

Chris Abrams adjusts her ponytail, checking that the small black band hasn't loosened during the morning. Normally it wouldn't be an issue, but this band is an old one, formerly belonging to her older sister and *her* older sister before her. Ugh, she needs new clothes. She'd arrived yesterday at her aunt's house with a full wardrobe, but most of her clothes were hand-me-downs from her sisters, conservative and stylish outfits approved of by her mothers.

But Chris is in university now, and she doesn't want to dress conservatively anymore. She wants to dress like a... Well, maybe saying a *slut* is going a bit far, but something at least halfway between there and what she's wearing now. Something that will catch the eye of people she walks past. Something that will get the young woman some attention from other students... and perhaps even help her lose her virginity...

"Ugh, I need a new bra." Di complains, tugging at the black strap that loops over her shoulder. "This one's getting tight again..." Her bra being tight is hardly shocking. The tall girl's breasts are *huge*, and her shirt is clearly a little strained. Not that Di clearly has any issues with her body. Her shorts are tight and small, showing off her pale thighs in a way that clearly shows that Di is dressing to impress. The outline of her bra is clearly visible through the thin fabric of her shirt and, not for the first time today, Chris wonders what life would be like to have such a magnificent set on her chest.

Beside the tall girl, Kit seems to be having similar thoughts. "Yeah, that must be a big problem." She says, her grin betraying just a hint of irritation. The girl is small, barely reaching Chris's shoulder in height, let alone Di's. Her clothes are loose, but it's still plain to see that the girl's chest is as flat as a boy's, and Chris is pretty sure that Kit hasn't even bothered to wear a bra at all. Still, her size is kinda attractive in it's own way.

"Hey, these look like a lotta fun. Until you gotta live with them every minute of the day." Di shrugs, seeming completely unbothered by the smaller girl staring at her breasts. Considering their size, Chris suspects that the tall girl is quite used to being stared at. "Ugh... Plus, you get back aches at the end of the day, y'know?"

Yeah... Chris would happily take back aches in exchange for those majestic peaks on her chest. Honestly, there's quite a lot about Di that she would love to have. Long, luscious hair, a badass lip piercing... "Where are you guys living?" She asks curiously, trying to pull her mind away from Di's body.

"Campus." As they pass through a small park in between a couple of campus buildings, Di waves a hand eastward. In the distance, Chris can see the distant shape of a set of apartment blocks. Oh, right. The young woman is lucky enough... Well, perhaps *lucky* is a tentative word to use after last night... to be living with her aunt nearby the school. Since Di and Kit were from out of town, they'd both be living in student housing on the campus.

"Oh, what's that like?" Chris asks, as the three make their way over to the large hall.

A large sign with the words 'Panhellenic Council/Campus Fraternity and Sorority Signups' set up nearby on the grass. "I had a look at the student housing online, but..." Well, aside from wanting to live with her aunt, it'll also save Chris a lot of money compared to renting a student apartment. But she's still curious about what it would have been like to live there herself.

"Yeah, it's pretty sweet." Kit has a look of contentment on her face. "My own apartment... We get our own kitchen and bathroom, it's so awesome..."

"They're pretty small." Di points into the distance, at an apartment building the distance. "They're all studio apartments, so they're basically an apartment combined into one big... *small* room." She sighs. "I barely have room to put all my stuff in there..."

Ah, Chris has a hunch about the dark-haired girl. "I'm gonna guess your family's pretty rich, huh? Big house... maybe even a mansion?"

Di gives her a slightly surprised look. "I mean... Yeah, Mom's pretty rich."

"Grew up with your own bedroom?" Chris continues, raising an eyebrow.

The dark-haired girl shrugs. "Yeah. I have four sisters, but three of them were adults when I was born, and one moved to San Fran when I was young." She frowns. "How'd you know that?"

"Cause you're not falling to your knees and weeping from the joy of having your own space." Kit answers with a wry grin. Yes! The small girl understands. "If you grew up on a farmstead in Idaho

"I'm lucky enough to be able to live with my aunt." Chris tells the other two. "She's got a house within walking distance."

"Lucky!" Di sighs and frowns, adjusting the folder under her arm. "Living in a house would be so much better than an apartment, right Kit?"

The small girl shakes her head. "Suit yourself. I'm really happy with my little nook."

Di raises an eyebrow at her. "But it's so *small*."

"So am I!" Kit grins at her. "And even so, it's still *my* space. I can do whatever I want in my apartment. I can watch whatever I want, I can cry whenever I want, I can even go naked whenever I want..." She stops and blushes. "Er... Sorry. TMI, right?"

"I don't mind." Di answers almost instantly, looking away nonchalantly. "We're all girls here."

Chris can sympathize with Kit. "Yeah, I'm so into my new bedroom now that I'm away from home. I live with my aunt, but she's totally hands off when it comes to whatever I do in there, so

I can do whatever I want too. It's so crazy to me, after spending my whole ass life living in the same room as my sisters."

"Wow... You must have had a small house." Kit nods slowly. Then, she seems to catch herself. "I mean...! Not that I'm..."

"Oh, no. Actually my home is a pretty big place." Chris had never really thought about it, but it was technically considered a mansion, wasn't it? "We live out in Elk Grove." It wasn't a mansion in the sense of, say, a rich person's mansion. The two story property was very prim and proper, the ideal place for a high-ranking officer to live with her wife and three children. Less ideal for a girl who wanted to live somewhere *fun*.

"Really? Elk Grove's a pretty rich neighborhood these days." Di gives her a curious look. "So why'd you have to bunk with your sisters then?"

Damn... Chris had hoped that the LA girl wouldn't know that. "Yeah, my mom's kinda..." Chris really doesn't want to go into it. "She's big on... communal living in a small space." That was certainly one way to put it. Matilda wanted her daughters to be used to bunking alongside other people for extended periods of time. It was a very... *annoying* concept that Chris had always hated. Well, at least it was serving Marcy and Sienna well at Air Academy, probably."

"So, what? You, like, go naked as well sometimes, or...?" Di asked rather casually. "Just curious."

"Oh... No, not exactly." Chris grinned and lowered her voice slightly, even though she was sure no-one around them was listening in on them as they walked. "But last night... I wore a super skimpy outfit to bed. Like, just a shirt and no pants. My mom would have thrown a fit if she'd known I was dressing like that."

"Naughty~!" Kit giggles at the thought. "Embracing that libertine lifestyle! I love it!"

Di bites her lip for some reason. "Wow... Like... Wow. So, like... When you say 'no pants', you mean like...?"

"Sign up for the Sacramento campus swimming team!" Suddenly, there's a flier in Chris's face. Jumping backward, the young woman sees that it's attached to the waving hand of a brunette who's standing in front of the hall's entrance. "New members welcome, for recreation and competitive activities! We even have a free barbeque every month!"

"I'll take one!" Kit takes the flier from the girl's hand. "I'm a pretty good swimmer." She says to Chris and Di.

Yeah, Chris can imagine that the girl's pretty hydrodynamic with that chest. "Um... Why are you doing that out here instead of inside the hall?" She asked the girl.

The brunette grimaces. "Our club president got into an argument with Becky this morning. Now *I'm* the club president and she's put us on probation for six months..." She sighs, looking rather hopeless. "Ugh... I gotta get our numbers back up, or she's gonna be after *me* next..."

Wait, *Becky*? Was this the same person that Holly had mentioned earlier? "Uh... Becky?" Chris asks, curious.

The brunette groans. "I *know*, right? I'm so *fucked*. Have a nice time in the hall." And with that, the girl slips past Chris and starts haranguing the people behind her.

"Chris?" Di and Kit are walking into the hall, the smaller girl slipping the swimming club flier into her pocket. "You coming?" The tall girl asks, giving the young woman a curious look.

"...Yeah!" Chris shakes her head, still wondering who the heck *Becky* is.

Placer Hall is in the center of the university, a huge diamond-shaped building about four or five stories tall. According to the brochure, it had recently been renovated and it's now the bottom floor of the university's museum and display hall. Today, however...

"Oh, that's a lotta booths." Di lets out a whistle, looking down the long rows of stalls set up by the various clubs on the campus.

"That's a lot of *people*." Kit now looks a bit nervous. Indeed, there's at least a few hundred people in here from what Chris can see. And that's just the new students walking around, there's even more older students behind the booths.

The three girls wander around for a little while, walking through the rows of booths at the various clubs. There's clubs for all manner of scientific and technological topics. Chris sees a robot-building club *and* a robot-fighting club. There's an aviation club, a boating club and a motorcycle club. There's even an astrology club, to her amazement. In 2045! How crazy was that?

"Um... What's your club about?" Chris asks at a small booth with no obvious signage, but a large curtain behind it.

"Ah..." The girl behind the counter wrings her hands with a nervous grin. "We're the Hypnotism Club..." Beside her, there's a blonde girl with an equally nervous grin.

"Hypnotism Club?" Chris has to raise an eyebrow at that. "How's that work?" In this day and age? These people belonged next to the astronomy club.

"W-we practice a wide series of modern h-hypnosis techniques..." The other girl had a bit of a stutter. "Using music, physical m-manipulation and m-massage equipment..."

Sounds a bit shady to Chris... "That... doesn't seem like hypnosis..." She frowns at the two girls.

"Well, if you're skeptical, you're welcome to step behind the curtain with us and try it!" The counter girl licks her lips, which is a rather worrying sign.

"W-we promise it'll feel amazing..." The blonde girl is biting her lip too.

"Uh... Maybe another time." Chris wisely steps away from the 'Hypnosis Club'.

"Chris, do you wanna check out the sports clubs?" Kit asks. She and Di are looking at the booth for the Physical Fitness club. There's a rather conspicuous gap next to the booth, where Chris suspects the Swimming Club had been intended to be. "You're into sports, aren't you?"

Oh no. Not anymore. "No thanks." Chris has had her *fill* of sports, thank you very much. "You two let me know when you're done."

"Sure, we won't be long." Di says, and the two wander away down the line to look at the other sports clubs. Chris is a bit surprised that the tall girl takes an interest, considering that she doesn't seem very sports-inclined

"Astronomy Club!" A curly-haired blonde with glasses calls out. Beside her is a young man adjusting a half-scale model of a Mars rover. "The final frontier is coming closer and closer by the day, people!" As Chris turns to look, the girl waves at her. "Aren't you interested in learning more about the future of moon colonization? The Hadley Deposit?"

"Who, me?" Chris frowns. "God, no." Frankly, she's quite sick of hearing about the damn Hadley Deposit.

