyone had agreed that Himari was a good girl after all. It had also taken a toll on Himari's weight, and your best friend had never *quite* managed to shed the fat that digesting that bully had given her. Not that you considered it a bad thing by any means. Hell, you're pretty sure you've loved Himari for so long that your fetishes were shaped by her.

Your best friend is a redhead, with a pretty face and tomboyish style. Despite being a sporty girl, she's still a bit chubbier than average, not that you're complaining. Himari's a cheerful and warm girl, and it's hard to stay sad whenever she's near. She's also a bit dumb, and kinda easy to trick. Which you think is rather cute. You think a lot of things about Himari are cute. Like the way her cheeks feel when you pinch them playfully. Or the way that she tries to sneak extra snacks during class. Or the way that she was obviously *destined* to be together with you, in a love that would outlast time itself.

You've admired yourself in the mirror enough times over your high school years to know that you're a rather pretty girl yourself. Long blonde hair falls to your shoulders, which you've expertly styled into a pair of blonde braids. You did this to compliment your handsome face, which you're also quite proud of. It's not much of a surprise that you were scouted a few years back to be a teenage fashion model. Where Himari's face is chubby, yours is sharply defined. Where Himari is curvy and soft in all the right places (in your opinion at least), you are fit and strong. You compliment each other perfectly, which you're certain is just another sign from the universe that you're destined to be together.

So, one day, when Himari suddenly asks you to meet her at the nearby family restaurant because she's got something important to tell you, you're absolutely ready to accept the confession of love you know *must* be coming. You braid your hair carefully, put on your cutest top that shows off your chest and cutest skirt that shows off your long legs, and get ready to take the next step in your destined love affair.

“Sakura,” Himari says to you, blushing. “The truth is... I have a girlfriend!”

What.

You almost spit out the water that you’ve been drinking. What the heck did she mean, she had a girlfriend? *You’re* supposed to be her girlfriend! “You... what?” You stammer, unable to process what she’s just said.

“I’m sorry, I know I kept this a secret from you, Sakura...” Himari is clearly nervous to be telling you this. “But... I’m into girls. I’m a lesbian.” She looks up at you, as if she’s not sure what response her best friend will have to what she seems to believe is a sudden revelation.

Well, no shit! You’ve known that Himari’s a lesbian since middle school. That was around the time that she’d started staring *way* too long at other girls changing during gym class. She’s had girl on girl porn in her internet search history for years. She’s had crushes on older girls since middle school, which you grudgingly tolerated since you knew they had no interest in her. You’ve known she’s a lesbian almost as long as you’ve known that *you’re* a lesbian. “Yeah... I know... but what’s this about a girl-”

“You *knew*?” Himari looks shocked. “How’d you figure it out? I was so careful!”

Was she trying to insult you? No, this was just Himari being Himari, as always. As irritated as you are, you can’t help that little flutter your heart does when your best friend does something cute. “It’s just women’s intuition, Himari!~”

“Really? Well, okay!” It’s shocking how easily your best friend believes you. “Um, anyway... so I have a girlfriend now!”

Oh God, you’d hoped that you’d just imagined that part. “A g-girlfriend?!” Was she serious?

“We’ve been together for about three months now! I thought it was time I told you, Sakura. You’re my best friend, so you’re the first person I’ve told!” Himari squirms in her seat, looking as excited as you’ve ever seen her. “It really means a lot to me that you know, okay?”

Three months?! She’d been together with some slut for *three months*? How could you have missed this?! You’d known that Himari was doing something you didn’t know about, but you’d never imagined... oh God, had they had sex?! No, Himari was pure, you’re certain. She’s saving herself for you, she has to be. After all, you’re saving yourself for her. “Well... I’m glad to hear it!~” You say, lying through your teeth. It wouldn’t do to show Himari anything less than your best side. “A-are you sure about her, though?”

“Oh, yeah. I’m pretty sure I like her.” Himari grins in a way that’s supposed to be playfully smug, but it just pisses you off. Does she think this is funny? Some girl’s stealing your rightful place! There’s a few beads of sweat dripping down the redhead’s cute round cheeks, and the

sight makes you feel a little calmer. “Oh man,” your best friend sighs in relief. “I knew you’d accept me, Sakura, but it was still really scary to tell someone. Even you.”

“You’re my best friend, Himari, you can tell me anything. I’ll *always* love you.” If your best friend had told you she wanted to be a boy, you’d still love her. If she’d told you she wanted to move to New Delhi, you’d already be looking for your own plane ticket. If she told you that she believed that she was a reincarnated king from medieval times, you’d happily play along with her delusions. But this... was hard to swallow. “This girl... friend of yours... what’s she like?” You need to find a way to get rid of this bitch, and fast!

“Well, you can find out right now!” Himari stands up and waves to a nearby table, where another girl your age is sitting. “Stacy! I told her! Come on over!”

Oh *fuck*. This wasn’t happening. This couldn’t be happening. You’re not ready to meet the girl who was trying to worm her way into Himari’s heart, into *your* property. But, you put on a happy face. “Oh, yay!~ I’d love to meet her!” You’re not a model for nothing, after all. You could put on a happy face even if you were looking down the gullet of a hungry predator.

