

Melissa Jones wakes up, shaking off the haze of sleep, and realizes with a hint of alarm that she's not in a familiar bed. Underneath her butt, the mattress feels softer than she's used to, and the sheets gathered around her collarbone are fluffy and warm. This is not her bed, she senses instantly. Nor is it Lindsay's bed, which she's also gotten used to in the past few days. Lindsay's bed was a hotel bed, and as such feels a little uncomfortable. This bed wasn't a hotel bed; it was a person's bed. But who *normally* slept in this bed?

To be honest, Melissa isn't quite sure how she got into this bed. The last thing she really remembers from last night is walking away from Azrael and calling Lindsay on her cell phone. The rest is a bit of haze. She'd... met Lindsay, she was sure of that. And then... Lindsay had taken her somewhere? Here, presumably? As Melissa yawns to herself, she can hear the sound of a phone's camera clicking, and the rustling of sheets next to her. Someone's in the bed with her.

To Melissa's complete lack of surprise, she opens her eyes to see Lindsay in bed with her. Her girlfriend is leaning over Melissa's slightly, and holding up her fingers in a "V" shape as she takes another selfie. Probably taking a photo for VoreFans, Melissa realizes, and then feels guilty as she realizes that she hasn't uploaded anything from last night yet. Her fans must be getting antsy by this point.

"Oh, you're awake?" Lowering her phone, Lindsay Smith smiles down at her girlfriend. The redhead is completely naked; a sight that Melissa is amused to note no longer even surprises her. Not that she doesn't enjoy seeing her girlfriend naked, of course. Lindsay's tits are still fantastic, and as the redhead shifts her leg to turn toward her, Melissa is rewarded with a fantastic view between her legs. A crown of red hair surrounds her best friend's vagina, which looks redder than usual... "Geez, Mel, you really have your priorities in the morning, don't you?"

"Huh?" Melissa replies, her voice groggy with sleep. Then, she blushes as she realizes that she's been openly staring at her girlfriend's vagina. "Sorry... I'm still half-awake..." She's also just now realized that she's also completely naked, though she's warm under the covers.

"Sorry? What for? I'm your girlfriend, aren't I?" Lindsay deliberately spreads her legs a little wider, placing a hand just above her vagina. "Stare all you want at my cunt, bae. It's under your ownership now."

Ownership? Melissa wasn't a fan of the idea that she *owned* Lindsay, but she was beginning to suspect that the redhead had a bit of a fetish in that regard. "Were you taking pictures of me sleeping earlier?"

Lindsay holds up her phone. "Just a little update for my VoreFans page. After I live-streamed a tour of our new apartment, we've been blowing up. We're trending on the front page, Mel!" She looks really excited, as she shows Melissa her phone. Indeed, Melissa can see that even the photo of Lindsay doing a "V" sign next to her is *already* gathering likes and tips of cash.

Melissa isn't even sure where to *begin*. "New apartment?" She wonders aloud, rubbing sleep from her eyes. It seems like the best place to start. Indeed, as she looks around, Melissa can see that they're in an unfamiliar bedroom.

"Oh man, you really *were* out of it last night!" Lindsay snorts to herself. "I told you about my day last night, but you were totally smashed. Guess Jess got you really drunk, or something, huh?" She taps on her phone again. "Look, long story short, I got that new apartment that I've been wanting. And now here we are!"

That was a little too short of a story for Melissa. "Wha... you didn't buy and move into an apartment in *one* day, Lin." That wasn't how property stuff happened in Sydney. Melissa had taken nearly two full weeks to sort out *renting* her apartment a few years ago. "And what do you mean we're trending? On VoreFans?"

Lindsay reaches out and wraps an arm around Melissa's shoulders. "Calm down, bae. We've got loads of time to figure things out." She gives her girlfriend's shoulders a gentle squeeze, and Melissa does indeed feel a little calmer at the redhead's touch. "And yes, I've bought a new apartment in one day. It helps when the old owner suddenly dies from stomach acid, if you catch my drift..."

"You didn't..." Melissa begins, and wonders why she would even be remotely shocked that her predator girlfriend ate someone. Lindsay had clearly engaged in some underhanded business, which certainly followed on from Lindsay's track record. "Well, okay... but how'd we end up in *here*?" She gestures to the room around them.

"Oh, when you came back to my apartment last night, you were just in your underwear." Lindsay smirks at the memory. "Which was sexy as fuck, but my bowels were basically a mudslide trying to get rid of that stupid bitch who *used* to own this apartment." She pats her stomach, which Melissa can see is now *slightly* less toned than it had been yesterday. "Once that was done, I told you all about what I'd done, and you said we should go and check the place out."

"Wait, coming here was *my* idea?" She certainly didn't remember that part! Last night had been a night and a half, between the VoreFans meetup and the encounter with Azrael... oh God, Melissa had almost forgotten about that.

Lindsay shrugs. "Yeah, you kept saying it would be safer here, or something. I'll be honest Mel, you were *super* out of it by that point. I dunno if you were drunk or tired, but I had to carry you to bed." She turns her phone to Melissa, and the brunette girl sees a picture of herself with half-closed eyes on a couch she doesn't recognize. "We were gonna look around, but we were both wiped, so we decided to take a nap first... which turned into both of us sleeping until midday."

Actually, that made a little bit of sense now. Last night, Melissa must have pushed for them to come here, since Azrael was probably less likely to know about this place. The dark predator had made it clear to Melissa that she would stop at nothing to claim her, including Lindsay's death. "Lindsay, I need to tell you some-"

"Oh, *shit!*" Lindsay's eyes suddenly widen as she stares at her phone. With a grin, she shows Melissa the notification on her phone. "Check it out, Jess just sent me some cash to celebrate!"

"No, that's not... Holy shit!" Melissa's attempt to explain their danger was cut short by the sight of the four digit number on Lindsay's phone. "She just sent you a thousand dollars!" *For the new home*, was the accompanying message,

Lindsay laughs softly. "Jess is so fucking generous. She already gave us a child, and now she's giving us even more." Her hand reaches out to stroke Melissa's belly, just slightly. Melissa herself couldn't feel the life inside her at the moment, but she knew it was growing even at this very moment. "Honestly, I should have *her* baby inside me right now, but Tiffany was too lucky." Lindsay taps her phone, typing out a reply to Jessica's message. "Actually, about Jess, I was kinda thinking... nah, we can discuss that later. Have you checked your phone? I've been getting congrats all morning."

Come to think of it... Melissa looks around and sees that her phone is on the bedside table. Oh, thank God her phone isn't missing, Melissa thinks to herself, and then realizes how much of a millennial she is. Hold on, now's not the time for her to be making jokes. Azrael might be... As she reaches for her phone, Melissa pauses to think for a moment. She's not entirely sure *what* the dark predator is planning, other than that she's probably planning *something*.

Her messages are as good a place to start trying to figure that out. Azrael has messaged her on VoreFans before, and Melissa has little doubt that the police officer will have little trouble getting her phone number if she hasn't already. But when she opens the app, she's almost drowned in a deluge of messages. It's been like twelve hours since she's opened VoreFans, and there's like a *thousand* messages. The more recent ones are congratulations and donations toward her and Lindsay's new apartment, which Melissa feels a little guilty about, considering she'd done nothing more than show up and fall asleep. Still, it was a little hard to feel unhappy when she tabbed over to her bank account, and saw what could be considered an *obscene* amount of money sitting in there now. Fuck, she already had an apartment. What was she even meant to spend that much money *on*?

Melissa takes a moment to enjoy the sight of the seven figure sum, more than she's ever had in her entire life so far, and certainly more than she'd ever made working a 'real' job. But sadly, she has more pressing matters to attend to right now. Quickly scrolling down the list of messages, she sees nothing from the dark predator. There are no new messages from her, but Melissa can see their chat log from their previous messages. She brings up the keyboard and hesitates. What does she even say? 'How are you planning on killing my girlfriend and/or me?'

Then again, VoreFans says that Azrael hasn't been online since last night anyway. Probably when she'd seen the VoreFans meetup being posted. Azrael hadn't *said* that she'd found her that way, but Melissa had begun to suspect that the dark predator might be tracking her location through Lindsay and, more importantly, Jessica's accounts. The futanari pornstar had indeed posted a picture of their gathering, with Melissa smiling next to her. No doubt Azrael had little trouble intercepting her if that's how she'd found her. Melissa decides that messaging the dark predator right now wouldn't be a good idea. Azrael's unlikely to give her any useful information, for obvious reasons, and it would just look like Melissa was a scared little girl if she begged for mercy.