"I... What? Really?" The two astronomy club members look a little aback. "I mean, the moon's all up in the news these days, right?" The young man gives Chris a curious look.

Chris frowns. "You know what the moon is? It's a big white rock. In space." Behind the two astronomy club members, there's a big poster of the damned thing. "See?" Chris points at the picture of the moon. "Look at it. *White. Barren. Lifeless.* I can walk out into the campus garden and find you a rock that's just as interesting. It's only special 'cause it's in space."

The girl and the boy exchange a confused look. "I mean... I guess?" The girl adjusts her glasses, trying to keep her smile. "But... Well, what about space? We're going to be traveling into space soon."

"Why?" Chris folds her arms. "What's wrong with Earth? Why can't humanity just live on Earth?" Falling off the life-giving orb they'd been born from into an endless cold void wasn't Chris's future. "Hmm?" She waits for an answer.

“Uh...” The girl seems unable to continue, just scratching her head with a confused look on her face.

The boy tries his best, however. “Well... We’ve got a cool model of the *Curiosity* rover!” He pointed his screwdriver at it. “See? We’ve got a scale one back at the...”

Chris sighs, rolling her eyes. “That’s the *Perseverance* rover.” She corrects him. “The wheel design gives it away. The *Perseverance* has almost flat wheel patterns, while the *Curiosity* has a zig-zag pattern.” That was because the *Perseverance* had used thicker aluminum wheels than the *Curiosity*, one of the many design elements that had been improved...

“Chris, we’re done over here!” Kit calls out nearby.

“Okay!” Chris waves back. “You two enjoy worshiping space rocks in space.” She said to the two astronomy club members.

“W-well, maybe we will then!” The young woman hears from behind her as she walks away.

Di and Kit are walking just up ahead. “Ooh, was that the Astronomy club?” Kit asks, as the young woman catches up with them. “Anything interesting?”

“God, no.” Chris sees a sign up ahead. “Oh, Di, the sorority section is up ahead.”

“Sororities?” Kit seems a little surprised. “You guys are thinking about joining one of those?”

“I was curious.” Di shrugged as they entered the new section. To be quite honest, Chris herself isn’t uninterested in the idea herself. Sororities were basically private campus clubs where students had their own private events and social connections, if she remembered correctly. In truth, she’d honestly been too busy thinking about what she’d do once she moved in with her aunt to think about anything like sororities.

The fraternity and sorority section of the hall was noticeably different from the club section. The dozen or so organizations had booths, but they were much larger, manned by half a dozen people each.

Kit looks around, clearly curious despite not being the one who’d wanted to come here. “Oh, wow... Lotta LBGTF+ stuff here!” The small girl grimaces for a moment. “Uh... That’s the right term these days, right?”

“It’s fine.” Chris shrugs, looking around at the booths. Indeed, the fraternities and sororities seem rather dominated by queer-aligned groups. There’s only a couple of non-LBGF frats, and they’re noticeably being overshadowed by the rest. In fact, the gay fraternity is almost twice the size as the non-gay ones. “The ‘T’ is kinda just tradition these days.” The discovery of gene

smelting in the late 30's had made a lot of things easier on that front. "Nowadays, people who transition tend to just merge into the rest of the letters without much notice." It felt kinda pointless to make the distinction now that a person physically born one of the three genders and a person who physically *became* one of the three genders through genetic alteration were essentially indistinguishable. Of course, opinions differed on that and Chris wasn't an expert...

"Hey girls!" A female voice makes Chris and the others turn. In a nearby booth, a girl with sandy hair and freckles is waving to them. "You lovely ladies checkin' out the sororities?"

Chris exchanges a quick look with Di and Kit. "Uh... Yeah! Yeah, we are." Feeling a little obligated, the young woman and her new friends slowly make their way over to the booth.

"I *tol'* ya getting a spot next to the entrance was worth it!" The freckled girl says to the girl next to her, a rather buff dark-skinned girl. "Well, look no further, ladies. If y'all're interested in a fun, *intimate* sorority, y'all can't do better than Lambda Herмос!" She stands up and runs her fingers through her wavy hair, winking at Chris. "The name's Jackie, and it is my absolute pleasure to make your acquaintances!"

"Nice to meet you." Oh wow, Chris had expected the process of looking at sororities to be slightly more... *demanding*? As in, they'd have to prove themselves to the sorority instead of the other way around. "I'm Chris, and this is Di... and Kit."

"Wow, that's..." Naturally, Jackie's eyes fell to Di's chest. "Holy mother of..."

"And the name's Candice!" The dark-skinned girl rose and stuck her thumbs into her jean pockets, standing with curious pride. "And if you're wondering... Yes. It can."

The joke had gone over Chris's head, apparently... "Wondering what?" Oh, nevermind. She just got it. "Er..." Her eyes are drawn southward...

"Lambda *Herмос*..." Di whispers to her, just a second after Chris herself has made the connection. Looking down now, it's rather obvious that Jackie and Candice are both futanari. Jackie is wearing tight shorts that remind Chris of the pair Aunt Vicky was wearing this morning, only perhaps slightly less tight. Candice's pose is unsubtly meant to draw attention to the large bulge in her groin... the large bulge extending down the right leg of her jeans... Oh wow. That's quite an endowment!

"Oh. Oh my goodness." Chris can feel her face flushing slightly. "Well... W-what's your sorority about?" She asks, for lack of anything else in her brain other than staring at that mammoth shape in Candice's jeans.

Jackie smirks proudly, reaching down to gather a few pamphlets. "Lambda Herмос was established in 2024 as a sorority for young futanari who want to meet and bond with others in a futanari safe space." She seems quite aware that Chris and Di are both staring at her

colleague's groin. "We offer a strong futanari community, a huge number of pro-futanari events and meetups, and a full private sorority house outside of campus grounds."

"Outside of campus grounds?" Di raises an eyebrow at that. "I didn't know that was allowed."

Candice shrugs. "Most sororities are on campus grounds, yeah. But California State changed the rules in the 30's so that if we have a private house outside of campus, we don't have to follow campus rules." She winks at Chris. "And for us that means clothing optional..."

Beside Chris, Kit stares at the pamphlet that the dark-skinned girl just handed her. "Hmm..." She stares at the words for a moment, and then appears to come to a realization. "You guys are futanari!"

"Yup!" Candice leans forward on the table, 'accidentally' showing off her chocolate cleavage. It's a rather... *enticing* sight. Jackie seems to be enjoying it as well. "The Good Lord gave us power between our legs."

"Oh...!" Kit's face flushes red. "Oh, I... I don't think Chris or Di are futanari, so..."

"Oh, we know!" Jackie just laughs at that. "Don't be silly! You guys can't be *full* members, but non-futanari girls are *totally* welcome to join our sorority! Actually, we'd *love* to have some more non-futas around..."

"What?" The small girl seems confused. "How does that work if you're a *futanari* sorority?" Scratching her black hair, Kit looks down at the pamphlet again. "And, no offense... But what's the point of us joining if we can't be full members?" Chris has to admit that she's a little puzzled by that as well.

"Well, you can always enjoy plenty of *activities* with the full-members. And our non-futanari members have *excellent* fitness regimes..." Candice winks at Kit. "Especially a girl of your... *size*. You'd be getting a full body workout every day, if you know what I mean." Ah. Chris understands what they mean. And honestly, she can kinda see the appeal of joining now.

Kit nods slowly. "Yeah, I get it!" There's a pause as the two stare at each other for a long moment. "Um... Actually, I don't get it." The small girl admitted, sheepishly scratching her hair. "Like, you guys have your own gym?"

"Er..." Jackie and Candice exchange a look, blushing slightly. It seems like they don't want to spell it out so clearly in the middle of a packed hall.

Chris sighs deeply. "They mean... that you'd be sleeping at the sorority house, Kit." She says, trying to find a delicate way to explain that the small girl would essentially be turned into a living cocksleeve by a small army of futanari. "*With* the futanari girls."



Kit nods at her slowly. "Well... Yeah. Don't most sorority girls sleep at their sorority house instead of in campus housing?"

Di leans down and gently squeezes the smaller girl's shoulders. "Kit, these two girls want to spit roast you with their cocks. They want to spit roast *all three of us*. If you join their sorority, you'd be signing up to be their pillow-biting sex slave for the rest of your campus life."

There's a long pause as five blushing faces stare at each other.

"Oh." Kit says softly, her face slowly turning redder than Chris would have expected an Asian girl could turn. "Oh *gosh*."

"Pillow biting sex slave'... That's good. We should have put that in the pamphlet." Jackie takes a deep breath and smiles at the three of them. "So!" She picks up the signup sheet. "Signups are open, all you have to do is fill out the form. We can have you three moved in by nighttime if you're interested. We got plenty of beds available for you to sleep in, including the ones me and Candice are sleepin' in..."

That... sounds like a *fascinating* way to live her college life, but Chris has a bit more ambition than spending the next four years being passed around by futanari girls. And it certainly sounds hot, but these girls clearly aren't kidding. And in a more realistic sense, Chris is a virgin. Jumping right into the deep end sex-wise probably isn't a great idea. "Can I get back to you on that?" The young woman offers politely.

"Sounds badass, but I'm not eager to get pregnant during my college years." Di grins at the futanari girls. "Hope you chicks get plenty of signups, though!"

"Um..." Kit is bright red, words getting stuck on the end of her tongue as she looks down at the floor. "Um..." Chris can pretty safely assume that's a 'no thanks' on the small girl's part, considering she can't even *think* about sex without doing an impression of a tomato.

"Oh..." Jackie and Candice look rather disappointed. "Well, that's okay. Signups are open all year!" The freckled blonde rallies with a warm grin. "And our sorority house is open for *visitors* on the weekends, if'n y'all wanna come and hang out!"

Chris grabs Kit by the shoulders and steers her away. "We'll think about it!" She says, tucking the pamphlet into her folder. Definitely not something she's gonna be doing today, but in the future... Well, who knows?

"Well... that was..." Kit is still blushing as they move away from the rather lecherous grins of the futanari girls. "Gosh, I didn't know that they did that sorta thing on campus..."

Di chuckles. "Well, they *don't*. That's the point. And they must be pretty popular..." Turning back, Chris can see that the futanari girls seem to have already pulled another group of girls

over to their booth. From the looks of it, these ones are clearly quite a bit more interested in joining than Chris and her friends had been. "Oop. Looks like they're picking up some new recruits..."

