

“Melissa?” Natasha calls out, sticking her head around the bathroom door. The young girl is clad only in a towel wrapped around her body, and she clutches it tightly around her chest as she steps out of the bathroom. It was the only one in there, and it doesn’t *quite* cover everything. “Melissa, I heard you talking to someone, are you...?”

Two days ago, the pink-haired girl had been on the bus to Sydney, chatting with her fellow Christian band members about all the fun they were going to have in the city, away from their parents. Now, she had run away from home, and was nervously waiting to have sex with her new lesbian friend, Melissa, in the shower. The thought makes Natasha blush, but somehow, the girl can’t bring herself to regret it.

To Natasha’s relief, the brunette leans out of one of the bedroom doors, and smiles at her. “Oh, Natasha,” Melissa says, beckoning to her. “Come over here, I’ve found something you might find interesting...”

What? What was it? Something lesbian? As soon as she thinks about it, Natasha mentally slaps herself. Melissa might be a lesbian, but gay people’s lives don’t revolve around being gay. Natasha has spent most of her life suppressing her sexuality, and now that she’s got the chance to go wild, the girl has a bizarre desire to shout from the rooftops that she’s a lesbian. But, poor Melissa was just a normal person with a girlfriend... and was about to have sex with Natasha in the shower, but that was beside the point! Natasha would keep her mind out of the gutter.

That lasts about twelve seconds, the length of time between Melissa beckoning her over, and actually peeping her head around the bedroom doorway. “W-whoa!” Natasha can’t help but yell out in surprise, as she sees two girls lying on the ground, clearly naked under the white sheet covering them both. The one on the left with brown skin covers her boobs with a pillow, while the other, a blonde with a crew cut, is trying to shrink into the bedsheets.

Natasha turns to Melissa, feeling out of the loop. “Are these friends of yours...?”

Melissa just shrugs. “They’re total strangers to me, too.” She says, to Natasha’s shock. Is this normal? To have random girls show up in your bedroom? After a moment, Melissa corrects herself. “I mean, I know *that* one.” She points at the girl on the left, who has brown skin. “I kinda... helped save her life last night.”

“...you have an interesting life.” Natasha remarks, incredulous. Melissa just nods slowly.

One of the girls, the blonde with the crew cut, pulls the sheets up to cover her bare chest. “It... it’s not what it looks like!”

That’s such an obvious lie! “It looks like the two of you have been having sex or something!” Natasha blurts out, and then blushes deeply in embarrassment.

“Oh...” Padma opens her mouth, and then sighs in defeat. “Well, I guess it *is* what it looks like.”

“Padma!” The blonde looks mortified.

The brown-skinned girl gives the blonde girl a wan smile. “Elsa... I’m not ashamed of what we spent three hours doing last night. Are you?”

Elsa’s mouth opens and closes a few times, until she sighs in defeat as well. “No, I’d never be ashamed of you, Padma.” Turning to Natasha and Melissa, the blonde takes a deep breath. “Padma and I had sex in your bedroom last night. And it was *excellent*.”

From the state of the bedroom, it must have been a *heck* of a night. Natasha had already been rather... excited at the idea of showering with Melissa, and the sight of two naked girls isn’t helping. Her vagina feels warm, and the pink-haired girl tries to close her thighs, so that nothing... *drips* onto Melissa’s floor.

Beside her, the brunette herself seems surprisingly calm about finding two random girls naked in her new bedroom. “I mean, that’s fine. I don’t mind, as long as you clean up after yourself.” Perhaps this kind of thing happens to her all the time? Gosh, Sydney must be a wild place, Natasha thinks to herself. Or is it just Melissa’s life that’s wild? Either way, Natasha wants to know more. Melissa raises an eyebrow at the two girls. “But if Lindsay had found you in here, the both of you would be exploring her and my guts right now.”

Oh, right. The *other* thing that made Sydney a wild place. Eating people alive. Natasha had only vaguely heard that such a thing was possible, but she’d never heard much else. Her small hometown was well, *small*, and such a thing never happened, ever. The most she’d ever heard about it was the Anglican vicar complaining about people doing sinful things in the city sometimes on Sunday.

But it was real. In Sydney, people *ate* each other. And it wasn’t just something fun to do. No, people *died*. People got eaten alive, and *digested*. It was cruel and brutal, and almost insultingly casual. Becky, the drummer in her band, had been eaten and was now missing. Melissa had claimed that her girlfriend had eaten her, though Natasha hadn’t been able to bring herself to ask Lindsay if that was true or not yet. If that was true, then Becky... the girl she’d known since high school... *was dead*.

Heck, Natasha herself had almost shared the same fate. That idiot manager of theirs had signed them up for a lesbian club, as they’d wanted, but hadn’t mentioned that the club-goers would want to *eat* them! If Melissa hadn’t held back, then Natasha would be *part* of the brunette’s body right now. And the most disturbing part was that part of Natasha *liked* the thought of that. And she wanted to know more about Becky’s fate as well. Like, how Lindsay had eaten her, how digestion worked, which parts of Lindsay’s body Becky had added to, if Becky had come out of the other end...

“Natasha?” Melissa calls the girl’s name again, gently grabbing the pink-haired girl on the shoulder. Natasha flinches, and turns to Melissa, realizing that she’d zoned out for a little while. “You okay? You look a little...” The brunette pauses, and then smirks. “Yeah, okay. I can see what the problem is. We’ll have our shower in a little bit, okay? Just wait a little longer.”

Oh, Melissa thought that she was horny. Natasha opens her mouth to protest, and then realizes with embarrassment that it would be a lie. “O-okay...” She stammers instead, blushing.

“I see you got home okay, then?” Melissa nods at the brown-skinned girl. “Padma, was it? I would have thought you’d avoid getting into sticky situations for at least the rest of the night...”

Padma thinks for a moment, and then sighs thoughtfully. “I nearly lost my life, if it wasn’t for your help. I prefer to think of *this*...” She smiles at Elsa. “...as living life to the fullest.”

“Fair enough.” Melissa looks like she wants to say something else, but she clearly gives up. “Okay, get dressed, would you?”

Elsa and Padma look between each other. “Um...” Elsa tries, blushing slightly. “Can you give us a bit of privacy, th-”

“No.” Melissa narrows her eyes, and Natasha’s heart flutters. The brunette is really hot when she takes charge with a serious expression on her face. “If you’re gonna be in here, you might as well give us both an eyeful, right?” She winks at Natasha, who blushes and then nods slowly.

“Okay, *fine*. If you wanna see my bits, perv, go right ahead...” Elsa sighs, and begins to stand up...

Natasha’s eyes widen in shock, and her cheeks redden as she points at Elsa’s groin. “You... you’ve got a *dick*!?”

The futanari blushes, and snatches Padma’s pillow to cover her genitals. “H-hey, don’t *stare*!” Next to her on the ground, Padma is left with only the white sheet to cover her bare breasts, but the brown-skinned girl doesn’t seem to mind. She has a good view behind the pillow at this range. Elsa glares with red cheeks at Natasha. “What’s wrong with a girl having a dick, huh?”

Beside Natasha, Melissa gives the girl a curious look. “I figure you’ve never seen one in *person*, but surely you’ve heard of futanari before?”

Natasha had certainly heard of futanari, in the church sermons about sin and decadence, but she’d never met one before. Though this was considerably more than simply *meeting* one. “I’ve heard of them... aren’t futanari really, um, debauched?” Now that she thought about it, there had *probably* been girls in her small town born with such things between their legs, but it hadn’t been the kind of environment where anyone talked about their genitals.

“Yup...” Padma says, with a satisfied look on her face.

“Shut up, idiot!” Elsa bumps the brown-skinned girl’s head with her thigh, and then glares at Natasha again. “We’re not debauched! We just, y’know, need to empty our b... *tanks* every day! It’s totally normal. It’s natural!”

Melissa grins at the pillow that’s not *quite* covering Elsa’s penis. “Looks like your tanks are thoroughly emptied, I’d say.”

“Yeah, well...” Elsa begins, and then her face pales. “Oh... Oh, shit. Padma...” She turns to look at the girl on the floor next to her. Padma looks at her curiously. “Um, you’re on the pill or whatever, right?”

“Pill?” Padma blinks.

Elsa’s face hadn’t been exactly filled with color, but now it drains completely. “Shit... Padma, we didn’t use a condom!”

The brown-skinned girl’s confusion turns to terror. “Shit, you’re right!” She reaches down, and touches in between her legs. When she pulls her hand back, there’s white stuff dripping down her fingers. “Oh, *crap*, Elsa... I can’t get pregnant right now! If I get knocked up...”

“You guys didn’t notice? How?” Natasha asks, incredulous. She’s admittedly never had sex unprotected... or at all, but surely...