No, she had someone who she'd be much better off messaging. If Melissa was going to fight Azrael, going it alone would essentially be the same as simply submitting to the dark predator. *Jessica, are you free today? I need to talk to you about our child.* The futanari pornstar had put a baby inside her, after all. She would have a good motive to make sure Melissa and Lindsay survived.

"Anything good, babe?" Lindsay calls out, still looking through her own app. She's still rather laid back, and Melissa knows she needs to tell her girlfriend about Azrael. "How much did ya make?"

"A lot..." Money's not exactly vital right now. "Lin, I need to talk to you about..."

Just then, a loud growl echoes around the bedroom. The sound makes Melissa flinch and she's embarrassed to realize it's her own stomach.

Lindsay gives Melissa a surprised look, which quickly morphs into a vaguely aroused smirk. "Shit, someone's hungry. Have you started eating for two already?" She turns off her phone, putting it on the bedside table next to her. Since she's nude, there's no pockets for her to put it in, after all. "Too bad Elsa and that Indian girl already fucked off by the time we got back, or I'd be tempted to split them between us..." She scowls. "Those two totally fucking *trashed* that bedroom having sex last night, apparently."

"Who?" Melissa had no idea who Elsa was. Her stomach growls again, a little quieter this time.

"Geez, the girl you're brewing in there's got a real appetite, from the sounds of it." Lindsay reaches out and strokes Melissa's belly. Her touch makes Melissa's skin shiver slightly, as her fingers gently caress her. "Well, her sister inside me is pretty much the same. Our daughters are going to eating well, as long as they're happy with masses of meat."

Melissa blushes at her girlfriend's touch, more from how good it feels than any real embarrassment. "Who's Elsa?" she asks again, still curious.

"Oh, right!" Lindsay grins, and reaches down. Throwing off the bed sheets fully, the redhead literally leaps out of bed, and turns to smirk. Melissa is impressed at her girlfriend's energy, until

Lindsay's eye twitches slightly, and the redhead grabs her tummy. "Ooh... that bitch is still hanging around in there, isn't she?"

"...what the heck *happened* last night?" Melissa can't help but grin at her girlfriend.

Lindsay holds out her hand. "Come on, I'll tell you all about last night's meal while I give you the tour." Melissa takes her girlfriend's hand, and lets her pull her out of bed.

"Hrgh!" Lindsay's face screws up for a moment, as she pushes out another log. Melissa watches as her girlfriend takes a shit, in what was apparently their new bathroom, and squeezes her hand.

"When you said you were going to show me what happened to the former owner, I thought you'd be less *literal*..." The brunette feels caught between discomfort and arousal, as she holds hands with her girlfriend, who's giving her a real show on the toilet.

Lindsay had just finished showing her around the apartment, and Melissa was starting to warm to the idea of living here. At first, she'd been a little annoyed by the fact that Lindsay hadn't really consulted her about the place first, since she would have liked to have approved of it first. But it was hard to stay annoyed when she'd seen the place. It was far beyond any apartment that Melissa could have ever thought she'd be able to see, let alone live in. In the end, she had to admit that Lindsay was right about this place being ideal for their future family. Though Melissa could have done without two people dying to get the place.

Yeah, Lindsay had also given her a rundown of what had happened last night, with the owner and her two kids. It certainly made Melissa aroused to hear what Lindsay had done to them, as did the sight of what the former owner was now. But it was also tempered with a bit of fear. Not of Lindsay, of course, since she knew that the predator would never hurt her. But of how easily she seemed to be able to *kill* as a solution to her problems. *Every day that people indulge in their degeneracy, every day that they fuck and eat each other, they slowly realize that the world is empty of punishment for their crimes...*

"Hmm... shit!" Melissa's dark thoughts are interrupted by an almost comical farting noise, followed by a heavy-sounding splash. Lindsay's cheeks are red, and she's clearly quite enjoying this.

Of course, during the course of the story about last night, Melissa had made this mistake of asking what had happened to the former owner. Lindsay had swiftly capitalized on this by insisting that she watch her take a dump. Melissa hadn't refused, because she admittedly kinda wanted to watch that as well.

That last splash seems to be the last of it though, judging by the look of relief on Lindsay's face. "Ahh..." The redhead sighs in relief, her cheeks still a little flushed, unlike the toilet. "Better out than in, that's what I say..."

"That was a lot of 'out', for sure." Melissa had to hand it to her girlfriend; she certainly knew how to put on a show. "I've never seen someone shit that hard. I thought you'd crack the bowl during your big finale." Might as well get used to seeing this kind of thing, since this is clearly her girlfriend's fetish. Well, one of them, at least.

"Kinda wish I *had*. We're gonna have to replace this one anyway, and get something more heavy-duty installed. This apartment's gonna be shifting a lotta product in the coming years, and we're gonna need something that won't break down easily." Lindsay reaches down and presses a button near her thigh. "Though it at least has this... Ngh!" Her whole body shivers for a second. "Ah... water sprayer to clean our behinds."

Letting go of Melissa's hand, Lindsay cracks her knuckles and stands up. Melissa tries to look away from the darkness inside the toilet bowl, but her girlfriend hugs her from behind. It's a gentle, but electrifying touch, as Lindsay's nude body presses against Melissa's bare back. Together, they look down into the toilet bowl, at the shattered and destroyed remains of the former owner of the apartment.

"See ya, bitch. My girlfriend loves the place, by the way." Lindsay addresses the toilet bowl, as if the remains can somehow hear anything at all. Melissa can't help but be a little amused at her girlfriend's vindictiveness. With a flourish, Lindsay reaches down and hits the button. With a loud rumble, the toilet flushes, the water breaking up and washing away the remains of the person who'd formerly lived there, never to be seen again.

As Lindsay lets go of her, and walks over to wash her hands, Melissa feels slightly confused about something. "Hold on, you didn't explain who those two people were that helped you. I remember Renay..." She'd known the lawyer back in university, not well enough to call her a friend, but well enough to have given her at least one or two drunken handjobs. Renay had been known for sleeping with almost every girl she could get her hands on, and also for being a drunk moron, so it was no surprise to Melissa that she'd been promoted to a high business position. "You two were... dating? In university, so I understand why she'd be okay with helping us out. Were those two girls friends of hers?"

"Who, Elsa and Dana?" Lindsay finishes washing her hands, and then dries her hands on the towel next to her. The redhead looks vaguely embarrassed for a second. "Uh, kind of?" She bites her lip. "So, you know how Renay always used to say she had mafia contacts...?"

Melissa didn't remember that, but somehow it didn't shock her. "Lindsay, you're not gonna tell me you got into bed with the *mafia* to get this apartment, are you?" Oh God, what a horrible idea that was!

"I'm not going to lie to my girlfriend!" Lindsay looks vaguely indignant. "Yes, I got into bed with the mafia, Melissa. I did it for our future." She smirks. "And because I wanted to."

"Lin..." Melissa closes her eyes and rubs the bridge of her nose. "Do you really need to me to tell you that the mafia's going to expect payment for this?"

"I already sorted that out." The redhead waves away Melissa's complaints. "Oh, Mel, *relax!* Trust me, I know what I'm doing!" She leans in and gives the brunette a peck on the cheek. "I might be beautiful, but I'm not dumb. I can handle the mafia."

"Can you?" Lindsay's strong as hell, and she's a badass, at least in Melissa's opinion. But playing with fire sometimes led to getting burnt. "Lin, we're together now. If you're gonna do something like this, it affects me too. You gotta at least *tell* me about shit like this before you do it!"

The redhead's smirk fades away. "Ah... you're right. Sorry Mel." She scratches the back of her head, looking a little chastised. "Honestly, I'm so used to being on my own and getting my own way, I didn't really think about it..."

Well, that was Lindsay in a nutshell. As annoying as it was, Melissa couldn't help but love it. "It's okay, Lin." Reaching out, the brunette pulls her girlfriend into a hug. "We're together and we're alive. That's all that matters."

"S-sure?" Lindsay seems a little confused by that, but she eagerly accepts the hug. "I'll talk to you more about doing stuff like that in the future, bae."

