

*"I'm here, Chris."*

Aunt Vicky's voice is deep and gravelly, the rumbling sound of a predatory beast. Her hand tightens on the door, the gray paint beneath her fingers splintering slightly. In the darkness, the end of her cigarette blazes brightly for a moment, as she takes a drag. Then, the older woman flicks the lit cigarette away, the end glowing as it falls away.

Becky, the blonde bully whose stomach is still rather bloated from the mostly digested remains of Chris's two friends, seems to realize the danger. Grabbing the door handle, she tries to close the door. But Aunt Vicky is a powerful woman. Some girls have aunts that are plump or sweet or kind. Victoria Abrams, on the other hand...

Powerful muscles ripple as the toweringly tall woman slowly but surely pulls the door open, almost dragging Becky off her feet. Chris can see that her aunt isn't even really trying, as there's not a hint of effort on her aunt's handsome face. The blonde wisely lets go, stumbling backward into Senna and Farrah, her twin lackeys. Considering how strong Becky's grip had been earlier, when she'd been pushing against Chris, the tomboy gets a terrifying glimpse at how strong a veteran predator really is.

"Good thing Holly told me where you'd gone off to." Vicky speaks as she forces her way into Di's apartment, looking past Becky and the twins toward Chris. The tomboy is sitting on the floor, still rather dazed from Becky kissing her only a few moments ago. "Otherwise I'd be a *lot* more pissed off..." There's anger in her aunt's voice, but also a terrifying calmness. "I told you to fucking *wait* for me, didn't I...?"

Chris opens her mouth to speak, but the words die on her tongue as her aunt's eyes narrow. The tomboy suddenly feels very small before her aunt, like a mouse staring up at a lioness. There's no hint of awkwardness or tiredness in Vicky's eyes now. Just enraged *hunger*.

"Oh my God!" Senna gasps as Vicky slowly advances toward them. "You're... You're really here!" The pale girl seems starstruck, patting the pockets of her skirt. "V-Vicky Abrams... I'm a huge fan! My sister and I have been fans since we started watching porn! We listen to your podcast every- URK!"

Vick's hand closes around Senna's throat, cutting off the torrent of excitement with an icy cold glare. Chris sees the pale girl's phone bounce across the floor, landing right in front of the predator's path. A moment later, Vicky's boot smashes down on the device, pulverizing the advanced piece of tech into a thousand pieces beneath her aunt's heel.

"Stop *talking*." The veteran predator has come dressed for battle, it would seem. She's wearing a tight pair of yoga pants and a heavy duty sports bra to hold in her enormous breasts, over which is her usual black leather jacket. A heavy bulge is straining the fabric between her aunt's legs, and Chris can rather clearly see the outline of her aunt's thick cock and balls. Surprisingly, Vicky *doesn't* have an erection right now. "Who even *are* you, anyway? Oh, whatever. You'll do

as a ransom..." Her long blonde hair is tied back, her brunette roots showing as the tall predator leans forward.

Senna tries to choke out some words, but it's a useless effort. Vicky hadn't been making an idle threat. Chris and the other watch in stunned horror as her aunt lunges, swallowing the pale girl's head in a single swallow.

"Holy *fuck!*" Becky swears out loud as the older predator easily swallows her lackey. The blonde is wearing Di's trenchcoat, which is a size too big for her. Except for her belly, of course, which is stretching the dark fabric. She takes a step backward, moving to the left so that she's standing behind Farrah, Chris doesn't fail to notice. "Are you fucking *crazy?!?*"

"Mmm mmm!" Vicky makes a sound of agreement as she swallows down the pale girl's shoulders, clothes and all. Despite her violent struggles, Senna utterly fails to prevent Vicky from devouring her alive. In the predator's grip, she might as well be limp and obedient for all the good her struggles do. In less than ten seconds, Senna's hips are sliding past Vicky's lips, her ass cheeks being rather brutally squeezed by Vicky's hands as the powerful predator shoves her inside.

"F-fuck! Senna!" Farrah lets out a strangled cry of distress as she watches her twin sister's legs vanish into the angry maw. As Vicky's stomach begins to balloon with the shape of Senna's body, the pale girl seems frozen, apparently dumbstruck by the sheer ferocity and *speed* of Vicky's attack. "You... You just *ate* my girlfriend! You can't do that!"

Vicky lets out a lazy burp as she swallows Senna's wriggling feet. "Urrp!" As the girl is forced down into her stomach, Chris's aunt places a hand on her gut. "Ugh... I thought this bitch was your sister or whatever." Inside Vicky, Senna starts to struggle, desperately trying to push against the walls of the predator's gut. But Chris is stunned to see that her aunt barely even seems to *notice* her prey moving inside her. "Whatever. This is my opening negotiation position, Becky Chastity. Your *other* friend is next."

"Shit... Shit, shit, shit..." Senna steps in front of Becky, as if protecting her boss. "Get back, Becky! I'll handle this!"

The blonde seems almost vaguely amused by that idea. "Okay, whatever!" She says, not even trying to protect Farrah in turn. Becky instead steps back, kneeling down beside Chris. Before the tomboy can react, Becky's arm wraps around her neck, pulling Chris's face in right next to hers.

Chris gasps in shock, reflexively grabbing the bully's arm as it tightens around her throat. Becky isn't *choking* her exactly, but it still hurts a little bit. Chris can feel Becky's belly pressing against her side, through Di's trenchcoat. She's strong, but Becky is a predator, so Chris can only awkwardly *try* to pry her way free from Becky's grip. "You just relax, Chrissie. Be a good little girl

and no-one needs to get hurt..." The bully whispers into the tomboy's ear, all of her smugness apparently having vanished.

Naturally, Farrah doesn't manage to fulfill her promise of *handling* Vicky for her boss. She is, after all, an identical matchup against the veteran predator. Both Chris and Becky watch in almost bemused horror as the pale girl charges at Victoria Abrams...

Less than thirty seconds later, Vicky is gulping down the second twin's ass, painfully squeezing the girl's butt cheeks through her booty shorts as Farrah is shoved down the older woman's gullet. It would be an insult to call what just happened a fight, really. Grabbing the girl's flailing ankles, Vicky roughly shoves them inside her mouth, a profoundly disinterested look on her face as she finishes devouring her second meal in as many minutes.

In less than one-hundred and twenty seconds total, her aunt has eaten *both* twins alive. Chris can feel her heart pounding in her chest as Vicky slowly steps toward her and Becky, lazily slapping her struggling belly. "How are you doing, kid?" Her aunt asks Chris, ignoring the two girls trying to fight her stomach.

"I'm... I'm fine..." Chris chokes out through Becky's grip, watching in horror as the twins are brutally forced into a space far too small for two people, being crushed together even closer than when the two girls had been making out only minutes ago. "Have... Have you been out there this entire time?"

"Only for about ten minutes." Vicky shrugs, a dangerous glint in her eyes. The predator's toned stomach is a sea of movement as the twins struggle in vain for their lives. Chris can see her aunt's tits jiggling in her sports bra as her stomach shakes. "I was going to break down the door, but you seemed okay for the moment..."

