

*Sydney Harbor was beautiful in the evening sunlight, as the orange embers of the day flowed across the blue water and shining glass of the city. Melissa Jones has seen the sight a hundred times before, but it never got old. Of course, the cafe she's sitting in is renowned for having an excellent view of the harbor. That was part of the reason why it's so expensive.*

*And it being expensive is part of the reason that Melissa herself is feeling a little nervous. The girl is in her mid-twenties, pretty and freckled with tan skin. When her friend, who Melissa hadn't seen in years, had suggested getting a late lunch, Melissa had thrown on a stylish sweater and a cute pair of shorts for what she expected to be a regular hangout. Instead, it turned out to be a sudden sudden arrival into the lap of luxury.*

*In the front of the cafe, a long line of people were waiting to get in. An ornate sign next to the front door reminded visitors that vore was only allowed on the premises after dark and in a private room. For a moment, Melissa had thought she'd arrived at the wrong place. But, she'd been greeted by a well-dressed manager and shown to a private table...*

*"Melissa?!" A distant voice calls out to her, somewhere on the edge of a painful ringing sound. Melissa's ears hurt, and her eyes do too. Actually, almost all of her body hurts. "Melissa, are you alive? Oh God, tell me you're alive..."*

*Sitting there in clothes she'd thought were stylish, the brunette plays with her long hair for a moment, feeling far too poorly dressed. Why had Lindsay Smith suggested such a place to meet up? Her friend had been in Newcastle for the last few years, and had seemingly returned to Sydney for a holiday. But this kind of place seemed far beyond whatever her friend had been earning.*

*"Can I get you anything, Miss?" Melissa almost flinches as a waitress drifts over to her. Two long black ponytails fall down to the waitress's back, and she seems surprisingly well-built. "Oh, I'm waiting for someone, thank you!" The brunette blurts out, feeling oddly scared that the waitress might notice that she's not rich and throw her out.*

*The waitress is older than Melissa, and smirks at her with a bit of humor. "Well, I'm sure I can get you something to drink, at least?"*

*Melissa... doesn't want to open her eyes. The dream is a pleasant memory, and it's better than what's out there, she knows. Out there is pain and exhaustion and noise. In her dream, all that is muted.*

*Melissa looks up and sees her old friend, Lindsay, approaching with a big grin. Melissa feels her heart leap at the sight of her old friend, who she hasn't seen for nearly three years, and stands up to greet her...*

*“Mel!” The red-headed woman grabs Melissa, and the brunette braces for the crushing hug that she knows is coming. That had been the standard greeting ever since they’d become friends in the first year of high-school. “Wake up, please, fucking wake up!”*

In her dream, Melissa can hear Lindsay’s voice so clearly. She doesn’t want to open her eyes, even if Lindsay is...

Lindsay!

Feeling like she’s surfacing from a deep sea, Melissa takes a deep breath and opens her eyes. She must have blacked out for less than a minute or so, but it felt like a small eternity.

The redhead is looking down at her, terror in her eyes as she looks for any sign of life in her girlfriend. But as Melissa opens her eyes, Lindsay breaths a deep sigh of relief. “Oh, thank God!” She gasps, more out of reflex than any real prayer. “You’re alive!”

Yeah... Melissa isn’t quite sure about that part yet. “Are you o-okay?” The brunette asks, hearing her words begin to slur. Last time she’d seen Lindsay, the redhead had been thrown hard into a couch.

“I’m fine!” Lindsay grins at Melissa, and the brunette is disturbed to see one of her girlfriend’s front teeth missing. “Er, well... Not really. I’m wrecked as fuck. But I’m alive.”

That’s good enough. Better than they’d hoped, really. Melissa knew that she, Lindsay and Jessica had all really expected that they wouldn’t... Jessica!

Jolting up to a sitting position, Melissa suddenly feels the world begin to spin. Lindsay puts an arm around her, and Melissa is grateful for the support. She looks over at where Jessica fell.

Daniella and Natasha are crouching over Jessica’s crumpled body, looking distressed. Is that worry on their faces, or *grief*...?

“Jessica...” Melissa moans, trying to stand. She needs to... She needs to know if the woman she loves is...

Jessica Storm had been a futanari, a pornstar and a predator all in one beautiful form. Her blonde hair that flashed like lightning had been a wonder, something Melissa would never forget as long as she lived. Perhaps a death in battle was one that Jessica could be proud of. In the end, Melissa knew that Jessica had lived a full life.

And it seemed that she would *continue* to live that full life. As Melissa looks down at her new girlfriend, Jessica looks up at her, and gives the brunette a weak grin. A death in battle might be something to be proud of, but Jessica would have to do without such pride. Battered and bloody, the blonde woman is still alive, albeit quite injured from the looks of it.

Melissa lets out a breath that she didn't realize she'd been holding as she stared at Jessica. The relief she feels flooding through her body actually makes her break out into a cold sweat.

They'd done it. They'd survived. The thought was... impossible to process right now.

But it wasn't over yet.

Not far away, Azrael Tueuer is slumped against the wall of her apartment's lobby, the white tile beneath her stained with an ever increasing flow of blood. As Daniella pads over to the dark predator, Melissa sees Azrael's head turn to look at the small woman.

"How's that feel, Azzy? I hope Sofia's looking down at... Oh my *god*..." The small prey woman looks down at Azrael's wounds and then immediately looks away. "Oh yeah. Jesus Christ. That's... that's not something she's gonna recover from..."

Maybe so, but the dark predator was no weakling. Her eyes were still shining bright gold with malice as Melissa rises, shakily getting to her feet with Lindsay's help. Azrael grunts and tries to rise as well, but she barely makes it a few inches off the ground before groaning in agony and sinking back down. Melissa has to admit, the dark predator's sheer tenacity is still obvious.

From the looks of it, the bullets went straight through Azrael's lower body, tearing through her internal... Ugh. Feeling a sense of revulsion, Melissa looks away from the woman's wounds. The brunette... is no stranger to harm. She's digested people before, and that made a hell of a lot more mess than this. But then, all the mess was *inside* her, and she didn't have to see it.

"You... shot me..." Azrael gasps. As she opens her mouth, a trail of blood trickles from the corners of her lips. "Why?" The dark predator's voice is soft, and Melissa almost fails to hear her over the ringing in her ears.

"What do you mean, *why*?" Melissa finds it hard to believe that she'd *shot* someone herself, admittedly. "You were..." Her breath is still short, and the brunette feels her head pounding. "You were going to *kill* me."

"Only because you..." Azrael grimaces in pain for a moment, and the dark predator clutches her stomach. Her hands are slick with blood, a *lot* of blood. "Because you betrayed me... I tried to give you everything, but you refused it all. Why... Why would you choose loneliness over me, Melissa Jones?" Her voice is still surprisingly strong, but Melissa can hear how much effort it's taking the dark predator to speak.

"She's not alone!" Lindsay says indignantly, squeezing Melissa's arm. A moment later, Jessica limps over and places her hands on Melissa and Lindsay's shoulders. The blonde woman is still a bit too shaken to speak, but she nods in agreement.

Melissa reaches up and takes her girlfriend's hands. Their warmth is soft and loving. Azrael's skin had been full of love too, but it had been like a burning fire, both powerful and *desperate*. Melissa had felt the fire, but simple warmth was far more fulfilling in the end. "I'm not alone, Azrael." She echoes, looking down at the woman with a slight hint of pity.

Azrael's lips twist into a sneer. "Neither am I." She spits out a small amount of blood and glares up at the three of them. "God is always with me. His love... His love is all I need."

"Um..." Melissa turns to see Natasha standing next to her. The young girl looks tired and afraid, but she's alive. Melissa is thankful for that, at least. "I don't know if I believe in God anymore." The pink-haired girl admits, looking a little embarrassed. "But I don't think *this*..." Natasha looks around at the rest of them, bloodied and battered, and to the mortally wounded predator. "...Is what God would have wanted."

Azrael thinks about this for a moment, and then shakes her head. "No..." She looks down at the floor, her eyes unfocused. Whatever she's looking at, no-one else in the world can see it but her. "God speaks to me..." She says, with a bitter expression on her dark face. "He *must* speak to me. I've heard His voice. Who else...?"

And now, Melissa knows the answer to the question Azrael is too scared to ask. "You." She says simply, sadness in her voice. "Just your own voice, Azrael."

And for the first time, Melissa looks at Azrael and *truly* sees the dark predator... No, not a dark predator. Not a divine being, not a fallen angel. Not even a powerful predator who dominates everything.

Just a lonely woman, so afraid of solitude that she made up a voice in her head that told her she was special.

Azrael hadn't been fighting for Melissa's love. She had been fighting to be anything but alone again.

Melissa swallows, and looks down at the muscled woman. "Just you, hearing your own voice in your own head." Azrael looks up at Melissa, with uncomprehending eyes. "You've always been alone, Azrael. The voice in your head is just... *you*." Melissa didn't know how the woman had come to hear her own voice as God, but it didn't really matter.