After a little while, the two girlfriends break their hug, looking into each other's eyes happily. It was a perfect moment, one that Melissa instantly files into her memory as something that she'll remember for the rest of her life. They stand together, holding hands and enjoying the moment.

Of course, nothing lasts forever. On the sink, Melissa's phone buzzes loudly, almost making the both of them flinch. She'd brought it along, just in case. Giving her girlfriend a smile, the brunette reaches over to grab her phone. As Melissa picks up her phone, she sees that she's got a text notification from... Natasha Birch?

Oh right, the pink-haired guitarist girl who'd been playing with her band in the Rainbow Serpent. Melissa had taken a liking to the cute girl, so she'd given Natasha her phone number, she remembered now.

Got kicked out of home, because lezz. H8 to ask, but can I stay with you? Even for just 1 night would be awesome.

"Natasha?!" Melissa has called the girl back almost instantly. Leaning against the sink, Lindsay looks a little surprised at her girlfriend's sudden phone call. "Are you okay? What's going on?"

“Whoa!” It sounds like the girl on the other end of the call almost fell off whatever she’s sitting on. “I didn’t expect you to ring me back so quickly...”

“Well, when someone I know texts me something like that, of course I’d call them back straight away.” The brunette looks over at Lindsay, and mouths ‘the cute girl from the club’. The redhead thinks for a moment, then seems to make the connection in her mind, and gives Melissa a thumbs up with a grin. “What’s this about you getting kicked out of your home?” That seems to wipe Lindsay’s grin away though.

On the other end, Natasha clears her throat. “Oh, um... so y’know how there were a few people filming the band in the club the other night?” Melissa hadn’t really thought about it, but now that she mentioned it, the brunette did kinda recall that. “So, I guess the video kinda went viral or something, and my parents found out that I was in a lesbian band in a lesbian club, talking about how I was a huge lesbian. Y’know, instead of at the Christian camp at Hillsong...”

“Oh shit...” Well, that was a hell of a way to find out that your daughter had an alternative lifestyle. “What happened? Are you okay?”

“I’m... our parents messaged us and said they’d seen it, and that we needed to come home right away...” The girl doesn’t sound like she’s crying, just sad and tired. That makes Melissa even more worried. “The other girls decided to go back, but I didn’t wanna. I was scared, so I... kinda ran for it.”

“You ran away? To where?” Out of the corner of her eye, Melissa can see that Lindsay is riveted to the conversation. Then, a nasty thought occurs to Melissa. “Wait, when was this? You didn’t sleep on a bench or something somewhere last night, did you?”

Natasha laughs. “Oh no! No, I didn’t sleep on a bench or anything.” Melissa feels a little relieved to hear that, for about a full second. “See, they’re got these new rails on the park benches so that homeless people can’t sleep on them. And I reckon they were a good investment in that case, cause I couldn’t sleep on one at all. But I saw this other cute homeless girl sleeping under one, which seemed really smart, since if it rained...”

“Natasha, if you’re about to tell me that you slept *under* a bench...” Melissa feels a little annoyed that the girl hadn’t contacted her sooner. No, scratch that, a *lot* annoyed. The idea that the cute girl had been trying sleep under a fucking *bench* in a park while she and Lindsay were rugged up in here...

“It was a bit like camping, honestly.” The girl’s determined cheer is almost inspiring, if a little disturbing. “Just a bit colder, I guess. I could go for it another night, but I thought, maybe...” Her voice breaks, just slightly. “You’re the only person I know in Sydney that doesn’t want to take me back home...”

Melissa sighs in irritation. “Natasha, get your butt over here this instant. You’re staying with us.”

“Well, only if you’re okay with it...” The girl sounds horribly guilty, to Melissa’s frustration. “I really hate to do this to you, sorry...”

The brunette is about to respond, but Lindsay waves to get her attention. “Let me talk to her.” The redhead says, motioning for the phone. Melissa isn’t sure what her girlfriend thinks about Natasha, so she feels a little nervous as she hands the phone over. “Hey, idiot!” Lindsay begins, to Melissa’s alarm. “Stop freaking my girlfriend out, and get your cute butt over here right now. If you don’t, I’m gonna come over there and *carry* you here.” After a moment of silence, Lindsay nods. “Good. I’ll text you the address. Call Mel if you have any issues getting here, and I can come and pick you up. See ya soon.” She hangs up the call.

Melissa takes the phone back, offering her girlfriend a weak smile. “Thanks for that, Lin.”

Lindsay shakes her head. “Don’t mention it. I’ve had experiences with shit parents.” She sighs and looks around the apartment. “Looks like we’re gonna have some company sooner rather than later, huh?”

“Sorry, Lin.” Melissa can sense that her girlfriend had been hoping to enjoy their time alone together. Having a barely adult girl staying with them wouldn’t exactly be private.

The redhead just gives her a wry smile. “Doesn’t matter.” She pats her belly. “There’s gonna be at least four people living here in eight months or so anyway. Might as well get started filling this place up.” Lindsay hesitates for a moment, and bites her lip. “Actually, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that. I’ve been thinking that Jessica...”

Melissa holds up a hand. “Sorry, Lin, I need to tell you something first.” Lindsay’s mouth snaps shut, and she looks both curious and apprehensive. The brunette knows that the look on her face must have told Lindsay that it’s a serious matter. “It’s about last night...”

“Hold on, if we’re about to have a serious discussion, maybe we shouldn’t be naked in the bathroom?” Lindsay gives Melissa a wry grin.

That... was a good point, actually. Besides, it would be a little awkward if they were both naked when Natasha arrived. Though somehow Melissa doubted that the girl herself would be terribly unhappy about it.

“These clothes are a little...” Melissa tugs on the black shirt she’s wearing. The two of them are sitting on the couch in the living room now that they’re dressed. The tight cloth barely reaches her stomach, and her boobs feel like they’re stuck in something about two sizes too

small for them. Which, they are. “Whose clothes *were* these?” Written in white letters is the word ‘STUFF’, which has been stylized to look like it’s dripping white liquid from the bottom. Melissa’s sure that there’s a joke she’s missing. Her shorts aren’t much better, a pair of jean shorts that cover less than Melissa’s underwear usually does.

“I think this belonged to the boy... Samir? Samar? Whatever.” Lindsay seems quite entranced by the sight of Melissa in the clothes that they’d found in one of the bedrooms. The redhead herself had simply pilfered the owner’s room, and is only wearing a white shirt with nothing covering her lower half at all. It goes well with her long red hair, Melissa notes. Though it’s rather awkwardly highlighting her lower red hair that’s still quite visible.

Melissa’s not complaining about the view, but... “Do you maybe wanna cover up before Natasha arrives? The first thing she’s gonna notice is your pubes.”

“Well, I wanna make a good first impression, don’t I?” Lindsay leans back on the couch, deliberately letting the loose shirt ride up her stomach. “Besides, I dunno about you, but I’m a ‘pants-optional’ kinda gal. Anyone who’s here is just gonna hafta deal.”

Well, it wasn’t like Melissa wasn’t aware of her girlfriend’s style. “Suit yourself. Don’t complain to me if Natasha keeps staring at your crotch, though.”

“You won’t catch *me* complaining about that.” Lindsay snorts at the idea. Then, she takes a deep breath and fixes Melissa with a serious look. “So, what was this about last night? Something important happened at the VoreFans meetup?”

“You... could say that.” Melissa wonders where to even begin. “It was... after the meetup. The group of us had decided to split up on leaving the restaurant, so I walked back partway with a girl called ‘Eris’. But she had to stop to take a shit, so I ended up by myself. And then... *she* found me...”

“She?” Lindsay shifts nervously on the couch. It’s clear that she’s a little unnerved. “Who’s *she*?”

Melissa takes a big gulp. “Azrael.” She forced the dark name through her lips, and her heart flutters a little. At the sound of the name, Lindsay grimaces.

And then, Melissa tells Lindsay the story of what had happened last night. Being found by Azrael, their discussion about the world, saving the girl who had been about to be eaten alive. And finally, Azrael’s demand that Melissa submit to her, or watch Lindsay die.

Lindsay listens with a neutral expression as Melissa speaks, nodding every now and again, but not interrupting. “And then I remember calling you, and coming home... and then nothing else apart from waking up this morning.” As Melissa reaches the end of her story, the redhead looks away, staring into one of the apartment windows at the afternoon skyline.