Melissa puts a hand on the girl’s shoulder. “I’m getting the sense that there’s a lack of common sense in the room right now.” She says softly to Natasha with a wink. To the other two, she asks; “Look, are you two of you going to get dressed or not? I don’t really mind either way, but I think Nat here is going to overheat if you keep swinging that thing around...”

Natasha hasn’t been able to take her eyes off the futanari’s pillow. The shocking sight of a penis protruding from Elsa’s otherwise feminine form is somehow both incredibly vulgar and also insanely erotic. Gosh, it looks so *big*... “Ah, uhm...” The pink-haired girl wipes her lips, where a little bit of drool had been gathering. “Uh, it’s not bothering me!”

Rooting around in the bedsheets, Padma pulls out a gray sports bra. After a moments hesitation, she begins to put it on. Elsa notices, and looks annoyed. “Hey, that’s *mine*!” She complains, glaring at Padma.

The brown-skinned girl shrugs. “Finders-keepers, babe.” After slipping on the tight bra, Padma tugs at the fabric a few times, and then looks satisfied. “Hey, perfect fit!”

The two girls have almost the same chest size, Natasha notes. Elsa just scowls, and then sighs. "Okay, it's really hot that you're wearing my stuff... but at least give me the panties if you find them. They're specially made for futanari..."

There's a buzzing sound, and Melissa blinks, and reaches into her pocket. "Huh? Oh, it's Lindsay." She rolls her eyes, and winks at Natasha. "Keep an eye on the two of them, won't you?"

Natasha nods with a blush. Melissa grins and walks out of the bedroom, tapping the phone to answer it.

As the brunette leaves, Elsa looks up at Natasha with a weary look. "Who the fuck *are* you, anyway? I figure that *she's*..." The blonde futanari nods toward the door, "...Lindsay's Smith's girlfriend. So, how come she's shacking up with a kid like you?"

Natasha blushes, as she remembers that she's only wearing a towel. "Um, I'm Natasha Birch! Nice to meet you!" She offers her hand to shake, clutching her towel with the other. "I'm, uhm... staying with Lindsay and Melissa, I guess?" She hesitates for a second, and then follows up to clarify. "Um, just so you know, I'm legal, okay?"

"Huh?" Elsa raises an eyebrow as she pulls up her underwear, her cock and balls sitting snugly inside the gray fabric. "I didn't think you'd be an illegal immigrant, but that's a pretty suspicious thing to... what?" The blonde looks down at Padma, who's tugging on her leg.

"Age of consent, not immigration status, babe." Padma winks at her. "You're cute when you're racist, so it's okay."

"N-no, I wasn't being...!" The futanari blushes heavily. "Last night was just raceplay, okay? I only called you that stuff because you asked me to!"

Raceplay? What the heck was that? "Um, what's..."

"No!" Suddenly, Melissa yells from outside of the bedroom, and all three of them freeze.

"Melissa?!" Natasha calls out, and runs out of the bedroom, followed quickly by the other two.

Melissa steps out of the bedroom, tapping the phone to answer it. Behind her, she can hear Elsa and Natasha talking to each other, as she walks away from the doorway. When she puts the phone to her ear, however, Melissa hears nothing but static.

“Hello? Lindsay?” Pulling the phone away from her ear, Melissa checks the caller ID. Lindsay Smith, and below, her girlfriend’s phone number. It’s definitely Lindsay’s phone calling her. “Lindsay?” Melissa tries again, putting the phone back to her ear. “Can you hear me? Lindsay?”

Her girlfriend and Jessica Storm had gone over to her apartment to gather some of her stuff. Azrael, the dark predator, had threatened to hurt Lindsay, and so Melissa had been worried about her safety. Of course, Lindsay had been more worried about *hers*, and had insisted that she and Jessica go and get Melissa’s stuff instead.

There’s indistinct voices in the background. Melissa can’t quite make out what they’re saying, but one of the sounds like... Jessica? The voices are muffled, as if they’re being sent through a layer of fabric or something.

“Jessica?” Melissa feels really confused now. No-one seems to be answering her. “Hello?”

Suddenly, there’s a sharp sound, like fabric rustling. It almost sounds like someone is shaking the phone itself, and then...

Beep beep. The brunette looks at the phone, and sees that the call has been disconnected.

This was... odd. Melissa has a bad feeling about this, and it’s getting stronger as time goes on. It’s possible that Lindsay somehow called her by accident, but the timing is unsettling. She can’t help but feel like she’s missing something here.

Perhaps Lindsay had been more reckless than expected, and gone off to try and take out Azrael herself, with Jessica and her mafia friend’s help? No, that wasn’t likely. Lindsay was often a bit too confident for Melissa’s tastes, but the redhead hadn’t survived this long in the game to make dumb decisions like that. Her girlfriend wouldn’t have pursued a predator without knowing what she was going up against, Melissa felt certain. Even if she had, Jessica probably would have reigned her in.

No, maybe she was overthinking it. Lindsay had probably just butt-dialed her by accident...

The phone rings again! It’s a video call this time. Melissa can’t tap the answer button fast enough. As the video begins to load, Melissa sighs in relief, glad that her girlfriend is apparently safe.

And then, the video loads.

And the black screen remains mostly black, apart from a pair of golden eyes.

“**Melissa...**” A dark voice emanates from the phone’s speaker, and every hair on Melissa’s body stands up.

This is Lindsay's phone number. Melissa's smart enough to know what that means. "No!" She yells out in fear, taking a step back out of reflex. "No... not you..." She says, softer, as Azrael's teeth appear in the darkness.

"Melissa?!" The brunette hears Natasha call out to her in alarm. A second later, the pink-haired girl dashes out from the bedroom, almost losing her towel in the process. Behind her, Elsa clad only in a bra and Padma only in underwear follow her, looking confused.

Melissa holds up a hand to stop the girl, and she stares into the evil smile on the phone screen. "Azrael... what have you done with...?!"

"Your girlfriend?" The dark predator shrugs. As Melissa's eyes adjust, she can see that Azrael is sitting in a car seat, the phone's camera angled just out of the driver's side window. "I wouldn't worry about her. She's *quite* safe..."

Oh god. Oh God. Azrael has Lindsay.

Melissa feels her heart beating faster than she's ever felt it beat before. She tries to breathe, but the air hitches in her throat for a moment. She distantly feels Natasha reach out in alarm, and then feels the impact of the wall against her back. It's all she can do to keep from collapsing entirely.

This is the worst case scenario for Melissa. Azrael's already told her that she wants to kill Lindsay. "You... tell me that Lindsay's alive!" The dark predator moves the phone away from her face a little bit, and Melissa can see that she's in her actual police uniform, a dark button up shirt with shining badges of rank on her shoulder, and long dark blue dress pants.

"I give you my word as a saint, Lindsay Smith is *safe*." Azrael bites her lips, clearly enjoying keeping Melissa in suspense. "You see, I have unfortunately been forced to arrest your girlfriend, one Jessica Storm, and one Dana Rodes."

"Oh God..." Natasha whispers, as she stares at the phone's screen. From this angle, Azrael can't see her, but Melissa can. The pink-haired girl looks up at Melissa. "I know her... she was outside the Rainbow Serpent! She saved my life from a predator!" She whispers, and Melissa blinks in shock.

"Dana?" Elsa blinks at the sound of her boss's name, and tries to take a step toward the phone, but Padma grabs her around the waist, stopping the futanari.

Thankfully, it doesn't seem like Azrael heard the blonde girl speaking. For the first time in her life, Melissa is grateful that her phone is an older model, with a slightly crappy microphone. "You... let them go!" She yells into the phone, knowing that it's a pointless demand.

Azrael rolls her eyes. “They were caught breaking and entering into your apartment, Melissa. I was right to station one of my officers to watch your place for any movement. It was me and my officer’s duty to stop them, and my further duty to take them into custody...”

“No, they weren’t breaking into my...” Melissa closes her mouth, aware that the dark predator is being deliberately obtuse. “My girlfriend has the right to be in my apartment!”

“You don’t *have* a girlfriend, Melissa.” Azrael’s tone turns harsh, and Melissa feels a chill in her stomach. “You have a *lover*. Her name is Azrael Tueuer.” The dark predator looks directly into the camera. “As far as I’m concerned, Lindsay Smith is a total stranger, trespassing on my property...”

Melissa stares into those burning golden eyes for a moment, and then closes her eyes. Stare into them too long, and she’d lose herself. Which Azrael certainly knew. The brunette reaches down, and touches her belly, and feels a pulse of confidence. When Melissa opens her eyes, she glares at the dark predator. “What have you done to them, Azrael?”