The girl who nervously makes her way over to the two of you is a foreigner, with a soft face and lots of freckles. Probably an American exchange student, from the looks of it. Her hair is blonde, so pale it’s almost white. You can admit that she’s cute, but she’s certainly a downgrade from *you*. What the fuck, Himari? Was your best friend *unaware* that the stars had already foretold that your love would outlast the universe? Part of you had always hoped that Himari had known deep down that she loved you, but clearly your best friend would need to be informed of that fact.

You dearly want to reach out and shove this bitch down your throat. Violent murder would be your second option, though less satisfying. “Oh, nice to meet you!~” You stand up from your chair and smile sweetly, holding out your hand. “I’m Himari’s best friend, Sakura!~”

“Yes, I’ve heard lots about you from Hi-chan!” Stacy’s Japanese is quite good for a foreigner, you’re surprised to hear. “Wow, you’re even prettier than Hi-chan described!” The girl smiles sweetly back at you, seemingly unaware of your sudden desire to rip out her throat for calling Himari such an intimate nickname.

Himari described you as pretty? You know you are, but the knowledge that your best friend thinks so too brings a slight blush to your face. “Thank you!~ But I can’t match your cuteness, Stacy. Himari has great taste!~” But not in her choice of girlfriend, apparently.

“Sakura and I have been friends since... wow, before elementary school!” Himari explains to Stacy, as the two of you shake hands. You’ll have to wash your hands later, to clean off all the slut. “We’re basically sisters!” Neither of you have actual sisters, but some lesbian incest stuff’s been popping up in her search history lately, so you’re not too bothered by Himari thinking of you that way.

“That long?!” Stacy gasps in surprise. “Wow, that’s amazing!”

Himari turns to you. “She’s cute, right?” You want to throttle her. Not Himari, the slut who’s managed to somehow attach herself to your best friend. You’d never hurt Himari, *ever*. “Stacy asked me out at the end of last year, and I thought... why not?” Why not? How about the fact that she’s *literally* destined to be with you?

Feeling a little faint, you sit back down on your chair. Opposite you, Himari sits back down as well. To your eternal rage, Stacy sits down next to Himari, their shoulders almost touching. The foreign girl gives you a quizzical look.

“You look really familiar, have we met before?” What, is Himari’s new girlf- nope, not even gonna *think* it. Is Himari’s new *female friend* trying to hit on you or something? Stacy stares at you for a long moment, and you’re thankful that your years of tolerating Himari’s antics has given you a great poker face. “Ah!” Stacy suddenly flinches as she realizes. “You’re that popular teenage model, uh... Sakura Konoé! I’ve seen you in fashion magazines!” She turns to Himari, slapping your best friend on the arm playfully. “Hi-chan, you never told me you were friends with someone *famous*!”

*Best friends*, thank you very much. And ‘famous’ was an exaggeration. You’re only just barely in the top one-hundred teenage models in Japan, after all.

“Aha... Sakura’s pretty modest about her work...” Himari grins at you, and that’s a bit of relief. That hideous eyesore next to her is really bothering you. Your best friend sits up straight, looking proud. “I always wanted to be a model too, but I guess being best friends with one is pretty good too!”

Of course she’s not a model. You made sure to sabotage every attempt Himari ever made at trying out. After all, Himari was so cute, everyone in Japan would fall in love with her too. And only you had earned that privilege. “Haha, well, maybe you should try out again this year, Himari. I bet you’d get in this year!” You really would bet that, which is why you’ll make sure she doesn’t succeed.

“Nah, I’ve tried enough...” Your best friend scratches the back of her red hair, laughly weakly. It makes you a little guilty to see the girl you love looking downcast, but you know it’s for her own good. “Yeah, I need to go on a diet! Gotta get ready for summer. I wanna wear a bikini this year.”

Himari didn’t need to lose weight. You liked her at the weight she was right now; a little chubby. Hell, you wouldn’t mind if she even put on a few pounds. The more Himari to love, the better.

“Ooh, I’m looking forward to that!” Stacy smiles at your best friend. “You’d look so good in one now, I can’t wait to see what you look like in summer!”

Lustful bitch. Only interested in Himari's beautiful body. "Haha, I'm sure you'd be a lovely pair! I need to diet for summer too!~" You say, suppressing a desire to punch the girl touching your best friend.

Stacy looks shocked. "No way, you already look amazing, Sakura! You're already crazy hot!" She gives you a friendly smile, which does nothing to make you like her. "I bet you get lots of girls interested in you!"

"Yeah, Sakura always gets lots of attention from guys whenever we go to the beach. Even some of the girls at our high school were head over heels." Himari laughs at the memory. "She even had a fan club dedicated to her! She got *loads* of love confessions, I was so jealous! But she turned them all down..."

Well, obviously. None of them had the vital quality of being Himari. "I wanted to wait until after graduation for love..." You shrug dismissively, almost as dismissive as you'd been to those idiots who'd wasted your time trying to seduce you when you already had Himari. "Well, maybe I'll get a girlfriend this year~!" At least, you'd *hoped* you would. Now you're not so sure.

"Haha, that's so funny, Sakura!" Himari just laughs off your unsubtle implication. "I bet you'll get a really hot boyfriend this year." She has an amazing ability to somehow completely miss your attempts to hint that you're not interested in guys... or anyone other than her, really.