Azrael didn't respond. Her golden eyes glared up at Melissa, and it's impossible to tell what the woman is thinking. Is she perhaps considering Melissa's words? Perhaps not. A belief as certain as hers couldn't be shaken by mere words. Whatever illness had control of her mind was something that she needed to survive, and she was as likely to question her own beliefs as it was likely that a human being would question their need for food and water.

In truth, Melissa couldn't help but feel *some* sympathy for Azrael. The woman was a predator, and so, it was hard to hate her for using her power and strength to dominate others. It was even harder to condemn Azrael for devouring so many victims. Melissa had done the same, and so had most of her loved ones. And it was impossible to think of Azrael as wrong for thinking that she was an apex predator, because... She *is*.

But in the end, Melissa had never thought of herself eating anyone as *justice* or *righteous*. She had always accepted that what she had done was immoral. She didn't *regret* eating Talia or the girl from the club, but Melissa certainly didn't praise herself for it. Azrael, on the other hand, had killed hundreds and tried to enslave others purely out of a fanatic obsession with her own perfection. The woman couldn't control whatever madness was inside her mind, but the predator *had* embraced it. The 'voice' in her head had told her she was superior, and Azrael had accepted it as gospel truth because it felt good to be superior. And in the name of her superiority, Azrael had acted like a child holding a magnifying glass over an anthill, cruelly enjoying the agony of things that were beneath her...

Azrael coughs loudly, shaking Melissa out of her dark thoughts. As the black woman splutters, a trail of blood drips out of her mouth, staining the white tile below her thighs. "So... What happens now?" The woman's dark lips curl into a sneer, and it's almost impressive how arrogant Azrael can look in what are probably the last minutes of her life. "You lost the fight, but you dishonorably stole my victory..."

"No honor in this world, bitch." Lindsay snarls at Azrael. "Melissa won, and that's that." The redhead is holding her bleeding nose, where Azrael had elbowed her at the start of the fight. Natasha and Jessica are silent, and both of them look more distressed than victorious.

"Yeah, what she said!" Daniella echoes, her face surprisingly cold as she looks down at the dying predator. "When you die, tell Sofia I avenged her."

But Azrael shakes her head. "Imbecile. When I die, I'll go to God, not to Hell. I'll look down on your whore and laugh..." Her cruel words are undercut by a new bout of coughing that covers her black jeans with blood. When it finally ends, Azrael looks up at Melissa, and the brunette sees a hint of desperation in her golden eyes.

"C-could you give us a moment?" Melissa asks the others, who look back at her in surprise. "I want to talk to her alone."

Jessica raises an eyebrow, and it seems that she's a little concerned at this idea. But the blonde futanari must trust Melissa, because she just nods. "Yes, if that's what you want." Jessica places her arms around Natasha and Daniella's shoulders. "Let's go, girls." The blonde futanari walks with a noticeable limp in her right leg, clearly still aching from the nasty kick Azrael had given her during the fight.

As Natasha and Daniella allow themselves to be led away without resistance, Lindsay places a hand on Melissa's shoulder. "You sure you want to talk to this..." The redhead frowns, deciding not to complete the sentence.

"I am, Lin." Melissa answers, her voice firm. She doesn't want to regret leaving this conversation unfinished.

Her girlfriend nods and squeezes her shoulder. Then, Lindsay walks away, toward the others.

Melissa takes a breath to steady herself, and then kneels down in front of Azrael. The black woman's eyes follow Melissa, but her body is limp. The only movement left is her breathing, and Melissa can see that the rising and falling of Azrael's chest is clearly quite difficult now.

"Azrael..." She frowns. "I wish it didn't have to be this way."

"No?" Azrael makes a faint noise, and it takes Melissa a moment to realize that she had been trying to snort in amusement. "I agree. This is not the fate that God ordained for us. I wanted..." She grimaces in pain. "I just wanted to love you, Melissa."

"I know." Melissa says softly. "But you didn't give me a choice if I could love *you* or not. I wish..." The brunette hesitates for a moment, wondering if she should really admit this. "I wish you weren't... the way you are, Azrael. I could have loved you if you weren't..."

"Weren't *what*?" Azrael asks, and Melissa can see in her golden eyes that the predator doesn't understand. She will never understand what Melissa means by that. "Damn it all... I should have stolen you away from the very beginning..."

Melissa just shakes her head. "Perhaps." She says. They'll never know now. "I'm sorry that things... ended up like *this*. But you drove me to it, Azrael. I might have been the one who pulled the trigger, but you started this all."

"No..." Azrael manages a sneer, even as blood trails from the edges of her mouth. "You did, the moment you caught my eye on VoreFans..." Then, she coughs weakly. "Ah... I'm dying, aren't I?"

Melissa can only nod. She's not a doctor, but she doesn't need to be to see that the predator's wounds are fatal.

"I'm scared..." Azrael's voice was confused, as if she didn't understand her own words. "I'm... God's chosen... Why would I be...?"

"I don't know." Melissa can hazard a guess, but she knows that Azrael will never listen.

"Uh..." Not far away, Daniella and the others are looking out of the window, down to the streets below. "This isn't good..."

Melissa turns away from Azrael. "What is it?" She asks, confused.

Jessica turns back with a grimace. "Police cars pulling up. I don't think those gunshots went unnoticed. We might be in trouble..."

"Oh!" Natasha suddenly points down at something Melissa can't see. "Look at the white vans stopping behind them! Isn't that Elsa and Padma?"

"Hey, I recognize that pencil skirt! Renay's with them!" Lindsay shouts excitedly. She turns back to Melissa. "Might wanna wrap things up over there. They're going to have a bitch of time trying to get up here, but things are about to get messy, I think."

Melissa turns back to Azrael, and the predator grimaces. "When they find my body..." Azrael coughs. "You're going to be in trouble..." Strangely, the predator isn't saying it as a threat. Actually, her weakened voice almost sounds regretful.

And then, Melissa knows what the predator wants her to do. Azrael can never say it, but she doesn't want to be found. The brunette touches the heavy necklace around her neck, and feels certain for the first time in a long time. "They *won't* find your body." Melissa promises, and the brunette's stomach rumbles almost ominously.

Azrael blinks for a moment, and then her golden eyes widen with understanding. "Madness..." Her bloodied white teeth appear as she gives Melissa a dark grin. "Devouring *me* is madness, Melissa. Do you have any idea of how much power you're intending to take into your body?"

Devouring an apex predator will certainly have a massive impact on Melissa's body, the brunette knows. Her body is monstrously powerful. Not just physically, but spiritually. "... I have no idea." She admits, shaking her head. "Maybe I won't even be the same person afterward. But I'm going to do it anyway."

"Why?" Azrael asks, as she grimaces in pain. "Just so that you can hide my body?"

"No." Melissa takes a deep breath and touches her stomach, feeling the life inside her womb. "Because... you deserve a predator's fate, Azrael. I'm going to make sure you're never alone again."

Azrael's golden eyes widen in surprise. And then, they soften. "So... So be it. Do as you wish, Melissa Jones."

Melissa reaches out and grabs Azrael's hands, trying to ignore the blood. "Lindsay? Jessica?" Her two girlfriends turn back to look at her again. "Could you please help me with... *this*?"

Jessica blinks in surprise, but she nods. Lindsay takes a moment to realize what Melissa's about to do, but then the redhead grins savagely. "*Gladly.*"

Both of them take positions on either side of Azrael. The predator glares up at them one final time, and then turns to Melissa. "You may live to regret this, Melissa Jones. I hope you know that."

Melissa nods. "Maybe. But living is better than the alternative."

And then, the brunette leans forward and begins to swallow Azrael's hands, as Lindsay and Jessica help her...

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The interior of the police van is not particularly comfortable. At least, not to Melissa. It hadn't been designed to be comfortable, for obvious reasons. And now that it was stuffed with five people... Well, *six* people really, it was rather cramped as well.

"What are *you* in for, lady?" Daniella asks jokingly, nudging the blonde futanari next to her. "If I'd known jail had lookers like you, I'd have committed crimes ages ago!"

"Shut up, Dani." Jessica rolls her eyes, awkwardly adjusting her pants. The familiar bulge of her cock runs down her right leg, and the blonde futanari looks just as comfortable as the other four women locked in the back seat of the police van.

It had taken the police... and the Reilly family... almost an hour to get the elevator working. Melissa had no idea *how* they'd managed to get the elevator to work, considering Azrael had apparently somehow had it made so that only her voice could control it. But the police had figured it out in the end.

But it had bought Melissa and her friends enough time to... make things permanent. And now, she was even *more* uncomfortable than her friends.

Then again, the two cops sitting in the front seats of the van don't look particularly comfortable either.