"Quite literally picking them up." Di smirks at her own joke. "Poor girls don't know what they're signing up for."

That's a pretty hot concept. Chris might be entertaining such a scenario in her fantasies tonight, in truth. As they walk past some more booths, the young woman is impressed at how busy the hall is. "God, there's a lotta students in here!" She says admiringly. Elk Grove has a decent population, but Chris has never seen anything like this before. And she *loves* it. The pulsing of the crowds around her. The roar of a hundred different conversations...

"Try living in LA!" Di rolls her eyes. "Trust me, you got sick of it fast. When I graduate, I'm moving to a small town, I swear..."

"Well, you can ask Kit what that's like, right?" Chris turns to the small girl... Who isn't there. Huh?! "Wait, where's Kit?" Chris asks, feeling a hint of alarm. Di blinks and looks around, equally confused. "Uh oh... I hope those futa sorority girls didn't pull her in again..."

"Hey guys! Sorry, I got stuck for a moment!" Kit scurries back over to her friends, a bright smile and blush on her cheeks. "OMG! That cute guy over there was totally checking me out! And he said my scarf was cute!"

Chris and Di turn back to where the small girl had been. "Ah..." Chris suppresses a smile. "The guy at the 'Athens Eromanos Society' booth?" Yeah, he *is* kinda cute, the young woman has to admit.

"Athens Society..." Kit strokes her chin thoughtfully. "I wonder if he's into ancient history? That's cool."

"Well, he's definitely into fashion..." Di winks at Chris from behind Kit.

"Yeah... that's probably it..." Chris sighs and smiles at the excited girl. "Well, good for you."

Just then, Chris hears a voice behind her. "Excuse me?" She turns to see several girls in one of the booths waving at them. "I think you're looking for our booth, ladies!" One of the girls calls out, a small dark-skinned girl barely taller than Kit. Her booth is quite packed, with at least a dozen girls behind the table.

"Are we?" Chris looks back at Di and Kit, raising an eyebrow. Perhaps it's just a marketing pitch, but the dark-skinned girl's tone feels oddly confident, like she really believes that Chris and the other two are looking for that booth.

Di shrugs. "Might as well. I don't think these ones have dicks. And they're cuter too."

Fair enough. She's certainly not wrong. The dark-skinned girl might be small, but as Chris gets a bit closer, the young woman can see that she's actually very pretty. And her hair has been dyed a vibrant shade of red. Her outfit is curiously risqué too! Given what she's seen today, tiny shorts are rather normal to Chris, but Monique's only wearing what looks like a sports bra as a top. And the girls around her aren't shy either. Chris can see quite a few exposed bellies and bras around the booth.

"Ladies... Look no further." The small girl grins at the three as they approach. "You've been looking for Beta Sappho, and you've found it." She holds her arms out, showing off the girls around her. "I'm Monique Dubois, and this... is *Beta Sappho*." Around her, the other girls clap, grinning in unison at Chris and her friends.

Sappho... What's that from? It sounds quite familiar. "Beta Sappho?" Chris raises an eyebrow at the small girl. "What's your sorority about?"

"Oh, we're only the *coolest* sorority on campus!" Monique puffs out her chest, which would probably be more impressive if she had anything to show off. Her sports bra doesn't leave much to the imagination, curve-wise. But then again, the girl doesn't seem bothered by her lack of bust. Actually, she even seems proud of it. "Ladies, you're looking at the most *girl-friendly* sorority on campus!"

Ah. *That* Sappho. Chris remembers now. "Oh!" She gestures to the tall girl next to her. "My friend was looking for you, I think!" Di had mentioned the lesbian sorority being infamous on campus earlier, right?

"Really? Well, she's..." Monique turns to Di. As one, the eyes of every single one of the girls behind the booth fall to her friend's chest. "Oh... Wow." No chance that any of these girls are straight, not with those glints in their eyes...

Di seems quite pleased by the looks of admiration. Taking a step forward, she puffs out her chest in much the same way that Monique had a moment ago. But the effect is far different with E-cup breasts. The edges of her longcoat seem to fall away, and the full size of her breasts emerge, a huge ponderous curve that seems beautifully heavy...

Chris realizes that she's staring as well. "Er..." She turns back to Monique. "So, you're open for new members?"

"Ugh... Yeah!" Monique visibly has to drag herself away from Di's chest. "We, uh... We're always looking for new girls to join us. We have a nice big house on campus, and we've got tons of activities and excursions planned throughout the coming year!" The dark-skinned girl gathers up three pamphlets and hands them each to Chris, Di and Kit. "We're having a big meetup in LA in March, with a whole range of female influencers and business leaders who are

looking for mentees.” She winks at Chris. “And maybe a bit more, if older women are your thing.”

“Wait...” Kit stares at the pamphlet in her hands, her eyes narrowing at the crossed pink female symbols beside a rainbow flag. “Hold on a minute... Are you guys...?” She lowers her voice, as if it’s something to hide. “Um... *gay?*”

“Gay as *fuck!*” Monique answers, in a booming tone that Chris would not have expected a girl her size to be able to make. “Cutie, you’re looking at the *gayest* sorority on campus. Maybe even the state!”

“Oh!” Kit flushes a deep red, much to Chris’s amusement. “Oh, then you probably wouldn’t want someone like me then...”

The girls inside the booth make some reassuring sounds as they smile down at Kit. “Nonsense!” Monique grins at her fellow petite girl. “You wouldn’t believe how much action little minxes like us get, babe. And to be honest, I could use a playmate myself...” She winks at Kit, licking her lips.

Kit flinches backward, a nervous grin on her red face. “N-no, I mean... I mean, I’m not gay!” As she steps back, she walks into Di. Or rather, the back of her head hits Di’s boobs. It must have felt like hitting a pillow, Chris imagines. Di puts her arms on the smaller girl’s shoulders, smirking at Chris as she steadies Kit.

“Oh, we get a few members who say that starting out.” Monique grins at her. “I reckon Beta Sappho can straighten you out in a year or so.” She chuckles at her own joke. “Oh, sorry. Did you mean you’re bi? That’s fine too, you’re still totally welcome to join!”

Kit doesn’t answer, just staring down at the floor with burning cheeks. There’s a nervous grin on her face though, so Chris isn’t terribly worried about her new friend. The shock of being invited to a lesbian sorority must be quite high.

“You know, I kinda expected sororities to be more exclusive?” Chris raises an eyebrow at Monique. After all, this is the *second* one they’ve been openly invited to in the space of ten minutes. “Don’t students usually have to, like, apply and be selected?”

“Let me guess, Lambda Hermos tried to poach you?” Monique looks around for a moment, and then leans in, lowering her voice almost conspiratorially. “They love doing that, catching the new girls and flirting with them to make them sign up. But all those girls end up as sex slaves, and a good few of ‘em will end up dropping out from teen pregnancy.”

“Sex slaves?!” Kit almost flinches at the words, her face turning bright red.

“Well, not *literal* slaves, I guess. Figure of speech.” Monique shrugs, gesturing over at the futanari sorority’s booth. From the looks of it, the girls who had walked over to the booth after Chris and her friends are now signing up. “But you spend a couple weeks with them, and you’ll end up addicted to futanari cock for the rest of college. And probably for the rest of your life too.”

Chris... could certainly imagine a worse fate. Still... “Is that... *normal* around here?” She asks, feeling a bit taken aback at how openly Monique is talking about this. “I mean, the sex stuff...” Most of her family were futanari, but she’d never discussed sex so *openly* with them.

“Oh please, it’s *college*, babe! If you’re not spending the next four years in a hundred different beds, can you really say you even pursued higher education?” A few of her girls giggle at Monique’s words, and the small girl smirks at Chris. “I mean, who among us *hasn’t* spent a drunken weekend at the Hermos house? But you just gotta be careful about the Hermos girls, because if you go too deep... You don’t come back out again for the rest of your college life.” She lets out a whistle. “Next thing you know, you’ve got a Queen of Clubs tattooed on your abdomen. Lost a few members to them that way. I mean, heck, there used to be a whole third lesbian sorority that got in so deep with those nutsluts that Hermos just straight up *annexed* them.”

Wow. It’s supposed to be a warning, but Monique’s words are actually pretty damn exciting. Spending so much time in a futanari den that she became addicted to futanari cock? That’s honestly something that Chris could fantasize about... And probably *will*, come to think of it. After all, she hasn’t yet rubbed one out today. Then, she blinks. “Wait, *third* lesbian sorority...?”

“Anyway, to answer your question from before, we *are* exclusive!” Monique chuckles, as if Chris has said something funny. “But we mostly screen candidates to make sure they’re really lesbian, and you three... Well, unless you were making out with a girl, I couldn’t see how you could be more obviously gay.”

“Excuse me?” Chris blinks for a moment. That’s not... What the heck?! Monique and the other girls seem so certain that it’s almost jarring.

Di, on the other hand, seems to take it as a compliment. “Thank you. We try our best.” She says, smirking down at the dark-skinned girl.

Beside her, Kit seems equally surprised. “Hold on, I know I dress in boyish clothes...” She began.

“And you look *fabulous* in them, cutie!” One of the girls, a tall Asian girl, gives her a thumbs up. Licking her lips, she and a few of the other girls give Kit hungry looks. “Actually, I think Monique’s old maid outfit would look *great* on you.”

“OMG, I *love* your outfit!” One of the other girls, a cute brunette with glasses looks Chris up and down. She seems to like what she sees. “That butch look is so good on you, wow. You must be getting numbers left and right today.”

Chris’s *outfit*? But she’d just put on a trim shirt and jeans, and styled her hair to look more professional... Oh. Yeah, Chris can kinda see it now. “Oh. No, I haven’t been...” Well, Chris *had* gotten Sadie’s number earlier, hadn’t she? But that hadn’t been her giving Chris her number for a date, that had been to help her adjust to... Oh *shit*, it had, hadn’t it?! Goddammit! “Uh... Well, I guess I have gotten *a* number.” Oh, *heck*, Di had assumed she was gay as well, hadn’t she? Why hadn’t Aunt Vicky warned... *I’m sure you won’t give people the wrong idea in that getup...* Her aunt’s words from this morning seem to echo in the young woman’s head, and she resists an urge to groan.

“How about a second one?” The girl winks at Chris.

Monique slaps the girl lightly on the shoulder. “Hey! I told you girls, you can flirt, but no trying to pick-up girls!” She grins at the brunette. “And you’ve already *got* a girlfriend, Mary!”