The tomboy has felt a lot of things about her aunt since she'd met her about a week ago. Irritation, shock, amusement, pride... Maybe even a hint of attraction. In a *logical* way, of course, not like...

But as the powerful predator towers above her, Chris feels for the first time a hint of *fear*. Her aunt isn't just... Well, her *aunt*. She's an apex predator who can crush the tomboy with contemptuous ease, possibly literally. If Aunt Vicky wants, there's nothing stopping her from devouring anyone she pleases. A fact that she'd just proven *twice*.

And there's that look in her eyes. That contempt and disinterest. She just *ate* two people, but her aunt doesn't even seem to *care*. Like they were just *meals* instead of people. The moment their feet vanished inside her lips, Vicky had ceased to even think of the twins as anything more than an annoying movement inside her guts.

"Good." Vicky nods at her niece, a territorial glimmer in her eyes as she stares down at the tomboy. "If they'd tried anything stupid with you, I wouldn't have restrained myself..."

"This is a *college campus!*" Becky protests, looking furious. "You can't just *eat* people! What are you, fucking *crazy?*"

Vicky slaps her belly, and Chris hears a pair of muffled screams from her aunt's gut. "Are *you?* Look at my stomach and tell me I can't eat people, you stupid little *girl.*" She snorts, frowning at the blonde girl. "If you can eat people, I can eat people."

"Don't you know who I am? I'm the daughter of *Saffron fucking Chastity!* I can eat people!" Becky snaps back, sounding irritated. "*You* can't!" She squeezes Chris's neck, making the tomboy gasp as the air is robbed from her lungs for a few seconds. "Stay back, or your niece will go down my gullet! I'll fucking do it!"

The older woman casts a lazy glance between Chris and Becky, seeming supremely unconcerned. "No, you won't. If you wanted to eat her, she'd be inside you already. You've already scarfed down two chicks already, your stomach can't take another one." Vicky sneers at Becky without a hint of humor. "And you're not gonna hurt her, either. I've been listening in for a while, *Becky Chastity.* I know how you feel about my niece."

The two predators glare at one another for a moment.

Becky clicks her tongue, clearly annoyed. "Oh, *fine.*" Chris feels the grip around her throat relax. The blonde unwraps her arm around the tomboy's neck, moving it to rest on Chris's shoulders. "Relax, *Abrams.* I'm not gonna hurt your niece, so what's even your freaking problem?"

"My problem?" Vicky reaches down and grabs Chris's left arm. The tomboy's heart skips a beat as she feels her aunt's grip. It's like *iron.* "My problem is that you've got my niece's friends trapped inside you. And I'm well aware that you're not going to reform them either." Without a hint of effort, Chris is pulled to her feet, Vicky easily lifting her niece as if the tomboy weighs nothing at all.

To Chris's surprise, Becky doesn't try to stop the tomboy from being taken from her control. Which is good, because for a moment, Chris had been a bit scared that she might be torn in half if it came down to a tug of war. "Who cares? Why would *you* care?" The blonde just lets her go as Vicky takes control of her, a nasty grin spreading across the bully's tanned face again. "You can't make me release Di or Chen, *Victoria.* And with your gut as full as that, you're not going to eat *me* either."

"You alright, kid?" Vicky asks as she pulls Chris into her arms. "Here, you're safe now." There's a nasty gurgle from her stomach, and a pair of muffled screams echo a moment later.

"T-thanks, Auntie..." Chris can feel her aunt's hands on her shoulders. Big, strong hands... Oh god... Aunt Vicky is *really* strong. The tomboy can feel her aunt's gut pressing against her side,

the slowly weakening struggles of Senna and Farah making the veteran predator's belly shake. She can feel her heart beating in her chest, a combination of fear and... Oh *God*.

"Hmmp... " Vicky makes a vaguely satisfied sound, apparently pleased by Chris's answer. "Next time, stay put and listen to me, kid. I know you're an independent feminist girl or whatever, but you're *my* niece." Her arm moves up, wrapping around Chris's shoulders protectively.

Chris wants to snap back at her aunt, but the tomboy feels so warm inside her aunt's embrace. "O-okay... Sorry, Aunty..." She's ashamed to feel her cheeks burning red.

"Sheesh, guess we know what Chrissie's type is now, huh?" Becky chuckles to herself as she plops her butt back down on Di's bed. "How about I leave you two lovebirds alone? Chrissie, don't forget to give your *dommy mommy* a nice, sloppy reward for 'saving' you..."

"Y-you're not going anywhere until you cough up Di and Kit!" Chris can't look her aunt in the eyes right now without feeling her train of thought derailing, so she glares at Becky instead. "Or my aunt will..."

Becky rolls her eyes. "Why the fuck would *Victoria* here care about me glomming a couple souls?"

"I don't." Before Chris can respond, Vicky growls her own answer to the blonde's question. The deep timbre of her aunt's voice almost makes the tomboy's heart skip a beat, especially since her aunt's mouth is so close to her ear. "I've never even met Diana Simons or Kit Chen... Shit, is that really her name?" The veteran predator lets out a soft snort, somehow without a hint of amusement. "But if they're friends of my niece, you *are* going to reform them. Otherwise, you can say goodbye to *your* friends." Vicky slaps her quivering stomach, making Chris flinch slightly.

The bully seems to consider this for a moment. "Eh... I'll take that trade." She shrugs, reaching up for the zipper on her new trenchcoat. Unzipping it, Becky lets out a soft gasp of relief as her round, gurgling belly is exposed. "I can always find more sluts who'll worship me. Keep them, and I'll keep these two..."

"No." Vicky growls, and Chris sees a flash of teeth. "You release them, or I'll..."

There is a moment of silence as the veteran predator trails off glaring menacingly at the bully.

Becky decides to call Vicky's bluff, to Chris's surprise. "Or *what*?" The bully seems to have composed herself quite well since the veteran predator barged into the room and ate two people in front of her. "Why should I be scared of someone who's already got two people in her belly?"

Vicky lets go of Chris's shoulder and takes a step forward, letting go of her belly. The heavy weight hangs free, the painfully outlined shapes of Senna and Farrah crushed against her

abdominal muscles. "Because, *unlike you*, I can fit *three* people inside me." She slaps her belly again, making the twins scream once more.

For a moment, Chris wonders if her aunt is bluffing. Three people seems like a *lot*. Even Becky only managed two, and that was probably because Di had been mostly digested already and Kit was *tiny*.

But Aunt Vicky is standing up straight, not even bothering to hold up her belly as she glares down at the blonde sitting on the bed before her. Even the weight of two people inside her gut doesn't seem to bother Vicky at all. At that moment, Chris understands that her aunt is *not* bluffing. Vicky *can* eat Becky right now if she wants to.

Becky seems to have realized that too, and Chris glimpses the girl's smug grin faltering, just for a second. "True, you can probably *eat* me." The blonde concedes after a moment. "But then, you'd have *five* souls inside you, Victoria. Good luck reforming anyone out of *that* mess." She shakes her head, rubbing her almost pregnant-looking belly. "And besides, it's not that simple, is it? You might be able to eat me, but I'm *Becky Chastity*."