After a moment, Azrael clicks her tongue. “How *annoying*. I had hoped you’d have given up on lost causes by now, but...” Suddenly, the phone screen shifts around, panning around the interior of Azrael’s police car. In the passenger front seat, there’s a black-haired woman Melissa doesn’t recognise, but elicits a gasp from Elsa. Dana Rodes, presumably. And in the back seats...

“Jessica!” Melissa can’t help herself from crying out as she sees the woman slumped over against the back window of the car. Her hair is dull right now, none of the usual lightning sparks that usually seem to flash in the light. Next to her... “Lindsay!” The redhead is out cold, lying against Jessica’s shoulder. Neither of them seem to be hurt, but they’re both clearly unconscious.

“Can you see the sin emanating from their debauched bodies, Melissa?” Azrael’s voice is husky, and she sounds as if she’s aroused. Which the dark predator usually seems to be when she’s ranting religiously. “Even in this state of quiet, the both of them make me want to profane myself. I shall have to cleanse my body thoroughly once I’m done with them...”

Out of the corner of her eye, Melissa sees Natasha cover her mouth in horror. The brunette can only imagine how the poor girl is feeling right now. Beside her, Padma shares her look of horror, while Elsa has a look of cold fury. Melissa swallows nervously, scared of what she’s about to say. “Then... What are you going to do to them, Azrael?”

The camera turns back to look at Azrael’s dark face, with her pale white teeth sneering down at Melissa. “For sinners, there can be only *one* fate. **Purification.**”

“N-no...” Melissa doesn’t have to be a poet to figure out what Azrael means by that. “Please, don’t eat them! Okay, look, what do you want from *me*?!” The brunette pleads into the phone.

“You called me for a reason! If you just wanted to eat them, you would just do it and then tell me about it afterward!”

“You continue to impress me, Melissa...” Azrael licks her lips for a long moment, apparently enjoying the expression of fear on Melissa’s face. Then, her face turns serious. “You will come to my citadel, and submit yourself to me. I will send you the location now...”

“What? When?” The brunette feels like she’s losing control of the situation.

Azrael’s eyes flash in triumph. “What do you mean ‘when’? At this very instant, you will depart, and return to my side. God wills that you and I will unify our bodies as soon as humanly possible...” Then, a cruel smile spreads across her dark face. “But, God has commanded that I give you a chance to save your false lovers. So... I will make you a deal.” She licks her lips. “Tonight, you and I will lay together, as lovers. If your spiritual resistance can survive the night, and not be utterly dominated by me... I will release these two unharmed.”

It was a truly cruel offer. Both Melissa and Azrael knew that the brunette wouldn’t last even a few minutes. Melissa had barely held herself back from submitting to Azrael when they’d simply *kissed*. Physically copulating with the dark predator would burn away any remaining resistance to Azrael completely, Melissa knows.

“I... can’t agree to that.” Oddly, the brunette trusts Azrael’s word. The dark predator’s twisted honor would mean that she *would* release them if Melissa could resist submitting, but it was like offering to release them if Melissa could jump all the way to the moon in one bound. “If you release them now, Azrael... I will come and submit to you.” Melissa isn’t joking. If she submitted, she knew that Azrael wouldn’t care about Lindsay and Jessica anymore. If they survived, Melissa was willing to sell her soul to the darkness.

Azrael seems to consider this offer for a moment. “I believe you, Melissa Jones.” For a moment, the brunette feels a flare of fearful hope, but it’s then dashed when Azrael smirks. “But... I have no need for that offer. You will come and submit to me now, or I will eat them.” The dark predator puts the phone down in front of her, and begins to undo her button-up shirt, revealing her bare abs. “And to prove that I’m serious...”

As Melissa watches, Azrael reaches out and grabs Dana’s shoulder. The black-haired woman is unconscious as well, so the dark predator shakes her roughly for a few seconds. After a moment, Dana begins to stir, looking confused.

“Huh? Where am...” She blinks slowly, and reaches up to touch the back of her head. “Ugh... my head is killing me... huh?” Dana turns and looks at the hand on her shoulder. “Hey, let go of my fucking... ow, ow, ow, STOP! Argh!” Melissa can see Azrael’s muscles flexing, Dana’s bomber jacket going from creased to taut as the dark predator painfully grips her shoulder.

As Dana squirms in pain, Azrael looks down at the phone again. "Dana Rodes. An enforcer for the Reilly Family, responsible for the death of Samar Singh, among many others." She pulls Dana toward her, and the black-haired woman lets out a groan of agony, sweating pouring down her face. "I, Azrael Tueuer, sentence Miss Dana Rodes to death, on charges of corruption, murder and depravity. I condemn you to Hell, and hope that God does not have mercy upon your soul." A little bit of drool drips from Azrael's mouth as she speaks. "Goodbye, Dana Rodes."

"You... no!" Dana's eyes widen, and she freezes as she realizes what's about to happen. "No, please, fuck, no!" She tries to flinch away from Azrael's grip, but the dark predator is far, *far* too strong. "Nooooo-"

Melissa, and the girls nearby, can only watch and listen in horror as Azrael drags the black-haired woman's head into her hungry maw. Within seconds, Dana's entire head is swallowed, slurped down with contemptuous ease, into Azrael's throat.

Elsa, watching the screen from a difficult angle nearby, seems to realize what's happened. "Dana!" She begins to cry out in anger, but Padma and Natasha have the sense to grab her, the brown-skinned girl by the arms and the pink-haired girl by the mouth. Azrael is clearly a bit too preoccupied to notice, Melissa is grateful to realize.

With a series of wet slurps, the dark predator easily swallows down her poor prey. Despite Dana's struggles, Azrael has no problems swiftly, and with almost insulting ease, sucking down the woman's shoulders. Her breasts might have presented a problem to a lesser predator, but when the large lumps meet the dark lips, they're practically vacuumed inside with a wet pop, and Dana makes a muffle cry of pain.

Her arms already pinned by Azrael's mouth around them, Dana still feebly tries to struggle, but only succeeds in making the predator eating her look even stronger. She lets out a cry of alarm as Azrael's hands close around her buttocks, squeezing them painfully. Melissa can only watch as the dark predator humiliates Dana by groping her. Nearby, Elsa's hands ball into fists, her knuckles turning white as she shivers in impotent rage at the fate of her boss. The two of them must have been friends, Melissa realizes.

Finally, Azrael seems to run out of patience. Gripping Dana's butt with both hands, the dark predator starts swallowing over and over again, her throat rapidly rippling as if she's *drinking* her prey. In just a few gulps, Dana's hips are sucked inside, and then her thighs, and then her knees... the speed is horrifying. Melissa is once again reminded at how *little* chance even a strong-looking woman like Dana has against the dark predator.

And then, with an impatient thrust, Azrael shoves Dana's feet down her throat, and takes a massive gulp. On Melissa's phone screen, she and the others watch as Azrael's belly suddenly balloons in size, the familiar shape of a woman bulging against her skin.

Azrael lets out a long burp, as the poor woman inside her squirms feelby inside her engorged stomach. Even through the phone's speaker, Melissa can hear Dana screaming... and then there's a series of horrific crunches. Azrael shifts around as her stomach begins to shrink, her face disinterested as the woman inside her gut is being crushed by her stomach muscles. Finally, there's a strangled scream, which is cut off by one final, loud crunch.

"May God have mercy on her soul... though I doubt it." The dark predator smirks down at her belly. "It will take about two hours to fully digest her corpse. I expect you to be here by then, Melissa. This meal will arouse me, and I desire to release that arousal into you..."

"W-wait!" Melissa begs, feeling completely trapped. If she's forced to go to Azrael now, then it will be all over. Melissa would be forced to submit to the dark predator, and have her soul utterly consumed by her power. If that happens, Melissa knows that Lindsay and Jessica won't survive for long. And she had serious fears for the child growing in her belly as well, in that case. "I... I need more time..."

Azrael shakes her head, rubbing her belly. "I will give you *one* chance to explain yourself. If you do not to my satisfaction, I will devour the pornstar." She nods at the still-unconscious Jessica.

"Oh god..." Azrael wasn't joking. Melissa looks around the room, desperate for something, *anything*, to use to convince the dark predator...

And then, she finds the answer.

"Melissa..." Azrael growls at the phone, but Melissa is already moving. Grabbing Natasha's hand, she pulls the girl over to stand next to her. The dark predator blinks for a moment. "You're not alone?" She asks, sounding a little surprised for once. Then, her golden eyes narrow. "That's the girl from the club..."

"She's Natasha..." Melissa stares pleadingly at the phone. "You saved her life, didn't you? She just told me..."

Azrael's eyes narrow. "I admit, I did save her from a predator..."

"Her family kicked her out..." The brunette explains, putting an arm around Natasha's shoulders. "She came to see me, since she had nowhere else to go..." Beside her, the pink-haired girl blushes. "If I come and submit to you now, she'll have to go back onto the streets..."