"Fuck are you looking at?" Lindsay glares at one of the cops through the small grate, as she leans back as luxuriously as she can.

"Um..." One of the cops, a small woman with ginger hair, gulps nervously as she looks back at Melissa. "Is your friend... alright?"



"I'm... I'm fine." Melissa lies. "Just... pregnant, okay?" That's... *not* technically a lie. But the brunette knows that the cop isn't referring to the growing child inside her. No, she's referring to the...

Melissa's belly lets out a loud rumble, and she grimaces in discomfort. She hadn't expecting digesting Azrael Tueuer to be easy, but the woman was a meal and half. Almost a hundred and thirty kilograms of muscle and bone was digesting inside her now.

Swallowing an apex predator had been a job and a half, even if the predator herself was in no state to resist. Even with Lindsay and Jessica's help, devouring Azrael had been one of the hardest things Melissa knew she had ever done and would ever do. Starting with the hands, she'd had to work her way down the predator's head, swallowing slowly and steadily as she felt her stomach filling more than she had imagined it could hold. Lindsay and Jessica had helped her swallow the rest, the powerful weight of the apex predator impossible for one person to lift alone.

Melissa had swallowed women before. Two of them, in fact. But Azrael had been something else entirely. As soon as she tasted the apex predator, Melissa knew that this would be a meal that would have a powerful impact on her. Who knew what the result of adding Azrael Tueuer's body to her own would have on Melissa's body? Would she even *be* Melissa by the end of it?

Azrael had said nothing as she was devoured. Her eyes had become unfocused, uncomprehending. Melissa knew she hadn't died yet, because there was still life in her golden eyes as Melissa swallowed her head. But the apex predator didn't resist. Perhaps she couldn't, not after sustaining such brutal wounds. Perhaps the fight had just gone out of her soul. Either way, Melissa was grateful. If Azrael had put up even the slightest shred of resistance, the brunette wasn't sure that she would have been able to keep her down.

There had been a lot of blood too. Melissa had ended up quite a mess, and she'd had to throw away her ruined clothes. With Jessica and Lindsay's help, they'd had just enough time to hurriedly wash her down in the bathroom and dress her before the police had finally arrived. Melissa was now wearing a shirt and pants she'd taken from the clothes she'd brought to the apartment. And the necklace, of course. She'd never leave that behind.

Coming out of the elevator, the police had acted... rather strange. Melissa had to admit she hadn't really known how the police would react when they found five girls in their possibly criminal Superintendent's apartment, one of which had obviously eaten her. Not to mention the gun they'd left on the kitchen counter.

But the police had been accompanied by a familiar face, one that Melissa hadn't seen in person since... God, university, maybe. Renay Reilly had strode in with the cops like she owned the place, looking around with a vaguely disgusted glare. The solicitor looked painfully tired.

“Renay?” Melissa had said, stunned to see her old friend. Lindsay had let out a whoop of joy at the sight of her. “What are you doing-”

“Shut the *fuck* up!” Renay had snapped at her, holding up a hand. “Say absolutely *nothing* right now, *all* of you!”

A few minutes later, the five of them had been escorted downstairs in handcuffs, their arrests watched over carefully by Renay. Lindsay and Jessica had to awkwardly support Melissa as they moved, the weight of the digesting woman inside her making it impossible to move on her own. When they’d reached the lobby of the apartment building, Melissa had seen that it was swamped with police officers. A moment later, an old man in a high-ranking police uniform had strode toward them, flanked by a few other officers. Melissa had seen the man enough times on television to recognize the New South Wales Police Commissioner, the head of the police.

“I need to speak to your sister.” He’d said rather abruptly to Renay. The Commissioner very deliberately did not look at Melissa, or the rest of them. The solicitor had nodded and pulled out her phone. As she did, the Commissioner had made a dismissive gesture toward the officers escorting Melissa and the others. “Put them somewhere hidden before the fucking media shows up, would you?” He turned away, putting the phone to his ear. “Maddie. Cut the bullshit. We need to...” Melissa hadn’t been able to hear any more as he’d strode away.

“Go on, I’ll take care of this.” Renay nodded at them. Melissa hadn’t been particularly reassured, considering *who* her sister was. Jessica had looked rather dubious as well.

But Lindsay seemed a bit more trusting. “Safer down here than it was up there, right?” She had whispered to Melissa. “Come on, let’s go.” With Natasha and Daniella following, Melissa had been helped by her two girlfriends out of the building and into the waiting police van.

As she’d done so, the brunette had seen a couple of tall policewomen giving her unsubtle glares. Perhaps they were Azrael’s former comrades, hanging out for a potential chance at revenge. If so, they wouldn’t get it. A number of white vans in the street around the apartment building, with rough-looking woman glaring out of the windows at the cops nearby. The Reilly family was here in force, it seemed. Melissa had felt a little reassured when she’d seen Elsa and Padma in one of the vans though.

Now, the five... the *six* of them had been waiting in the back of the van for about half an hour now. Melissa wasn’t quite sure how long it had been, since the only way she could measure time was by her digestion. And that was kicking uncomfortably into gear...

In the end, Melissa wasn’t sure where Azrael was now. Her body was in Melissa’s guts, but her soul... Well, she was learning the answer to life’s greatest question, the brunette supposed. Although for Azrael, it had never been a question. She had always been certain she knew the answer. Perhaps she was learning that she was entirely wrong right now.

But Melissa didn't really care to think about the spiritual side of things right now. Azrael's body was hammering her guts. Not literally, since the apex predator... hadn't moved in quite a while. But she was easily the *heaviest* meal that Melissa had ever eaten. A dull ache is pounding in Melissa's intestines, and the brunette isn't looking forward to the rest of the process. Azrael's definitely not going quietly, that's for sure.

Natasha can't seem to stop staring at Melissa's belly, perhaps understandably. "Oh my god..." The pink-haired girl almost moans, licking her lips nervously. The outline of Azrael's body is quite visible, even down to her muscles. "I can't believe she's really in there..."

"Who?" Daniella shrugs theatrically, nudging the pink-haired girl's shoulder and nodding toward the two cops in the front of the van. "Who's she? You mean the baby Melissa's pregnant with?" She lets out a rather forced laugh. "Oh, by the way, who's the daddy? I don't think I ever asked."

"That would be the beautiful babe sitting across from me." Lindsay winks at Jessica. "My girlfriend got knocked by Jessica Storm on their first session, how fucking hot is that?" Natasha and Daniella nod eagerly, while Jessica herself just tries to look calm and unaffected. But her slight blush makes it obvious to Melissa that her new girlfriend is rather proud of it.

"Wait, you're *the* Jessica Storm?!" The other cop, a small man that Melissa had initially taken for a girl, blurts out in surprise as he spins around to look at the blonde woman. Everyone, including his partner, stares at him for a moment. "Er... I mean, I don't know who you are. I've never even *used* VoreFa-"

A loud banging on the driver's side window interrupts his unconvincing lie. "Hey, Constable!" Melissa hears a man's voice. A moment later, the ginger cop opens the window. "Everything's sorted. Follow the white van."

The cops in the front seat seem a little confused, but whoever just said that was clearly their superior, so they obey the order. A moment later, the police van is pulling off the street, following the white vans that are also leaving.

"Hold on, where are we going?!" Lindsay reflexively places an arm around Melissa's shoulders, holding her girlfriend tightly. "What the fuck?"

"Hey!" Jessica bangs on the grate separating the back and the front of the police van. "Where are you taking us?!"

"I... I don't know!" The ginger cop is small and rather younger than Melissa would have expected for a cop. Perhaps she and her partner are fresh out of the academy. "I'm following them!"

A couple of minutes later, the van comes to a stop in a small courtyard in between a few buildings. A moment later, there's another banging on the driver's side window. "Open up!"

Melissa is a little relieved to hear Renay's voice. "You've been ordered to let them out, Constable."

"Huh?" The ginger cop sounds a little baffled. "Hold on, I can't just..."

"I think we better do what they say, Jamie!" Her partner says, poking her nervously in the arm.

Opening their doors, the cops walk around to the back of the van. Melissa is relieved to feel a wash of cool air as the doors open. As the two cops move back, Renay walks around the back, Elsa hovering awkwardly behind her. "Come on, haven't got all day, ladies!" She snaps, gesturing for them to step out.

"Huh?" Melissa... hasn't the *foggiest* clue what's going on. But apparently they're not under arrest? Or something? Whatever's happening is probably better than going to jail. Apparently, Daniella and Natasha agree, because the two of them jump out of the van immediately.

Lindsay and Jessic have to help Melissa climb down out of the back of the van. As they help her, the brunette sees that the courtyard is lined with white vans, with about a dozen of the Reilly family's thugs standing menacingly alongside them.

Oh. Perhaps this *wasn't* better than being arrested.