There's a long silence as Melissa waits for Lindsay to say something. As each second passes, the brunette feels a little bit more nervous. Finally, her girlfriend opens her mouth, without turning to look at her.

"This... woman." Lindsay says slowly. "You... were really that tempted to actually submit to her?"

Melissa closes her eyes, blushing and saying nothing. She had been, and it had only been the thought of Lindsay that had stopped her.

"Are you... attracted to her?" The redhead asks, biting her lip. "No, I mean... *really* attracted to her? Like you are to me?"

It's horrible to admit it, but... "Yes." Melissa says simply. "If I wasn't already... if I hadn't been thinking of you last night, she and I would be..."

To tell the truth, Melissa wasn't even sure *what* Azrael would have done to her. But she knew that if she'd submitted to the dark predator then and there, as she almost had... there would almost certainly be nothing left of her that Azrael wouldn't have conquered by now, body and soul. Even an hour in the dark predator's presence had already almost led to her submission. If Melissa had spent the night with her, there would be not a single inch of her body that wouldn't have been dominated by Azrael. Melissa would have fallen, never to rise again.

"Lindsay... I'm sorry." Only now does Melissa realize how brutal this must be for her girlfriend to hear. "It's true that I feel something for her, but I still love you-

"Don't apologize, Mel." Lindsay sighs and turns back to her, giving her a weak smile. "It was brave of you to admit that to your girlfriend. I'm... happy you were honest with me. This... Azrael must be really something."

"S-she is..." That was the biggest understatement that Melissa had ever heard. "She's dangerous, Lin..."

The redhead shakes her head. "Yeah, she sounds like a real tough broad. But if she thinks that she's gonna steal my girlfriend, she's got another thing coming." Lindsay cracks her knuckles with a smirk. "I'm eating for two as well, y'know? If she's as muscly as you say, she'll make a good load of protein for me and my girl..."

"No..." Melissa tenses up a little. "Lin, this person... she's dangerous! I know you're tough, but if you underestimate her..."

"Nah, she's the one underestimating *me*, bae." Lindsay stands up suddenly, and turns to point at Melissa. "She thinks she's going to be fighting me, with you as the prize? Well, I don't play

fair with idiots who're trying to steal my girlfriend. If you're going up against her, then we're doing it as a couple." She jabs a thumb at herself. "Your girlfriend's got a few cards to play."

"Like what?" Melissa asks, still not really feeling like her girlfriend is taking this seriously. "Lindsay, you're strong, but she's *police*. Ex-Army, even! She eats predators, not prey. You can't fight her, even if the two of us work together."

"So what? I eat predators too!" Lindsay pouts a little. "And who said it's just the two of us? I seem to recall a certain futanari predator who put a baby inside you. And didn't I *just* make friends with some shady people who would *love* a chance to piss off some police bitch?"

Melissa stares at her girlfriend in shock, before feeling a little bit of relief inside her heart. Lindsay wasn't crazy enough to try and fight Azrael alone, and the brunette should never have doubted her girlfriend. "Actually, I messaged her earlier about it..." Come to think of it, Melissa hadn't checked if she'd gotten a reply yet.

"Great minds think alike, huh?" Lindsay nods to herself, looking proud. "Let's get her over here as soon as we can, and we'll tell her all about what the issue is." The redhead's face lights up. "Oh, and we can take some dick while we're at it! I wanted to boink you last night, but that didn't happen, obvi! So, let's do something as a couple!"

That was getting a little ahead of herself, but Melissa can't help but admire her girlfriend's enthusiasm. Reaching into her pocket, the brunette is relieved to see that she's gotten a reply from the futanari pornstar already. *Free today, can talk if needed. Let me know what you need.* Curt, but not cold. Jessica in a nutshell, really.

Lindsay and I need to discuss something important with you. It's a bit too complicated to text, but can you come over here when you're free? Melissa texts back, with Lindsay nodding over her shoulder. She's about to put the phone back down when it buzzes again, almost immediately.

I can be at your place as soon as I'm done filming today. What's your address?

"Wow, is she keen on you or what?" Lindsay remarks, looking a little shocked at how quickly Jessica responded. Personally, Melissa suspects that the futanari is keen on both of them, if what she'd said at the meetup last night was true. "I'll text her the address. You want something to eat?" The redhead walks over to the kitchen, cracking her knuckles. "It's not as satisfying as a person, but I can make you some cereal, or something..."

"That would be nice..." Melissa still feels ravenous, but she *is* starting to feel better about the whole Azrael situation. Yes, Lindsay was smart, and Jessica would definitely be willing to help them. In hindsight, last night had been a bit crazy. Honestly, Azrael had probably been making things up just to scare-

There's a loud knock on the door.

"...that was an impressive scream." Lindsay looks at her girlfriend with a mixture of shock and amusement. Melissa covers her mouth, blushing deeply in shame. How embarrassing. "It's just Natasha, isn't it?" The redhead leaves the kitchen, and walks toward the door, grabbing the handle.

"Lin, wait!" Melissa calls out. She's not sure what's on the other side of the door.

The redhead hesitates, and looks back at her girlfriend. "I'm not gonna live my life in fear, Mel. And neither are you." And with that, she opens the door.

For a moment, Melissa almost sees a mass of black muscle, but it's just her imagination. Instead, a shock of pink hair flinches as the door opens, and the brunette is relieved to see Natasha Birch standing on the other side.

"Oh, h-hello!" The girl is dressed in the same outfit that Melissa had seen her in a couple of nights ago at the Rainbow Serpent... which is a little worrying. Her flannelette shirt and jeans look a bit worn-out, as do the girl's brown eyes. Over her shoulder, she's carrying a duffel bag, which she's clutching nervously as she stares at Lindsay. The redhead's looking her up and down. "Um, my name is..." She trails off as she sees that Lindsay's not wearing any pants.

Lindsay scowls as the young girl stares between her legs. "Are you gonna stare at my cunt all day, prey, or are you coming inside?"

Natasha blushes, tearing her gaze away to stare at the ceiling. "Uhm! Yes, sorry!"

As the young girl nervously steps inside, clutching her duffel bag, Lindsay closes the door behind her. Natasha flinches at the sound, and squeezes her bag tighter. She looks truly worried to be here, Melissa realizes. What was the young girl so scared of? Food and shelter? As Natasha looks around, her eyes meet the brunette's. "H-hi, Melissa..." Her eyes fall to Melissa's stomach.

Melissa nods at Natasha, and smiles. "Hey, come on in. How are you feeling?"

Behind her, Lindsay taps the girl on the shoulder. "Hey, hand me your... hey, would you calm down?!" At the redhead's touch, the girl almost jumped out of her skin. "What's wrong with you? You hurt or something?"

"N-no, I... sorry!" At Lindsay's beckoning, the girl reluctantly hands over her duffel bag, which probably contains all her worldly possessions right now. "Um... thank you for taking me in... you're not gonna eat me, right?"

Oh, *that's* why she's so nervous. The last time she'd seen Melissa, the brunette had been digesting someone. And Lindsay had eaten one of her friends... "Natasha, we didn't bring you here to eat you." Melissa walks over the girl and puts a hand on her shoulder to reassure her.

"Oh, thank you..." The young girl is visibly relieved. "N-not that I'm not grateful, but I was a little scared you were just gonna eat me... I had nowhere else to go..."

"I dunno, you do look pretty tasty..." Lindsay starts with a smirk, and then trails off when she sees the look on the girl's face. "I'm joking, only joking! Sorry, that was in bad taste." She grimaces when Melissa gives her a nasty look, and stares at the ceiling. "I don't eat friends, as a rule."

"That's good. I promise I'll pay you guys back..." Natasha sways on her feet slightly. "Um, I'm sorry to impose, but can I collapse on something soft...?"

"Whoa!" Both Melissa and Lindsay reach out to grab the girl as she almost falls over. Last night must have been a lot worse than the girl had tried to claim. Natasha looked dead on her feet. "I got her." Lindsay says to Melissa, hooking her hands under the girl's armpits to support her. Melissa steps back, watching nervously as her girlfriend carries Natasha over to the couch.