"R-really?" Natasha looks scared. "O-oh... yeah, right." Sniffing softly, the girl wraps her hands around her almost-naked body. "It's okay, I can live on the streets if you can't..."

"What's your *point*, Melissa Jones?" Azrael cuts through the girl's sadness, sounding impatient. She strokes her belly, her eyes burning with irritation.

Melissa takes a deep breath, and stares into those golden eyes. "You told me that you loved me because I wasn't weighed down by sin, correct?" The dark predator scowls, but after a moment, she nods. "Then, how can you ask me to abandon Natasha? Are you really so impatient that you'd ask me to commit a sin just so I could get to you faster." On the screen, Azrael opens her mouth to answer, but Melissa presses ahead, aware that she needs to make her case quickly. "Give me... three days! I can make sure that Natasha stays safe... and I can get my stuff ready to move in with you, Azrael." Melissa adds the last part as a sweetener.

The dark predator hesitates, clearly considering the idea. Her eyes narrow, and for a second, Melissa fears that Azrael will simply refuse and stick to her original demands. But then, the predator sighs. "It's true that I can't ask you to abandon her." Azrael glares at Melissa. "I... will give you *thirty-six hours*, Melissa Jones, to see to the safety of the girl and then prostrate yourself before me." Her eyes narrow. "But... let me be *utterly* clear. You will not attempt *any* dissent against me. These two will be kept with me, under my watchful eyes. If I sense a *shred* of defiance from you, I will send these two whores straight to Hell, and come and drag you to your rightful place in my bed."

"Y-yes, okay!" It's as good an offer as Melissa is likely to get. "Don't worry, I'll..."

"Oh, I am *not* worried." Azrael sneers cruelly. "Be aware, Melissa Jones... I wanted to release my arousal on you tonight, but if you are not here, I may use your so-called 'girlfriend' and the pornstar in your place..."

Beneath her belly, Melissa can see the monster, snaking down the side of Azrael's dark blue pants. It's getting bigger... "No, you can't...!"

"I *will*." Azrael cracks her knuckles again. "This is not a matter of debate. While you're not here, I will pleasure myself with these two. If you're not here when thirty-six hours elapses, I will devour them alive." She reaches out for the phone. "That is the will of God!"

And with that, the call ends.

There's a long moment, as Melissa stares at the phone. Around her, the other three look around at each other, looking both confused and alarmed. The brunette just blinks, feeling stunned and helpless. Her mind feels... blank. As if all thought has just drained away. All she can process is emptiness inside her, the only thing she can feel is that all her feelings have vanished...

"Melissa?" Natasha asks hesitantly, reaching out to touch her arm. "Melissa?" She asks again, more worriedly.

“Wha... huh?” Melissa flinches at the touch, as if a bubble around her has just been broken. She blinks again, and turns to look at the pink-haired girl. “What is it?” She asks the girl, her thoughts moving like glaciers across the sea of her mind.

“Are you... okay?” Natasha turns to look at Padma and Elsa, who have equally worried looks on their faces. “Like, are you feeling okay? You look a little...”

Melissa sways in place for a moment, trying to marshall her thoughts into coherence. “I’m... I’m okay...” She closes her eyes for a second, and then opens them again...

Her legs suddenly give out from under her, and Melissa watches with terror as the apartment suddenly tilts upward. If it weren’t for the pink-haired girl grabbing her arm, Melissa would have fallen straight onto the carpet.

“Melissa!” Natasha lets out a squeak of alarm, as the brunette sags to her knees.

After a second, Melissa feels the pink-haired girl kneel down and grab her right arm. Putting her arm around her shoulders, Natasha wraps her left arm around Melissa’s waist, grabs her wrist and tries to rise and pull the brunette to her feet. “Ugh...!” Natasha’s stronger than Melissa would have expected, but the girl’s still considerably smaller than she is, so it’s quite a struggle. “Hey, give me a hand, would you?!” Natasha says to Padma and Elsa, her voice strained with effort.

“Oh, r-right!” Padma jumps, as she’d just been watching the display in shock. Walking around the other side, the brown-skinned girl does the same on Melissa’s other side. With a simultaneous grunt of effort, the two manage to haul the brunette to her feet. Melissa herself feels rather dizzy, and the world seems to be spinning slightly from her perspective.

Natasha and Padma hesitate for a moment, until the pink-haired girl nods at the couch. “Come on, let’s get her off her feet.” Padma nods, and the two girls slowly carry Melissa over to the couch.

A few seconds later, they put the helpless brunette down on the cushions as gently as they can. Melissa tries to move her body to help them, but all her muscles suddenly feel weak and helpless. When they let go of her, it’s all she can do to stay sitting upright and not sag into the couch cushions.

“Oh, damn... Oh, gosh...” Natasha rubs her hands together as she stares at Melissa. “Oh... this isn’t good, is it? What should we do?” Slowly, the girl begins to pace restlessly in front of the brunette, looking panicked. “Um, okay, first thing’s first...” She turns and points at Elsa. “Hey! Don’t just stand there! Go and get her some water, or something!”

Elsa looks a little taken aback at being harangued by a girl nearly two feet shorter than her. “Huh? You don’t get to tell me what to do! I’m a goddamn futanari, you’re just a...”

“Just do what I *fucking* say!” Natasha yells, her volume shocking everyone. That includes herself, judging by the blush that spreads across her face. But, even still, the pink-haired girl doesn't back down. “Go and get her some water, already!”

“Y-yes, ma'am!” Elsa backs down instantly, holding up her hands in defeat.

As the blonde scurries off to the kitchen, with Padma hot on her heels, Natasha covers her mouth for a moment. “Can't believe I just *swore*...” Then, she turns back to Melissa. “H-how are you feeling?” She asks, moving toward the brunette.

Melissa opens and closes her eyes a few times, feeling the dizziness begin to fade slightly. “I'm... I'm feeling better now...” She flexes her fingers, feeling pins and needles all over her body as feeling seems to return to her muscles.

Natasha reaches over and touches Melissa's forehead. “You don't have a temperature... I think.” She licks her lips nervously. “Are you feeling sick...?”

“No, I was just...” The feeling of terror was still there, deep inside Melissa's gut. “I was just... so scared.” The brunette takes a deep breath, feeling sweat beading across her face. “I was trying to hold myself together, so when the call ended, I just...” She chokes on her words for a moment, and then shakes her head. “I was pretending to be brave, but deep down I was scared out of my mind...”

“You were very brave, Melissa!” The pink-haired girl insists, clenching her fists earnestly. “Az... that woman... she was so scary! I wouldn't have been able to talk to her like that!”

“I wouldn't have been able to either, if you guys hadn't been there...” Melissa touches her belly, the feeling of the life inside calming her a little. If it hadn't been for the four others, she would have been forced to submit. Taking a few deep breaths, Melissa looks up. “Thanks for being there, Nat... oh, your towel...”

Natasha blinks and looks down at her toweless body. “Oh!” She blushes, trying to cover her nipples and groin with both hands. Apparently, letting go of her towel while she'd been carrying Melissa had led to her towel falling off without either of them noticing. After a few more seconds of fruitlessly trying to hide her body, the pink-haired girl visibly gives up, folding her arms with deep red cheeks. “I g-guess there's not much point hiding myself, huh...?”

Despite the situation, Melissa can't help herself. The young girl's body is surprisingly fit, though not nearly as muscled as many of the bodies the brunette has seen over the last few days. Boobs are in short supply when it comes to Natasha's chest, and Melissa wonders if the girl even bothers wearing a bra at all. Not that it's a turn-off for Melissa, though. Her stomach is completely flat, and her pale skin is sleek and taut. Between her legs, a cute tuft of blonde hair is neatly trimmed above her tight vagina, which is almost as pink as her hair.

Natasha catches her eye. “Uhm... I’m a natural blonde, if that’s what you’re thinking!” She’s displaying some remarkable bravery of her own right now, Melissa can tell.

It’s an amazing sight, but Melissa’s a little too preoccupied to enjoy it. A thought crosses her mind, and the brunette suddenly feels quite guilty. “Um, just so you know, Natasha... I wouldn’t have left you to go back onto the streets. I was just saying that so...”

The pink-and-blonde-haired girl nods quickly. “I-I got that! Don’t feel bad about that, I understand.” Natasha tries a weak grin. “And even if you’d had to, I’d understand too. You wanna save your girlfriends...”

Save them... Lindsay and Jessica were somewhere in the city, under Azrael’s control. Every time the thought came to Melissa’s mind, it hurt a little more. Her stomach felt weak, and part of her mind couldn’t quite process the fear that was pulsing through her heart. Was this real? Was she dreaming? Part of her really wanted to believe that, somehow, the situation wasn’t happening. But the greater part knew that it was a very real danger. For the first time in her life, Melissa felt truly helpless.