“Yeah, who’s number do you think I’m offering? Both of us have been looking for a butch dom to top us two bottoms...” This earned a few laughs as Monique chased the girl away.

“You guys seem pretty friendly.” Di says, a slight grin on her face.

The dark-skinned girl shrugs as she sits back down. “Well, we live together, so we’re kinda tight-knit.” She picks up some pamphlets and hands them to the three girls. “Our sorority is dedicated to supporting each other and to protecting one another.”

“Protecting?” The word seems a little odd to Chris. “What do you mean?”

Monique sighs deeply, clearly not eager to talk about it. “Look, we’re the only *real* lesbian sorority, okay? Alpha Sappho isn’t really a sorority, it’s a clique of rich girls with a fancy title.” She leans in again, her face dark as if she’s sharing some juicy gossip. “You girls should avoid them, like don’t even go over to their booth...”

“Oh, don’t worry! We’ll come over to *yours*.”

Suddenly, there’s a rather smug voice behind Chris, and she turns around. Making their way towards the Beta Sappho booth is a large group of about half a dozen girls. It doesn’t take Chris long to figure out that these girls are the *rich* girls that Monique had been complaining about. Between their stylish clothes and designer sunglasses, these girls are clearly each quite wealthy.

At their head is a tall Asian girl. Her hair is styled into dyed blue side cut, a rather striking flash of color against pale skin. A Chanel handbag is strung over her shoulder, a rainbow flag

attached to the strap. As she flutters her eyes at Chris, the young woman notes the smug smile on her soft red lips. A magnificently stylish red dress extends down to her thighs, leaving the girl's chest exposed in a way that gives a fantastic view of her cleavage. Her boobs aren't as big as Di's, but they're still pretty damn big.

"Hey, ladies!" The blue-haired girl gives Chris and Di a wide grin. "You look lost, so I decided to come to you." She looks Chris up and down for a moment. "Mmm! Yeah, you'd be wasted in Beta Sappho, cutie. Alpha's more your speed." Then, she turns to Di, and her green eyes drop down about a foot. "Well, *hello!* I must be in Mathematics 101, because I see a solid 10 before me!"

Behind Chris, Kit nervously shelters behind the young woman. Chris isn't surprised, this girl is giving off some serious 'Mean Girls' energy right now.

Di raises an eyebrow at the compliment. "Thanks! You're pretty damn hot yourself." She holds out her hand. "Diana Simons... single."

"Single? I find that hard to believe. The name's Rachelle Jameson, my dear." The blue-haired girl gives Di a smoldering look. "*Enchanté...*" She says, kissing the tall girl's hand. "I'm also single... for now."

"What do you *want*, Rachelle?" Monique growls from behind them, her voice a mix of irritation and alarm. "Shouldn't you Alpha girls be back at your own booth, admiring your bank accounts?"

"Well, I saw Beta Sappho's booth talking to a couple of beautiful girls, and I knew that there must be some mistake..." Rachelle chuckles to herself. "So, I came over here to ruin your fun." She very pointedly doesn't turn her head to look at the smaller girl glaring at her.

Monique's eye twitched, and the girls around her began to grumble. "Wouldn't be the first time..." The dark-skinned girl points at Rachelle. "Sod off, Alpha. We saw these girls first!"

"Sorry, what are you saying? I don't speak *bottom*." The blue-haired sneers, waving her hand at Monique and her girls dismissively. "Don't be fooled by their little display, girls. You're talking to the leader of the campus *larder*. Those girls might have a house on campus grounds, but they usually sleep in the bowels of us girls at Alpha Sappho."

"Oh, here we go..." Monique rolls her eyes. "Your whole big 'we're the pred sorority' thing again? I'll have you know that many Beta members are *proud* prey. Alpha members might think they're hot shit, but we're the ones having the time of our lives in your guts." She smirks up at the blue-haired girl. "Oh, and you might wanna check the whereabouts of... Oh, what were their names? Hannah and Sarah? Cause they're both currently enjoying the Beta sorority house toilets. A couple of my girls have just as big of an appetite for rich meat..."

“Ooh...” Di seems more than a little amused by this display. “This is cute. You guys got a little campus turf war going on here or something?” The dark-haired girl doesn’t seem fazed by the mentions of vore, to Chris’s surprise.

Rachelle chuckles at the idea. “Ha! Nothing so crass. We just like to remind Beta who the boss is, y’know?”

“Oh please, we *both* know who the boss is, Rachelle.” Monique snorts in amusement. “And it’s not *you*.”

The blue-haired girl actually flinches slightly at the smaller girl’s words, although she still refuses to look at her. “Why bring *her* up?” Rachelle rolls her eyes. “Our little rivalry has nothing to do with her.”

“Yeah, whatever.” The dark-skinned girl leans forward, smirking. “And if she knew you were trying to pick a fight with us on the first day of the school year, she’d have you served on a plate for dinner”

“Oh, *please*.” Rachelle rolls her eyes. “She’s already eaten her fill today. Some idiots picked a fight with her this morning and now she’s running late because her and the rest are dumping out their meals.”

“Okay...” Chris has been enjoying this little exchange, but she really doesn’t have all day. And these girls can *clearly* keep doing this all day. “Look... Rachelle, was it? If you’re here to talk up your sorority, can you do that first instead of fighting with your rival?” Beside her, Kit and Di nod along with her, to her relief.

“Oh, of course, honey!” Rachelle turns back to Chris with a smirk. “Forget whatever *Beta* offered you. Alpha Sappho has everything you girls need for a *real* gay campus life. Amazing social events, a *huge* dating pool of the hottest girls, connections to lesbian businesswomen and influencers, a private sorority house in River Park within walking distance of our university, a list of female teachers you can sleep with to get your grades bumped up...”

Chris blinks. “Excuse me?”

“Yes, you heard me right! A *private* sorority house!” The blue-haired girl looks truly smug as she continues. “Right on the American River, complete with boat access! We’re the only sorority on campus... Hell, maybe the *country* where you can wake up and see girls sunbathing topless out of your window!”

“Ooh... That’s pretty good. I *do* like sunbathing...” Di strokes her chin thoughtfully. “Wow, how the heck do you guys pay for all that?”



“Hmmp!” Rachelle tosses a lock of golden hair behind her, looking smug. “Alpha Sappho gets generous donations from alumni who fondly remember their *decadent* college years and want the younger generation to experience the same pleasure. Not to mention that almost all our members come from wealthy families.”

Monique, on the other hand, doesn't seem swayed by the blue-haired girl's words. “Ha!” She scoffs, sneering at the taller girl. “That might be pleasant for a little while, but eventually you'll realize you're also waking up in a nest of vipers. Alpha's the *cattiest* sorority in the country as well. Beta focuses on cultivating *actual* friendships and relationships instead of helping skin-deep beauties and shallow bitches show off.”

Rachelle finally turns and mockingly pretends to finally notice the smaller girl. “Oh, Monique. I didn't see you there.” She chuckles to herself. “Oh... Maybe I should have looked *down* a little bit.”

“Is that meant to be an insult?” The dark-skinned girl rolls her eyes. “Petite lesbians rock. We can be picked up and used anywhere. Just ask your *mom*.”

“My mom would have a tiny preyslut like you for *breakfast*, Chocolate Snack.” She gives Chris and the others a smug grin. “Ignore Beta's jealous gossip. They're still mad about our Christmas prank.”

Chris raises an eyebrow. “Prank?” She asks, curious. College pranks sound exciting, especially after some of the crazy pranks she's read about online. “What'd you do?”

The dark-skinned girl lets out a grumble of irritation. Rachelle just smirks at the sound. “Oh, we snuck into their *quaint* little chapter house and installed secret cameras in all their bedrooms and showers.” Around her, the other Alpha girls start giggling. Two of them even high-five. “We had a livestream in our common room of Beta girls showering, changing... getting *frisky* for the better part of a month.” The rich girl laughs at Monique's irritated blush. “Enough spicy material to keep our girls going for years to come. Members get *full* access to the archive, of course.” She winks at Chris and the others.

“Uh...” Chris hates to be a downer, but... “Isn't that *illegal*?”

Rachelle shrugs, rolling her eyes. “Babe, we're rich and hot. Who's gonna sue *us*? Beta? They're just poor and hot. My family lawyers alone could crush them in court if they try anything, not to mention all the top lawyers in the country that are alumni of our sorority that'd work pro bono for us.”

Okay... So, rich vs poor? Chris can't help but feel a bit of sympathy for Beta Society. “Uh... I'm not sure we'd meet the entrance fee...” She begins.

But Rachelle just waves a hand. "Oh please, the real reason I walked over here was because I recognized you, Chris Abrams. One of our lovely members has a... *contact* in the admin staff who sends us the names of potential members. I think the daughter of an Air Force general makes the cut to join our special club."

Her mom? Chris feels a twinge of irritation. No, more than a twinge. She didn't move across the city and out of her mom's household just to have Matilda Abrams following behind her like a matriarchal specter. She'd felt a little flattered at the idea of being invited to Rachelle's sorority, but... Was she really willing to just coast on her mom's laurels?

Her gaze slides over to Di. "And your friend there's not upper class, but she certainly passes our *looks* standards." She points a thumb behind her. "So, come on over to our booth and we'll get you two signed up. There's a couple of rooms in the west wing that'd be perfect for..."

Something else had been bothering her as well. "And Kit?" Chris asks softly, smiling at the blue-haired girl.

"H-huh?" Rachelle blinks for a moment, and then her eyes settle on the small dark-haired girl between Chris and Di, as if it's the first time she's noticed her. "Er... What about her?"

"Aren't you gonna offer her a spot too?" The young woman raises an eyebrow at the surprised girl. "Just curious."

The tall blunette scratches her head for a moment. "Uh... Well, we're a pretty exclusive club." She looks behind her to the other Alpha girls. All of them seem to have found something more interesting on the floor or the ceiling to look at though. "I mean, well... We only have so many rooms..."

"Huh?" Kit looks up at Chris, blushing in embarrassment. "What? No, Chris, if they're offering..." She squeezes her hands together nervously. "Gosh, don't worry about me! I mean, we only just met, so it's not like I'd be offended if you wanted to join. It sounds pretty awesome to me..." She trails off, clearly embarrassed.

It's true that she had just met Kit, but it wasn't about the small girl in particular. The casual way that Rachelle had dismissed someone right in front of her bothered Chris more than the young woman might have expected. It reminded her of Matilda, in a very annoying way.