"Honestly, how do you look so good, Sakura?" Stacy looks you over, and you resist cringing under her lecherous gaze. The worst part was that she looked completely innocent! "Gosh, do you go to the gym a lot? You must, with abs like those!"

One hour a day in the gym every day between the ages of twelve to eighteen, all to build the perfect body for Himari to take possession of. That's in addition to the half-hour masturbation session that you do to pictures of your best friend every day, ready for the day that Himari finally realizes that you're meant to be more than just best friends. "Oh, just every now and then..." You make yourself giggle softly. Modesty is cute, after all.

"Maybe you can teach me..." Stacy gestures to her own body. It's not bad, you grudgingly admit. She's fit and skinny, with big breasts, and she's dressed in a tight top that shows off her assets well. Nowhere near Himari's divine curves, obviously. Stacy nods at your best friend. "I want to look my best for Hi-chan..."

Stacy's 'best' look would be at least five hundred miles away from Himari, in your opinion. Possibly after being eaten and digested. Hey, that wasn't a bad idea, come to think about it... "Actually, maybe I *can* teach you..." Teach her a lesson with stomach acid, more like...

“Huh? Really?” The foreign girl’s face lights up. “I’d love that! I wanna become friends with you Sakura-chan!” Then, she blushes. “Uh... not just because you’re a model, though! I’d already heard lots of good things about you from Hi-chan, so...”

“Haha, it’s okay! I believe you. Don’t worry, Stacy, I wanna be friends with you too!~” Kill her, murder her for touching Himari, eat her alive, melt her down into-

Himari laughs, breaking your chain of thought. “Thank you, Sakura.” When you look at her in surprise, your best friend just grins at you. “I was worried you two wouldn’t like each other or something! I’m glad you and Stacy are hitting it off.”

“Well, she’s your girlf- she’s with you, so she’s gotta be someone who’d match my tastes, Himari!” You say cheerfully, though you’re unable to say that awful word. Neither of them seem to notice. “I want to be closer with you, Stacy.” Yes, close enough to digest. “I’m sure we’ll be getting closer very soon...” Stacy just nods happily, oblivious to the sentence of death she’s earned for herself.

Yes, you’ll be getting closer sooner than your best friend expects...

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That night, you head over to Stacy’s apartment. She’s staying in a nearby building, annoyingly close to both your and Himari’s houses. The foreign girl is probably living there off her rich parent’s money. You assume she’s got rich parents, since most foreign exchange students in Japan need money to be able to come here, and also that Stacy’s got a proven track record of not being able to keep her hands off things that belong to other people.

Now, you didn’t actually *ask* Stacy for her address, nor did you inform her that you’d decided to pay her a visit. In fact, you’d pilfered the girl’s address from Himari’s phone, after your best friend decided to visit the bathroom. After all, even Himari would be suspicious if you suddenly asked where the girl now claiming to be her... *girlfriend* lived.

And so it is that at eleven-o-clock at night, you ring Stacy’s doorbell. You’re not trying to sneak in, after all. No, you know that Stacy’s too nice not to answer the door, even though a good girl wouldn’t answer the door to a stranger after the sun went down.

A few seconds later, you hear the intercom next to her door buzz. “Who’s there?” Stacy’s voice asks, sounding tinny through the speaker.

“It’s Sakura!” You beam your prettiest smile to the little camera lens above the intercom, and give her a wave.

“Eh?! S-sakura-chan?” Stacy sounds rather shocked to see you standing out the front of her door this late at night.

You just continue smiling into the camera. For a moment, you wonder if Stacy might actually be smart enough to not open the door to you. But that turns out to be not a concern at all, when you hear the locks in the door click open. A few seconds later, the apartment door swings open, and a surprised Stacy steps out to meet you.

“What are you doing here this late at night?” She asks you, clearly confused but trying to put on a polite face. “N-not that I’m bothered to see you, I’m just-” Judging by her shorts and loose shirt, she wasn’t expecting company tonight.

You rearrange your face into a look of mild surprise. “Eh? Didn’t I say I was going to help you train?” You gesture down to your clothes. You’re in your gym gear, a tight sports bra and shorts, with a thick woolen jacket over the top for warmth. It’s practical, sexy, and most importantly, leaves your belly bare. “Or were you just being polite?” You ask her, in a slightly hurt tone that makes it impossible for her to refuse.

“No, no, I was serious! I just... do you usually train this late?” Stacy still seems a little wary, but you can tell that she’s a bit of a pushover when it comes to you. She probably finds you attractive, and thus has a hard time refusing you. It’s something you’re quite happy to take advantage of.

“Yes, I often train at night. I jogged over here.” You did, actually. Sometimes, you go on late night jogs, since they’re good for keeping your body ready. They’re also a good excuse to hang out in front of Himari’s house and watch her bedroom window. You gesture at Stacy’s open front door. “Shall we go in?” You ask, already leaning forward. “It’s rather chilly out here...”

You’ve left Stacy no room to refuse. “Uh, sure!” She steps back and gestures for you to enter. You quickly step past her, eager to get out of sight of any potential witnesses. Stacy follows you in, closing the door behind her. “Um... sorry about the mess. I would have cleaned up if I’d known you were coming.”