Her mental death spiral is momentarily interrupted by the reappearance of Elsa and Padma. Melissa had almost forgotten they even existed. The brown-skinned girl is holding a glass of water, which she holds out for Melissa to take. “Sorry that took so long, Elsa couldn’t find the filtered water tap.”

The brunette takes the water, gripping the cold glass like it’s the only real thing in the world. “T-thanks...” She says, and then takes a sip. It’s good, and Melissa feels a little calmer from having drunk it. Yes, she’s definitely coming down from whatever that sudden attack of worry had been. Maybe some kind of anxiety spike? Melissa had never felt anything like that before, but then again, she’d never been faced with the potential deaths of people she loved before.

As Padma sits down on the couch, Elsa stands beside her and cracks her knuckles menacingly. “Alright,” she says, her face furious. “What’s the fuckin’ plan?”

“Uh, yeah! Right!” Natasha’s face lights up, looking hopeful. “You’ve got thirty-six hours, right? Lindsay and Jessica will be... uh, mostly safe until then, right?” Sitting down beside Melissa, the pink-haired girl grabs her other hand, squeezing it in a way that’s clearly meant to be reassuring. “You’ve got a plan or something, right?”

Plan? A plan for *what*? Melissa didn’t have a plan. She’d been desperate when she’d asked for a couple of days, but that’s the extent that she’d thought to. She’d managed to buy herself a *little* time, but it was only thirty-six hours at max. Azrael was holding both Lindsay and Jessica. What could she possibly even *do*?

“There is no plan.” Melissa admits, her cheeks burning from shame. “I knew if I didn’t do *something*, I’d be screwed, but that’s all it was. I don’t have any idea how to save them, or stop Azrael. And even if I did, she’d just figure it out and eat them alive before I could help them. She’s got me.” The thought is deeply terrifying. Melissa knows she’s boxed in on every side. She can’t do a single thing to help anyone right now.

“What? Are you fuckin’ serious?” Elsa complains angrily. She points at Melissa, and the brunette looks away in shame. “She just fuckin’... *ate* Dana, for fuck’s sake! You’re just gonna let her get away with that shit?!”

“Hey, leave her alone!” Natasha jumps to her feet, moving to stand between Melissa and the blonde futanari. “What do you *want* her to do? You saw the lady in the video, didn’t you? You want Melissa to go and punch her, or something?”

Elsa backs down a little, but she still looks rather annoyed. “She... I just... I need to do *something!* She just fuckin’ *killed* my boss right in front of me, and I couldn’t do a fuckin’ *thing...*” Her fists clench and unclench over and over again, and Melissa suddenly feels a sense of kinship with the blonde.

“You feel like you wanna do something, but you know you can’t, right?” Melissa looks up at Elsa, trying to make the futanari understand with her eyes. “I feel the same way. I know you’re angry, but we can’t do anything against her...”

To Melissa’s surprise, Elsa rears back for a moment, her eyes turning angry again. “Don’t give me that shit, *Melissa!*” Though Natasha tries to block her, the blonde takes a step toward the surprised Melissa and points a finger at her again. “Don’t fuckin’ try to lump me in with you! I can’t save my b... my *friend*. But you sure as fuck can save yours. So, don’t give me this fuckin’ pity party bullshit!”

“What?!” Melissa can feel anger rising up inside her. Despite her irritation, the feeling is oddly pleasant, far better than the sick emptiness that had been welling up inside her before. “How can I? Azrael’s got them, and she’ll eat them if I try anything, even if I *could* try anything-”

“Oh, *bullshit!*” Elsa growls, rolling her eyes. “Are you really gonna take advice from the bitch holding you to ransom?” She folds her arms, shaking her head. “That bitch might be the creepiest motherfucker I’ve ever seen, but even *I’m* smart enough to know she’s fuckin’ *lying!*”

“Lying?” Natasha asks, sounding incredulous. Melissa has to agree with the girl, since Azrael hadn’t seemed anything but painfully honest about her intentions. “She seemed pretty serious to *me...*”

The blonde futanari sighs in exasperation. “Not about eating Lindsay and the other chick, or about wanting you to submit to her...” She bites her lips, clearly unsure how to explain what she’s thinking. “Listen, everyone knows that when you’re mugging someone, you can’t *actually*

pull the trigger and blow the guy's head off. You want him to give you the money and fuck off, and he can't do that if he's fuckin' *dead!*"

Did Melissa know that? She'd never mugged someone in her entire life, but she was starting to get the feeling that Elsa had. "What does that matter?" The brunette asks, a little baffled. "Couldn't you just take the money from his corpse?"

"I mean, I *guess*..." Elsa pinches the bridge of her pale nose. "Okay, it's not the *best* analogy. But you've got something *she* wants, and she's using Lindsay and the other one as leverage to... oh!" Her eyes light up, as a stroke of inspiration comes to her. "It's like a random situation, right? You know how when you kidnap some rich guy's daughter, and you hold her in, like, a warehouse and threaten to kill her if he doesn't hand over fast stacks of cash, right?"

"Let's assume I don't?" Melissa suggests, a little disturbed.

"Well, it's just like that!" Elsa looked excited now. "See, Azrael's the kidnapper in this situation, and you're cash that she wants. And like a hostage situation, she's all like; 'if ya go ta the fuzz, I'll fry this bitch!'" She grins widely, with a nasty glint in her blue eyes. "But she can't *actually* eat those two, see? If she *does*, she loses all her leverage. You'd have no reason to go and submit to her after that, and she'd be shit outta luck. So, she has to keep them alive, even if she thinks you might be trying to get one over on her!"

That... made a bit of sense, Melissa has to admit. But she can't imagine that *Azrael* wouldn't follow through on a threat. "You really think *she* wouldn't eat Lindsay and Jessica?" The brunette asks hopefully.

Elsa waves her hands dismissively. "Oh, no! She'll *definitely* kill them if the time runs out, and you don't submit. If the rich guy doesn't cough up the dough, you gotta get out the camera and put the gun in his daughter's mouth, and make him fuckin' *regret it!* You gotta follow through in the end, otherwise people won't respect you. So, she'll definitely kill them if she figures that she can't make you submit freely."

Beside her, Padma is staring at the blonde futanari in admiration. "Elsa..." She says, hugging her lover's arm. "Geez, you're such a sexy, badass criminal..."

"Heh..." Elsa blushes a little, bashfully scratching her short hair. "Yeah, true. But my point is... the bitch is bluffing right now. She's trying to make you think she'll eat those two at the slightest sign of trouble, but she *really* knows that she can't be too quick on the draw, y'know?"

Okay, Melissa mostly gets what the blonde futanari means. And also that this girl is clearly one of those mafia friends Lindsay was talking about earlier this morning. "So you're saying that Azrael won't eat them before the timer runs out, even if she thinks I'm gonna do something shady?" Elsa nods, but that doesn't really make Melissa feel better. "I mean... that's banking on

a big assumption.” It made logical sense, but nothing about Azrael felt logical. “Even if we assume that’s true, how does it make a difference?”

“Hey, did A... Azrael send you the location of her place, like she said?” Natasha asks suddenly, as if she’s just thought of it.

“Huh? Oh...” Melissa reaches down into her shorts, which are barely big enough to contain her phone. She pats down her almost-non-existent pockets, and realizes her phone’s not there. “Uh, where’d my phone go...?”

“Oh, I picked it up!” Padma says, shifting slightly on the couch. From under one of her bare buttocks, she pulls out Melissa’s phone and hands it to the brunette.

Melissa takes the device, which is still warm from direct contact with the brown-skinned girl’s ass. When she turns on the device, she sees that she does indeed have a message from Azrael, dated back to during the phone call. It’s just an address, though.

When Melissa taps on the address, her phone automatically opens the maps app, zooming in on the location that Azrael gave her. Unsurprisingly, it’s in the city. Surprisingly, it’s only about fifteen minutes walk away. Then again, Sydney’s not a *massive* city in terms of skyscrapers. And it comes as no great shock to Melissa that Azrael apparently makes her lair in the top two floors of a skyscraper. Of course the dark predator wouldn’t live somewhere *simple*.

Elsa looks over her shoulder, and sucks in a breath of shock when Melissa brings up a picture of the place. Natasha tries to look over her shoulder as well, but the girl can’t even come close, so she settles for awkwardly peering around Melissa’s elbow. “Wow, that looks *expensive*... and hard to get into...” The pink-haired girl says thoughtfully.

“Look, it doesn’t even really matter *where* she lives, does it?” Melissa lowers the phone, feeling a bit silly. Wasn’t she getting *way* ahead of herself? “Even if I’ve got, like, thirty-six hours, what the hell am I even gonna *do*? If I don’t show up within thirty-six hours...” Lindsay and Jessica would die. The thought of losing the two of them feels Melissa with agonizing fear, which worsens when she corrects herself to the *three* of them. “A-and if I *do* show up, Azrael will make me submit to her. I’ll be hers, body and soul...”