A couple of minutes later, Natasha is snoring, a couch pillow under her head. The girl clearly needed some sleep, and Melissa's just glad she made it to their apartment before collapsing. "Should we... put her in a bed?" She asks, unsure of what to do. Back in university, Melissa had been used to people collapsing due to alcohol, but this didn't feel the same.

"Leave her. She looks comfortable." Lindsay says softly as she crouches in front of the sleeping girl, placing a gentle palm on her forehead. "She seems okay, apart from being tired. Let her sleep. If she sleeps for more than a couple hours, I'll move her to one of the bedrooms."

Melissa nods, and feels her stomach rumble. "That's good... can we eat now?" As much as she was worried about Natasha, her stomach wasn't interested in waiting any longer.

Lindsay gestures to the sleeping girl. "Sure, go ahead."

"That wasn't funny the *first* time, Lin!" She hisses softly at her girlfriend, so as to not wake Natasha. It's more polite to the girl than anything else, since Melissa has a feeling that they could sound a foghorn next to her and not wake her up.

The redhead holds up her hands in mock defeat. "Okay, okay... can't blame a girl for trying on a new joke." She winks at Melissa's stomach. "Right. Let's break open those cupboards and see what food we inherited from that bitch!"

Jessica Storm arrives an hour and a half later, sweeping into the apartment with her usual curt grace as Lindsay opens the door. Her hair flashes like lightning as she sweeps it back with a motion of her neck. "Sorry it took me so long to arrive. What's the problem you need to talk to me about?" Jessica asks, as she shrugs off her coat and hands it to the waiting redhead.

Direct and to the point, as always. Melissa gestures to the still slumbering form of Natasha on the couch. "Thanks for coming, Jess. Sorry, we've got some unexpected company..."

"Ah, I see." Jessica nods with an understanding look in her eyes. "You've got a squatter in your new apartment, and you want me to eat her." She begins to roll up her sleeves. "I can certainly do that."

"No!" Melissa steps in front of the futanari pornstar, waving her hands. "She's a friend of ours!" She explains softly.

"Oh." Jessica thinks for a moment. "Yes, that makes sense. I won't eat her, then."

The brunette isn't sure if she should thank the lightning-haired woman for that, but politeness never hurts. "Well... thanks."

"Let's sit down." Lindsay gestures for Jessica to be seated at one of the stools in front of the kitchen counter. It's far enough away from Natasha that they probably won't wake her if they're speaking there. Jessica nods, and moves toward the kitchen.

As Lindsay and Jessica sit down, Melissa walks behind the counter, and grabs a glass. Filling it with water, she offers it to Jessica, who takes it with a nod.

"Thank you, Melissa. Is the child inside you well?" Jessica nods at the brunette's stomach. On reflex, Melissa touches her belly. Everything *feels* fine, at least.

"I think she's doing okay." The brunette pats her belly. "You put her in there, after all."

"Good. I'm glad to hear she's safe. Your text was a little... vague." Jessica lets out a sigh, and Melissa realizes that the pornstar must have been a little worried. Her text message hadn't explained much, after all. Jessica turns to Lindsay. "And how are you, Lindsay? My apologies, I didn't mean to exclude you."

"I'm fine." Lindsay raises an eyebrow, looking a little amused. "But call me, 'Lin', please. We've already been intimate."

Jessica nods politely. "Of course... Lin. I was sad to not see you last night. I was hoping to catch up with you."

Lindsay looks around the apartment. "Sorry about the sudden change of plans. I had an opportunity that I had to move fast on."

The futanari follows her gaze, and nods approvingly. "Yes, this apartment is quite lovely. My own apartments pale in comparison."

Melissa knew Jessica was just being polite. The lightning-haired woman was obscenely rich, and she wasn't joking about having multiple apartments either. "Thank you. Lindsay did a wonderful job in buying it." She'd have to ask Lindsay how much it had cost later, come to think of it. Her girlfriend had left that little detail out of her story.

"Certainly..." Jessica takes a graceful sip of her water, and then focuses on Melissa. "But you didn't bring me here to look at your new apartment, I can sense." She nods slowly. "What was this... problem you mentioned?" The futanari gives Lindsay a sideways glance. "And why is your girlfriend not wearing any pants?"

"Easier access?" Lindsay shrugs. Jessica blinks, and then nods, satisfied.

Melissa looks at Lindsay, who nods reassuringly and then back at Jessica. She takes a deep breath. "Well, after I left the meetup last night..."

The story takes a while to tell, and Jessica listens politely. Every now and again, she asks a question to clarify, but overall, she takes the news of Azrael rather quietly. Once Melissa is done speaking, the futanari pornstar places her chin on her knuckles, thinking intently.

"This policewoman, Azrael..." She says finally. "I've heard rumors of her. She's quite powerful, I've heard."

That was putting it mildly. "She's... very dangerous." Melissa admits, her eyes darting to Lindsay. "To tell the truth, I don't think Lindsay or I could defeat her, even together."

Jessica nods. "That does sound dire. You did the right thing coming to me about this, Melissa."

"Oh... that's good." Melissa feels relieved that the pornstar seems to be taking this more seriously. "I figured you'd wanna protect your investment." She pats her belly, conscious of the life inside.

"Of course..." Jessica raises an eyebrow. "I also don't wish to stand by and let my friends get eaten or brainwashed."

Melissa suddenly feels rather embarrassed. Jessica didn't just think of her as a baby maker, she thought of her as a friend too. The pornstar's sharp demeanor made it hard to imagine sometimes. "Yeah... thank you, Jess."

“That’s so awful!” Three pairs of eyes turn to the couch, where Natasha is peeping over the side. The girl blushes, but for once, she doesn’t back down. “I can’t believe someone is being so nasty to you two! If I’d known about that, I wouldn’t have tried to burden you any more...”

“Natasha, are you okay?” Melissa takes a worried step toward the girl. “It’s okay, go back to sl-

”
“No way! I heard the whole thing!” The girl rubs her forehead, brushing away her pink locks. “I mean, I heard most of it... at least the last third, I think. If someone’s being mean to you guys, I wanna help! It’s the least I can do.”

Melissa looks toward Lindsay, who just shrugs. “Natasha, I’m grateful, but...”

“I’ve already decided!” Natasha jumps up from the couch, and taps a fist to her heart. Her cute face is determined. “You guys are kind enough to take me in, and I wanna help! If someone wants to get to you, they’ll have to go through *me* first!”

Melissa couldn’t imagine that Natasha would stop Azrael even remotely, much like a truck driving through tin foil. But the girl was so cute when she was declaring that she’d protect her, Melissa can feel her heart melting. “Well... okay. Thank you, Natasha.” She’d have to keep the cute girl safe from Azrael as well.

“Sorry, who are you?” Jessica gives the grinning girl a sharp look, and the grin quickly vanishes.

“S-sorry! I’m Natasha Birch!” The girl stares at Jessica for a moment, and Melissa can tell that she’s a little intimidated. “Oh man, you look really rich...” Apparently, Natasha hadn’t meant to say that, since she instantly clamps her hand over her mouth.

“Thank you.” Jessica accepts it as a compliment, sweeping her golden hair back with her hand. It seems to crackle with sparks under the afternoon light. She thinks for a long moment, and then slams a fist down on the kitchen counter, to the shock of the other three women.

“I’ve decided.” The futanari pornstar says. “I will be staying with the two of you for the time being, for your own protection.”

Melissa blinks in surprise. She’d hoped that Jessica’s influence would help them with the authorities, or that she’d call her network of friends that Melissa had met last night for help. This was much more *direct* than she’d expected. “Really?” The brunette asks in surprise. “I mean, sure! But is that okay? Won’t you have filming...?”

Jessica waves off Melissa’s worries. “I can do most of my work from here. And the studios are functionally the same distance away. Besides, I won’t be able to concentrate if I’m worried about

the two of you, will I?" She pauses, and looks at the brunette. "Unless, of course, you don't wish me to stay?"

"No, we'd be delighted to host you!" Melissa's not being polite, she really means that. Having *Jessica Storm*, a veteran predator in their home would go a long way to making Melissa feel safe again. Behind the lightning-haired woman, Lindsay gives her girlfriend a thumbs up.

"Then, it's settled." Jessica seems rather satisfied with that. "I'll move in as soon as possible, and contribute some of my funds to pay for my expenses..."

"Oh, you don't need to do that!" Lindsay pats the futanari on the back with a grin. "We're hosting you, after all!"