The apartment is small, even smaller than your bedroom in your house. That’s really all there is to say about it. It consists of only two rooms, one combined bedroom and living room, and a small bathroom next to the entrance. Apart from Stacy’s bed, there’s a desk for studying and television that’s tuned to some J-drama. Somehow, it shocks you not at all that the blonde foreigner likes that sort of thing, since she clearly enjoys sticking her nose into other people’s relationships. There’s a few magazines on the end of her bed, mostly of manga. You’re not surprised to see that she subscribes to a few yuri magazines.

“Um, do you want something to drink, Sakura-chan?” Stacy seems more than a little nervous around you. It’s clear that she hadn’t expected to see you again this quickly, let alone have you in her apartment tonight. The foreign girl opens her fridge, offering you a soft drink. “Should I make something to eat?! Sorry, I’m totally freaking out...”

“No, I’m okay. Please don’t worry about me, Stacy.” You give her a disarming smile, which seems to calm her down a little. “And you don’t need to panic either. I’m just here to help you.” Help you become ass fat for Himari to play with, certainly.

“Sorry...” Stacy says again, looking embarrassed. “When I met you today, you were just so pretty and professional, I thought you were just being polite... I’m sorry for thinking like that...”

Was this what Himari was into? Girls who apologize too much? God, what a pathetic waste of space this girl is. “Haha, of course I’d be happy to help you! Any friend of Himari’s is a friend of mine.” Which is technically true, since in your mind, Himari had one friend and one friend *only*.

“You’re so kind, Sakura-chan...” The foreign girl seems genuinely stunned at your apparent generosity. “I can’t believe a famous model would be so happy to help someone like me... I’m so happy!” You can’t believe it either, amazingly enough!

“I’d be a bad friend if I wasn’t willing to do my best for Himari.” You sit down on the end of Stacy’s bed, smiling at her pleasantly. It’s really easy to make your face look like that, you’d long since discovered, and it made people want to be your friend, so it was very convenient. Like so many other people, Stacy falls for it.

“Um, well, I’m happy... but is there enough room to train in here?” Stacy looks around her apartment, which doesn’t take her particularly long. “I-I’ve tried to get into shape on my own, but this apartment is...”

“There’s plenty of room for what I had in mind tonight, Stacy.” You smile at her surprised expression. “Do you want to become a model as well?” You ask, to put her at ease. You can sense she has more than a passing interest in your work, after all.

Stacy blinks, as if you’ve just hit the mark perfectly. “I’d... I’d love to!” Looking tentatively excited, the foreign girl sits down on the bed next to you. “I really love Japan, and I’d love to properly move here after school. And I’d need a job, so I was thinking maybe I’d be a decent model?” She blushes as she speaks, looking embarrassed. “I mean, I’d hate to get ahead of myself... I don’t even know if I’m good-looking enough to-”

“No, you would be a great model.” For once, you’re not actually lying to her. Stacy is a pretty girl, and modeling tends to favor the more exotic beauties. A foreign girl with a face like that stood to go pretty far in the modeling business, to be honest. “Actually, I could even introduce you to some talent scouts...” This is all lip-service, of course. You have no intention of helping this girl into anything. Except perhaps a toilet in a few hours.

“Oh, that would be wonderful!” Stacy’s face lights up in delight, before a blush sweeps across again. “I mean, o-only if it wouldn’t be a bother! I didn’t... ask to be your friend to curry favor, just so you know...” Hmm, you’ve gotten pretty adept at reading faces during your modeling career, and you’re a little surprised to sense that Stacy’s actually being genuine.

Whatever. You're not here to chit-chat, you're here to *eat*. You need a distraction. Looking around, you spy something sticking out from under the girl's mattress. "Hey, what's this?" You ask loudly, reaching for the end of the magazine.

"Ah?" Stacy blinks, and then her face flips to alarm. "W-wait a moment, Sakura-chan!"

Ignoring her plea, you pull out the magazine and hold it up. It's another yuri magazine, but this one is considerably more risqué. Two naked models are embracing on the cover. You flip it over, and then revise your initial analysis. It's just straight-up lesbian porn. On the back, there's two foreign women fingering one another. Something from back home, judging by how hardcore the content seems to be.

"Oh my *god*..." Stacy looks appalled. "I thought I'd put that away, I'm so sorry, Sakura-chan..."

How disgusting. If she was dating Himari, she should at least have the decency to only masturbate to images of Himari herself. Porn of other people was practically cheating. It was why you'd exclusively masturbated to pictures of your best friend for your entire life, and it was why Himari was going to do the same with pictures of you soon enough. Your opinion of the foreign girl somehow manages to drop even lower. "Haha, don't worry about it!~ It's totally natural to have this kinda thing."

You hand the porn magazine back to Stacy, who takes it with a heavy blush. "Ah, I'm so embarrassed..." She says, quickly tossing it behind her bed as if it's boiling hot. "I wanted to make a good first impression with you, and now it's ruined..."

"Don't worry about it, Stacy, you've already left a strong impression on me." You smile at the blushing girl again.

There's a long moment of awkward silence. Stacy looks like she wants to say something, but can't quite find the words. You're waiting for your chance to strike.

After about a minute of silence, the foreign girl looks at you and opens her mouth. But then, she blushes and puts her head in her hands without a word. There's clearly *something* bothering her, but you don't really care what it is. This is the perfect time for you to strike, after all.

You scoot over on the bed, until you're right next to the girl you're intending to eat. Letting your jaw slacken, you put a hand on her shoulder...