Natasha seems a little taken aback. “Why are you saying it like that?” She asks, looking confused. Melissa can feel the naked girl’s nipple rubbing against her elbow, in an awkwardly erotic feeling.

The girl’s never met Azrael in person, even if she’s gotten a taste of her. “Natasha... You don’t understand what it’s like to be physically near Azrael. Her power just... overwhelms you. If I go to her, and submit, that’s *it* for me.” Melissa had nearly lost her soul just from a kiss. Submitting herself to Azrael was more than just becoming her lover, it would be the end of Melissa as an

independent *person*. Azrael would conquer her so thoroughly, Melissa would be bound to her for the rest of her life, and possibly even beyond that...

"No, I meant..." The pink-haired girl shivers. "I know what you mean. I couldn't... resist her myself, either. Azrael is too strong to resist, I can believe *that*..." She takes a deep breath to calm herself. "But... why are you talking about it like you're gonna do this alone?"

"What?" Melissa asks, dumbfounded. She hadn't even realized that she'd been doing that. But this was *her* problem, wasn't it? Natasha had no reason to get involved, and neither did Elsa or Padma. The only other person who would have cared about Lindsay's life being in danger was imprisoned right alongside her. Although, that wasn't true on Jessica's side, was it?

"Melissa..." Natasha gives her a curious look. "I don't have anywhere else to go. And you're the only person I've met in my life who's accepted me for who I am, really." The pink-haired girl blushes a little at saying that. "I mean, maybe that's not high praise, but still... If you go somewhere, I'm going with you." She swallows nervously. "And if that means fighting, I'll fight with you. And if that means submitting, I'm gonna do it too. Azrael will take me if I ask, I'm sure."

The thought horrifies Melissa. "N-no, you can't!" Grabbing Natasha's hands, the brunette looks at her pleadingly. "If I have to submit, you need to run away! You can't just give yourself to Azrael, you don't know what she'll do to you..."

Natasha just shakes her head. "Then, you shouldn't either! I feel the exact same way about you!" The pink-haired girl sighs. "Honestly, I'm still a bit iffy if I'm even still a Christian, but I'd always help a friend either way."

Suddenly, Melissa feels a strong grip on her shoulder, as the blonde futanari pulls her back to glare into her eyes. "Hey, *hey!* How come you two are acting like you're the only two in this equation? This was my fuckin' idea in the first place!" Elsa lets go of Melissa, and then cracks her knuckles angrily. "No-one, not even the craziest, strongest bitch in the fuckin' country, gets to eat my fuckin' boss and get away with it! I'm the one who's gonna get fuckin' revenge! You two can just follow along behind me!"

The brunette looks between the two, feeling a little shocked. They're completely serious, Melissa knows. "Are you guys *sure* about this?" She has to ask, for the sake of her own guilt. "If we fail... you know what'll happen to you guys, right?" Both Natasha and Elsa blink and look confused. "I-I mean... if we fuck up and Azrael catches us... she'll definitely eat you two alive, and rape *me*..."

Apparently, Elsa hadn't thought of that, given the way she pales at the thought. Beside her, Natasha looks similarly disturbed. The blonde futanari gulps nervously. "Fuck, that's pretty bad... maybe this is a bad idea-"

“No way, fuck that!” Natasha suddenly declares, holding up her fist defiantly. “We’re not scared! We’re *heroes!*” When the others give her baffled looks, the pink-haired girl nods to herself slowly. “I mean, we’re going on a mission to save people’s lives from a villain, right? We’re like heroes! And heroes aren’t scared to die!”

Melissa hadn’t thought of it that way. Real life didn’t have heroes and villains, she knew, but somehow it made her feel a little more confident. “You’re... not scared?” She asks Natasha, a little bit in awe of the tiny just-barely-an-adult.

“No, I *am* scared...” The pink-haired girl admits, blushing a little. “I’m not *stupid*... But I’m gonna fight anyway!”

“Damn fuckin’ right!” Elsa punches her palm, growling angrily. “I *am* stupid, and I’m gonna fight too!”

“O-okay!” Oh God, they’re all gonna die, Melissa knows... but even still, she feels a flicker of hope in her chest. “Let’s fucking do this!”

All eyes turn to the remaining girl in the room. Padma looks up at the three of them, suddenly looking worried. “Huh?” She says, shrinking back a little. “Hey, don’t try and peer-pressure me into joining you guys! That Azrael chick is *terrifying!* There’s no way in hell I’d ever fuck with her!”

“Oh, yeah, that’s fine...” Melissa scratches the back of her head, feeling a little chastened. The moment had felt right, but they couldn’t ask Padma to just help for no reason-

“Nope, definitely not gonna!” Padma holds her arms in a cross in front of her chest, shaking her head. “You guys can’t make me!”

Elsa holds up her hands. “O-okay, we’re not trying to-”

“Ugh, you guys are so pushy!” The brown-skinned girl waves her hands around. “You want me to risk my life on some crazy adventure?!”

“N-no, if you don’t want to, Padma, it’s okay if you...” Natasha begins, but Padma continues regardless.

The brown-skinned girl heaves an overly-dramatic sigh. “Okay, *fine*. I guess if you insist, I’ll be a hero as well... I’m probably gonna get eaten soon either way.” The other three stare at her, and then look around to each other. But, in the end, they just shrug. Apparently satisfied, Padma sniffs proudly. Then, she sniffs again, looking a little worried. “Ugh, I fucking *stink*.” She slides forward, moving to stand up from the couch. “If we’re going on an adventure, can I at least take a shower first...?”

Stink? Something about that idea hits Melissa's brain oddly.

And then, an idea comes to her. It's not a plan, not even close. But it's an idea, at least.

Reaching out, Melissa grabs the brown-skinned girl's shoulders, holding her in place. "No!" She blurts out, to Padma's shock. "No, don't have a shower! In fact..." Melissa looks around to the other two. "*None* of us are gonna have a shower, okay? Not until we go and do... this thing!" She's not even sure what it is that they're gonna do yet, but it's a start.

"Oh, have you got a plan?" Natasha looks excited.

"Kind of?" Melissa says, and then hesitates. "No, not really." Holding up her phone again, the brunette opens the picture of Azrael's building and stares at it for a moment, a funny idea coming to mind. "But, I kinda have a couple of ideas..."

"Can I at least get *dressed*?" Padma asks, gesturing to her almost-naked body. She's still only wearing Elsa's gray bra.

Thinking quickly, Melissa looks down at the brown-skinned girl. "Not yet. But I have a particular outfit in mind when you do!" She bites her lip, trying to estimate how long they'll have. Turning to the blonde futanari, the brunettes asks a serious question. "Elsa, how many times do you think you can cum in my mouth between now and tomorrow morning?"

"What?!" Elsa is clearly taken aback by what seems like an odd question. "Are you serious?!"

"I am." Melissa nods, her face as serious as it's ever been. As bizarre as it might seem, she has a good reason to be asking that.

"Uh..." The blonde futanari reaches down and massages the bulge in her gray underwear for a moment, closing her eyes to think. "I kinda used a lot of it on Padma last night..." The brown-skinned girl giggles. "I guess it takes me about an hour to 'reload', and tomorrow morning's like... twenty hours away? So... maybe about ten to fifteen times, assuming I'm gonna sleep?"

Melissa considers this information. She'd probably only need a couple of times, but the more the better, probably. "Good. I need you to be doing that as much as you can between then and now, okay?"

Elsa, unsurprisingly, does not refuse. "Geez, I'm gonna need a *lot* of fuckin' water..."

The brunette looks down, and then kneels, picking up something she'd put down earlier. Handing the nearly-full glass of water to Elsa, Melissa nods at her. "Bottom's up, then. It's been nearly an hour since you woke up, so get ready." The blonde futanari takes one look at Melissa's face, and starts chugging the glass. Satisfied, the brunette turns to Padma. "As for you... how many times can you and I have sex in that same time?"

“Is this *really* part of a plan, or are you just fucking with us?” Padma raises an eyebrow, but after a moment, she just shrugs with a smirk. “But then again, you *did* save my life, so... let’s fucking find out, I guess?”

Melissa nods to herself again. “Good. I need to make a phone call...”

Beside her, Natasha is bouncing up and down on her heels, practically beaming with anticipation. “Who are you gonna call?” She asks, excitedly.

“I don’t know her very well, but...” Melissa scrolls through her phone’s contacts, and finds the number. It had only been put into her phone the previous night. “We’re gonna need someone with experience getting in and out of dangerous places. And I think I know just the right prey...”