Of course. Chris understands what the blonde is getting at. Becky could eat Kit and Di and get away with it, because they were two girls out of hundreds. Their families might mourn them, but ultimately, no-one else would really care if they disappeared inside Becky.

But if *Becky Chastity*, the student union president got eaten... Well, people would definitely notice that.

"See, people like you and I are high-profile, Victoria. We have different rules than everyone else." Becky calls her aunt by her first name, as if they're equals. Chris can see Vicky's eye twitch every time she does so. "You're a big, nasty predator, I'm not denying that. Go ahead, shove me down that throat of yours. My family will make sure you spend the rest of your life rotting in Alcatraz."

Chris shudders. Who hasn't heard of the island prison, where they keep all the nastiest, cruelest predators in the country. Or, well, the ones who get *caught*.

But Vicky doesn't seem cowed by the threat. "Who cares? My gut rips up rich and poor alike, Chastity." The predator snarls, rolling her eyes. "I don't care about the two girls you've got inside you. If I have to eat you and all *five* of you become a part of me forever, I really couldn't care less." She leans over, placing her terrifying face just inches away from Becky's. "But Chris is *my* niece. She's *mine*. And if you're a threat to her safety? You're *gone*. And if your family starts shit? They're gone too." Her aunt snorts in amusement. "Besides, do you *know* who Chris's mother is? Who *my* sister is? You're not the only one with a powerful family, *Chastity*."

Chris gulps nervously, feeling her heart hammering in her chest. And not just because something in her lower regions twitched when her aunt called Chris *hers*...

Becky's smug grin falters, just for a single moment. "You'll spend the rest of your life on the Rock, Abrams." She snarls, glaring right back at the other predator.

"Maybe." And then, Vicky smiles, a humorless grin full of flashing teeth. "But you will too... Inside me. For the rest of my life and beyond that." She narrows her eyes. "I know Chris's friends are watching through your eyes, Chastity. Wanna know how many girls who said the *exact* same thing as you are now spending *eternity* inside me?"

There is a long moment of silence in Di's bedroom.

Well, *relative* silence. Chris can hear the gurgles coming from both hungry bellies, each one filled with two unfortunate girls. Senna and Farrah are still struggling, while Kit and Di are long since digested inside Becky.

Chris stands beside Vicky, waiting with her heart in her throat as the deafening silence seems to drag on and on. She doesn't dare move, or blink, or *breathe*. Because, right now, not only do the lives of Kit and Di hang in the balance, but their very *existence* does as well.

The two predators stare into each other's eyes. Chris can almost imagine her friends watching through Becky's eyes, silently waiting to know what their fate will be. Chris doesn't believe in religion, but the soul is a real, measurable thing in this day and age. And her friends wouldn't even have an *afterlife* if Becky didn't release them.

In the end, personal survival wins out over pride.

"Oh, *fine*." Becky smirks and rolls her eyes. "Geez, you're a fucking asshole, you know that? No skin off my ass if these two come back or not. They don't deserve it, but I'll reform them if you're gonna whine that much about it." The blonde shrugs. "Whatever. You know they'll just end up in someone else's intestines instead, right? If anything, I was doing them a *favor* by making them part of me instead of some other chick."

Chris feels her heart surge in hope. The blonde is trying not to show it, but she's clearly annoyed at being bullied into releasing her victims. "You'll let them go?"

"Since you're both being dicks about it, fine, *whatever*." The bully stands up, shrugging off Di's trenchcoat. Becky is still almost naked, apart from a pair of sapphire studded blue panties beneath her swollen gut and a pair of expensive boots. God, her tanned body is just *obscenely* hot. Big tits, narrow waist, wide hips... Well, the last one is hard to see behind her gurgling belly, but still. Chris can see that the bully's tits have swelled slightly from digesting Di and Kit too. Turning around, Becky grabs her ass with both hands, pulling each perfectly curved cheek slightly apart. "Come on, girls! You want out? I'll fart you out right now!"

“Don’t.” Shit! Vicky’s growl actually makes Chris jump, so deep was her aunt’s voice. The tomboy is ashamed to feel herself blushing slightly from embarrassment. “If they come out of you like that, their souls will dissipate into the open air. Release them into a soul jar, Chastity.”

Oh... Shit. Chris had forgotten about that. A soul needs to be housed in a living vessel, or something artificial that simulated one, yeah. If Becky released Kit and Di now, it would be the same as if their souls had been released from a dead body.

Becky snorts, letting her ass go. The plump copper cheeks jiggle almost hypnotically... God, she’s got a hell of a fucking ass. Tearing her eyes away from that glorious rump actually takes Chris some serious willpower. “Oh... I don’t *have* a soul jar on me! What a shame.” The bully runs a hand through her golden hair, throwing it cutely over her shoulder as she flutters her eyes at Chris and Vicky. “Guess I’ll have to go down to the gene clinic... sometime this week, I promise. Next week, at the latest...”

Chris isn’t a fucking *idiot*. “You really think we’re gonna trust you to reform them? You already said you didn’t want to!” She glares at the bully, folding her arms. “I know what you did to that goth chick who ran against you in the election. You ate her and didn’t reform her either!”

“Who? Oh, *her!*” The bully rolls her eyes. “Oh, come on... That wasn’t *my* fault! She was just so forgettable...” Becky chuckles, reaching up to squeeze her breasts. “I was going to get around to reforming her *eventually*, I swear! I just had so much to do, I kept forgetting...” She smirks at Chris, seeming to like the look on the tomboy’s face. “Don’t look at me like that, Chrissie! What, you think I spent four weeks mocking her as she felt herself vanishing into me? Laughing at her as I masturbated? Making her understand that her *identity* was being *subsumed* into mine until she just *became* a component part of me forever?”

Chris blinks for a moment, feeling somewhere between horrified and aroused. “Um... Y-yeah?” The bully’s description was so much more *evil* than how Holly had described the goth girl’s end. “I can imagine *you* doing that.”

“How *cruel* of you, Chrissie! I can’t believe you’d think something so mean of the girl you have a crush on!” Becky snickers, clearly delighted at Chris’s horror. “Well... I’d ask... Ugh, what was her name again? Oh, who cares? I guess you could ask *her*, but...” The blonde pats her chest, where her heart would be. Chris isn’t actually sure there *is* a heart beneath that copper breast, to be honest. “Heh... Turns out I waited a little too long, and her soul kinda got *slurped up* by my own. Not my fault that *my* soul can’t come out of my body, y’know?”

Chris opens her mouth to answer, but suddenly Becky’s stomach lets out a *nasty* rumble. The sound makes the bully’s belly shudder violently, the sound echoing throughout the small apartment. Becky’s smug grin suddenly seems to melt away as she grabs her stomach. “Ooh... Shit. I think these girls are on their way out...”



It takes Chris a moment to process what Becky means. Jesus... The tomboy is more than a little disturbed to realize that her friends have not only been *digested*, but they're actually... *ready to come out*. Di's stunning body... Kit's small, lithe frame... All *melted* apart and reduced to... *remains*. The digestive process is a natural one that Chris is entirely familiar with, but she thought that the friend she'd sat next to in Mazine's lecture only hours ago... The friend who'd stood beside her as they'd talked to Monique... Both are now *gone*, dissolved by stomach acid.