"No!" To your shock, Stacy suddenly jumps up from the bed, grabbing her shoulder as if your touch had scorched her. "No, I'm sorry, Sakura-chan, I can't..." She bites her lip, and blushes deeply. "... I know you didn't come here to train me tonight, Sakura-chan."

Oh, *shit*. You'd assumed she was a complete moron, but perhaps she'd actually anticipated this? You move your hands behind your back, careful to watch her movements.

"Sakura..." The foreign girl closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. "I didn't miss the looks you were giving me back at the restaurant. I know Himari missed them, but I knew you were sending me a signal. I know what you came to do here tonight."

Behind your back, your hands ball into fists. You tense your body, ready to fight if Stacy tries anything. You'd anticipated the element of surprise being on your side for this. If it comes down to a fight, your chances were pretty dicey. Even with gym-training every day, the size of this room limits you, and makes your odds against Stacy dangerously even.

"Sakura..." Stacy swallows nervously, and she opens her eyes again. "We can't do this. I felt it too, but even if there's a spark between us... we just can't do that to Himari!"

What.

"Himari somehow missed you telling me that you're a lesbian too..." The foreign girl sighs. "I mean, I'm flattered! And I'd be lying if I said I hadn't considered it." Stacy shakes her head. "I didn't think you'd be so bold as to show up here tonight... I kinda considered it after I let you in, but I just can't do that to Himari..."

"You... think I'm *attracted* to you?" You ask her, dumbfounded. You really can't process this turn of events.

"I'm sorry, Sakura-chan. I know it's my fault for leading you on, and I know I have no right to criticize you after... considering it..." Stacy takes a deep breath to calm herself. "But... Himari's your best friend. And I love her, okay?"

Love.

That word does not belong in this girl's mouth. It makes you physically sick to hear such a disgusting lie.

In an instant, your muscles spring into action, hatred spurring your movement even before conscious thought. Stacy has time to flinch in shock as you surge toward her, your right hand grabbing the collar of her loose shirt and yanking her off balance. Your other hand seizes her right shoulder, your carefully manicured nails digging into her flesh. You push the foreign girl back into the wall, knocking the wind out of her.

"Don't you fucking say you love her, you bitch." You snarl in her face, and Stacy rears her head back in alarm. "You don't fucking get to say you love her. *I* love her. I've loved her for over a decade, I've *earned* the right to love her." You've been nice to this fucking whore long enough. "You're nothing to her, fucking *nothing!*"

“S-sakura!” The foreign girl seems completely taken aback. “Please, what’s wrong... you’re *hurting* me!” There’s tears of shock in her eyes, not that they’ll make you take pity on her.

“*Good.*” You hiss into her face, and Stacy’s eyes widen at the malice in your voice. “Who the fuck are you? What gives you the fucking right to touch Himari? You’re trying to taint her, but she’s *pure*, okay? She’s not for *you*, you degenerate fucking *whore!*” Hatred vomits from your mouth, the four letter word the final straw for you.

Stacy cringes at the hate that’s pouring down onto her. It feels good for you, though you can’t imagine she’s enjoying it much. “I’m sorry?!” The foreign girl seems utterly terrified and confused. “Please, if I made you mad, I’m so-”

“Shut up!” You scream at her, and she thankfully shuts her annoying mouth. “You filthy creature, trying to taint Himari with your lust and greed. You sit here, in this fucking apartment, masturbating to porn like a fucking caveman! And you think *you* can be a model? You think a creature like you can *touch* Himari?!”

“What? What are you saying, Sakura?!” Do they not teach hearing correctly in America or something? Or was this fucking idiot hoping that she was somehow misunderstanding you? “Read my fucking lips, you bitch! *I love Himari! She loves me! We’re destined to be together, so what does that fucking make you?*”

“P-please, I’m so sorry!” Stacy seems completely cowed by your anger. “I just... please don’t hurt me, Sakura-chan!”

“Oh, I’m going to hurt you!” You laugh in her face, at the sheer audacity of her asking for mercy. Her eyes widen, and you see fear in her eyes. She knows you’re not bluffing. “In fact, I’m going to *kill* you tonight, Stacy!”

“N-no!” The foreign girl seems to finally understand what she’s brought upon herself. “No, Sakura, please! I’ll break up with Himari, okay? I won’t come between you two, just please don’t hurt me!”

Perhaps if she’d done that at the start, you wouldn’t have to hurt her like you’re about to. Not that you’re not going to enjoy this, or anything. “No way, Stacy. I’m not leaving you alive to tell Himari a sob story about how I was mean to you. I know you know how to manipulate a sweet girl like her to your side. No, you can have your deepest wish; to be fucked by Himari. But it’s going to be as part of *me!*”

You open your mouth, to let Stacy see her fate in the darkness of your maw. Her eyes dart away, and she tries to lean away from you in vain. “No, please! I’m sorry I made you angry! I won’t talk to her again! I won’t try to be a model! I’ll leave Japan and never come back, just... please Sakura-chan!”

She can beg all she likes, but Stacy is already dead in your mind. Licking your lips, you descend onto her, swallowing her head in one swift motion. Her blood-curdling scream is cut off, muffled by your mouth.

You're no veteran at eating people, but your physique and strength give you an obvious advantage over the struggling girl in your mouth. Even so, it's hard work. Both of you are standing up, and you're having a hard time moving past her shoulders, as the angle makes things quite difficult.