"Okay, you two better get a move on." Renay says to the two cops, jerking a thumb toward the thugs nearby. "This place is *rumored* to be gang territory, and cops may not be welcome." She raises an eyebrow at the two terrified cops. "Of course, if you feel like sticking around, I'm not going to be a witness to whatever might happen to you."

The two cops might be young and inexperienced, but they're not suicidal. A minute later, the police van peels out of the courtyard at what Melissa suspects is an illegally high speed. Not that the cops would have to worry about the law.

Melissa and her friends are left standing in front of Renay and Elsa. The pale thug grins at Melissa. "Fuck, am I glad to see you're okay. I thought you'd be a fucking stain on the floor by now. Red *or* brown."

"Melissa Jones. You certainly live an interesting life." Renay takes a deep breath and shakes her head. "Good to see you again... though I wish it'd been under normal circumstances."

Melissa hasn't seen Renay in person for years. She knew Lindsay went to see her the other day, and the solicitor had something to do with their new apartment, but... "Good to see you again, Renay." The brunette gives her a weak smile. She really is glad to see her old friend again, but she's more than a little tired. "Thanks for... getting us out of there."

"I... have a pretty fuckin' good idea of what went down in Azrael Tueuer's apartment today." Renay eyes Melissa's bulging belly for a moment, and then looks away. "But please, don't say a word to anyone else about this. It's best that none of this got out..."

"Bit late for that." Natasha bites her lip. "It's all over the internet, I think. At least, Azrael seemed to think so..."

"There's a difference between... Rumor and truth are different things, okay?" Renay rubs the bridge of her nose, looking exhausted. She always looks exhausted. "Look, it doesn't matter. You're alive... Well, *most* of you are alive, I guess. Honestly, I don't know which *idiot* thought breaking into the Superintendent's apartment was a good idea..."

Daniella holds up her hand. "Present." She says with a slight grin.

"Me too." Elsa points at herself with a hint of pride. "After we got chased off by Azrael, Renay picked us up. I talked her into breaking into the apartment, but the police got there first..."

"It's a good thing Elsa told us what was going on." Renay frowns at Melissa. "If she hadn't, I don't think Azrael's cronies... *former* cronies would have passed up a chance at revenge." The solicitor looks down at Melissa's belly. "Jesus Christ. Is that really *her* in there?" Melissa opens her mouth to answer, but Renay quickly holds up her hand. "No, sorry, please don't tell me. Given the deal my sister's worked out, it's best if we all keep a modicum of plausible deniability."

"How the *fuck* did you guys survive?" Elsa asks what Melissa considers to be a damn good question. "Padma and me barely survived our run-in with her. Sofia... didn't. How the heck did you go up against Azrael and survive?!" Beside her, Renay pointedly pulls out her phone and turns away, as if to pretend that she can't hear them.

Melissa, Lindsay and Jessica all look at each other for a moment. "Er... We probably *shouldn't* have" The brunette has to admit. "If it weren't for Daniella and Natasha, we'd probably all be digested by now." Natasha blushes at the memory, while Daniella remains quiet. The tiny prey had noticeably become quiet after Sofia's name was mentioned.

"Yeah, she was..." Jessica winces and rubs her thigh. Melissa had noticed earlier that she had been limping. "I wouldn't say that I'm a fighter, but she was definitely the most powerful predator I've ever seen. Even with all three of us, we still lost quite badly."

"Yeah, she creamed out fucking asses." Lindsay chuckles at the memory. Jessica shoots her a slightly irritated look. "What? We survived. We can laugh about it now?"

Melissa knew she wouldn't be laughing about anything for quite a while. Today had been rough, probably the roughest she was ever likely to experience in her life. Frankly, it felt like something of an injustice that she had survived it. By all rights, Azrael should have won the fight against the three of them... But the apex predator had apparently considered the two prey girls so

beneath her power that she hadn't even factored them into the battle. And that had been her undoing...

Suddenly, Melissa's belly rumbles loudly, and the brunette feels a layer of sweat break out across her forehead as a powerful wave of discomfort blooms in her guts. "Ugh..." She groans, doubling over slightly as she feels her stomach acids bubbling violently. "Oh, shit..."

"Whoa, you alright, Mel?" Lindsay's hand squeezes her shoulder, and Melissa can hear that her girlfriend is rather alarmed. "You feeling alright? You're not gonna throw her back up, are you?"

Melissa feels like crap right now, but there's no particular danger of *that*. As long as gravity still exists, there's no chance of the woman melting inside her going back *up* her throat. "Fuck, I wanna down an entire bottle of Immodium right now..." Melissa can feel her breasts and arse tingling as well, a subtle warning that Azrael is going to leave her with a lot more than a sore behind in a few hours. After digesting Talia, Melissa's breasts had been somewhere between DD and E. She really didn't want to think about how big they'd be tomorrow.

"Wait, where *is* Padma?" She asks instead, looking around. Elsa had said her girlfriend had survived as well.

Elsa grimaces and jerks a thumb behind her. In the distance, near the white vans, Melissa can now see Padma. The young brown-skinned girl is surrounded by half a dozen futanari thugs, who are quite clearly hitting on her. One of them even had her arm around Padma's shoulder, whispering in her ear as she blushes. "My girlfriend's just over there. She's fine." As Padma notices Melissa looking at her, the girl waves happily. Melissa feels a little relieved that she's not hurt.

Natasha raises an eyebrow. "Um... I'm no expert, but she's not gonna be your girlfriend for much longer if you let your friends hit on her like that."

"Huh?!" Elsa spins around and lets out a growl of irritation. Apparently, the pale thug hadn't noticed that her comrades were getting quite friendly with her girlfriend. "Hey! Hands off, Danica!" She stomps away and starts to argue with the girl with her arm around Padma's shoulder, who seems quite reluctant to obey Elsa's demand.

"Look alive." Renay says quietly, turning back to the group. "My sister's about to arrive." A moment later, she turns to the Reilly family thugs nearby. "Piss off, you lot! My sister wants *privacy*, so fuck off back to whatever brothel you blow your paychecks on!"

The Reilly family thugs look rather annoyed at the solicitor, but Melissa notes that they don't hesitate to obey. Exactly what position of power Renay has is kinda unclear, but it must be a high one. Piling back into their vans, they quickly beat a hasty retreat. Danica tries to nonchalantly take Padma with her, but Elsa grabs her girlfriend's hand and pulls her away with a

glare at her comrade. Within a couple of minutes, only Renay, Melissa and her friends are left. And not a moment too soon, it would seem.

A sleek black car pulls into the courtyard and comes to a stop. Melissa can see that the car is expensive, shapely with a Ferrari logo on the bonnet. A moment later, a couple of tall women step out of the car, their muscles bulging against the fabric of their suits and their buttons undone to show off their impressive cleavage. Melissa's eyes are drawn to the heavy bulges in their pants. These women are clearly Reilly family enforcers, a much more powerful breed than their thuggish comrades. One of the enforcers opens the back door of the Ferrari.

A tall woman steps out of the car, moving in a way that seems to suggest that she owns the world. She's wearing an elegant dress that almost looks like what a Greek goddess might wear, but dyed almost black. Her dark brown hair is tied back into a long ponytail, and there's a beauty mark just under her lip. Her breasts are impressive, hidden under the folds of her dress. But her behind is far more impressive, a stunningly round derriere that's visible even from the front. She's wearing a pair of aviator sunglasses and holding a half smoked cigarette. The mid-thirties woman could almost be a model or even a pornstar... if she wasn't the head of one of the most powerful crime families in Sydney.

Madeline Reilly lets out a puff of cigarette smoke. "Alright, let's make this short and sweet. I got bigger fish to fry right now." She snaps, in a surprisingly gravelly voice.

"Did everything go well with the Commissioner?" Renay asks, as her sister walks over to her.

"Oh, it went swell. You know how much I love it when Chris begs." Madeline lets out a snort of amusement at the thought. "And we're finally rid of a nasty thorn in the family's side, thanks to..." She seems to notice Melissa's belly first for the first time. "Jesus Christ. Is that *her*?" The outline of Azrael Tueuer is still quite obvious inside Melissa's gut.

"*Don't* answer the question, Melissa." Renay cuts in before the brunette can respond. As if to answer for itself, Melissa's belly lets out a loud rumble, as it struggles to digest the predator within. "For legal purposes, let's just say Melissa's pregnant and leave it at that."

Her sister rolls her eyes. "Sure, Renay. The Azrael-shaped lump in her gut is clearly a baby." She stares for a moment, and then lets out a whistle of appreciation. "Damn, that's a hell of a way to go. Bitch more than deserved it, though. I mean, *if* that's who I think it is." Madeline nods at Melissa and the others. "Hello girls. The name's Madeline Reilly. Pity we couldn't meet under better circumstances."

"Hey, nice to meet you." Lindsay puts an arm around Melissa's shoulders. "Remember Maddie, Mel? We never met her, but Renay mentioned her a few times when we went to uni." Yeah, that's true. But Melissa also knows the name of Madeline Reilly from plenty of true crime reports. This woman is not someone to piss off.