Chris sighs and smiles at the blue-haired girl. "Alpha sounds amazing, but I'm not looking to join a sorority right now." Not just because she didn't yet want to lock herself into a particular path in college, but also because she wasn't sure she wanted to join the 'rich girl' sorority at all. Maybe in the future. She looks over at Di. "What about you?"

Di bites her lip. “Eh... I’m interested. I’ll take a pamphlet.” It’s pretty clear that she’s more than just *interested*, given the look she gives Rachelle. Well, Chris certainly can’t blame her. As rude and snobby the blue-haired is, she *is* hot...

“Awesome!” Rachelle grins at Di, and then turns back to Chris. She clicks her tongue, giving the young woman an irritated glare for a moment. “Oh well... You’ll change your mind in the future, Abrams.” Her cheeks are a little red, perhaps not having expected to be rebuffed. “Well, at least you know which sorority is better now, at least.”

“She *sure* does. Too bad you’re a stuck up bitch to realize it...” Monique mutters under her breath.

Rachelle just sneers back at the dark-skinned girl. “Stuck up: synonym for awesome and proud of it. I know you *Beta* girls look up to us, but you don’t have to be so coy with your compliments.”

“Only reason I’d look up to *you* was if I wanted to...” The dark-skinned folds her arms, glaring at the rich girl. “Er... Was if I wanted to look at an exhibit of a human who thinks her farts don’t stink!” Around her, Monique’s fellow Beta members dutifully made sounds of approval.

Rachelle doesn’t seem particularly fazed by the rather weak insult. “Oh honey... You’re trying to diss me, but you can’t hide your jealousy, can you? Honestly, you Beta girls are always welcome at Alpha’s private house...” To Chris’s amusement, the blue-haired girl actually paused for dramatic effect. “After all, we always need more *maids and waitresses*...!” Around her, the other Alpha girls laughed in a high-class manner. “And *snacks*. You know I’m a chocolate lover...”

“I know you’re a *snowbunny*...” Monique mutters under her breath. Or rather, pretends to mutter under breath loudly enough that everyone else can hear it. “Anyway, you got rejected. Why don’t you Princeton pussies head back to your resort and enjoy a yacht ride? I mean, there’s not much point in you guys *studying*...”

“I swear, that girl in the blue mini-skirt just let out a ojou-sama laugh...” Kit whispers to Chris, who has to suppress a chuckle.

Rachelle rolls her eyes. “Babe, I got a full GPA point higher than you!” The rich girl points down at her rival, sneering. “Maybe you should work harder. Really, shouldn’t the working class live up to its name?” Ouch. It felt pretty clear to Chris that the dark-skinned girl was losing this battle.

“Oh... Whatever! You are *such* an arrogant prick.” Monique seems to have given up, but she’s not going down without trying to save face. Turning away, the smaller girl waves a hand dismissively. “This is why I broke up with you, Jesus...”

“What?!” Rachele’s smug face suddenly morphs into a look of fury. “I fucking broke up with *you*, you little shit!” To Chris’s shock, the girl takes a step toward her rival. “That’s it, you’re taking a trip into my guts again!”

“Bullshit you did!” Monique spins around, pointing her finger at the blue-haired girl. “Oh, what? You wanna go, bitch?! I’ll force my way right down that bitch mouth of yours and use you as a sleeping bag!” Despite her size, the dark-skinned girl seems more than eager to jump over the table and fight the rich girl despite being almost a foot shorter. “Open up that throat, I’m gonna... Hey!”

Thankfully, the two sororities grab their respective leaders, pulling them back as they try to advance toward each other. “Whoa...” Chris says out loud, feeling her heart beating in her chest. It had seemed funny at first, but the way the two had been moving toward each other actually felt like a fistfight might break out.

“Holy shit...” Beside her, Di is smirking. “This is fucking *awesome!* I’ve always wanted to see a real lesbian catfight.” She looks down at her pamphlet again, reading it with genuine interest. “If this is normal for this campus, then sorority life is gonna be *beast!* Who do you think will win?”

Chris opens her mouth to answer...

“Excuse me?!” A sharp voice cuts through the shouting, like a hot knife through butter. “What the *fuck* is happening on my campus?”

It’s as if time seems to stop. Both Monique and Rachele and their girls freeze in place, almost identical looks of terror spreading across their faces.

The voice makes Chris’s bowels twitch. She turns to look at...

Oh.

*That’s* Becky.

Reaching up, Becky removes her designer sunglasses, shaking out her long blonde hair with the air and grace of a Hollywood celebrity. Then, her cold blue eyes narrow.

Oh, *crap.* Becky is... Hot. Not *hot.* She’s Hot. With a fucking *capital.*

Chris feels like she’s watching the world in slow motion as Becky fills her vision. As she shakes out her platinum hair, Becky gently runs a finger through the shining strands, pushing it back over her ear. It’s clearly taken someone quite a bit of time to arrange her beautiful locks to fall perfectly around her shoulders. Ruby studded hair clips hold her immaculate hair in place, and her eyelashes are beautifully long.

Oh... Chris can feel her heart beating her chest...

Becky's skin is a beautiful copper color, an amazing shade that could only have been crafted by careful tanning. Under the girl's icy blue eyes, a light smattering of freckles dot her copper cheeks. Her lips are pink and full, curved with just a hint of malice.

This girl could be a model. No, she *has* to be a model. If Becky's not a model, then what was even the point of the modeling industry?

Her clothes... Her outfit is almost as stunning as her face. Becky's chest is relatively modest after the magnificence of Di and Rachele, but in a designer pink tube top, her breasts are amazingly beautiful. The shape is outlined in a way that draws in Chris's eyes, her gaze almost pulled along that enticing curve... Bekcy's jean shorts are clearly designer as well, and the straps of her underwear ride quite high, looping over her small hips. A whale tail like that is *quite* bold indeed, but on Becky's shapely hips, they're outrageously erotic.

But that's not what draws Chris's eye. What draws her eye is Becky's *belly*.

The copper skin of Becky's stomach bulges, a thick curve that the girl's slender copper fingers are slowly stroking almost unconsciously. If not for last night, Chris might have assumed that Becky's a few months pregnant. But now, it's impossible to mistake the bulge digested *person*. And this person has been *digested* quite certainly. Chris can't even see the actual *shape* of a human being anymore, just the curvy aftermath...

"Becky!" Rachele visibly pales as Becky glares at her. "I was just... We were just having a chat!" The other Alpha members quickly release their leader, looking around in a vain attempt to look nonchalant. "Haha..." The bluenette laughs nervously.

"You think I'm *stupid*, Jameson?" Becky's voice is high and sharp, the arrogance almost palpable. "I know you're a horny *idiot*, but starting a fight with your ex? In the middle of the sorority open day? Do you *want* to piss off the Student Union?"

"N-no!" The rich girl holds up her hands and Chris can see sweat beading on her pale brow. "No, we just... You know how Monique and I are, we..." Behind her, the dark-skinned girl is visibly smirking.

Naturally, this makes her the next target for those ice-blue eyes. "What the hell are you grinning at, you little *snack*?" Monique's grin instantly vanishes. It's not a term of endearment. It's a *threat*.

"I, uh..." The small girl wrings her hands, licking her lips nervously. "Well, Rachele came over here and picked a fight, so Beta's not responsible..."

"I saw you trying to vault over the table, you tiny dyke. Shut your mouth and look pretty, or you'll be joining the swim team captain in my guts." Becky slaps her stomach for emphasis, and Chris sees for a moment the vague outline of the former person within.

"Oh *God*, she really did eat someone..." Kit gasps quietly, covering her mouth. "Is that... Is that *allowed*?"

Di lets out a soft snort of amusement. "Of course. Yeah, vore is allowed on campus grounds. It's one of the reasons CSU is so popular with voraphiles. And Sacramento's got a massive vore community. Biggest city for vore in the US. I mean, it doesn't compare to somewhere like *Sydney*, but still... Didn't you know that?"

"N-no!" Both Chris and Kit say in unison. Chris had suspected that there was some kind of vore community here, a club at least. But this is so much more open and on display than she'd expected.

Becky turns her irritation to the rest of Monique's sorority. "I swear, it's the first fucking day of the school year, and you two are already trying to fuck each other. What is *with* you two sororities? Even Herмос is less of a pain in my backside, and that's saying something! Keep this shit up, and I'll make Cathy shut down your little dyke club and let Herмос drag you back to that sex dungeon they call a sorority house." Oh, *damn*. Is it just Chris or is this kinda hot?! Watching a hot chick verbally dominate someone is kinda... Wow. "What the fuck are you morons even fighting over this time?" Becky asks, rolling her eyes.

Rachelle and Monique exchange a look for a long moment. And then, to Chris's horror, their eyes both turn to her and her friends. "Well..." Rachelle gestures nervously at the three of them. "Um... These girls were looking at sororities, so..."

"Really?" Becky sighs. "*Them?* You're fighting over *them*?" She slowly looks Chris up and down for a moment, and it's clear that she's *not* impressed. "Lame ponytail, old shirt... Decent thighs, I guess." She snorts. "Granted, she's pretty cute. Might be hot if she put in some effort, even. But are you dykes for real fighting over *her*?" Her eyes flick to Kit, and then flick to Di. "At least her friend has fat tits. Stop flirting and get back to your fucking booths, or I'll show you what happened to the *last* bitch who didn't do what I told her." She slaps her belly for emphasis.

"Excuse me?!" Chris isn't going to take that lying down. Not even from a supermodel. "Sorry, who exactly *are* you?"

The blonde gives her an almost disgusted glare. "*Becky Chastity*." She says, and Chris can *hear* the full stop at the end of her name.

"And who exactly is Becky Chastity?" Chris persists, glaring right back at those arrogant blue eyes.

From around them, the young woman hears a few gasps of shock, as if Chris has just spat some scathing insult into Becky's face. To be quite honest, her question hadn't really been an insult, just an actual inquiry.

A small crowd seems to be gathering around them, much to Chris's alarm. She can see Jackie and Candice among them, the two futanari straining to look at Becky and Chris. Oh God, this was a bad idea. Chris hadn't intended to draw a damn *crowd* over this.

Becky glares at Chris for a long moment, her eyes near murderous. Then, her beautiful face seems to contort, almost making Chris flinch in alarm. A warm smile suddenly appears on the blonde's face, her full lips curving upward in a display of friendliness. It would be a pleasant sight if Chris couldn't see the girl's *chilling* eyes.