Jessica blinks. "No, I'm quite happy to..."

"I don't think it's going to be a concern for us." Melissa admits, feeling a little embarrassed. "Money's... not an issue. For any of us." As arrogant as it is to say, the brunette has a feeling that money's not going to be an issue for her ever again. "Please, you're doing me a favor." Jessica looks like she wants to argue, but she just sighs and nods. It would be impolite to continue insisting, probably.

Natasha sits down next to Jessica, looking rather nervous. "I'm gonna pay you guys back, still."

"No, I just said..." Melissa knows that whatever expenses the pink-haired girl might cause for them would be a drop in the ocean of their bank accounts, but she can sense that the girl's feeling deeply guilty about asking for their help to begin with. Damn Christian guilt complex. "Uh, sure... but there's no rush. Focus on getting better first."

"This is awesome!" Lindsay gives Jessica two thumbs up. "If Jess is staying here, there's no chance of that bitch getting anywhere near you, Mel." She gives the lightning-haired woman a mischievous grin. "You can take the main bedroom, then."

"That's... very generous of you. I'll have Marl send over my things..." Jessica trails off, and then blinks at Lindsay. "Though, if I'm in the main bedroom, where will you and Melissa be sleeping?"

"The main bedroom, of course." Lindsay winks at the futanari who blushes slightly. "Well, we need to give you *something* as thanks."

"W-wow..." Natasha says out loud, and then covers her mouth when three pairs of eyes turn to her. "No, I meant... y'all are just so... *free* with everything." She's blushing as she looks up at Melissa. "One day... I hope I can be as free to love as you guys..."

Lindsay smirks, and reaches out, rubbing the girl's bubblegum hair affectionately. "Why wait? You'll be joining us in there tonight as well. Bed's got room for four, and Jess has a lotta stamina." She winks at the shocked girl. "Well, you *did* say you'd pay us back, right?"

"R-right..." Melissa watches as Natasha's blush deepens with every passing second. "I... I... you want me to..." She takes a big gulp and turns to Melissa, screwing up her face. "I'll... I'll do my best!"

The other three laugh at that, and Jessica pats the girl on the shoulder. "You're a brave girl. I look forward to getting to know you tonight..." Natasha nods fiercely, and Jessica turns to Lindsay. "What's next, then?"

The redhead nods at her phone, and then begins to walk toward the bedroom. "What's next is that I find some fucking pants. And then I'm gonna head out for a little bit."

"Head out?" Melissa feels rather confused. "What? Where are you going?"

"Hmm? Oh, I'm going to go to your place and pick up some of your stuff." Lindsay pauses in the doorway of the main bedroom. "If Azrael's trying to stalk you, she might be keeping an eye out there. I don't want you exposed when you're picking up your stuff, so I'm gonna do it instead."

That made sense, but Melissa didn't feel good about the idea of Lindsay going off on her own right now. "By yourself? I'd rather go with you, just in case."

"Don't worry, I'm gonna call up Renay to get Elsa and Dana to help me again. You've got a lotta stuff to move, I know." Lindsay winks at Melissa, before disappearing into the bedroom.

Jessica seems to notice Melissa's continued unease. "It's okay, I will go with her." The lightning-haired woman stands up, flexing her shoulders. "This... Azrael might be dangerous, but fighting multiple predators at the same time isn't a good idea. If it comes down to a four on one fight, we'll outmaneuver here, and you can have the pleasure of watching one of us digesting her."

Melissa still wasn't totally okay with the thought of the two of them leaving her alone, but she had to admit that they could handle themselves well enough. Both were veteran predators, after all.

"Awesome! I get to hang out with you, Jess, *and* we're gonna slurp up that dumb asshole if we see her." Lindsay walks out of the bedroom, zipping up a surprisingly small pair of shorts. Apparently, the former owner of the bedroom had some interesting taste. The redhead is already dialing a phone number as she heads for the apartment door. "Hey, Renay? Can I borrow another quick favor? I'm dealing with some asshole after my girlfriend, and I've love it if your friends could help me move some of my girlfriend's stuff... Yeah? No, I haven't seen Elsa,

sorry. I'm sure she'll turn up... Yeah, we can talk about it if you're there. Can you get Dana as well? I like her... Yeah, cool, see you both there."

Jessica stands up to follow the redhead. "Don't worry. The two of you should be safe here. We'll be back within the hour, I hope."

Lindsay puts a hand on the door handle, and then turns to look at Natasha. "Hey, I'm leaving my girlfriend in your protection, kid. Can you handle that?"

"Y-yes!" Natasha flinches in surprise, and then salutes Lindsay with a determined, if nervous expression. "I'll guard her with my life!"

"God, you're a dork." Lindsay rolls her eyes with a smirk. "I'll see if I can fuck the social awkwardness outta ya tonight."

And with that, the two predators leave, closing the apartment door behind them. Melissa and Natasha stare at where they'd vanished, the brunette in vague unease, the pink-haired girl in blushing shock.

After a little bit of silence, Natasha asks; "Um... was she serious?"

"Yup." Melissa has no doubt that Lindsay intends to get all four of them into bed tonight. "You don't have to, if you don't want to..."

"No, it's okay!" Natasha practically falls over herself to exclaim. "I mean... I'm okay with... you guys have already..."

Melissa reaches out and grabs the nervous girl's shoulder. "Calm down, Nat." It's an appropriate nickname for the girl, she thinks. "How are you feeling?"

Natasha opens her mouth to answer, and then hesitates for a moment. "Um... feeling a little confused, I guess?" She says after a moment. "Everything's happening so fast..."

Well, the brunette could certainly relate to that. "You'll get used to it. Are you still feeling upset?"

The pink-haired girl sighs. "I guess... but not as much as last night."

"Did you really sleep under a bench in a park?" Melissa can't help but not really believe that. It's so bizarre and comical to picture the bubbly sweet girl snoring under a park bench.

"It wasn't as bad as you'd think..." Natasha begins, and then wavers as the brunette raises an eyebrow. "No, it was pretty awful, really."

Melissa shakes her head. As much as she'd like to, she can't go back in time and save the girl from sleeping in the park last night, but at least she's made sure that Natasha won't have to do that again. "Well, you're here now. Regardless of whatever we're gonna do tonight, you're welcome to stay as long as you need. Don't feel like you *need* to do anything you're not comfortable with, okay? If you don't want to, just let us know, and you won't be kicked out or anything." She doesn't want the girl to feel like she needs to have sex with anyone to keep a roof over her head.

"I understand... thank you, Melissa." For the first time today, Natasha gives Melissa a real smile of happiness. "I'm still scared of... what my parents will say, but-

"Your parents aren't here, Natasha. You're an adult now, you can be who you want to be here." Melissa puts an arm around the young girl's shoulders. "Loud and proud, okay?"

"R-right!" Natasha takes a deep breath. "I'm gay... and that's okay. I'm me, even if I'm gay. It's part of me. And if my parents don't accept that... that's okay."

Melissa smiles at that. It's bravado right now, but it's the first step on Natasha's journey of learning to not be scared of what she is. One day, the brunette hopes, she'll be ready to stand up to her parents, for better or for worse.

"Well, there's no need to rush into anything today, Nat. Just take it easy and make sure you're feeling alright." It's clearly been an exhausting couple of days for the girl... for everyone in the apartment, really. "Let's just focus on calming down." As Melissa breathes in, she can smell something a bit off...

"I'll try my best!" Natasha clenches her fist. "I'll calm down if it's the last thing I... is something wrong?" Natasha trails off as she sees a look of concern on Melissa's face.

"Um... I don't mean to sound rude, but... have you showered recently, Natasha?" Melissa can smell *something*, and it seems to be coming from the young girl next to her.

Natasha blushes and looks away. "Oh, uh... I'm sorry, I just realized I haven't showered since the club..." She pulls her shirt a little tighter around her, as if that will stop the smell. "And then I slept outside... I probably stink, don't I?"

Proximity to Lindsay has already begun to change Melissa's fetishes, the brunette realizes with a little bit of irritation. The smell coming from Natasha is bad, but oddly arousing. "It's okay. Nothing a hot shower won't fix." The girl's eyes light up when the brunette jabs a finger toward the bathroom. "Go and take a nice long shower. It'll calm you down, I'm sure."