“Good things, I hope.” Madeline gives her sister a meaningful look, and then takes a long puff of her cigarette.

“H-hey, boss...” Elsa steps forward, rubbing her hands together nervously. “Beautiful as always! I hope your health is...”

Madeline holds up a hand to silence the pale thug. “Oh no, I’ll deal with *you* and your new girlfriend in a minute, Disney. Shut your hole before I cram my cock into it.” Indeed, Melissa can see that the front of the woman’s dress is sporting an impressive bulge. Actually, the dress might even be specially *designed* to show off her genitals, on second glance. Elsa wisely steps back, grinning fearfully as she stands next to Padma. “Excuse the French, ladies. Introduce me to your friends, Renay. Sorry, but you’ll have to make it quick. A *lot* of shit’s on my plate today.”

“Right...” Renay gives Elsa a glare and the futanari thug takes a step back. “This is Melissa Jones, and her girlfriend, Lindsay Smith.”

“Yeah, my sister mentioned you two back in uni.” Madeline shrugs. “And more recently. I believe you owe us a big debt, Miss Smith.”

Melissa looks up at the redhead. “Wait, what? Oh right...” She had actually forgotten about that. Lindsay had used Renay’s mafia contacts to secure their new apartment. Though it was perhaps reasonable that she’d forgotten about that while everything else was happening.

Lindsay was sweating a little now. “Oh... right. Yeah, I *do* owe the Reilly family a lot, don’t I?”

“You sure do. Enough that, when my sisters told me what was happening, I was willing to put my neck on the line to make sure our investment didn’t disappear into a policewoman’s gullet. That would have been a shit ending for you after you’d taken down the Superintendent, wouldn’t it?” Madeline waves her cigarette at the others. “You’re welcome with the new apartment, by the way. And you have an interesting set of friends, don’t you?”

“Er... Jessica Storm and Daniella Coven.” Renay answers after a moment. “They’re both pornstars who use VoreFans...”

“I know who they are.” Madeline reaches up and lowers her sunglasses. Melissa is almost amused to see a pair of tired eyes almost identical to her sister’s. “Daniella Coven especially.” She licks her lips and grins at the tiny prey woman. “You might say I’m a big fan of most of you, actually. Except for you, Pinkie.” She nods at Natasha, and Renay shrugs.

“Er... Natasha Birch.” The teenage girl looks rather baffled by what’s happening. “Sorry, am I supposed to know who you are?”



There's a moment of silence, and Melissa can see Renay's normally tired expression freeze for a moment. Behind her, Elsa looks horrified. There's a long pause, and Melissa can only hear everyone around her breathing.

Madeline lets out a dangerous chuckle. "I like you, girl. You're cute and not too bright. Exactly my type." She takes a puff of her cigarette. As Natasha opens her mouth to answer, the futanari blows a cloud of smoke into her face. As the pink-haired girl splutters, Madeline grins. "The more you talk, the more I like you. And if I *like* you enough, you'll be coming home with me, Natasha Birch. You hear me?"

Natasha is naive, but not a slow learner, thankfully. She nods obediently, and Jessica reaches out and pulls the girl slightly closer toward her, a move that Melissa appreciates.

"Well, this is all swell." Madeline grins widely at the five of them, and then looks over at Renay. "No offense, but are these really the girls who took down the Superintendent? I really can't believe it..."

"Excuse me." Jessica Storm steps forward, her handsome face rather stern. Oh gosh, she looks shockingly attractive like that, Melissa has to admit. "But I'm quite fed up with you, Madeline Reilly." The blonde futanari folds her arms and glares at the mafia boss. Madeline is tall, but Jessica manages to eke out a few inches on her. "Enough beating about the bush. Why have you brought us here?"

"Excuse me, Miss Storm." Madeline raises an eyebrow. On either side of their boss, her enforcers tense up protectively. "That's a rather *rude* way to talk to me, isn't it? After all, I'm talking to Melissa and Lindsay, not you."

"Yes, it is rather rude. But as it happens, Melissa and Lindsay are both my girlfriends, so if you're talking to them, you're talking to me too." Jessica's hair flashes in the morning light like lightning, as the blonde futanari tilts her head. "And forgive me, but if you're trying to *intimidate* me, it's not working. I know who you are, Madeline Reilly. And you know what's happened today. So, what do you *want*?"

"It's working on *me*." Daniella adds quietly, and Melissa hears Lindsay snort quietly.

There's a long moment as the two powerful futanari stare each other down. Madeline looks up at the blonde futanari, a slight grin on her face. Jessica glares down at the mafia boss, her expression cold and grim. Everyone else, including Melissa, is frozen as the two women engage in a silent battle of willpower. Well, apart from Melissa's belly, which is still quite happy to make noise, but Jessica and Madeline thankfully ignore her.

Finally, Madeline clicks her tongue, sounding a little irritable. "Geez, there's no need to glare at me like you're a Catholic schoolteacher, Storm." She rolls her eyes, shaking her head in amusement. "I don't particularly want to get off on the wrong foot with you, just so you know."

“Then, *don’t*.” Jessica shrugs and takes a step back. “Now, what do you want from us?”

Madeline takes a moment to answer, sucking in a breath of air. “Okay, here’s the deal.” She points her cigarette at Melissa’s belly. “Azrael Tueuer’s been a problem for a lot of people, for a long fuckin’ time.” She sneers down at the outline of the apex predator, which is slowly losing cohesion. “She and I were... on bad terms, for a lot of reasons.”

Yes, Melissa can imagine that Azrael wouldn’t have been a fan of Madeline Reilly. The woman practically *stinks* of sin. “Oh yeah, Azzy had a lotta enemies.” Daniella says with a wide grin.

“Indeed.” Madeline hesitates again. It feels like she’s looking for exactly the right words. “But it was quite a surprise to wake up this morning and discover that the nasty bitch had been helping the predator crime rate stay high.” She chuckles to herself. “Well, maybe that’s just karma, right? Azrael worked so hard to make sure the police didn’t investigate predator-related crimes, and now they’re not investigating *her* predator-related disappearance. I can jerk off to that kinda justice...”

“Er, yes... It was quite a surprise for the New South Wales Police.” Renay cuts in, tugging at her pencil skirt awkwardly. “They’re in quite a disarray to learn that the star Superintendent of the force had *allegedly* engaged in casual murder and rape right under their noses. Naturally, when there was a call that *gunshots* had been heard from the Superintendent’s residence, they hurried to her home to find out what was going on.”

“But alas, all they found was a puddle of blood in an otherwise empty apartment. Presumably, she fell victim to some unknown predator who broke into her apartment. No leads, no chance of solving the case. Pretty much an instant cold case.” Madeline finishes with a wide grin. “At least, that’s what the police are going to say. And the Reilly family is going to help them make sure that *that* is the story that’s published in the newspapers, not some... wild rumor about a botched kidnapping that ended with Tueuer’s death at the hands of her own victims.”

Melissa feels rather lost. Why would the police overlook the fact that they’d found Melissa and the others in Azrael’s apartment. “Why?” She asks, poking her stomach. “I mean, I’m not complaining, but why would the police pretend that I didn’t *eat* one of their officers?” Natasha and Daniella both look a little lost as to this as well.

“*Allegedly*.” Renay adds quickly, almost on reflex. The solicitor gives her sister a meaningful look.

Madeline rolls her eyes. “Because that’s the easiest solution to this whole messy as fuck situation, Miss Jones!” She takes a long drag on her cigarette and snorts in amusement. “Can you *imagine* the fucking PR nightmare that having a serial killer on the police force would be?! Do you have *any* idea how scandalous it would be for the public to learn that the police had

been *overlooking* one of their own... Well, not just being a prolific rapist and murderer, but also having her own gang of murderers and rapists on her payroll within the police force?"

Well, when she put it *that way*... "So, what? It's easier for the police to pretend they didn't see me lugging this gut out of the apartment building?" Melissa pokes her belly and then immediately regrets it as a loud gurgle makes her stomach muscles shiver.

"What's easier? The PR nightmare I just described? Or one of their officers suddenly goes missing right as a nasty rumor about her breaks?" Madeline finishes her cigarette and flicks the glowing butt aside. "Azrael's murder room might be all over the internet, but it's not gonna go further than rumor if the bitch herself is dead. Frankly, you did the police a big fucking favour, and they'd rather wipe the slate clean than go after you. Take the win and take it quietly, Miss Jones."

"Uh huh." Jessica folds her arms again. "And what's *your* angle, Reilly? You said you and your family were going to help them cover it up. What do you and your family get out of this?"

"Allegedly..." Renay adds quickly, and gets a glare from the pornstar and her own sister as a reward.

"Yeah!" Daniella points at Madeline. "You wanna get something outta us? You wanna fuck our butts or something? Or *allegedly* fuck 'em?"