"Oh, where *are* my manners? I'm Becky Chastity, president and head of the Student Union here at Sacramento campus of CSU." The blonde doesn't offer a hand in greeting. Instead, she places her hand on her stomach. Chris hears a nasty gurgle and sees the copper curve shudder slightly. "And the president of the CSU Vore Club."

Uh oh. Chris doesn't like the look that Becky is giving her. It reminds her of...

*The sight of the girl's red hair slipping into her aunt's open mouth is one she will never forget. Nor will she ever forget that slurping sound, as her aunt furiously chokes down the girl's neck and shoulders...*

"Imagine not knowing Becky Chastity!" There's a cackle from behind the blonde, and another girl seems to appear out of nowhere, sneering at Chris from Becky's left side. She's olive-skinned, dressed in a sports bra and tight pants. Just like Becky, this girl is sporting a bulging belly. "You might be new and cute, but you're just a little silly, babe!"

"More than *silly*!" A second girl seems to materialize out of thin air, sneering at Chris from Becky's right side. She's almost identical to the other girl, and the young woman takes a moment to realize that the two are twins. "I'd say outright *rude*!" Just like her sister, she's sporting a stomach full of digested meat.

Becky's smirk widens as the two girls flank her. "Farrah, Senna, please... I'm having a very important conversation." Placing her hands on her ample hips, the blonde smirks at Chris. "Now... Who exactly are *you*?"

Chris is aware of dozens of eyes on her all of a sudden. "M-me?!" She answers, feeling her voice breaking slightly. This isn't how she'd expected this to go. She can feel Di and Kit behind her, and when she looks back at them, the two girls are equally worried. "Um... I'm Chris Abrams. This is Di, and Kit..."

"Chris *Abrams*..." Becky strokes her chin for a moment, as if she's trying to recall something. "Hmm... That's strange! Doesn't ring a bell! And here *I* was thinking you were someone *important* to be talking to me that way."

Ew. Becky might be hot as hell, but the most unattractive thing in the world to Chris is an attitude like that. "Excuse me?" She says, frowning at the blonde. "You might be the Student Union president, but..." Behind Becky, Chris can see Rachelle and Monique both furiously shaking their heads, gesturing with their hands for Chris to stop. "Uh..."

"Chris, Christine... Can I call you 'Chrissie?'" The blonde seems to enjoy her faux warmth, grinning happily at Chris's discomfort.

Oh God. That's the name Matilda uses for her. "Um... I'd prefer you didn't-"

"Okay, Chrissie." Becky ignores her, licking her lips. "Now... Abrams... Abrams..." The blonde clicks her fingers, a curious look on her face. "Hold on. Why do I *actually* know that name...?"

"Oh! Chris is Matilda Abrams' daughter." Rachelle pipes up, a nervous note in her voice. "You know the Air Force general that was in the news about the whole moon thing..."

"No." The model silences the taller girl with a wave of her hand. "Not her. You know, you look *just* like..." She thinks for another moment... and then her eyes widen. And a nasty smirk spreads across her face. "You're not... You're related to *Victoria Abrams*, aren't you?!"

What?! Chris is stunned. This girl knows Aunt Vicky? What the heck?

"Ugh... Yeah." The young woman stammers, totally shocked. "She's my aunt..."

Too late, Chris realizes this may have been a bad idea to admit, judging by the look of cruel delight on Becky's face. "Oh *goodness!*" To Chris's shock, the beautiful girl steps forward and grabs her shoulders. "Ladies and gentlemen... We have a celebrity in our midst!" Before she can react, Becky throws her arm around Chris's shoulder and turns her toward the crowd. "Chrissie here is the niece of *Victoria Abrams!*"

There's a few gasps of shock, to Chris's bewilderment. She can see a few people staring at her in shock... No, most of the crowd! There's a handful of people who look just as bewildered as well, but it seems that around two-thirds of the people around them somehow know Aunt Vicky's name.

"Holy crap!" Di says out loud. Chris spins around to look at the dark-haired girl, who is covering her mouth in amazement. "I mean, I had a suspicion when I heard the name, but..."

"Huh?" Chris is utterly lost. She looks around, feeling more than a little unsettled at the stunned faces around her. "W-wha... How do you guys know my aunt?"



“Oh, we’ve all heard of Victoria!” Farah giggles at Chris, slapping her twin on the arm. Beside her, Senna is laughing too hard to even speak. “Oh, she’s quite famous!”

Famous? “She is?!” The young woman blinks again, feeling more and more lost by the second.

“I listen to her podcast!” Monique has a look of wonder on her face. “Oh my... Can you introduce me to her? I’ll go on a date with you, I’ll put out, even!”

Rachelle is staring at her, eyes wide with surprise. “Wow, you’re related to *her*?” She puts her hands together, giving Chris a wide smile. “Hey listen, about my offer before... Look, I can probably talk the prez into giving your friend a spot as well! I mean, if I’d known...”

“No! No, she’s not joining your stuck-up sorority!” Monique shouts at her rival. Chris feels a moment of relief, but then the small dark-skinned girl rounds on her. “Listen, Beta’s ready to offer you the sorority experience of a lifetime, Miss Abrams...”

“Screw that!” To Chris’s surprise, Jackie and Candice shouldered their way past the two sorority leaders, ignoring their loud complaints. “Holy crap... Victoria Abrams!” Jackie looks starstruck. “Chris, consider yourself an *honorary* member of Lambda Hermos! God, I’d give *anything* to meet your aunt...”

“What the...?” Chris flinches back as the sorority girls advance on her. “Who the heck is my aunt to you guys?”

“Hey, hey, back off!” Di steps in between Chris and the other girls. To the young woman’s surprise, Kit joins the dark-haired girl a moment later, forcing the other girls back. “Would you guys calm the *fuck* down?”

“OMG!” Becky snarled menacingly, clicking her fingers at the sorority girls. Chris had never heard an acronym said *menacingly* before, but the beautiful girl’s voice makes the others flinch. “Would you preysluts stop jizzing yourselves? Fuck off back to your booths and change your panties. You know Cathy can have your little clubs shut down if she wants, and I’ve got my boot on her nutsack.”

This proves effective. Rachelle gives Becky a nervous nod and scurries away. Jackie and Candice give Chris apologetic looks and turn away. “Sorry...” Monique says to her as she backs away.

In a matter of moments, the crowd seems to disperse, almost as if on Becky’s order. The beautiful girl takes a deep breath of irritation, and then a nasty smirk returns to her face as she turns back to Chris.

“Di...” Chris looks up at the dark-haired girl. “Who the *fuck* is my aunt?”

“Uh...” Di turns back around, licking her lips nervously. “Um... Well, Victoria Abrams... She’s kinda famous for... Well, she’s...” The dark-haired girl thinks for a moment, and then visibly gives up. “Oh God... Chris, your aunt used to be a pornstar. You didn’t know that?”

“...No?” Chris blinks for a moment, baffled. Aunt Vicky... a *pornstar*?

Well, actually... The news isn’t quite as hard to believe as Chris had initially thought. Now that she thought about it, Aunt Vicky hadn’t mentioned her job or where her money came from, considering that she clearly wasn’t employed.

“Oh... Okay.” The young woman takes a deep breath and nods. “Gosh... Wow, that’s... That’s not how I would have expected to learn about...”

“Oh, Chrissie.” Becky says in a mockingly sad tone. She puts a hand on the young woman’s shoulder, making her shiver. “Your breedable friend here is sugar-coating it quite a lot. Your lovely aunt isn’t just one of the most famous pornstars in California. Your aunt is one of the most well known *predators* in the state as well. She practically fucking *founded* the vore porn industry. And while she’s retired now, she’s still hugely popular.” It clearly gives her great pleasure to lavish these details on a shocked Chris.

Di gives Becky a glare. “Hey, what the fuck is your problem?” To Chris’s surprise, the dark-haired girl cracks her knuckles. “Why are you being such a *cunt* to her?”

“To my new friend Chrissie? What do you mean, hmm?” The blonde clearly couldn’t be *less* intimidated by the taller girl’s implicit threat. “Oh, right... Because I *can*. Because *you* can’t stop me.” She sneers at Di, her eyes falling to the girl’s cleavage. “What are you gonna do, huh? Slap me with those udders of yours? Go right ahead! They look delicious, my acids’ll sizzle up those slabs of meat like a pair of milky *sirloin steaks*.”

There’s a tense moment, and Chris fears that Di might actually try to hit Becky. The blonde’s cronies are grinning, but they’ve tensed up as well. Chris knows the three of them can’t beat these three girls. But to her relief, Di backs down, unclenching her fists.

“Good girl.” Becky snorts in amusement. “Doesn’t matter how tall you are, my stomach will cook you alive. Literally. Just like Chrissie’s washed up aunt.”

“Not to mention that her aunt’s always getting into some girl’s pants!” Farrah chuckles, slapping her belly. “I mean, that’s what she’s most well known around *here* for. She’s a local celebrity, taking home a new girl to fuck every week. She talks about it all the time on her podcast, and her fans like to keep track of her conquests.”

Senna giggles at her twin. "We sure do! Honestly, I think even on our campus, quite a few girls have been picked up by her. And that number's just gonna get bigger now that she's got access to our campus..."

"Well, I know what you girls will be jilling off to when we're done here." Becky turns back to Chris. "Tell me, Chrissie... has your aunt added you to her list of conquests yet?"

Has Aunt Vicky added Chris to her... "N-no!" The young woman exclaims, feeling her cheeks turning red. "What the heck is wrong with you?!"

Becky sneers at her, clearly aware that she's hit a bit of a nerve. And like a true bully, she exploits it without mercy. "Oh please. If you're living with a predator like Victoria Abrams, you won't last long before you're on your knees before her, sucking your aunt's cock. And from there, you'll be going right into her stomach. I recognize a gutslut when I see one, Chrissie. And I see *three* of them before me."

Kit has been quite silent for almost all of this conversation, something that Chris is actually happy about. In fact, the young woman has been keeping herself between Kit and Becky this entire time. Now, to her alarm, Kit tries to speak up. "Hey, we're not..." She tries, but Becky doesn't even give her a full sentence.

"Oh, you don't even get to talk to me, you little *snack*." The blonde doesn't even look down at Kit. "If I wasn't already full, you'd be going right down my gullet."

Chris knows that the blonde girl isn't lying. This conversation was worrying, but now it's outright dangerous. Di doesn't want to back down, and Kit won't be able to put up a fight at all if it turns ugly. And while Becky and her cronies have full bellies, Chris suspects that they might ignore that if things get messy.