Somewhere, in a distant part of Sydney, there’s a suburban house with a bedroom that’s almost completely black with darkness. The curtains of the window are so thick, they even almost block out the morning sun, leaving only lances of yellow light piercing into the shadowy bedroom.

If someone was to look into the bedroom, they’d see nothing but darkness. If they watched for a little while, their eyes might adjust to see a woman with a massive stomach, and barely be able to make out that the pale skin of her belly occasionally trembles and quakes. In the darkness, the sound of someone being digested is shockingly loud, it’s almost a wonder that the predator can sleep at all. But she does, and quite soundly at that.

This predator’s name is Sofia Santiago. Her stomach is digesting a girl she’d eaten last night. The girl inside her is clearly quite *dead*, judging by the clearly liquid state of whatever’s left inside Sofia’s gut.

However, if someone was to still be looking into the bedroom at this point, their eyes might have adjusted enough to see that there’s someone else in bed with the slumbering predator.

Daniella Coven can best be described as a woman who skirts the line between life and death. She can also be described as being around four foot tall, and having massive tits, both of which aren’t conducive to living a long and healthy life as a prey. Nor is her current situation; lying next to a hungry predator in said predator’s private bedroom, considering that the predator in question is *very* likely to eat the prey the moment she wakes up.

And yet, Daniella is not trying to flee from this *incredibly* perilous situation, is she? What’s she doing, exactly? Is she doing something smart?

No, she's lying in bed next to the snoring predator, listening to the sound of a girl being digested with one hand down her pants, and the other fondling one of her E-cup tits..

See, Daniella Coven has an almost unique trait. She has an extreme fetish, where she loves to risk her life like this. At any second, Sofia could wake up and decide to have a Daniella-shaped snack, and the risk is making Daniella's pussy drip like a broken tap. To tell the truth, it's probably not dissimilar to that fetish people have where they strangle themselves. It's certainly just as deadly.

Of course, there's quite a few prey who have this particular fetish. It could be argued that *all* prey have this fetish, to some degree. But the reason that it's almost unique to Daniella Coven is that the vast majority of prey who had it, with an emphasis on *had*, are now very *dead*. Daniella is perhaps rather unique in that regard. She's spent the last decade being an active prey, a nearly-unparalleled record of veterancy considering the average lifespan of a prey in this city. And the only thing that's kept her from joining her brothers and sisters in the Sydney sewers is something that they themselves lacked; raw, pure *luck*.

And it's that luck that Daniella's now relying on, as she rubs one out to the sound of the poor girl inside Sofia getting turned into nutrients. The tiny prey had come home with Sofia last night, after the VoreFans meetup. The predator had made some thinly-veiled offer, like asking if Daniella had wanted to watch the Castle on Blu Ray with her. Daniella had, of course, accepted. Firstly, because that movie is fucking *amazing*. And secondly, because Daniella couldn't resist a chance to test her luck. It was what she *lived* for. What was the point of life without a little danger?

And speaking of danger... Daniella shivers as she nears orgasm. It's close, but she needs to hold back and keep control of herself. If she loses control, the orgasm will make her spasm violently. And there was a good chance that Sofia would wake up if that happened. So, she needs to... Oh, shit!

The thought of Sofia waking up was an error on the part of the tiny prey. It excited her enough that it sent her over the edge. Feeling raw pleasure exploding from her pussy, along her nerve endings and into the rest of her body, Daniella feels an unstoppable shudder spreading from her groin and into her muscles. Keeping her mouth closed, the tiny prey spasms in the darkness, the knowledge that Sofia could wake up at any second just making her orgasm stronger.

Finally, the orgasm fades, and Daniella covers her mouth, trying to muffle her heavy breathing. For a few seconds, the terrified prey listens to the soft breathing of the predator, which is occasionally overridden by a wet groan or a nasty sounding gurgle from her guts. Eventually, when it becomes clear that Sofia hasn't woken up despite an idiot orgasming next to her, Daniela silently breathes a sigh of relief.

To tell the truth, Daniella doesn't have a *death wish*, per se. The thought of actually being eaten alive is appropriately terrifying to her. There'd be no *point* in risking her life if she actually

wanted to *die*. So, the relief that she feels when she realizes that her life isn't imminently about to end is real. Now that she's coming down from her orgasm high, the tiny prey can sense that it's time to *go* if she doesn't wanna end up as breakfast.

Ooookay, time to make like a tree, and get outta here. Daniella slowly and carefully sits up in the bed, zipping up her shorts and readjusting her bra to actually cover her massive boobs. She looks around carefully, and... oh wait, she's forgetting something!

Quietly slipping her phone out of her pocket, Daniella holds it up to take a selfie with the slumbering predator. She's a VoreFans star, after all. Her audience loved to watch her risk her life too, and they liked to place bets on whether or not she'd survived the night. A lotta people had wagered that Sofia would be the end of her, and Daniella was eager to collect. A picture with the sleeping predator would be evidence enough... but when the tiny prey presses the button, it's almost impossible to actually make out what's happening in the picture!

Oh... this could be a risky move, but Daniella needs the evidence. Against her better judgment, she turns on the camera's flash...

Holding her hand over Sofia's eyes, the tiny prey hesitates before she hits the button. This is an *incredibly* risky move. Nothing wakes people up like a sudden light in their eyes. But it's a risk that she's willing to take... mostly because it's a risk that she's going to masturbate to later, if she gets away with it.

The flash is... so fucking bright! Holy shit, there's no possible way that Sofia slept through that! But when the light fades away, and Daniella's seared retinas recover, the predator is still slumbering away. Thankfully, the picture looks great this time around, since Daniella knows that a second attempt would be the death of her.

Posting it on VoreFans will take a little bit of time, and she could just easily do it when she's made her escape... but why avoid taking a risk. Daniella spends five or so minutes uploading the picture to VoreFans, just for the hell of it! *To the h8rs, Dani lives another day! Pay up, doubters!* Yeah, they'd get a kick outta that one. Daniella loved her audience, they were almost as degenerate as her.

Okay, *now* she was overstaying her welcome. Slipping quietly off the bed, Dani pads slowly over to the bedroom door. The front door of the house is locked and deadlocked, the tiny prey knows, since Sofia had made sure to seal it before they'd gone to sleep. She hadn't said anything, but it had been rather obvious that she'd wanted to make sure Daniella wouldn't slip away during the night, before she'd finished making room.

That was okay, though. Daniella didn't dislike the predator for wanting to eat her. It was only natural, since the tiny prey knew she was cute. Besides, she liked Sofia, and they'd watched a movie together last night, so it was hard to complain. Not least because Daniella had the foresight to quietly secure her exit when she'd slipped away during the movie to use the

bathroom. The bathroom window was small, but it opened onto the side-yard of the house, where Daniella had seen that she could high-tail it outta here.

Finding her shoes in the darkness is a bit of a challenge, but a few minutes later, the tiny prey is making her way to the bathroom, shoes in hand. Passing back across the bedroom doorway, Daniella pauses, listening for the predator again. She's rewarded with the sound of Sofia breath softly in the bed, her tummy still working away on its meal. Snickering silently to herself, Daniella tiptoes away to the bathroom.

The bathroom isn't the *biggest* graveyard Daniella's ever been in, but it's arguably the most compact one. As the tiny prey quietly pushes open the door, there's an overwhelming sense of darkness coming from the narrow room. There's sunlight streaming from the small window above the toilet, which almost completely comprises the small room. It's the way to freedom, if Daniella can open it quietly.

Daniella had never considered herself much of a psychic, but when she steps into the bathroom, there's an overwhelming sensation of dread coming from the toilet itself. She gets the feeling that a *lot* of people have been buried in that porcelain bowl. The last thing she needs right now is a ghost appearing. Swallowing nervously, Daniella can feel the air pressing down on her heavily. Somehow, that doesn't sound as far-fetched as it usually would... She steps forward, and lifts her foot to stand on the toilet...

Her phone rings, buzzing in her pocket.

Resisting the urge to scream by some miracle of restraint, Daniella almost drops her shoes onto the tiles. Oh, that would have made a *lot* of noise if she'd dropped them. Fumbling for the phone in her pocket, Daniella pulls it out and wonders who the *fuck* is calling her at this hour. Sure, she'd deliberately left her phone on vibrate instead of 'do not disturb' mode for the thrill of it, but what the fuck!

Melissa Jones is calling her. The girl that Jessica Storm had introduced to her last night? Daniella had liked her, but why the flying *fuck* was she calling at this hour? Granted, it was like ten in the morning, but it still felt ungodly early to the tiny prey.

Answering the call against her better judgment, Daniella steps inside the bathroom, and pushes the door almost completely closed, mindful of the loud clunk the door made when it fully closed. She'd scouted that out earlier as well. "Melissa? What's up?" She whispers into the device.