Madelin just grins at her. "Maybe. But that's unrelated to the case."

"Funny." To Melissa's surprise, it's not Jessica hitting back with a hint of snark. Natasha folds her arms and glares at Madeline. "What do you get out of keeping us alive, lady?" Apparently, the pink-haired girl has found a little bit of backbone. Just a little bit, though. Melissa can see that the girl is putting on a brave face, but she's terrified of Madelin.

"Well, with you, I get a pretty face to look at." Madeline clicks her tongue, thinking about how to properly respond for a moment. "I'll be blunt, ladies. We get a *big* fucking piece of blackmail out of this. Chris... That is, the Commissioner knows we can leak the news whenever we want. So they're gonna have to move carefully around me and my... business. We're pretty much untouchable." She sneers at the thought. "Crime rate is gonna rise in this city in the next few years, ladies. My family and I owe you big. Miss Smith, you can consider your debt from the other day paid in full."

"Huh?" Lindsay seems a bit surprised by that. "Er, are you sure?" The redhead actually seems a bit disappointed.

"Yeah, well, Renay made a good case for you." Madeline reaches into her dress and pulls out a cigarette packet from in between her breasts. Pulling out another smoke, the tall woman stuffs the packet back in between her boobs. "Besides, do you have any idea how long I've wanted

that bitch dead? I've had to tiptoe my glorious arse around Tueuer for years. And not only is she now gone, but I can blackmail the police to..." She hesitates for a moment, and then grins at Melissa. "Well, best keep that between family, I think."

"A-allegedly..." Renay says, now rather half-heartedly.

"So, that's that, then?" Natasha asks, sounding a little hopeful. "Everything's square, and we can all return home without needing to worry about anything?" Everyone else here knows it's not going to be *that* easy.

"Sure! Everything's sorted, sweetheart." Madeline winks at the young girl. "Well, I suppose you *might* feel a bit indebted to us, considering that we helped you out of a sticky situation with the police..."

Ah, here it comes. Melissa had suspected that it was far too good to be true. "When you say we *might*..."

"I'm glad you're a good enough person to understand how good it would be for you to pay us back in kind, Melissa Jones." Madeline nods slowly, and the brunette knows that the mafia boss is far more intelligent than she initially suspected. Then again, a woman like this didn't become head of a crime family by being merciful and generous. "Though, I'd like to think of it as... an opportunity to make a couple of new friends. Lindsay, my sister tells me you were considering entering politics?"

Lindsay seems more than a little caught off guard by this question. "I am?" She asks, blinking for a moment. "Oh, er... Renay and I talked about the idea when I visited her office last... but I didn't agree to anything just yet..."

Madeline seems to ignore the redhead's last sentence. "So happens that I'm going to be entering politics under the endorsement of the Australian Phallus Party." She nods at Renay. "My sister's already a member. I'm sure she told you that the LGBT Party is making a big push for a unified sexual minority coalition, right? Looking to legalize a whole bunch of alternative lifestyles?"

"Er... vaguely?" Lindsay shrugs.

"Well, the details can be discussed at a later time. But they've been successful in corralling the Phallus and the Vorax Parties into joining a coalition. And I'd love to have a *friend* in the Vorax Party that I can rely on." Without waiting for Lindsay to answer, Madeline turns to Jessica. "And you, Miss Storm. I'm told the Australian Phallus Party approached you too?"

Jessica frowns. "They did. But I declined. I don't have much interest in politics."

Madeline seems rather undeterred by the pornstar's glare. "That's a shame." She holds out her cigarette and one of her enforcers pulls out a lighter, igniting the end of her smoke. "You know, if you were to *reconsider*, I'd consider you and Lindsay to have done me as big a favor as I've done you and your girls today."

Jessica and Madeline stare at each other for a long moment, and Melissa can feel a struggle of wills.

But this time, Jessica breaks first. The blonde futanari sighs and rubs the bridge of her nose. "I... I'm hoping to start a porn studio, but as long as it doesn't conflict..."

"Oh, that won't be an issue." Madeline chuckles. "Politics are changing, Miss Storm. Having a sex worker in politics is *progressive* now. Who wouldn't want to see their local member *interacting* with her constituents?"

The blonde futanari frowns, but she knows she's cornered. "Very well. I will... *reconsider* my decision. Provided that it's only Lindsay and I that need to feel *indebted*, as you say."

"Yeah, that works for me." Madeline grins at Natasha. "They can feel free to never see me again, if they wish."

"Is that mandatory? Cause you're kinda hot." Daniella really can't help herself, can she?

Melissa gets the sense that they may have just signed a deal with the devil. But if this is the worst that happens today, it's a mercy. "Ugh..." She groans, feeling her belly rumble dangerously. It feels like the woman inside her is getting *heavier*, not lighter over time.

"Oh yes! Sorry, I'm rambling now, aren't I?" Madeline looks around at Melissa and her friends. "You lovely girls head on home now, and stay safe. The cops and my family won't be bothering you, but watch out for Azrael's goons. Some of them might want revenge." She winks at Melissa. "But hey, no problem for *you*, right? You already took down the bigger threat. You take that lump home and turn her into a fat turd, would you?"

Yeah, that's going to happen whether Melissa likes it or not. And it's not going to be easy. "Thanks, Madeline." The brunette says, trying to smile through the ache in her guts. "It was nice to meet you?" It hadn't been, but politeness didn't hurt.

"Yeah, likewise. Thanks for being friends with my sisters." Madeline grins at the brunette, and it feels like it's actually a somewhat genuine smile for once.

"Well, I knew Renay way back in uni..." Melissa's a *little* bit out of it at the moment, what with the predator burning a hole in her guts, but did she just say *sisters*? "Wait, sisters?"

“Yup.” Madeline turns to Elsa, pointing at her. “As for you, you little shit. You go around helping people without my permission like this again, you’re taking a one-way trip into my bowels. I don’t fucking *care* if you and I both swam around in Mom’s nutsack.”

Elsa looks rather sheepish as her... sister jabs a finger at her. “S-sorry, boss...”

“And you’re dating ethnic now, I see. What happened to dating a nice Catholic girl?” Madeline sighs and turns back to Renay. “I know the Church doesn’t believe in birth control, but Mom really needs to make an exception when she visits a brothel, right?”

Renay just rolls her eyes. “Hey, you were the one who insisted that she join the family business, sis.”

“Fine, you wanna play it like that?” Madeline looks at Elsa and jerks her head at Renay. “Elsa, you’re my family and I love you. But you’re going to law school from now on.”

“What?!” Elsa looks mortified. “No, wait! I’m sorry! Please don’t make me go to law school, sis... I mean, boss. Please!”

Madeline just ignores her. Turning back to her car, the mafia boss hesitates for a moment. “Oh yes, I almost forgot.” She reaches into her dress and pulls out a small card. “Here, Miss Coven. My phone number.” One of her enforcers takes it from her and hands it to Daniella.

The tiny prey takes the card with a hint of surprise. “Huh? What’s this for?” She asks, raising her eyebrow at Madeline.

The mafia boss gives her a slightly irritated look. “What does it *usually* mean when a futanari gives a cute girl her phone number, Miss Coven?” Rolling her eyes, Madeline nods at the car, and one of her enforcers opens the door for her. “I’ll be looking forward to seeing Lindsay and Miss Storm again soon.” She chuckles to herself. “Oh yeah, I think this is the start of a beautiful friendship.”

“Likewise.” Jessica says, through gritted teeth.

Madeline steps into the car, sitting down luxuriously in the padded seats. Renay joins her a moment later. “Are you coming, Disney?” The solicitor asks Elsa.

The pale thug... law student shakes her head. “No, I’ll stay and make sure everyone gets home safely.”

Madeline tosses her cigarette out of the car. “Suit yourself, kid.” She shoots Elsa a warning look. “You’d best find time for family dinner on the weekend. Mom misses you, and so does *your* mom.” As one of her enforcers closes the door, Madeline holds up a hand to stop her. “Oh, and

Melissa..." Melissa blinks and looks up. "You'd better post the results of your meal on VoreFans. Me and the rest of your subscribers have been waiting for *days*, y'know?"

And then, with a loud clunk, the Ferrari's door closes. A moment later, it glides out of the courtyard, glinting in the afternoon sun as it drives away.

Lindsay puts her hands on her hips and looks around at the others. "Well, I think that went pretty well. Don't you?"

Jessica folds her arms, looking more than a little annoyed. "Not particularly. But I suppose as long as you and Melissa are okay, then I'm not going to complain." She shakes her head. "God, I need to call Marne, and let everyone know I'm alright..."

"Yeah, I was kinda hoping for us to get disappeared there." Daniella says with a wide grin. "I mean, *expecting*. Sorry, Freudian slip."

"Should I be weirded out that she didn't even *look* at me?" Padma asks hesitantly.