Gone, but not permanently, Chris could only hope.

Her aunt seems to have a similar train of thought. "Well, what lucky timing..." For the first time tonight, Vicky cracks a smile. It's a nasty one, almost as mean as the one Becky seems to sport at every waking moment of her life. "Lucky for *you*, Chastity, I brought my own from home..." Reaching into her jacket, Chris is relieved to see her aunt pull out a pair of soul jars. The small glass containers shimmer oddly in the cheap apartment lighting. "Go into the bathroom and fill these, Chastity."

Becky looks vaguely annoyed as she sees the jars in Vicky's hands. Clearly, she hadn't expected the veteran to come prepared. "Ew... You want me to use *your* ones? Gross!" The bully glares at the tall predator for a long moment. She opens her mouth to complain, but her stomach gurgles another warning, making the bully grimace. Becky groans, her shoulders theatrically sinking as she lets her irritation be known. "*Fine*. But you'd better have *washed* those, Abrams."

The bully sits down on the bed, undoing her boots as her stomach continues to growl. Apparently, Becky doesn't want to shit with her shoes on.

"T-thanks, Aunty." Chris turns to Vicky, unsure of how to even thank someone who's saved her as thoroughly as her aunt has. "If you hadn't come, Di and Kit would be... Ugh. I owe you big time."

Vicky tries to remain stoic, but a hint of color appears on her handsome cheeks. "Ahem... Uh, don't mention it, kid. Your mom left you in my care, right?" She shakes her head, still keeping a watchful green eye on the bully behind her niece. "Heh... You can pay me back later, kid." She nods for a moment, and then grimaces. "Er, not like... N-not like *that*, but... You know what I mean, right?"

"R-right!" Chris feels herself blushing too. Like... Cooking or cleaning or something, her aunt probably meant. The tomboy knows her aunt didn't mean... *that*. But it still briefly conjured a mental image of her and Aunt Vicky... Um. Best not to think about that kinda stuff! "Um, so how does this whole... *releasing* thing wor-

"I don't know why you're being so *coy*, Victoria. We both know Chrissie here would suck your dick if you asked her to!" Becky stands back up, her tanned feet now bare. A moment later, her blue panties hit the ground. Now completely naked, the bully strides over to Vicky and takes the

soul jars from the veteran predator's hands. Though she's removed her panties, Chris is disappointed to see that the bully's vagina is still covered by her bloated belly. "Why don't you whip that trademark Abrams *schmeat* out and let Chrissie have a taste while I'm filling up your stupid jars, hmm?"

"Shut your mouth and get in the bathroom, bitch." Vicky growls at Becky, baring her teeth menacingly for a moment. "Shit better be coming out of your ass, not your fucking *mouth*."

"Geez, someone needs to empty their balls." The bully rolls her eyes as she turns toward Di's small bathroom. "I'm not the one who *clearly* wants my niece to smoke my cock like it's a cum-filled blunt... Hey! What the *fuck* are you doing?!" As Vicky moves to follow Becky into the bathroom, the blonde girl spins around, looking rather alarmed at the predator shadowing her. It's a rare expression on the girl's face, and one that Chris enjoys *immensely*.

Now it's Vicky's turn to sneer down at Becky. "What, you think I *trust* you or something? We're gonna watch you do it, Chastity. No funny business." She beckons to Chris.

The tomboy is a bit stunned at her aunt's words, but she warms to the idea almost immediately. "Yeah!" Chris says, moving to stand beside Vicky. "No funny business, Becky." It's definitely not also because she kinda wants to watch a beautiful girl take a fat dump.

"You two perverts just wanna see me take a fat dump, don't you?" Becky rolls her eyes. "Well, you know what? Go right ahead!" A nasty grin spreads across her face as the bully steps into the small bathroom. "Better open up those nostrils, Chrissie! My shits are as breathtaking as my body is."

Ugh... Gross! And yet, somehow, kinda exciting?

Chris moves to stand beside her aunt in the doorway of the small bathroom. Di's apartment isn't very large, and her entire bathroom doubles as a shower cubicle, which is pretty common in new apartments these days. Her toilet is a pretty common one too, a smart toilet with a screen and buttons on a panel on the wall beside it.

"Umm..." Chris looks at her aunt's belly as Becky sits down on the toilet. The shapes of Senna and Farrah are still moving, but it's only weak movements now. "Do you... maybe wanna release them, Aunty? Or is it too late?" Chris doesn't have a strong grasp of how reformation works, but she's pretty sure predators can release their prey before they digest them, right?

"Urrp!" Vicky lets out a loud burp, tapping her chest with her fist to clear her lungs. The tall predator looks down at her gut, as if she's noticing that there's two girls inside her for the first time. "Ugh... They'd probably live if I spat them back up. But... Nah, they're settling down and my guts are kicking into gear. It's just easier for me to digest them, probably." She pats her belly, already losing interest in the contents of her belly. "Don't worry about 'em, kid. They'll be gone pretty quickly."

“O-oh... Okay.” The tomboy is a little unsettled at how casually her aunt has just lazily condemned the twins to die inside her. Granted, Vicky will almost certainly reform them, but still... “And you’re fine with that?” She asks Becky.

The bully doesn’t seem too worried. “With what? Oh, the twins?” She wiggles a little bit on the toilet seat, before placing the soul jars down on the tiles beside her. “Oh, just digest them, I don’t care. There’s about three dozen chicks jockeying to become my ass-kissers, so you can keep ‘em if you want. Doesn’t bother me either way.” She chuckles, the nasty sound echoing off the tiles of the small room. “Okay, you two ready for a show? Victoria, you wanna whip out your cock before we start? I know the both of you wanna masturbate to this...”

Becky sits on the white throne like a queen, her legs spread and her arms resting comfortably on the sink and the rail on each side of the toilet. Chris has never seen someone *lounge* on a toilet before, but somehow the blonde makes it seem like a royal seat. Not even the new Queen of England could look more regal than Becky does right now.

Of course, that regality lasts about a second. Then, a brutal fart rips its way out of Becky’s perfect backside, ringing off the cheap tiles like a gunshot.

“Aaargh!” Becky moans, half in agony and half in pleasure, her ass lifting off the seat slightly. That fart was so forceful that it almost sounded like it *hurt*, but the blonde seems delighted as she settles back onto the toilet. “Ah... Ooh... Fuck *yeah*...”

“Jesus, that was the loudest...” Chris begins to say.

And then the *stench* hits her.

The tomboy wouldn’t be ashamed to say that she’d smelled her friends before. Not openly, but she’d taken a secret whiff when they hadn’t been looking. Di had smelled of feminine musk and deodorant, probably because with her big boobs and thighs, the tall dark-haired girl had sweated a lot. Kit had smelled of shampoo and soap, which Chris suspected was due to the small girl being paranoid about her scent and washing herself far too thoroughly. Of course... that had been *before* they’d been digested by Becky Chastity.