"Are you sure?" Natasha hesitates, but Melissa can see that the girl really wants to take one. "Thank you!"

“Of course!” Melissa stands up, waving for the girl to go. “I’ll grab you some towels, and then come in and join you.”

“Oh, thank y- wait, join me?!” Natasha’s brain catches up with Melissa’s words. “Uhm... b-by join me, y-you mean...”

Melissa licks her lips. “I mean what I mean, Nat.” She winks, and enjoys the blush spreading across the girl’s face. It’s so delightfully easy to make the poor girl redden. “Unless... you don’t want me to...?” She says, teasingly.

“N-no! I mean, yes! I mean...” Natasha visibly swallows. “I mean... I’ll go and, uh... get ready...”

Lindsay won’t mind if her girlfriend plays with Natasha a little bit. And the girl clearly needs a bit of intimacy with someone right now. Some gentle playing would hopefully go a little way toward restoring the girl’s chipper attitude too. It was probably too early to go all the way with her, but Melissa could certainly help Natasha have a much better shower than she was used to. Afterwards, she might even get Natasha to take some pictures of the both of them for her VoreFans page.

As the pink-haired girl nervously darts into the bathroom, Melissa chuckles to herself. If Natasha’s parents had hoped that bringing the girl home would get rid of her homosexuality, it had been a miserable failure, and instead driven the girl into the arms and bed of another woman. And if they were hoping that Natasha could be changed back into what they wanted, well... Melissa had lied to herself for years about who she liked. She wasn’t keen to see someone much younger repeat such a foolish mistake.

Still chuckling to herself, Melissa looks around the apartment, wondering where the towels were kept. It’s still a bit hard for her to process that this is *her* apartment now. Well, her and Lindsay’s, but whatever. Not to mention all the stuff inside it. The owner wouldn’t be able to use it now that she was swirling around the Sydney sewer systems, but it still felt rather odd to just now own entire rooms full of random clothes. After briefly looking around the rooms, Melissa opens the door that says ‘Padma’ along with a couple of childish hearts. The name sounded vaguely familiar, but Melissa was kinda busy thinking about how she was going to fuck Natasha, so she didn’t really care.

Inside, she finds a totally trashed room. Bedsheets and pillowcases are strewn everywhere all over the floor, leaving the actual bed bare. On the other side of a room, Melissa can see a pillowcase that’s literally been ripped apart. Almost instantly, a smell assaults her nostrils, the thick scent of sperm and sweat. Someone had sex in this room, recently and vigorously.

“Welp. Gonna hafta replace everything in *this* room.” Melissa says to herself, rolling her eyes. She’s not sure what happened in here... well, she is pretty sure of one part, but she’s not sure why someone was having sex in here. In any case, it doesn’t really matter, since when the

brunette turns around, she can see the towels in one of the wardrobes. The door is ajar, and it seems like someone tried to get some towels out in a hurry. Melissa begins to walk toward the towels, and...

“Ow!” The sudden cry of pain makes Melissa yell out in shock. Beneath her foot, the brunette can feel something bony, probably someone *else’s* foot. “Watch where you’re walking, idiot!”

Melissa steps back, confused. “Who... *where* the hell are you?”

“Whadda mean... huh?” In front of Melissa, a bunch of sheets shift aside, revealing two bright green eyes, barely with sleep. As the sheets slide away, the brunette can see that the girl they’re attached to is pale, with a blonde crew cut, and also completely naked under the sheets. “Who the fuck are... oh, *shit*.” Suddenly, the blonde girl’s eyes widen in alarm. “We were supposed to leave already, weren’t we?”

“Probably.” Melissa folds her arms, and raises an eyebrow at the girl. “You’d be... Elsa, correct?” Lindsay had mentioned her. “And who’s ‘we’?”

“Mmm...” Next to Elsa, some more sheets shift, revealing a brown-skinned girl, clinging to Elsa’s arm. “Mmm... morning...” Opening her eyes slowly, the girl kisses Elsa’s pale arm sensually, still clearly half-asleep. “Oh, you were an absolute *stallion* last night, Elsa... oh!” The girl catches sight of Melissa, and tries in vain to cover her naked body. “Oh, are you the new... wait, don’t I know you?!”

Well, the name on the door *had* sounded familiar. Melissa rolls her eyes as she recognises the girl that she and Azrael saved last night. She wonders what Lindsay would think of this situation...

About fifteen minutes walk away, Lindsay and Jessica are in the middle of gathering Melissa’s essentials from her apartment.

Or, to be more accurate, they’re taking the opportunity to have sex in Melissa’s bed.

“Oh, fuck, I’m cumming!” Lindsay cries out, as climax surges through her body. Jessica’s dick thunders into her vagina over and over again, thoroughly wringing out every last shred of orgasm. The futanari pornstar is a long-time veteran of sex, and she’s having no trouble absolutely dominating the redhead from behind. With Lindsay on her hands and knees, and Jessica squatting behind her ass, the redhead moans happily as her climax fades away into glorious satisfaction.

Sweat is pouring down Jessica's face as she continues to slam her cock into Lindsay's pulsing vagina. "Fuck, you're so tight, Lindsay..." The futanari is breathing heavily, and the redhead beneath her can sense that she's close as well. "I can't... hold back anymore..."

Lindsay reaches behind her, and slaps her own ass. The sound of the slap echoes around the small bedroom as the redhead bites her lip. "What the fuck are you holding back for? Empty those poor nuts into me already!"

"Ugh... I want to impregnate you so badly... Hgh!" Suddenly, Jessica's breath hitches, and the futanari drives as deep as she can into Lindsay. Her whole body begins to shudder.

A few seconds later, Lindsay feels a sensation of heat spreading from the tip of Jessica's dick inside her. The feeling of being filled with cum is one that the redhead deeply enjoys. The last time it had happened, the feeling had resulted in the child that was now growing inside Lindsay. At the exact same moment, Lindsay and Jessica both let out a sigh of deep satisfaction.

A minute later, the two women are lying limply on Melissa's old bed, breathing heavily. Lindsay has legs closed, trying and failing to stop the flow of hot cum trickling out between her thighs and staining the bed beneath her. Considering it's *Melissa's* bed, this isn't the first or even hundredth time this poor mattress has been stained, though it's almost certainly the first time a *girl's* sperm has gone to die there.

"Was it... really okay for us to do that?" Jessica asks after a moment to catch her breath. "I know it was spur of the moment thing, but should we have told Melissa that we were going to have..."

"It's fine." Lindsay gives up, and opens her legs, letting the river of sperm flow out of her. "Melissa knows what the both of us are like. And she's probably boinking Natasha right now anyway." She chuckles to herself. "Besides, we're gonna have a foursome tonight anyway, so it's a moot point."

"I suppose so." Looking up at the ceiling, Jessica shifts on the bed slightly, her now flaccid and reddened cock flopping about. It's still an impressive size, even totally soft. "To tell the truth, I envy the relationship between you two. I still haven't been able to replace my last girlfriend. And we were far too rigid in our relationship when we were together anyway."

Lindsay smirks. "If that's how you feel... there might be a chance for you to become a part of it."

There's silence for a moment. Then, Jessica asks wryly; "This wouldn't be an offer to eat me, would it?"

"Not at all." Lindsay rolls over, and looks at the futanari. "To tell the truth... both Melissa and I like you a lot. And you're already the... *sire* of one of our kids..."

Jessica raises an eyebrow. "Both of you submit to me? That's quite a proposal..." She bites her lip for a moment. "I'm... not uninterested, but would Melissa agree? I suggested something similar to her last night, and she said she wouldn't want to break up with you."

"Not *quite* what I meant." Lindsay snorts and shakes her head. "There would be no submitting at all, unless it's all three of us to each other. No, what I mean is that we could bring you into our relationship as a third person. Both of us would be together with each other, and you also. I know Melissa well enough to know she could be open to that idea."

The futanari looks thoughtful. "It's... a strong offer. I'd have to consider it, though."

"Well, there's no need to rush into anything. Melissa and I want to enjoy ourselves for a little bit as well. It's more of a long-term idea, y'know?" "In any case, you're already going to be staying with us." Lindsay winks at her. "Consider it a little bit of a trial run?"

"I can do that." Jessica shrugs, and pulls out her phone. "Would you mind if I took a picture? For VoreFans."