Elsa shrugs. "Oh, that's just... Ah... She's just a little racist, that's all." She chuckles nervously. "But she's nice in private... to people who don't annoy her..."

As an awkward silence descends, Natasha looks around. "So, uh... Now what?" She asks, looking at Melissa. Indeed, it's now just the seven of them standing in an empty courtyard. Come to think of it, this is probably private property.

"Uh..." Lindsay scratches her red hair. "I guess... We go home? Does anyone have their Opal card with them, or are we all walking back?"

Yeah... Home seems like a good place to be right now. "Ugh..." Melissa suddenly feels light-headed. "I think I'm gonna pass out..."

The darkness around the edges of her vision pours in, and the brunette feels herself begin to crumple. The last thing she feels at that moment is six pairs of hands catching her.

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*Azrael's cock looked large to Melissa's eyes, but that's nothing to how colossal it feels between her lips. Even the head of the predator's penis seems to stretch Melissa's jaw wide. The brunette isn't sure how much blood would be needed to keep this monster erect, but judging by the sheer heat she can feel coming off the cock, it's a lot. Luckily, Azrael's masturbation has left the organ absolutely coated in precum.*

*Melissa had always been partial to the taste of sperm. In her lifetime, she'd probably drunk more of it than anyone she knew, except for maybe Jane back in university. But Azrael's cum is easily*

*the best she's ever tasted. It's a heady, intoxicating taste that feels addictive right from the start. Hesitating for a moment, Melissa shifts into a slightly better position and begins to suck the precum off the head of Azrael's cock.*

*"Ah!" The dark predator lets out a groan of pleasure as Melissa sucks on the head of her penis. "Ah... you're quite the veteran, aren't you, Melissa Jones..."*

The dark voice echoes through Melissa's mind as she begins to stir. The dream had felt so real, it takes her a moment to remember that she's not still in that apartment, sitting next to her new lover.

But all good things must come to an end. As the brunette opens her eyes, she feels a hint of pain as she stares up at the pale ceiling light. Closing her eyes again, Melissa feels the darkness in her mind fading away. Her stomach feels heavy, but much less so than it did before she'd fallen asleep. She opens her eyes again and looks around.

She'd... fallen unconscious after Madeline had left, hadn't she? Then again, Melissa *had* been digesting the biggest meal of her life and had just through a day and half before that. And a battle. That had been the only point in the brunette's life that she could call a *battle*, and she knew she never wanted to do anything like that ever again. Talia and the girl from the club had been more like... ambushes, maybe? But actually slugging it out with a predator was something Melissa never wanted to do ever again. Then again, the battle hadn't been her choice in the first place, had it?

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 her bed, the new one that Lindsay had gotten from Padma's family, apparently. She's only woken up here a few times, but it's a far more comforting place to wake up than beside an apex predator.

So, her friends must have carried her back home somehow. Or, like, flagged an Uber or something. It probably hadn't been *that* hard to get home, not with six people. Melissa could imagine Lindsay and Jessica getting her into bed and then collapsing themselves. On that note, there *is* someone in bed beside her. Two of them, actually. One of them is snoring loudly.

As Melissa sits up in bed, she becomes aware that she's naked. Apparently, someone must have removed her clothes at some point. It's surprising for the brunette to realize that she's much less bothered by this idea than she would have been a few months ago. Possibly because she'd had sex with pretty much everyone she knew by now.

"Lindsay?" Melissa tentatively asks, still quite groggy from sleep. She pulls back the covers of the bed gently. She had expected to see her redheaded girlfriend, but instead she's greeted by the cute brown face of Padma. "Oh. Hey, Padma."



“Oh, you’re awake!” The young girl says softly. She grins up at Melissa, resting her head against a pale muscled arm. Melissa pulls back the sheet a little more, revealing the slumbering face of Elsa. The pale futanari is dead to the world, snoring like a buzzsaw as she snuggles up against her girlfriend. Both of them are naked, brown and white skin making a rather pleasant contrast. “We all made bets on how long you were gonna sleep.”

“Ugh...” Melissa rubs her face, feeling more than a little disoriented. Sleeping during the day always makes her feel like crap afterward. “How long was I asleep?”

Padma thinks for a moment. “We got back here at, like, ten. And I think it’s seven in the evening now. So, like, nine hours.”

That’s shorter than Melissa had expected, honestly. “I was having a dream...” For some reason her dream had felt really, *really* long. The brunette had been a little worried that she’d been asleep for days.

“A dream?” Padma sits up, carefully extricating Elsa’s hand from her right tit. “What were you dreaming about?” She asks softly, apparently not particularly bothered about exposing her breasts in front of Melissa. The brunette even gets a good view of Elsa’s limp cock resting against the pale futanari’s left thigh.

Melissa blinks for a moment. What *had* she been dreaming about? Now that she’s... *mostly* awake, the dream seems to be draining out her memory like water down a sink. “I think it was a wet dream?”

“Oh, lucky.” Padma grins at her. “I couldn’t get any sleep at all. Elsa snores like crazy.”

Yeah, Melissa can’t help but notice that. As the pale futanari lets out another loud buzz, the brunette winces. “If you’re dating her now, that’s gonna be hard to get used to.” They’re dating, right? Melissa is still a bit out of it right now.

Padma shakes her head. “Oh no, I love the sounds she makes. It’s kinda like white noise. Kinda reassuring.” She smiles at Melissa. “I mean, I didn’t think I was going to be *alive* today, y’know? It’s nice.”

Oh, right. Padma had almost died yesterday too. Melissa had been a bit too busy almost dying herself, but the girl had been through quite a rough patch. What with Lindsay kinda... stealing her home and devouring her family too. “Ugh... You okay, Padma?” Melissa asks, pulling the bedsheet a little tighter around her body. “You and Elsa really saved our arses yesterday, so... thank you.” It feels a little lame to just say ‘thank you’, but Melissa has never been much of a wordsmith.

But, the brown-skinned girl just shakes her head. “I mean... you saved my life first, remember?” She looks down at her girlfriend and bites her lip. “If it wasn’t for you and... Azrael... I would

have been eaten that night in the park. But you saved me.” She smiles sadly at Melissa. “I know she was your enemy, but I wish Azrael hadn’t had to be...”

Yeah. Melissa nods at the young girl. “It... It was a real shame how things ended up with Azrael. I wish things could have been different.” The brunette admits, more to herself than Padma. But in the end, Melissa can’t imagine how things could have ended differently. Azrael had left her with no choice but to... end her permanently. Shaking off the dark thoughts, Melissa looks down at Padma’s thighs. “Uh... Is that cum?”

The brown-skinned girl looks down at her groin, where a small river of sperm is trickling out from her thighs. “Oh... yeah. Everyone else basically fell asleep after we got back here, but me and El had a spicy run-in with a couple of cops earlier, and she needed a release.”

“So... you two had sex in bed next to me?” Melissa has a mental image of herself snoring in bed, while Elsa and Padma went at it next to her.

Padma blushes a little. “W-well, we didn’t think you’d *mind*... Plus, we wanted to sleep in the same room with you.” The young girl looks down at Melissa’s body. “So, uh... How’s the meal going? Can I...?” She slowly reaches out for the sheets still covering Melissa’s body from the neck down, looking at the brunette for permission.

Oh, *fuck*.

Melissa had totally forgotten about that. She had been digesting the apex predator for like... nine hours, right? God, it was still hard to process that Azrael was... *fucking inside* her. Had she really *eaten* the dark predator? That nearly seven foot wall of muscle and cock?

Had her guts really been able to process Azrael’s powerful body? Melissa knew that her stomach acids were capable of digesting a whole ass human, but *Azrael*? Part of Melissa wonders if the predator’s body is still intact inside her, since the idea of her own body melting down someone like Azrael seems...

And yet, Melissa feels much lighter than before. No, that’s not quite right. Her *belly* feels a lot lighter, as if she’s finally passed a nasty bout of indigestion... which is probably exactly what happened. But the rest of Melissa’s body feels oddly heavy. Worryingly heavy.

“H-hold on...” Melissa grab’s Padma’s hand, stopping the girl from revealing her body. “I... I need a moment...” The brunette has never been good with her body changing. The effects of Talia had been disorienting enough.

After all, Melissa was *used* to her body. She’d had it for almost three decades now. But the brunette had a nasty feeling that her body was quite different now. And it was even worse to imagine that whatever she looked like now was *permanent*. What if she didn’t like it? What if she

looked weird? What if she looked down and saw Azrael's black cock between her legs? That last one was insane to imagine, but anything felt possible right now.

Then again, Melissa knew that if she waited until she felt ready to look, she'd wait forever. "Please, let me do it..." She says, and Padma pulls back her hand with a nod. Melissa takes a deep breath... and lowers the sheet.