Now, Di Simons and Kit Chen smelled like *death*. The violent scent of a turd that had once been a living person assaults Chris’s nostrils, worming its way through her smell receptors and seeming to skip directly to attacking her brain. Chris, sister and roommate of two futanari for most of her life, is quite familiar with the smell of farts. Marcy has a serious midnight flatulence problem. Sienna, her middle sister, loves to play the old ‘windy wakeup’ prank, where she would wake up her sisters in the morning by farting on their faces. Typical teenage bullshit.

But this is... Something else. Like comparing curry spice to a Carolina Reaper. "Oh!" Chris almost gags as her brain finally reacts to Becky's fart. "Oh, *Christ...*" She desperately covers her nose, trying to shake the horrible stench out of her head.

"Damn! What did these girls *eat?!?*" Becky waves her hand, chuckling in amusement as she inhales her own brand. "Oh, don't be like that, Chrissie? Didn't you want to see your friends again? Take a deep whiff, they're right here!" Chris is somehow not surprised to see that the bully's nipples are now stiff and erect.

Fucking *hell*. Chris would rather go to the fucking moon than smell that again... And yet there's something deep inside her that suddenly feels excited. She can feel her heart pounding in her chest, to her own disgust. The tomboy can feel her own nipples rubbing against the inside of her bra, perky and hard as her body twitches in excitement. The primal scent must have activated something deep inside her, but she's not going to give the bully the satisfaction of knowing that.

"What do you think, Victoria? I know *your* record." Becky smirks up at the veteran pred, who's leaning against the bathroom doorway with an irritated expression. "Nice earthy vintage, right?"

"Please, I rip farts twice as bad as this on the regular." Indeed, Vicky seems largely unbothered by the haze of gas that Chris *swears* she can almost see wafting around the small bathroom. She can see her aunt's nostrils twitching slightly, but that's it. Meanwhile, Chris is almost struggling to *breathe*.

Becky grins at the tomboy, lifting her ass slightly and letting another fart rip out of her copper cheeks. "Oh, I know, I've seen the videos!" She winks at Vicky, who rolls her eyes. "You've got quite a history, you know? VoreHub's got all your best hits! Have you shown Chrissie yet?"

"Shut up and *shit*." Vicky snaps back at her, the predator's eyes flicking to her niece with a protective gleam. "Inject her friends into the soul jars and you can *leave*." From the sounds of it, Vicky doesn't have a lot of patience.

"Sheesh, you've got a solid *ten* taking a shit in front of you, what's your rush, Victoria?" Becky sneers at Vicky and clenches her fists. Without breaking eye contact, the bully's eyes twitch for a moment... until a loud *splash* comes from the toilet bowl beneath her. "There you go, is that what you wanted to see? Pervert."

"Ugh, Di's gonna need to scrub these walls..." Chris has recovered enough to breathe without gagging. Turning back, she's just in time to see a dark shape between Becky's thigh's fall down into the toilet. Oh Lord, Becky is *shitting* in front of her. Fuck.

The bully senses weakness, of course. "Oh, you like the view, Chrissie?" She giggles, amused at the tomboy's stunned expression. "I don't mind *you* watching. Come on, take a closer look, I don't mind. I know you wanna watch your friends being *dumped*."

"N-no, I don't!" Chris lies, appalled at herself. Even *she* can tell that she wants to watch Becky take a dump. A beautiful girl, ripping the nastiest poop ever? Fuck, this might be the worst time for the tomboy to discover a new fetish.

"Bullshit!" Becky shakes her head, as more splashes echo inside the small bathroom. Chris can see a *torrent* of material falling into the toilet now. Thank *God* the college has put a smart toilet in the apartment instead of one of those old fashioned button flushers. As the bowl begins to reach... *capacity*, the toilet automatically flushes, allowing Becky to lay back and empty her bowels with a nasty sneer. "You're cute when you lie, Chrissie."

"I'm... I'm not *lying*..." Chris can feel her cheeks turning bright red, unable to take her eyes off Becky's gut. It's slowly shrinking before her eyes...

"Ugh..." Becky groans in satisfaction as her ass continues to blast. "Then why are you so cute right now, then?" Smirking, the bully looks down at her belly and pokes the soft flesh with a copper finger. "Boop! What do you think, girls? Cute or *cute*? Don't bother answering, all of us know you both want to kiss Chrissie on the lips. But you'd better get in line *behind* me if you wanna do that, mmkay?"

Chris... *really* wishes that she was immune to flirting right now, but somehow she isn't. She turns away, looking over at her aunt. Vicky is leaning against the doorway, holding her heavy stomach with both hands, a look close to pain on her face. "Are you okay, Auntie?" Chris asks, a little alarmed.

"I'm good, kid." Vicky opens her eyes, glancing up at Chris. Then, the predator shoots a sneer at Becky. "Your friends just *died*, by the way." Chris blinks and looks down at her aunt's belly. Fuck... The twins aren't moving anymore. Vicky really just... God, the tomboy knows that they'll be reformed, but Jesus, her aunt can be brutal...

"Really?" Becky grins widely at Vicky. "Hey girls! You two just popped, did you? Guess what, Chrissie and her sexy aunt won't let me leave until I *reform* those two losers..." She sighs, rolling her eyes. "Oh well. Dunno when or *if* Victoria will reform you two idiots. Don't worry, I've got plenty of girls to take your place if she doesn't. I won't be able to fuck a pair of twins anymore, but I'll manage, I guess."

Even Vicky seems a bit taken aback by Becky's nastiness by now. "Jeez, kid. Who *hurt* you?" She shoots Chris a vaguely disgusted look, which Chris can only answer with an understanding nod. "She's lying. I'm going to reform you two, so calm down." Vicky slaps her belly, not even looking down at their bodies inside her.

"Who, me?" Becky seems genuinely amused by the question. "No-one! I have money, tons of friends, popularity and two loving moms... Maybe even *more* loving than most parents! My mommies raised me with love, *money*, and the promise that I would be the best person who ever lived. And they were damn right! They made me the amazing person I am today." She

snorts, as if the question itself is absurd. “Sheesh, you’re rich, Victoria, why are you asking me questions a *poor* person would ask?”

Frankly, it was probably more of a case of who *should* have hurt Becky, from the sounds of it. Chris watches in fascinated disgust as her friends continue to spill into the toilet, a seemingly never ending flow of shit flowing out of Becky’s perfect ass.

Vicky takes a deep breath, rubbing her temples as if she has a headache. “Fuck... I need a goddamn cigarette.” She shoots a glare at Becky, who’s sitting on the toilet with a smug grin on her face. “God, I should shove you down my gullet and make the world a better fucking place...”

“You’d only rob the world of something wonderful, Victoria. Why don’t you go and burn the Mona Lisa while you’re at it? Or smash a Fabergé egg? Or an original Funko Pop? Or any other kind of priceless treasure?” Becky raises an eyebrow, as if she’s challenging the tall predator. “Honest question, really. What’s to stop you disposing of me when I *release* Chrissie’s friends?”

The tall predator is ready for that question, it would seem. “Because you’re valuable alive, Chastity. First, you’re going to promise to not hurt Chris ever again.” Vicky snaps back, narrowing her green eyes.