The girl answers, and Daniella winces at the sound. "Hey, hey... not so loud. I'm in a delicate situation, okay?" Now thankfully a bit quieter, Melissa continues. The tiny prey listens to the girl's voice, her face turning shocked. "What? Jessica got... by *who*? Okay, look, I can tell that it's complicated, but I'm a bit... Look, just text me the details, okay? I'll help, but what do you need from...?"

Melissa explains what she needs from Daniella, and it's a bit confusing. "Yeah, I can get inside a building. Why?" The answer isn't super helpful, and it's also a bit shocking. "*What?* Won't you need a bunch of people to distract the police? And who's gonna be driving the... Oh, you already have some people in mind?" Daniella nods slowly as Melissa continues. "That plan is... really dumb. But sure, it sounds like fun. And I owe Jessica a lot, I guess." The tiny prey peeks her head around the door, nervously listening for any footsteps in the darkness. "Okay, sure. I can do that. I'll ask the others, but I'm, ah, *avoiding* Sofia at the moment. But if you text me the details, I can probably convince her, okay?"

The girl thanks her profusely. "Hey, don't thank me yet. I don't even know if I can fit inside it, do I?" Daniella shakes her head, grinning. "Yeah, I'll come over as soon as I can. Okay, love ya, bye..." Ending the call with a silent sigh of relief, Daniella listens for the sound of footsteps. Hearing nothing, the tiny prey decides to make her escape before anything else happens.

Stepping onto the toilet with a deftness that might surprise someone that didn't know Daniella very well, the tiny prey takes a moment to get her balance. Part of the reason that she's survived for so long is a surprising amount of acrobatic agility, which tends to come as a shock to most predators trying to eat her. It's probably the big weights on her chest that throw them off, but Daniella's had her whole life to get used to them, so they're easy enough to deal with when her life is on the line.

This is the final step. She just needs to open the window, which will make a *lot* of noise and then shimmy through the gap before Sofia figures out what she's doing and comes over to grab her. Then, she could jump down to the side of the house, put on her shoes and leg it down the road to the nearby train station and make her escape. It wouldn't be the first, or even the dozenth time the tiny prey has done this. So, once more, with feeling...

Taking a deep breath to prepare for the dash that's about to happen, Daniella counts down in her head. Three... two... *one*. She reaches for the window... which doesn't budge an inch when she pulls on it. Blinking, Daniella looks along the bottom of the window and sees something quite bad for her health.

The window... is locked?! It hadn't been when Daniella had checked it earlier! It must have been locked between then and now... and the only reason that would have happened would be that Daniella had walked right into a tr-

"Daniella..." The sound of someone moaning her name makes the tiny adult flinch and spin around. If it weren't for her amazing acrobatic skills, Daniella's tits would have made for fall off the toilet... or into it. Be that as it may, this was still a terrible situation, as the door behind the tiny prey is slowly pushed open by the owner of the toilet she's standing on.

Blocking the doorway, Sofia Santiago towers above the tiny prey. Her massive gut hangs from her waist, like an engorged sack of meat. Which, it is, really. Daniella can still hear it grumbling

as it digests the unfortunate girl inside. Is it just the prey's imagination, or does it sound a little... eager?

"Daniella..." The name is a guttural growl on the predator's grinning lips. Her teeth gleam wickedly in the sunlight. "Where are you going...?"

Oh, shit. The Hispanic predator is completely blocking the only *actual* exit to the tiny bathroom. Well, Daniella's gotten out of worse situations before. She needs to bluff, not least because it's literally the *only* thing she can do right now. "Oh hey, Sofie!" The tiny prey winks cutely at the predator, hoping that the sweat on her brow isn't noticeable under the glowing window. "I was just... about to take a shit, y'know?"

"What a coincidence..." Sofia drawls, licking her lips. "I was just about to blast this girl down the pipes myself..."

"Ooh..." Despite the situation, Daniella can't help but get aroused at that idea. Not that she'd be ashamed of her own nature at this point. "Well, don't let me stop you! You want me to take a video for VoreFans, or...?"

"Oh, I think you can do something even better for me in terms of VoreFans..." Sofia practically moans.

A chill runs down Daniella's spine. "W-what's that?" She *knows* what Sofia means, but pretending to be confused will buy her precious seconds.

"Oh, Dani..." Sofia smirks at the tiny prey. "We *both* knew what was going to happen if I got the chance, didn't we?" Licking her lips, the predator takes another step forward. "You came here knowing I wanted you inside me..."

Too close! Daniella loved to toe the line between life and death, but the 'death' part was a little too close right now! Oh *god*, this was so fucking hot! "Hey, we've both got VoreFans accounts, right?" She pleads desperately. "What happened to us collaborating, like we agreed, hmm?!"

"We *will be* collaborating. You're the most famous prey in Sydney. There's *thousands* of preds who want to be the lucky one who gets to extinguish you, and those *gorgeous* delicacies of fat on your chest..." Sofia nods at Daniella's tits, and the prey can't help but feel a little flattered. "Think about how many people will subscribe to me if I'm the one posting your obituary on your account... but before that, I'm gonna pat your cute little head..." She licks her lips and leans in...

"Nooo!" Anything but being patted on the head! It was so demeaning, Daniella hates it almost as much as people seem to love doing it. She reaches up to cover her head, blocking Sofia's grasping hand.

“Haha, I’m gonna do it feet-first, and pat you all the way down...” Oh, now that was just *rude*. Sofia chuckles to herself as she steps directly in front of the toilet.

The darkness of a predator’s maw descends, and Daniella considers her options. This wouldn’t be the first time she’s been swallowed. It would actually be the third time, if she remembers correctly. On both of the prior occasions, she’d managed to fight her way out. But those two had been young predators with little experience in keeping a resistant prey down, and even then, it had been a matter of incredible luck. She *seriously* doubted her odds of escaping from the belly of Sofia Santiago. The veteran predator would turn her into Daniella soup before she could scream for help, not that Daniella would ever stoop to doing something as shameful as *that*.

So, the only other option then. “Wait!” Daniella calls out, holding up her hands in a fruitless attempt to shield herself. “Jessica Storm’s in danger! A predator’s captured her!” And at that exact second, a miracle occurs. Daniella’s phone buzzes, with the text from Melissa.

The maw freezes in place. “What?” Sofia leans back, closing her mouth with a wet slap. Drool runs down her chin like a miniature waterfall. “Jess is in trouble?”

Thank God for Melissa Jones, huh? Daniella holds up her phone, pointing triumphantly at the device. “Yup. And I’m the only one who can save her... apparently.” Sofia stares at the device, blinking in shock. “Go on, read this text! It explains everything!”

The Hispanic predator reads the text message for a moment, looking skeptical. “Bullshit...” As she reads, her eyes widen. “Oh, *fuck*...” Then, she folds her arms with a huff, looking cheated. As her belly churns, Sofia scowls at the tiny prey with a mixture of annoyance and amusement. “Daniella, you are the *luckiest* piece of shit in the whole fucking world.”

Sweat beading across her whole body, her heart rate skyrocketing and having avoided her almost-certain death by a couple of seconds, Daniella Coven holds her fingers up in a ‘V’ shape. “What can I say?” She says, breathing hard. “Luck is a skill.”

End of Part 13

KNOWN STATUS OF KNOWN CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART 13:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility :	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	In a relationship with Lindsay Smith/Has feelings for Azrael Tueuer	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	Plan or no, she's pretty sure she's gonna get herself captured anyway, but as long as Lindsay and Jessica escape...
Lindsay Smith	!Danger!	In a relationship with Melissa Jones	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Currently coming to, in the lair of the beast...
Azrael Tueuer	Alive	Intending to be in a relationship with Melissa Jones	???	Very Virile	It might seem like she's holding all the cards, but Azrael knows her position won't be secure until Melissa's delivered herself into her hands. Only then, can she relax.
Natasha Birch	Alive	Single	Broke	Fertile	Feels like she's signed up for something that she really shouldn't have. But where else is she go? She's put home in the rear-view mirror, and come what may, Natasha's going to see it through!
Jessica Storm	!Danger!	Single	Opulently Wealthy	Very Virile	Currently coming to, in the lair of the beast...
Dana	Dead	Dead	Dead	Dead	What a horrible way to die. But, life is rarely merciful, and neither is death. Nor is Azrael, it seems.
Elsa	Alive	???	Poor	Virile	Vengeance is a strong motive, but Azrael may prove stronger. Elsa really doesn't know what she's up against. But bravery and recklessness are two sides of the same coin.
Padma	Alive	???	Poor	???	To tell the truth, she knows she's not likely to live much longer anyway. A pretty girl doesn't last long on the streets by herself in Sydney. Might as well go nuts!