Stacy's arms flail feebly, trying to grab hold of you as you inch your way down her neck. You let go of her neck and shoulder, seizing hold of her arms easily. While it's helpful to hold her in place, the angle at which you're trying to swallow her is still a problem.

Still, there's an easy solution to that, when you think about it. A swift knee in the gut makes Stacy let out a grunt of pain, which you feel in your throat more than hear, and the girl doubles over. Or as much as she can with her head halfway down your gullet. This makes things easier.

Pulling the now off-balance girl backwards, you step back to the bed, sitting down heavily on it. Stacy is forced to bend over, her entire upper body now horizontal. Yeah, this makes things a *lot* easier. Now at a much easier angle to swallow, you quickly slip past her shoulders, your lips engulfing her breasts without much effort. You don't stop to savor her taste, since that would be too much like enjoying another girl. Himari deserves someone pure, and you're not about to sully yourself by tasting her.

When you make your way past Stacy's belly button, the girl finally goes limp. She's stopped resisting, having apparently figured out that she can't win or run out of strength, or both. As you mercilessly continue to swallow, you can feel the foreign girl sobbing within you, as she's brought closer and closer to her final resting place inside your belly.

Her legs are easy after that. Slurping them down swiftly, you make sure to get her inside you as quickly as you can, eager to make sure that she can't remuster her strength before you fully devour her. This proves to be good intuition, as seconds after you swallow her feet, Stacy starts struggling again. She's no more successful this time around, but it's still a bother to you.

Finally, Stacy comes to rest inside your stomach, and you're glad to feel that she's clearly painfully cramped in there. You can feel her struggling feebly in vain, trying to either push her way back out, or make you throw her up. Neither of which are going to happen.

You let out a long burp, and inside you, Stacy shivers in pain as her already tight grave becomes even tighter. 'Grave' is the most appropriate word for your stomach at this point. She's already buried in there, after all.

Sitting back on the girl's bed, you lean forward and press your ear against your engorged stomach. Inside the layer of tight muscle, you can hear Stacy sobbing, both in terror and agony. "Please, Sakura... I don't want to die like this..."

"Can you feel it, Stacy?" You speak through your skin, and feel the girl shiver in fear as she hears your voice. "Can you feel death coming? It's so close..."

"I... I can feel it..." Her voice sounds delightfully pained. "Please, Sakura... I'm so scared... I don't want to die..."

"You *should* be scared, Stacy. You're going to experience the terror of death any second now." You gently rub your stomach, enjoying the gurgling sounds as your digestive system warms up. "And when I digest you, Stacy... I'm going to digest your soul as well. You're not going to the afterlife, you're just going to *die forever and ever*." You have no idea how the afterlife works, and you're just making it up to make her last moments even worse.

"No..." Stacy's voice is getting weaker and weaker. "Ah, it s-stings... please give me more time... more... time..." Her struggles are fading, even as boiling acid seeps through her body. You can feel your stomach spurring up, eager to enjoy the feast of meat you've given it. "I need... I need..." But whatever Stacy needs, you never learn.

The foreign girl finally falls silent, though you can feel that she's still alive from the shivers she keeps making every now and again. They're the maximum she can muster to react to the boiling acids that would normally leave a girl in howling screams. Perhaps that's even worse for her, you hope. Stuck inside you, unable to scream or flinch away from the pain. In her last moments, Stacy must simply lie there, shivering feebly as excruciating pain wracks her body.

At this point, you *could* reach down and crush the girl's skull. She's probably melted enough that it would be like squishing a pastry. But you like that she's suffering, so you let her struggle on to her final fate. Perhaps she can spend her last few seconds reflecting on how she made *you* feel, but you doubt she's capable of that. A villain would never understand what she'd done wrong, after all.

In the end, Stacy's death is as pathetic as you'd expected. After shivering feebly for a while, the foreign girl suddenly gives one final great shudder, and lets out a ragged noise of fear. And then, she goes limp as the life finally departs from her ruined body. As you feel her die, you let out a cheer of delight. "Yeah, fucking *die!*" You yell, a genuine smile of joy on your face for once tonight. Stacy does not answer, mostly because she's dead.

With another loud burp, you lie back in her bed, your eyes already drooping. In a few hours, your pleasure would continue...

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A few hours later, you're woken up by a buzzing sound. As you open your eyes blearily, you see Stacy's phone. It's vibrating, and since she's not around anymore to answer it, you grope for the phone. Picking it up, you can see that Himari's calling. As much as you'd love to hear her voice, you know it would be obvious what's happened if you pick up. Instead, you let the call play out, and Himari eventually seems to give up. You sigh in relief, but then a few seconds later, a couple of text messages appear.

*Hey, did you fall asleep and forget to call? I wanted to hear from you! This is followed by a sad emoji. Did you have a good time meeting Sakura today? I hope the two of you get on well!*

Oh, right. You look down at your belly. The monstrous bulge that the foreign girl made in your belly has shrunk considerably, now about the size of a normal pregnancy. You can no longer make out her body's shape inside you, and when you tentatively rub your belly with your other hand, you can feel only soft liquid inside. Your digestive system has been as ruthless as you were, it would seem. By that definition, you're actually getting along with her fairly well, if direct integration could be considered getting along. There's nothing left of the girl who tried to steal Himari from you now. Now she's just part of you.