“I promise.” Becky answers, before the other predator has even finished her sentence. Another loud fart echoes throughout the bathroom as she shifts on the seat, grinning at Vicky. “I mean, I have no intention of *hurting* Chrissie, you know?”

“Not physically, you mean?” Chris is wise to Becky’s weasel words now. The bully almost certainly had her own definition of what *hurting* someone meant. The tomboy braces herself and unblocks her nostrils, allowing the primal scent to assault her brain once more. But Chris was raised in a military household, so she adapts quickly. Matilda always taught her daughters to be tough. “Promise not to hurt my friends either.”

Becky’s grin falters for a moment, and she gives Chris an irritated look. “Oh come on. At least let me have *some* fun! It’s not *my* fault your friends were born to be the perfect prey, Chrissie.”

“*Promise.*” Chris growls at the bully, folding her arms. She can’t honestly say that she can’t understand what Becky means, though. It had been a bit embarrassing how easily her friends had been devoured. The tomboy can only imagine how ashamed Kit and Di feel inside their devourer’s body right now.

“Ugh...” The blonde hesitates for a moment, as if she’s trying to think of a way to get out of accepting. “Oh, *fine*. Whatever. I won’t hurt your friends either. But if they *ask* to be eaten, I’ll *oblige*, y’know?” She holds up a finger as Chris begins to protest. “Chrissie, don’t you *dare* argue that your friends aren’t gutsluts!”

“Fine, whatever.” Vicky answers, before Chris can respond. “But *they* have to tell Chris first, so you can’t just eat them and pretend they consented.” This earns a goran of irritation from Becky, who’d apparently been considering that little loophole. “And after today, you leave my niece the hell alone-”

All of a sudden, Becky seems to change her tune. “Oh, what are you, the fun police? Come on , Victoria! This is college! We’re all just having fun here, right?” The blonde turns back to Chris, patting her slowly reducing belly. “Why are you both acting like I’m a bad person? Haven’t I been friendly, Chrissie? I might have played a little rough with your friends, but you and I get along just fine. We even snuggled together just a little bit ago, right? And you enjoyed that, don’t tell me you didn’t!”

Chris can’t say she didn’t, despite herself. “What’s your point?” She snaps, glaring at the bully.

“Let’s make up, Chrissie.” Becky holds up her hands, grinning up at the tomboy. “I ate *your* friends, your dommy mommy... auntie ate *mine*, sounds equal to me. An eye for an eye, let’s not make the whole world blind, y’know? Let’s just admit we all had fun today, and it can be the start of a nice little *friendship* between all of us!” She winks at Chris, as another log of Di, or possibly Kit, slides out of her ass. “I mean, I already think of you as a friend, Chrissie! Don’t you think the same of me?”

Chris is *not* stupid. After all, one would have to be pretty stupid to think that Becky’s suggestion of friendliness was genuine. The blonde is about as sincere as she is kind. Chris can see that glint in her eyes, that same glint a child with a magnifying glass has when they look down at an anthill. Becky just didn’t want to abandon her new favorite *plaything*.

But then... It wasn’t like they could just *remove* Becky. Vicky *could* eat her, but she’d have to reform Becky eventually, and then the bully would make sure they paid for it. And while the bully *had* tried to wipe out her friends, and Chris kind of wants to take a metal pipe to the bitch’s smug face, the tomboy isn’t a killer. Her aunt might seem to lack empathy toward her meals, but Chris doesn’t. She can’t just casually *murder* someone she doesn’t like, even with someone as *evil* as Becky. Besides, Chris is a college freshman, she can’t risk going to prison and the thought of Vicky going to prison for her sake is horrifying.

So... That leaves the other option, doesn’t it?

Vicky growls in irritation, but her niece cuts her off before she can speak. “Fine.” Chris answers Becky, sighing in frustration. “We can be friends, *Becky*.” Better to have the blonde *pretending* to be a friend than openly being an enemy. Chris doubted that Becky would do much more than use it as a pretext to mock her, but maybe it could be useful in the future too. “But as a friend, you better reign in Cathy.”

“What the fuck is a ‘Cathy’?” Vicky shoots Chris a glare, as if to say she’s annoyed with her niece. No doubt she’s a little taken aback at the tomboy accepting Becky’s ‘offer’.

“One of the student council reps. She tried to *eat* me earlier.” Last time Chris had seen the nerdy looking girl, Cathy had been jizzing her panties and screaming bloody revenge at her back as she left. “I kinda... kicked the shit out her balls, and she’s pretty damn mad at me.” The bookish-looking girl had demanded that Chris eat her too, and the tomboy doubted that Cathy’s fury over not being eaten had cooled either. Chris didn’t want to have an angry student council rep forcing her way down her throat the next time she saw her.

Becky chuckles nastily. “Deal. And as a friend, you can kick Cathy in the balls whenever you want.” A long, wet fart emanates from her backside, as the bully sighs in contentment. God, she looks like she’s having the time of her life dumping out Di and Kit... “Ooh, I think your friends are ready to come out, finally...”

Beside Chris, her aunt tenses up, clenching her fists. “No funny business, Chastity.” Vicky warns again, her stomach rumbling menacingly. “If you mess up, you won’t leave this room undigested...”

“Relax, *Victoria*. What, did you get halfway through stroking off before you came and crashed our party? Maybe get your niece to stroke you off if you’re so damn tense.” Becky sneers up at the tall predator as she reaches for one of the soul jars. “Alright, you two girls heard Chrissie. We’re all friends now, so I better now hear any *bitching* about me eating you or not reforming you or whatever. I don’t expect you to thank me, even though you should, but I better not hear any fucking *whinging*. Just friendly smiles and respect, you got that, gutsluts?” Becky pokes her belly, which is now about half the size it had been when she’d sat down. “Good, I’ll take that as a ‘yes, I love you, Becky’ from both of you, then.”

“You’re fine with this?” Vicky gives her niece a weary look. “Look, it’s up to you, kid. You really want to be... *friends* with this girl?”

Well, no. Chris doesn’t, not really. But if Becky wants to save face in exchange for releasing her friends, Chris is happy to take that deal. Admittedly, the tomboy *can* understand her aunt’s hesitation. “If she tries anything, you can always get revenge later, Auntie.” Chris tries to give the veteran predator a reassuring grin.

“Hmmp.” The tall woman makes a disapproving sound in the back of her throat. “Fine. Whatever.” Her stomach rumbles dangerously, and Chris can see that the shape of the twins inside her is already beginning to soften. A veteran predator’s stomach acids must be quite powerful.

Chris watches as Becky grabs the soul jar and presses a button on the side. The glass jar is made of two parts, a lower part of hard glass with hexagonal shapes visible through the glint of light. The upper part is shaped oddly, almost looking like a dildo with a hole in the middle. A red light shines on the side, and the jar beeps. “Ugh...” Chris stares at the odd device. She knows what it is, but not really how it *works*. “So, how does the soul actually get into the...?”