"Only if you don't mind me taking one!" Lindsay reaches for her own phone. Hell, that was most of the reason she'd wanted to have sex here in the first place.

A few minutes later, the two women exit the bedroom, fully dressed but still covered in sweat and looking quite flushed.

Dana looks up from the couch, where she's been impatiently waiting for the two to finish. The surly-looking woman stuffs her phone back into her bomber jacket, and stands up brusquely. "About fucking time. When Renay sent me over, I thought I'd be moving boxes, not listening to you two have sex in there."

Jessica blushes slightly, and glares at Dana. "We *are* moving our friend's things, but it's entirely reasonable to stop for a break." Haughtiness certainly suits her sharp face, Lindsay thinks. "I need to engage in relief activity twice a day, and if that bothers you, well..." *Get stuffed*, seems to be what she's trailing into.

The black-haired thug growls, and jerks a thumb toward her own pants, where the familiar shape of a cock and balls is bulging. "Who do you think you're talking to about needing relief. I got the same plumbing as you." Dana folds her arms, scowling. "Coulda at least invited me to join. It's not like Smith here as only one hole..." She jerks a head at Lindsay, who smirks at her.

"I'd rather not have sex with a complete stranger." Jessica says to Dana pointedly.

"Isn't that your *job*?" The mafia thug raises an eyebrow with a smirk.

“Yes, but that’s for *money*.” The futanari rolls her eyes at Dana. “From the looks of it, you’ve never cracked five digits in your bank account, have you?”

The futanari thug rolls her eyes. “What, you think your cum’s liquid gold or something, do you?”

Lindsay steps between the two futanari, patting them both on the shoulder. “Now, now... we’re here to move my girlfriend’s stuff. I’m sensing a lotta sexual tension, but the two of you can tug each other off later, okay?”

“Ha!” Dana rolls her eyes. “Like Miss Rich here would last more than one tug.”

“Oh?” Jessica’s eye’s flash. “You’re challenging me? You think you can last longer in a jerk-off competition than me?”

“I *know* I can last longer in a jerk-off competition than you.” The black-haired futanari smirks confidently.

Judging by the look of the two bulges, both futanari are enjoying this. But Lindsay’s a little worried about Melissa being effectively by herself back at the apartment. “Look, you can have the competition at my place okay? *After* we move Melissa’s stuff.” She steps between the futanari, turning to Dana. “Wasn’t Renay supposed to meet us here?”

Dana shrugs. “Elsa’s *supposed* to be our driver, but she’s been AWOL since last night. Dunno what happened to her.” Lindsay doesn’t really care about the blonde thug, though. “So, Renay had to go and get the truck. She’s mighty pissed about it too.”

Lindsay can imagine why Renay might be annoyed by that. The lawyer hadn’t gotten much sleep last night, if the posts she’d made on VoreFans had been any indication. Or rather, the posts that her secretary had made for her.

There’s a knock at the door, and the three of them turn to look. Jessica nods at Dana. “That’ll be your boss. Be a good little helper, and open the door for us, would you?” Lindsay smirks again as Dana growls.

“Just you wait, you nasty rich...” Dana rolls up her sleeves. “Fine, let’s get this over and done with.” She reaches for the door handle. “When I’m done, I’m gonna fucking tug you off like the bitch you-”

And then, all hell breaks loose. The door bursts open, and a flood of people surge into the small apartment. In an instant, there’s three people on top of Dana, pushing the futanari thug into the carpet. Lindsay and Jessica barely have a second to react in shock before the wave of uniforms breaks over them. The redhead tries to struggle, but it’s in vain. She’s strong, but against three trained police officers...

“New South Wales Police, get down on the ground!” One of the cops yells into her ear. The woman is *huge*, and bulging with muscles. So is the woman who’s grabbed her feet. Beside her, Jessica briefly manages to throw off her assailants before being tackled by another officer. The lightning-haired woman lets out a grunt as she slams into the carpet, struggling violently as two other officers pin her down.

“Check the other rooms!” One of the officers yells. The door to the bedroom is kicked open, and a couple of policewomen surge into the small space, overturning the mattress. A police officer tears open the fridge, while another forces her way into the bathroom, throwing open the shower stall. “Clear! The apartment is secure, Superintendent.”

As Lindsay looks up, glaring, the police officers standing near the door part. The redhead recognizes Azrael instantly, more from presence than appearance. As the massive predator sweeps into the room, the police who aren’t holding down the three women salute. On the chest of her dark blue jacket, a collection of medals hang. In her blue pants, even the tight confines of a police uniform can’t hide the monster that snakes down her left leg.

For the first time in her life, Lindsay feels a primal terror, like a hunter staring up at a bear. This woman is not just an apex predator, she’s an apex *human*, in peak physical condition. Part of her had believed that Melissa had been exaggerating, but if anything, her girlfriend had undersold how powerful the dark predator’s presence was.

Azrael removes her police cap, revealing knotted black hair. “Fine work, officers.” Her black lips curl into an evil smile. “You’ve apprehended some of the most dangerous predators in the city. Innocent lives have been saved today.”

“You...!” Lindsay tries to throw off her captors, but the officers holding her are too strong. They’re all futanari, the redhead realizes belatedly. “You bitch... you’re after Melissa? Well, she’s not here!”

“Melissa Jones, you mean?” Azrael just shrugs dismissively. “I’m not here for her. I’m here for *you*, Lindsay Smith.” She smirks and nods at the lightning-haired woman too. “And Jessica Novák, though I believe she now goes by Jessica ‘Storm’, don’t you?” Jessica glares at her defiantly. “Lindsay Smith, Jessica Storm, I hereby place you both under arrest for the suspected murder of Tiffany Jones, Sejin Yeong, Talia Vanderberg and Constable Samantha Hoffman.”

“Murder?!” Lindsay feels outraged. “Oh, fuck right off!”

“Superintendent, what about this one?” One of the officers holding down Dana asks.

Azrael smiles coldly down at Dana, who’s face pales in terror. “Well, she certainly looks guilty of *something*, officer. Arrest her, and we’ll figure out what she’s done later.” The dark predator hesitates, and then licks her lips. “Actually... I’ll interrogate her personally. Place her in my car.”

“Yes, ma’am!” The officers holding Dana wrestle her to her feet.

The futanari thug struggles in vain as she’s dragged away. “Wait, no, stop! She’s gonna fucking *eat* me, can’t you see-”

As her cries echo down the hallway, Azrael turns back to Lindsay and Jessica and jerks a thumb toward the door. “Take these murderers, and lock them up in my place.” The officers don’t even bat an eyelid at the clearly corrupt order, and they drag Lindsay and Jessica to their feet. As the redhead passes the dark predator, Azrael turns to her with a triumphant grin. “Not to worry. I’ll... *notify* Melissa Jones of what’s happened.” As Lindsay and Jessica are dragged away, the dark predator’s laughter seems to fill the entire world...

End of Part 12

KNOWN STATUS OF KNOWN CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART 12:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility:	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	In a relationship with Lindsay Smith/Has feelings for Azrael Tueuer	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	Acclimatizing to her new home slowly. While she herself is safe, she'll quickly learn that her loved ones are not...
Lindsay Smith	Alive	In a relationship with Melissa Jones	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Captured by a monster, the feisty redhead might soon learn how it feels to be dominated by an angry conqueror.
Azrael Tueuer	Alive	Intending to be in a relationship with Melissa Jones	???	Very Virile	Has successfully seized control of her rivals, and intends to push Melissa into submitting to her. In the meantime though, she'll have some fun with her prisoners...
Natasha Birch	Alive	Single	Broke	Fertile	Safe, albeit a little disheveled. Eager to help out her new friends, especially in the bedroom. That might have to wait, though...
Jessica Storm	Alive	Single	Opulently Wealthy	Very Virile	All the money in the world can't save someone from raw strength. Jessica might learn this painful lesson very soon.
Dana	!DANGER!	Single	???	Virile	Unfortunately for her, Azrael doesn't need her alive for any reason. It's almost certain that Dana's life won't last the ride back to Azrael's lair...
Elsa	Alive	???	Poor	Virile	Was definitely going to be in trouble with Dana, but her boss might have bigger problems at the moment. Just had the best sex of her life, though.
Padma	Alive	???	Poor	???	Just lost her home and physical security when Lindsay took her family's home. Surely the best time for a girl to have unprotected sex with someone she's just met...