The young woman knows what she has to do. "Okay..." She sighs, ashamed of what she's about to say. "Look, I'm... I'm sorry, okay?" She nods her head at the beautiful girl. "I was rude, okay? You're right, I shouldn't have spoken to you like that."

"What?!" Di turns and gives her an incredulous look. "Chris, you weren't..." Then, she sighs. "Yeah... Okay. Fair enough."

Becky's eyes narrow at Chris. "Oh?" She asks, sounding a little amused. "I didn't expect you to swallow your pride like that." She bites her lip, looking at Chris for a long moment. "Okay... I'll accept your apology. *If* you do it again, call me by my full name."

Yeah. The blonde wants to make it humiliating, as expected. But Chris was prepared to accept that as long as Di and Kit were okay. "I'm... I'm sorry for being rude to you, Becky Chastity. I won't do it again."

Becky's sneer widens, and she thankfully looks satisfied with that. "Oh, Chrissie..." The beautiful girl reaches out and strokes Chris' cheek gently with her thumb. "I'm so glad I met you today. It's not often I meet someone as cute as you." Somehow, the beautiful girl makes that sentence sound more threatening than an actual death threat. "I hope you enjoy your college life here." Becky smiles warmly and leans in to whisper in Chris' ear. "Because if you piss me off again, it will be a very *short* life for you and your friends."

Oh no, the death threat is *much* more threatening.

"Y-you don't scare me." Chris isn't going to back down so easily, though. "I know about reformation, Becky. Even if you eat me, I'll come back."

Becky's smile widens even further. "Oh, is that how you think it works, preyslut?" Her teeth seem to flash menacingly. "Trust me, Chrissie. I don't let my prey back out. *Ever*. Maybe I'll give you a thorough education in how that works someday." Smirking, she pats the young woman on the arm. "See ya round, cutie! I gotta go drop off the former swimming club president at the *pool*, if you catch my drift!"

"Wow..." Kit mutters as the three bullies walk away giggling. "Feels like my highschool years... And my middle school years." She shivers. "And elementary..."

"What a *cunt*." Di glares at Becky's retreating back. "Yeah, I won't try to piss her off again, Chris. Good call on the apology there. I don't think she was joking." She looks back at Kit. "And I'd be careful around here if I were you, Kit. You're supposed to get consent before you eat someone, but I doubt those girls would care if they caught you alone." Kit pales a little at the thought.

Chris rubs her chest, feeling her heart beating a mile a minute. "Yeah, don't worry. I'm definitely not gonna pick a fight with *her* again." She turns back to watch the girls leaving as well. "Those girls are bad news... Are you staring at her ass?"

"Yes." Di nods slowly, frowning. "But I'm doing it angrily, I swear."

Chris really can't blame the dark-haired girl. Despite everything, she can't help but stare at Becky's shapely behind as well as the girl walks away. "Ugh... Not how I expected checking out the sororities would go."

"Yeah, it was really fun!" Kit says, seeming to recover already from her terror. She beams up at Chris and Di. "I mean, apart from that girl who *eats* people, I guess. But still!"

Di snorts in amusement. "Well, I guess it wasn't *boring*." The dark-haired girl tucks the pamphlets she received into her longcoat. "Come on, let's get out of this hall. Unless you guys wanna see anything else?"

Chris has seen enough for the day. Maybe even the week. "No, I'm good. Let's go get a coffee."

“Coffee sounds great!” Kit repeats, her voice full of glee. Oh God, the thought of the small girl caffeinated is a terrifying thought.

“You thinking about joining any sororities then, Chris?” Di asks as they make their way out of the hall. “How about Alpha? I think Rachelle had a thing for me. And you too.”

“Eh...” Chris thinks about it for a moment. As much as she hated to admit it, the rich girl *had* made a solid argument for Alpha. Well, the offer was still on the table. And secretly, that futanari sorority was an annoying tempting option. Maybe once Chris actually had some experience with sex, that might be... “Maybe in the future? I just moved in with my aunt, I don’t feel like moving back out right away...”

Kit scratches her head for a moment. “Probably not. They seem pretty cool, but I wanna live on my own for a while. I’ve got four siblings back home, and I wanna live by myself for a while.”

“But it sounds pretty good for you, Di.” Chris smiles at the dark-haired girl. “I bet you’d do really well in a place like that. Lots of hot girls, you’d fit right in!”

“Geez, way to flirt...” Di smirks for a moment and then frowns. It seems like she’s really thinking hard for a moment. “Eh... Nah. I don’t think I will. Maybe later. I mean, if you two were joining, I probably would, but if you’re not... I’d rather not too.” To Chris’s surprise, the tall girl’s cheeks are very slightly flushed “Well, and it’s a bunch of shit on top of classes and all that, y’know?” Di adds, as if to move on from the embarrassing sentimental moment quickly.

“Yeah, mine start tomorrow.” Kit reached behind her, pulling out her edu-tablet from her backpack. “I got Japanese history tomorrow, and Intro to Social Studies and Gender in History the day after.”

Come to think of it... Chris pulls out her own tablet, quickly pulling up her class schedule. “Oh, I’ve got those second two as well.” Well, if they’re studying the same course, that’s pretty natural. “Di?”

“I got those too.” Di grins at them both. “Well, good to know that I’ve already got friends in those classes.”

“Yeah!” Kit beams at the two of them. “Oh man, that *is* a relief...”

“Yeah.” It’s been a day of ups and downs, but Chris has to admit that she’s happy about that. “Friends.” She says, smiling back at Di and Kit.

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After a coffee, the three girls spend a couple more hours exploring the campus. It's enormous, so they don't even get close to exploring the whole thing, but Chris has a lot of fun anyway. But eventually, she starts to feel tired. Last night's lack of sleep is catching up with her. After texting Vicky to let her aunt know that she's done, Chris says goodbye to her friends.

As it turns out, it's a good time to call it quits. "Yeah, I'm socially exhausted." Kit says with a grin. "I gotta head home too..." Though she seems to have recovered from earlier, the thought of walking home by herself seems to make her a little worried, despite her smile.

Thankfully, Di seems to notice as well. "I'll walk her home." The tall girl says, nodding at Kit. "See you in class, Chris."

As Chris waves goodbye, she watches her two new friends walking away together toward the student housing. She's pleased to see Di and Kit chatting as they leave, the dark-haired girl reaching out to gently stroke the smaller girl's back. Then, they're gone, vanished into the crowds of students who blanket the campus.

Chris turns, walking away in the opposite direction. Her aunt had sent her a short response, saying she'd pick her up in the same place she'd dropped Chris off at.

Well, today had been... eventful, hadn't it? Chris really hadn't expected that sorority thing to get so out of hand. And while she hadn't really been considering joining one just yet, they *had* been tempting. Though she wasn't sure whether she wanted to get into Alpha and Beta's bitter rivalry, or submit herself to Lambda Hermos. Even just today had been exhausting. But she supposed a lively college life was better than a boring one.

And she'd already made a few friends. Di and Kit for certain. Maybe Holly too.

Becky had been a low point of the day, admittedly. But on the flipside, Chris had gotten to look at perhaps the hottest girl she'd ever met. To tell the truth, there was a non-zero chance she'd end up masturbating while thinking about the blonde before she went to sleep tonight. Chris would never want to *date* the bitch, but God, she was fucking hot as hell.

And speaking of... Had it just been her imagination, or was Di perhaps a little bit *into* Chris? The dark-haired girl had seemed a bit flirty back when Chris had introduced herself, and she'd seemed to say a few more flirty things throughout the day too.

Hmm... Chris wasn't sure, but if Di *was* into her... Well, that would hardly be unwelcome, would it? Di was hot as *hell*, and pretty fun to hang around with as well. Chris would definitely encourage it if Di was interested, but she'd have to make sure first.

And she still had Sadie's number too. In hindsight, the girl had *definitely* been hitting on her back when she'd signed in. Chris could certainly do a lot worse, couldn't she? Yeah, she'd have to find a chance to call Sadie and follow up on that...

Aunt Vicky is waiting by the car park, leaning against a small brick wall. Her outfit is the same as the one she'd worn this morning, a sports bra and tight shorts with a light jacket over the top. Naturally, given that her outfit showed off her enormous breasts and *enormous* package, she was getting quite a few admiring looks as she stood there, smoking a cigarette...

*"Tell me, Chrissie... has your aunt added you to her list of conquests yet?"*

Becky's mocking words echo in Chris's head as she walks toward her aunt, trying to keep her gaze away from Vicky's groin. It's quite hard to pretend she's not aware of it, but she manages somehow.

As she draws near, Chris sees that her aunt is chatting to a young woman, perhaps the same age as her niece. "...free on Monday and Wednesday, so if you wanna hang out then, we can... Oh!" Aunt Vicky notices Chris and grins widely. "There she is! The woman of the hour!" She turns to the cute blonde she's been chatting to. "I gotta go, text me, okay?" The girl nods with a grin and skips away happily.

"Friend of yours?" Chris asks, trying to resist a smirk.

"I'm hoping she will be soon." Aunt Vicky blows out a ring of smoke. "How was your first day of uni, kid?"

Going straight for the hard questions, huh? "It... was fine overall. I made a few friends... and an enemy, I think."

"Ooh, fun! I love a good enemy." Aunt Vicky chuckles and flicks the cigarette away. The trail of light flashes through the air, landing in the gutter. "Glad you had a good day, kid." She turns toward her car, unlocking it with her keys.

"Aunt Vicky?" Chris asks, and the older woman pauses. "Um... Thanks for asking Holly to call me."

Her aunt suddenly looks a little sheepish. "Dammit... I asked her not to mention that I did. Damn brat..." Then, the older woman shrugs, trying to look nonchalant. "Well, you seemed kinda... Y'know."

"Yeah... I do know." It strikes Chris for the first time that it might not be that her aunt doesn't care. But maybe that Aunt Vicky doesn't know *how* to show that she cares. As they get into the car, Chris thinks about this for a moment. As her aunt goes to turn on the engine, Chris holds out a hand. "Auntie..."

Vicky almost flinches. "Y-yeah?" She asks, giving Chris a nervous grin.

Chris sighs. "About last night..." The young woman begins, unsure of how to begin the question.

"Um..." Her aunt bites her lip. Chris can see that her aunt wants to say something. But in the end, Vicky just says, "Yes? What about it?"