As she watches, Becky answers the question without speaking. The blonde takes the soul jar in both hands, rises off the toilet seat slightly and reaches between her thighs, inserting the phallic end of the jar right into her... Oh. *That's* where it goes. Chris feels a bit dumb for not having expected that.

"Ah...!" Becky moans as she shoves the top of the jar right up her ass, no hint of hesitation. "Ugh... Oh, that's good..." A few beads of sweat trickle down her tanned forehead. "Alright, which one of you sluts first?" She asks, apparently to Di and Kit. "Ooh, I don't know which one of them this is, but... Hhgh!"

Chris watches as Becky's pretty face screws up into a haze of effort, the beautiful blonde clenching her bowels until...

*PPPRF!* A long, wretched fart echoes off the bathroom tiles, as the blonde's grimace melts into a blushing *ahogao*. "Ooh... Get out of me, you stupid little loose soul. You just lost the chance to be *me*, idiot..." As the fart dies away, there's a loud beep from underneath Becky. A moment later, the bully pulls out the soul jar. "There you go, Chrissie. One piping hot soul, ready to go. No idea *which* of the two sluts this is, prey all feel the same on the way out..."

Vicky stares at the jar for a moment, her eyes suspicious. "Good. Now the other one, and be quick about it, Chastity. Your friends are melting fast."

The jar looks identical to Chris, apart from the glowing green light on the side. The tomboy stares at the 'filled' jar, feeling a bit skeptical. "That's... that's it?" She glances between Becky and Vicky, a little confused. "Did it work?"

"What do you want, Chrissie? A fucking *ghost* in there?" Becky rolls her eyes as she puts down the filled jar, reaching for the other one. "Were you expecting a fucking rainbow? It's a *soul*, you can't fucking see it with your eyes." The blonde winces as she inserts the other jar into her backside. "Aight, next gutslut..."

"It's filled, don't worry Chris." Vicky says, her voice deep. Chris feels a strong hand on her shoulder, as her aunt reaches out to reassure her. "One soul, locked in an unbreakable jar. They're safe now."

Not nearly safe enough for Chris just yet. A minute later, the other jar is noisily filled. Becky pulls the jar out and stares at it, smirking at the container. "Damn, not even any leftover material." She pops off the top, leaving the jar with just the glass, which is now apparently sealed. Then, the bully does the same to the other jar and holds them up. "Here you go, Chrissie. Two piping hot friend souls, ready to-"

Without waiting for Becky to finish speaking, Chris grabs both jars from the bully, snatching them away. The two jars feel surprisingly heavy in her hands, and they both feel warm. Chris

doesn't know if that's some spiritual effect or if it's just leftover heat from Becky's gassy ass. Either way, the tomboy clutches them protectively in her arms, aware that she's now carrying the souls of Di and Kit. They're out of Becky's cruel grasp at least.

"Sheesh, that was *rude*, Chrissie. Usually, you say 'thanks' when someone gives you something you want, y'know?" The bully chuckles, slapping her belly. "Especially when they're *friends*, y'know?"

However, it appears that Vicky has had enough of Becky's smug attitude. All of sudden, the tall predator steps forward and seizes the bully around the throat, leaning in until their faces are almost touching. For a moment, Chris thinks that her aunt is just going to devour Becky anyway, and her heart almost stops. But Vicky just glares deep into the bully's eyes.

"Listen up, you smug little snake..." The predator growls softly, her tone somehow even more menacing than before. "This is *your* campus, you said? Good. I'll be holding you responsible for Chris's safety, then. *Anything* happens to her, and you'll be answering for it." Her eyes flare dangerously. Chris could swear at that moment that the veteran predator's eyes are *glowing*, but that's probably just her imagination. "You got that?"

"G-got it..." Becky, for once, seems genuinely intimidated.

"Good." Vicky releases the blonde, who sits back down on the toilet, rubbing her throat. "Clean up and get out. Chris, get her clothes." She holds out her hands.

Chris would normally complain about being ordered around, but something about her aunt's commanding tone makes her heart flutter. "Y-yes!" Handing the two jars to her aunt, the tomboy goes back into the bedroom. Quickly, Chris gathers up Becky's sapphire-studded underwear and the blonde's designer dress, along with her handbag. Returning to the bathroom, she hands it to the bully.

Becky had been in the process of using the bidet function of the toilet, and she looks rather annoyed when Chris gives her the clothes. "Really? You couldn't even let me keep the trenchcoat? That's cold, Chrissie." Now clean, the bully stands up. Chris gets a glimpse of the tanned girl's blonde pubic hair above a rather enticing-looking vagina before Becky begins to dress, slipping the panties over her hips. Her stomach is still bulging, but it's considerably smaller than before.

"Hurry up." Vicky growls, putting the two jars under her arm. Grabbing her gurgling gut, the tall predator steps out of the bathroom.

"Chrissie..." Becky asks, as she slips her blue bra back on, the sapphires jiggling as she does so. "Hook me up, would you? My boobs make it too hard to do it myself..." She turns around, holding both sides of her bra, glancing back at Chris expectantly.

Ugh. Chris hates that, *even now*, she's a little turned on. Steeling herself, she grabs Becky's bra with shaking hands and hooks the girl's bra up. "There, happy?"

"Immensely." Becky chuckles to herself. Then, she turns around and winks at Chris. "I had a lot of fun today, Chrissie. Thanks!"

Then, she leans in and kisses the tomboy on the lips again.

It's only a swift peck, too quick for Chris to even recoil in surprise. Yes, Chris would have recoiled, definitely. She wouldn't have allowed herself to be kissed by Becky, after all the bully had done. Yes. Definitely.

Stumbling backward as Becky giggles, Chris steps out of the bathroom. The tomboy can still taste the bully on her lips, a dangerously intoxicating warmth...

Vicky turns around, raising an eyebrow at her niece. "You good, kid?" She asks, holding the soul jars under her arm.

"I'm... I'm fine." Chris lies. It's not often she complains about being gay, but Jesus Christ. Even still, Becky is making her heart thunder.

A couple of minutes later, Becky steps out of the bathroom. And, appallingly, she looks quite satisfied. Now back in her designer dress and wearing her designer sunglasses, the blonde girl shouldered her handbag and grins at the two. "Alright, I'm off! Chrissie, make sure you thank your aunt *properly* for helping you today, even though you didn't really *need* it. Remember, lick the glans and play attention to the balls when you're sucking, your aunt seems like the type who'd like that. Just a little hint for my bestie~!"

"Your friends will be reformed soon." Vicky narrows her eyes. "Get out. *Now*."

"Sure, sure, whatever you wanna do with 'em." Becky waves goodbye, opening the door. "Ciao!"

And with that, the bully vanishes from sight, the door closing shut behind her.

As Becky's footsteps fade away, Vicky turns to Chris. "Here, these are yours." The tomboy takes back the jars from her aunt's hands.

"Oh God..." Chris feels a bit numb, as the realization that she's holding her friends in her hands finally seems to hit her. "How long does it take to get to the gene clinic, Auntie?" How soon can Di and Kit be reformed?