Actually, you're not *quite* correct about that. As your brain finishes waking up, you become aware of a pressure inside your pelvis. Stacy is making an urgent plea for you to free her, would be the polite way to put it.

Stacy's bathroom isn't big. It's barely the size of your shower cubicle at home, though it contains almost everything a bathroom needs squished into a tiny space. Still, it'll serve your needs quite nicely. Not that it matters, since the feeling in your lower abdomen is making it clear that you're not going to make it any further either way. Stacy's coming out if you're on a toilet or not.

No sooner have you pulled down your shorts and slammed your butt down onto the toilet, than a massive fart rips its way out of your asshole. It's the first part of Stacy's last earthly remains; the gas that she had inside her own body. Now, it's heralding her last action on earth.

A few seconds later, it begins. The titanic amount of meat that you had in your stomach has now turned into a titanic amount of a far less appetizing substance, though far smellier. Reaching out, you brace yourself against the nearby sink and towel rail. It's not a large bathroom, but that's oddly comforting right now. Steeling yourself for the effort to come, you feel your eyes watering as the first piece of Stacy begins to crown...

"Himari..." You moan, your breathing ragged. You often say her name when you're scared or in pain, and it brings a great deal of comfort to imagine your best friend's smiling face. She's always with you, in a way. With a deep push, you feel the first log of Stacy fall out of your butt and land with a splash in the toilet below. One part down, almost an entire bitch to go...

Forty minutes and fifteen toilet flushes later, you finally feel the tide of Stacy begin to ebb, as the last remains of the girl finish exiting your colon. With a feeling of immense relief, you relax your bladder, and let the liquid remains of Stacy spray into the toilet as well. You let out a moan of relief. "Himari..." During the process, you said the name of the girl you love over two hundred times, by your own count.

One final flush of the toilet, and you stand up. Your muscles are sore, and your buttohole feels like it's been scorched, but you feel a deeply satisfying sense of relief. Not just physical, but emotional. The threat of another girl stealing Himari has been dealt with. Himari is safe from danger at last.

And you've been rewarded amply for your service, now that you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror. As you wash your hands, you realize that your sports bra now feels a lot tighter. As you pull up your shorts, you can feel that it's quite a bit harder to pull them up over the curve of your butt. It appears that the foreign girl has considerably beefed up your assets, to your delight. More for Himari to enjoy soon.

Actually, on closer inspection, you can see that Stacy has made quite an impact on your whole body. You're not *fat* just yet, but you've definitely gone up a clothing size or two. You grimace at your slightly heavier body, already drawing up weight loss plans in your mind. Personally, you wouldn't mind at all, but Himari deserves the absolute best.

As you exit the bathroom, you pick up Stacy's phone from her bed. Stuffing it into your pocket, you decide to toss it in the nearby river, along with the data from the front door's camera. Without those two, there'll be no evidence that you were ever here.

Satisfied that you've gotten rid of everything, you pause at the front door. Looking back with a smirk, you speak out loud to the dead girl who had the audacity to try and steal what belongs to you. "Goodbye, Stacy. I'll make sure Himari forgets all about you soon enough."

And then, you open the door and leave.

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"Himari... it's been two weeks. Don't you think it's time you gave up searching for her?" You ask your best friend plaintively.

You're sitting in the family restaurant again, this time thankfully just the two of you. No 'girlfriend' to get between the two of you now.

Himari is sitting across from you, looking miserable. You hate seeing her looking so forlorn, for which you blame Stacy in your mind. The day after you'd taken care of Stacy, Himari had called you in a panic, telling you that she couldn't find her girlfriend anywhere. Since you're a good friend, you diligently rushed over to help Himari search, but you'd mysteriously failed to find

anything at all. From Himari's point of view, it was as if Stacy had simply vanished from her apartment that night.

A few days later, the two of you had reported it to the police, but you both knew they wouldn't care too much, since Stacy hadn't been a citizen. With an overwhelming lack of leads, there was barely anywhere to even begin looking.

Of course, you didn't tell anyone where Stacy actually was; half of her inside you, and the other half draining into the sewers.

Ever since then, Himari has been deeply distraught. After the police informed her that their odds of finding Stacy were low at best, she'd taken it upon herself to continue searching for the foreign girl. You hadn't really cared to begin with, for obvious reasons, but you were happy to spend more time with Himari than usual.

Today, Himari's trying to plaster the local area with missing person posters, each depicting a smiling picture of Stacy, along with a heartfelt plea from Himari asking for any information on her whereabouts. You'd finally coerced her into taking a break from her pointless search, and had decided it was time to get her to give up.

"Give up...?" Himari seems shocked to hear this, but you can tell that part of her has already realized it's a pointless venture. Stacy hasn't been seen or heard from in over a fortnight now, apart from when you see her remains every time you get changed. "I... I can't... I need to find her. She's out there *somewhere*..."

Actually, she's *inside* someone. "Himari, you know I want to find Stacy as much as you, but it's hard to see what doing all *this*..." You gesture to the posters on the table in front of her. "... is actually doing. I'm scared that you're just hurting yourself with these efforts by now, Himari." You're aware that your best friend probably won't like hearing this, but she needs to hear it if she's ever going to move on.