Yeah... This particular problem is still here, Chris realizes. The awkwardness between her and her aunt... It's *less* than before, now that Chris knows that Holly's not *dead*. But there's still some unpleasantness in the air, like a smell that they're both trying to pretend isn't there.

Chris can *kind of* see what it is now. "Aunt Vicky..." She clears her throat, trying to find the right words. "Last night, I... I still feel really embarrassed about..." The right words are hard to find. Putting this delicately so, so difficult. "I, um..."

Oh, fuck it.

"I'm sorry that I peeped on you last night. It was a shitty thing to do, and I shouldn't have done it." Chris knows that's a good start, but there's still more to come. "But... I'm more sorry about... Not really *talking* to you about it. For treating it like it's something to be ashamed of..."

"It's fine!" Vicky insists, shaking her head. "Chris, don't worry about..."

"It's NOT!" Chris blurts out, shocking both Aunt Vicky and *herself* into silence. That had come out a bit angrier than she'd intended, but it was true, and they had to stop pretending it wasn't.

The truth was, Chris can't ever forget what she'd seen in her aunt's bedroom. What Aunt Vicky had been doing to Holly. The carnal power of the older woman. Her aunt's *dong*. She can't just... *forget* and move on. Chris can't ever look at her aunt again without thinking of those things.

And she doesn't want to forget, because trying to forget it felt like treating it like a trauma. It isn't shameful for Aunt Vicky to have been doing that to Holly. It isn't something unspeakable to have carnal lust like her aunt did. And if her aunt has a dong... Well, so she did! Chris has a vagina, her aunt has a penis. These things aren't disgusting or shameful. They're not some point of pride. They simply *are*.

It almost feels like there's a lake of ice between them. There's a topic that they both want to broach, but neither Chris nor Vicky want to be the one to dive in first.

Things still feel a bit awkward between Aunt Vicky and her, she can sense. The older woman... clearly doesn't know how to deal with her, she realizes. Vicky has probably spent her whole life around girls that she dominates, girls she doesn't need to be gentle with. Was it maybe that Chris is the first girl that she's been *scared* of?

If that was true, then it was up to Chris. It was time to jump into the ice lake.



“Okay...” Chris looks up at her aunt, clearing her throat. “Look, we can keep tiptoeing around this forever... or we can just fucking get it over with!”

Aunt Vicky actually flinches when Chris swears. She gives her niece a baffled look. “Huh? What are you...?”

Chris takes a deep breath, feeling her cheeks beginning to turn red. “Aunty, I masturbate at least once a day, sometimes two or three times. I haven’t had sex yet, but I’m hoping to do so very soon. And hopefully a *lot*.” As she falls silent, the young woman stares at her aunt defiantly, trying not to waver in the light of her aunt’s confusion.

This is a *huge* gamble. If her aunt doesn’t understand or is too ashamed, then this might torpedo their relationship entirely.

But to her relief, Aunt Vicky seems to understand what her niece is trying to do. “I... I have sex about three times a week. I only jerk off when I can’t get laid, which isn’t often.” The older woman clicks her tongue, scratching her dyed blonde hair for a moment. “I’ve had loads of sex, but I’m also hopeful about having a lot more too.” Her voice is a little stiff, and Chris can tell that saying that was almost as difficult as it had been for Chris.

In the end, there hadn’t been a way back from the awkwardness. But there had been a way *forward*. It’s all out in the open now, Chris knows. There’s nothing to be awkward about, no shameful secret to pretend like they both don’t know. The topic isn’t the elephant in the room now, it’s just... the actual discussion. It’s exactly as Chris had hoped.

“Wow... That’s a lot of women.” Chris sits back in the car seat, raising an eyebrow at her aunt. “Different girls, or do you have, like, a phonebook of girls?”

Aunt Vicky seems a bit surprised at the question. “Uh... Little of column A, little of column B... Well, mostly column A, really. I have a few girls I message with, but most of the time, it’s a one night stand.” She coughs awkwardly.

“Gosh, you might have amazing game, Aunty.” Chris grins at the older woman. “You only met Holly the other night too, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, a lot of practice helps. I’ve been hitting on girls since the 20’s, y’know?” The older woman smirks, a hint of pride smoothing her words. “And now that I’ve got an ‘in’ into the college world, I’m gonna be upping my game.”

“Oh God... If you’re gonna flirt, can you maybe avoid my friends?” If that girl from earlier was any indication, her aunt could make a killing here. Just... hopefully not Di or Kit, she hoped. “Or at least teach *me* to do it too?”

Aunt Vicky pointed a finger gun at her. "Yeah, would be a bit awkward if your group project partner's sleeping with your aunt, right? I'll *try*, kid, but I can't promise anything. If your friends are too cute, I won't be able to resist..." She winks at Chris. "And hell yeah! Consider yourself enrolled in the 'Picking up chicks' course at Victoria College. I bet I can turn you into a real player." The older woman grins widely. "I mean, we *are* related. Genetically, you gotta have inherited some game. I bet you got a lot of interest from girls today, huh?"

It's a little annoying, not least because she's accurate. Chris frowns. "Why the fuck does *everyone* think I'm gay?" She wonders aloud.

Aunt Vicky raises an eyebrow at her. "You're *not*?" The older woman asks, sounding baffled.

"Of *course* I'm gay! I'm gay as *fuck*, Auntie!" Chris rolls her eyes with a smirk. "But it shouldn't be *that* obvious!"

"Oh, trust me kid, you'll be glad of it when you're trying to pick up girls." Aunt Vicky chuckles at her niece's pouting face. "Half the pickup time with lesbians is trying to figure out if you're both gay or not. You're gonna save a lot of girls a lot of time."

Sex is natural. Her aunt was going to be having a lot of it during Chris's college life. And maybe Chris herself would be having a lot of it too. Having someone experienced to openly discuss the matter with... Sounded *wonderful*.

Maybe it wasn't something normal for an aunt and her niece to discuss. But fuck it. Aunt Vicky was no ordinary aunt. And if this is how their friendship began, well Chris is all for it.

Chris grins at her aunt. "So, about last night..." She begins again.

Aunt Vicky smirks at her niece. "Yeah, I was really giving it to that little slut, wasn't I?"

There. Much better. "It's nice to be able to talk to someone about this kinda stuff, Auntie."

Her aunt shrugs. "Yeah, I think so too, honestly."

Oh. Right. Chris hadn't even thought of that. She might be the first person her aunt had ever been able to openly talk about this stuff as well.

"I mean, I'm not jazzed about you accidentally seeing my *dick* on the first night you're staying here." Aunt Vicky shakes her head with a slight smirk. "That... wasn't exactly how I hoped that would go. I mean, I figured if you're staying here, you'd probably see me naked accidentally at *some* point, but..." The older woman trails off and then shrugs, clearly not too upset about the idea anymore. "Ah, fuck it. I'm not ashamed of what I've got between my legs. We're both adults and we're related. And we're roomies! There's nothing wrong with seeing each other naked. And you've seen dicks before, right?"

Yeah! This is the kind of relationship Chris wants with her aunt. Open, free to talk about even things like this! “No, only in porn. Yours was the first I’ve actually seen in real life.” Come to think of it, she *had* seen her sister’s when she was much younger, but that hardly counted.

“Oh yeah... Between porn and my size, I hope you’re not disappointed with your future partners.” The older woman jabbed a thumb at herself. “Your aunt’s a bit more than *average* down there.” She chuckled to herself for a moment. “Also... You really rub one out twice a day? And what was the outfit last night, huh?”

Chris rolls her eyes. “My usual nightwear from now on. Don’t you dare let Mom know about it though.”

“You really think I’m gonna call *Matilda* and complain you’re wearing skimpy clothes to bed?” Vicky rolls her eyes.

“Yeah, fair. And yeah, I do it twice a day. As if I need any more proof that I’m related to you.” Chris... Still has so many questions. About her aunt’s porn career. About her podcast. About her being a bit of a celebrity around here... She wants to hear about it all. But she also knew that Aunt Vicky would tell her niece at her own pace. And if she didn’t... Well, Chris could always ask without hesitation.

Aunt Vicky chuckles and then reaches down, turning on the engine. “Ah shit, I see the parking officer. If I stay here any longer, I’m gonna get a ticket...”

“Yeah, let’s go home.” As curious as she is, Chris can feel her eyelids drooping. “Hey, do you... eat all your partners, Aunty?”

“Nope.” The older woman shook her head. “Only the preysluts... Er, the ones who are into vore. The rest I just leave with a limp and a satisfied smile the next day...” She explains, as the car begins to roll away. As it turns out, Aunt Vicky narrowly avoids getting a parking ticket, as her car drives away from the campus. She and Chris continue chatting all the way home.

And when Chris lays her head down on her pillow, she closes her eyes and falls asleep without hesitation, looking forward to her university life. With her aunt, with Di and Kit... Heck, maybe even with Becky. Things... certainly won’t be boring, that’s for sure.

After all, she *has* moved in with a predator...

### End of Chapter THREE (Introduction Arc End)

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Feeling:</u>	<u>Status:</u>
Chris Abrams	Happy	I'm looking forward to seeing my friends again... I wonder if Auntie can help me figure out if Di is into me or not...?
Aunt Vicky	Happy	Oh man, I am so jazzed to break into the campus dating scene! Me and Chris are gonna leave that uni empty of virgins! Maybe I should talk about this on the podcast next time...
Diana Simons	Horny	Fuck, I'm just spoiled for choice, aren't I? Chris, Rachelle... Maybe even Kit, huh? Which one should I think about when I'm masturbating tonight? Ah, what a lovely problem to have...
Kit Chen	Confused	Wow... So <i>both</i> of my new friends are lesbians? I mean, that's fine, I just... Is it crazy to think that Di was hitting on me when she walked me back home? No, it was only a peck on the cheek, right? I'm just overthinking it.
Monique Dubois	Annoyed	Stupid Rachelle... We could have picked up those three hot chicks today. Can't believe she stuck her nose in. This is totally why I broke up with her, I swear...

Rachelle Jameson	Annoyed	Stupid Monique... I was so close to getting Abrams and that hot chick to join up with us. Can't believe she tattled on me to Becky. Shit like that is totally why I broke up with her, I swear...
Holly	Alive	Heh... Mom and Dad really think I spent the night at my friend's place... God, I gotta do that again. I wonder if Becky's hungry?
Becky Chastity	Satisfied	Hmm... Bullying that girl today was kinda fun! Making her apologize felt sooo good... Almost makes up for being talked back to. Mmm... I wonder how else I can bully her...