Vicky holds up a finger. "Hold that thought." Reaching into her jacket again, she pulls out two more soul jars. "Okay, I'm only gonna say this *once*." She pokes her belly, making the rapidly

softening shapes of the twins shift inside her. “You two girls are gonna vacate *now* or *never*. You got that?” She holds up the empty soul jars and nods at Chris. “Give me a minute, kid.”

“O-okay...” Chris watches as her aunt walks back into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Now alone in the apartment, Chris lets out a sigh of relief. No, not relief. Maybe something closer to exhaustion, really.

Today has been... a day and a half, that was the phrase Matilda always used. Chris had never imagined a day when she'd miss her mom, but today is that day. Striking out on her own was what Chris had always wanted to do, but what she wouldn't give to have her mom here right now...

Putting the soul jars down on Di's small table, Chris stares at the two. Apart from the green glowing light on the sides, they look entirely empty. But Vicky knows they're full, and the tomboy trusts her aunt to know. “You're safe now, girls.” Chris says to her friends, even though they definitely can't hear her now. They have no ears to hear with, after all. “We're gonna... We're gonna reform you right away, you'll see, I promise. You're gonna be just fine!” Her words are more meant to reassure herself more than anything, but they don't quite do the job.

Underneath the table, there's a small gym bag, barely bigger than Becky's handbag had been. Chris feels a bit bad about taking it without asking, but she can't just carry two rather heavy jars around. Grabbing the bag, Chris pulls it up onto the table. “Don't worry girls, you'll be safe in here.” She unzips the bag. “Di, I'm borrowing this bad, I hope you don't... Oh.”

Inside the bag, there's a... a *sizable* collection of sex toys. Chris can see at least a half dozen dildos of varying sizes, a phallus in every color of the rainbow. Alongside them are a number of what look like vibrators, nipple plugs and... “Oh, *Christ*...” A dildo almost as long as Chris's *forearm* is nestled at the bottom, weighing down the bag. It's black, a deep darkness that seems to promise both pain and pleasure.

“Oh...” Chris takes a few moments to understand what she's just found. “Er... Sorry, Di. I think I just found your sex stash...”

A few minutes later, the bathroom door opens again. Aunt Vicky is a bit flushed in the face as she steps out, one jar with a green glowing light in her arms and the other still empty. “Ugh...” Her aunt groans, seeming to deflate slightly as she leans against the wall. “There we go, got rid of the peeping toms.” All of a sudden, Vicky doesn't seem nearly as dangerous as she had a moment ago. “Little idiots couldn't wait and ended up going into the same jar. That's gonna be a mess to get them separated... What are you doing?”

“Oh, you're done!” Chris zips up the bag, feeling her heart pounding. “Just... putting Di and Kit in a... a bag, that's all Alright, can we go now?”

“Sure, let’s go. I might have farted out those twins, but their bodies are still melting in there.” Vicky grimaces as she stuffs her jars back into her jacket. “You good to leave? I’m gonna need to hit the toilet in about an hour, I’m guessing, so let’s get home ASAP, kid. ”

“Home?” Chris blinks for a moment, then shakes her head. “No, we have to go to the gene clinic!” Her friends need to be reformed! The tomboy shoulders the rather *heavy* gym bag and starts toward the door. “How quickly can we get there? Does it cost money? Can we...”

Vicky grabs her niece’s shoulders, holding the tomboy in place. “Hey! Calm down!”

The tomboy can feel her heart pounding, and she realizes that she’d almost run out of breath talking. “Auntie... Please, they’re my friends, we need to...”

“*You*... need a fucking good night’s sleep. And I need to take crap.” The older woman shakes her head at her niece. “Listen to me, kid. Your friends are fine. They’re having a little nap inside their jars, they’ll be perfectly safe in there until tomorrow. They won’t even *remember* anything after that bitch shat them out, okay?”

“But...” Chris can’t help but want to see her friends as soon as possible. “Can’t we just...?”

“Look, the gene clinic’s closed for the day, alright? We’ll go and sort out your friends... and these two tomorrow, kid. Their souls aren’t in danger in there. Heck, they’re probably safer in there than when they were inside their *bodies*.” Vicky puts an arm around Chris’s shoulders. “Now, we’re gonna go home, alright? You’ve had a rough fucking day, and I need a fucking *drink*.”

Chris... isn’t happy about it, but what her aunt is saying makes sense. Kit and Di are safe now, and the tomboy *is* exhausted now that Vicky mentions it. She needs something to eat and about twelve hours of sleep. At her aunt’s touch, she can feel her heartbeat settling back down. There’s just something so reassuring about being held by a strong woman...

As her aunt shepherds her toward the door of Di’s apartment, Chris looks up at the veteran predator. “Auntie...” She asks, tentatively. “When you were talking to Becky earlier, you asked her... You asked her how many people you hadn’t reformed, right?” Chris can’t resist asking. “Um... How many people have you...?”

Opening the door, Vicky smirks at her niece and winks. “Well... I’ve been a predator for over two decades, kid. Don’t tell Becky this, but... I’ve never failed to reform someone on purpose.”

Chris blinks in surprise. Then, she grins at her aunt. “You lied to her?”

Vicky shrugs. “What, you disappointed, kid?” The tall woman chuckles. “Come on, let’s get you home.” Her stomach rumbles happily as it digests Senna and Farrah, the shape of their bodies almost completely vanishing inside the heavy curve of her aunt’s gut.

The moon is dim as they leave Di’s apartment, the cold light obscured by warm gray clouds in the night sky. The stars above are dull, with at least half a dozen satellites pulsing softly as they pass by overhead. Chris feels like there was something *odd* about what Vicky had said, but she’s far too tired to think about it right now.

And, as predicted, when she gets home, Chris puts the two soul jars on her bedside table, throws the still heavy gym bag down beside her bed and sleeps for a solid twelve hours.

End of Chapter Seven (Becky’s Game Arc End)

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Feeling:</u>	<u>Thoughts:</u>
Chris Abrams	Exhausted	Well, at least Kit and Di are... safe? I know Auntie said they're fine, but I'm gonna have a hard time feeling okay with this until I see them. And why the fuck am I so <i>horny</i> right now?! Don't tell me I'm gonna end up <i>using</i> Di's toys...
Becky Chastity	Furious	Dammit... Fuck! I really wanted to absorb those two idiots! Guess I can't mess with Chrissie as much as I thought I could. Hmm... Maybe I'll go the other route instead, then...
Senna and Farrah	Digesting..	Being melted down into a single soupy mess wasn't really a bad experience for the twins. Unbeknownst to everyone else, the two weren't struggling in pain, but excitement for being digested by their idol...
Kit Chen	Digested	The only thing more horrifying than being digested alive was discovering that her devourer was going to <i>absorb</i> her. And yet... Some part of Kit feels rather awakened from this near brush with death...
Diana Simons	Digested	She enjoyed her time inside Becky, but almost losing her life wasn't what she'd planned for. So, she's pretty relieved right now. Also, she won't mind if Chris uses her toys.
Aunt Vicky	Exhausted	Eh... That could have gone better, but good enough, I guess. At least Chris seems fine. Ugh, I'm gonna be dumping so much fucking ass tonight. God, I need a smoke and drink and a <i>wank</i> ...