"Wasting time..." Himari screws up her eyes, rubbing the bridge of her nose. "I know... but I can't just... sit at home and do nothing! What if she's out there somewhere? What if she's hurt and scared? I can't just..."

Annoying. You want Himari to be happy, and Stacy's making her sad. "I don't want to upset you, Himari, but the most likely explanation is that she probably just went home..." Foreigners did that, so maybe thinking of it that way would help your best friend get over the girl faster.

"Maybe..." Himari doesn't sound convinced. "But why wouldn't she tell me? Why would she just up and leave her apartment? I don't... understand..."

"That's stumping me as well..." You lie, internally smirking as you remember Stacy's fate. "But... there's just not much we can do now. The police will do a better job than we can, I'm

sure. Himari, I miss Stacy as well, but you can't let yourself waste away from sadness anymore..."

"Waste away..." Himari chuckles darkly. "I've been so stressed these last couple of weeks, I've *put on* a few pounds..." You noticed, and you approve. Your best friend is at her best when she's a bit chunky. "I wonder if Stacy would-"

"I wouldn't worry about it." You interrupt her, patting your own belly, "I put on some weight recently, too."

"Yeah, but yours went away, like, *instantly* when you started dieting!" Himari looks down at your stomach, which is now thankfully back to flat and muscled after Stacy's absorption. "Gosh, being a model must be so much hard work..."

"Anyway, I think you look better with some meat on your bones, Himari." You smile at your friend, trying to cheer her up. "It suits you so much better!" You love her curves and softness, and you'd like to see her get even curvier and softer. Actually, you *plan* to see her curvier and softer once you're together.

Himari blushes. "I know you're trying to be nice, but..." Slowly, her eyes fall on the stack of missing person posters in front her, and your best friend trails off. "Uh... sorry, Sakura. I just... can't feel happy right now."

Your heart sinks for a moment, saddened by the sight of Himari mourning that dead girl. This has gone on long enough. Two weeks was plenty for mourning someone, it was time for Himari to move on. "Himari..." You reach out and grab her hands. "Why don't you sleep over at my place tonight? We can take a bath and sleep together in the same bed like we used to do when we were kids."

"Eh? Really?" Surprise interrupts the redhead's sadness for a moment. "You're still okay with...?" Himari blushes, her eyes not meeting yours. "I know you're okay with me being a lesbian, but I would have thought you've wouldn't want to... do that stuff with me anymore."

"Why, because I'd be naked next to my lesbian best friend?" If anything, you want that more than anything. "Himari, please don't ever be self-conscious around me. I accept you completely. I'm not scared of you doing anything to me, and I'll prove it tonight."

Himari's eyes glitter with tears. "R-really? You're not scared of me... doing something to you? You laugh softly at the idea. Why on earth would you be scared of Himari doing something to you? You're *hoping* for that.

"Then it's settled! We'll have a sleepover tonight, and we'll sleep naked together." You smile at Himari.

Your best friend seems a little taken aback. “N-naked? We don’t need to go that far...”

“Of course we do!” You’re not going to take a ‘no’ for an answer now that you’ve pushed this far. “After tonight, you won’t have to think about *her* anymore.” You nod at the stack of missing person posters. Perhaps it’s a little cruel to Himari’s ears, but your best friend seems to be rather grateful.

“Thank you, Sakura...” Himari rubs her cheeks, where tears have started to fall. The redhead’s usually far too bubbly and warm to cry, and this is a rare sight indeed. In the future, you’ll make sure that it’s even rarer. Once she’s your girlfriend, she’ll never have to cry ever again...

“Himari...” You stand up, and move over to her side of the table. Your best friend puts her head into her hands as her tears begin to flow properly, and she begins to sob. You reach out and pat her on the back. “There, there, Himari... you’ll feel better soon, I promise.”

Himari’s sobbing only increases. “Sakura... you’re the best friend anyone could ever have...” She’s right, of course. Nodding, you reach out. You’ve known your best friend long enough to know when she needs a hug. Wrapping your arms around your crying best friend, you deliberately press your breasts against her, knowing that she’ll be rather conscious of touching your chest. Slowly, her crying begins to subside, as you rub her back with a smile.

Stacy had been a nasty shock, but it could have been worse. Now that she’s been eliminated, you’ll take steps to make sure this never happens again.

Some proper monitors on her phone and her computer would be a good start. There was no need for privacy between the two of you, after all. Himari has nothing to hide from you. Any threats need to be detected and eliminated before they even begin, and your guts are ready to be proactive when it comes to girls trying to steal Himari away from you.

And you’ll need to be proactive in other areas too. You’ve learned your lesson this time around. Himari’s a pure, passive girl. You’d been waiting for her to make a move on her, but now you know it had always been the opposite. Tonight, you will correct the confusion that Himari seems to have about your relationship. Once you’re in bed together, you’ll make sure it’s utterly undeniable that you’re in love with her, by giving yourself to her fully. After that, Himari wouldn’t even *remember* Stacy. Her momentary relationship with that foreign slut would just be a passing memory that both of you would laugh about in your old age together.

After all, your best friend is in love with you. She just needs to have that fact made clear to her. But you will make sure she understands. She’s earned your love, after all. And you’ve earned hers. You *will* be together, *forever*.

And if it takes the digestion of every girl that even tries to come close to her, then your stomach is ready and willing to fight for your love.