The first thing that she sees are her boobs. They'd be impossible *not* to see, honestly. Melissa stops there for a moment, since this is already a lot to take in. Before today, Melissa had counted her boobs at a comfortable DD size, at least when it came to her bras. That was *after* Talia, by the way. Melissa knew her natural size was somewhere between C and D cup, at least by the byzantine bra system that she'd had to navigate.

Well, all those bras were now obsolete. "F-fuck..." Melissa can't help but let out a gasp of shock as she sees the two mammoth orbs on her chest. "Am I a fucking E-cup now?!" Most of Melissa's clothes had been left back at Azrael's apartment, and it honestly wasn't *that* big of a loss now. Fitting these bitches into one of those jewel-encrusted bras would be an exercise in futility.

"Uh, I'd say an F-cup might be a better bet." Padma stares at Melissa's chest, not bothering to hide her astonishment. "Holy shit, those are the biggest tits I've ever seen. And I've seen, like, six girls naked!"

Jesus. Jesus Christ. Melissa's tits are *huge*. They'd been relatively big before, but this was pushing into dangerous territory. "Oh fuck. Anyone who looks at me is gonna know they're not fucking natural, aren't they?" So much for pretending to be a prey online. The moment any of her subscribers on VoreFans saw this... "I... I don't even think *Lindsay* has tits this big!" Fuck, even the biggest chest she'd seen, Rika's from the VoreFans meetup, had almost been the same size. "Am I gonna have to fucking lug these around for the rest of my life?!"

"Uh..." Padma suddenly seems enamored with Melissa's shoulder for some bizarre reason. "Yeah, I don't think that's gonna be as big an issue as you think, Melissa." She pokes Melissa's upper arm. "I guess what they say about red meat is true..."

"Huh?" What is Padma... Oh. *Oh*.

Melissa had been feeling oddly heavy. Now she knows why. It wasn't fat, it was *muscle*. As she looks down at her shoulder, the brunette can see that her biceps are now quite clearly defined. Melissa throws off the sheet, suddenly feeling a hint of panic.

Her body is... Holy shit! Beneath her massive boobs, a thick set of abs are neatly stacked. Melissa has never been fat, but she's certainly never had a six-pack before! The area between her belly button and her vagina is taut. Her thighs are thick as hell and just as defined as her shoulder muscles as well. It wasn't nearly close to what Azrael had, nor was it even really close

to a body builder's level of muscle, but Melissa's body... was *impressive*. That's the only word she could imagine.

"Ho. Lee. *Fuck*." Padma lets out a little noise of excitement. "I kinda expected digesting a person to leave you with a bit of pudge! You look like a fucking *athlete!*"

That was... a bit of an overstatement, but Melissa really couldn't disagree. In truth, the brunette is just glad there isn't a massive cock swinging between her legs. Staring in disbelief at her own body, Melissa can feel her new muscles pulsing throughout her body. She'd been able to feel it since she woke up, but it was only now that she knew what that feeling was. Strength, raw power flowing through her. Compared to Azrael, it was meager, but compared to Melissa from yesterday...

Padma leans over, practically salivating as she looks Melissa's naked body up and down from behind. "Oh fuck, your back is just as sexy! I mean, uh, *toned*." She looks down at the brunette's butt. "Fuck, Azrael *really* knew where to hit you hard! That's an arse and a half down there!" Yes, Melissa can't see it, but she can feel the... cushioning. It's actually quite nice, come to think of it. "How... How do you feel?"

Azrael is *gone*. Melissa can see a curve in her belly, as if she's perhaps a few months pregnant. And inside her guts, she can feel a *weight*, the leftovers of the dark predator's remains. But Azrael's shape is utterly gone. The predator is dead and buried inside her. For the first time in a *long* time, Melissa feels genuine relief flow through her body and she breathes out. "W-what?" She asks, blinking at Padma.

"How do you feel?" Padma repeats, her eyes returning to Melissa's breasts. Honestly, the brunette can't blame her. They're *hard* to ignore.

"I feel..." Melissa thinks about it for a moment. "I feel *great*." It's the truth. As she rises from the bed, Melissa finds herself on her feet. The brunette feels steady and balanced. Her chest is heavy and annoyingly cumbersome without a bra, but her new muscles feel... *amazing*. She can feel her blood pumping through her body, she can feel her guts working hard. Melissa feels like it's not just the outside that's gotten an alarmingly large upgrade, her body's internals feel stronger, more powerful as well. "I've never felt this good before!"

Melissa flexes her new muscles for a moment, feeling the immensely pleasurable pain of her stretching. God, was this how Azrael had felt *all the time*? No, Melissa knows that even these muscles still pale in comparison to the power Azrael had cultivated. No wonder she'd felt so assured of her superiority and divinity. Melissa wasn't quite *that* powerful, but she's still impressive. No, there was a proper way to describe this...

Yesterday, Melissa had been a normal woman. But now, she has the body of a *predator*.

“Ugh...” Melissa looks at herself in the mirror, feeling more than a little apprehensive. “I don’t know... I don’t know if I like this...” To tell the truth, the brunette had barely begun to accept her predatory nature. She’d never really felt dominant like Lindsay or Jessica seemed to feel. And especially not like Azrael had been. “Wait, did the room, like, change?” The bedroom seems the same, but something feels off now that Melissa stands up.

“Well, / sure as fuck like it.” Padma moves to stand next to Melissa, giving her a cheerful thumbs up in the mirror. “And I think your girlfriend’s are gonna *love* it.” She licks her lips, and Melissa can see that the girl is *seriously* aroused right now. “Um... You and them have, like, an open relationship, right?”

“Um...” Melissa can’t answer that question, really. They have a relationship, but they haven’t yet had the chance to define it. “Probably?” She says, after a moment’s thought.

“Oh, thank *god*.” Padma points back at the bed. “Wanna take me for a spin before Elsa wakes up?” She grins seductively at Melissa. “Elsa wants us to be exclusive, but what she doesn’t know won’t hurt her...” Padma grabs one of her deliciously brown breasts, with her cute dark nipples, and squeezes it with a blush...

Fuck, that’s a *really* tempting offer. Melissa can’t help but feel an urge to push the young girl down onto the bed and lay *waste* to her sexy little body. Let Padma suck on her aching tits, and suckle on the young girl’s head, tempting herself to swallow her down. “Ugh... M-maybe another time...” She stammers, pulling herself back from the brink. Had those really been her thoughts? Maybe a little bit of Azrael’s testosterone had been inherited as well. But yeah, she had bigger things to attend to right now. “I need to check on the others.”

Padma seems a little disappointed, but she nods understandingly. “Oh, yeah. I forgot you haven’t seen them since you passed out.” The young girl walks around to the side of the bed, and picks up a handful of clothes. “Here, I’ve got the clothes you were wearing earlier, if you like.”

Melissa hesitates for a moment. “Uh, is there anything else to wear?” She asks. Those clothes had been stolen from Azrael. And wearing the dark predator’s clothes right now would feel a little...

In the end, Melissa and Padma manage to dress themselves in a mixture of Padma’s mother’s leftover clothes. Melissa kept forgetting that this was the girl’s former home. Parvati had been blessed with a mighty chest, it would seem, but even her clothes were tight on Melissa’s new boobs. In the end, Melissa had to make do with a sport’s bra and a loose white top that leaves her belly bare. Luckily, she *does* manage to find a pair of her own discarded pants, left over from the other day.

But as Melissa struggles to get them on, she finds that they’re shorter than she expected. The waistband is tight, as expected, but the legs come up short, leaving a few inches bare above her

ankles. “What the...?” Melissa stares at her bare skin for a moment, feeling a bit confused. “Why don’t these fit anymore? Did they shrink?”

Padma has slipped on one of her mother’s dresses, a snazzy blue number that looked like it might have been Parvati’s ‘date’ outfits. “How tall are you, Melissa?” Padma asks carefully.

Melissa isn’t quite sure. “Maybe... Six one?” It’s been ages since she’d measured herself. “Like, 185 centimeters, I think I was.” Yeah, that number sounded right.

The young girl looks Melissa up and down for a moment, and then grins at her. “Might wanna add about ten centimeters to that from now on.”

Oh. So, Melissa hadn’t just grown horizontally. That explained why the room looked a little odd to her eyes. She was now looking at it from a few inches higher.

Still, she has more pressing needs than marveling at her new body. As soon as she’s dressed, Melissa pushes open the bedroom door and steps out. “Lindsay? Jessica?” She calls out, feeling a bit alarmed. Rationally, she knows they’re fine. But she *really* needs to see them with her own eyes.

Melissa finds them in the living room, sprawled out all over the couches and the floor. No, the girls aren’t hurt, they’re just passed out. Melissa spies a small army of liquor bottles on the coffee table. Apparently, there had been quite a heavy drinking session this afternoon.

Jessica is sitting in the recliner, legs up and laying against the pillow behind her head. Even in slumber, the lightning-haired futanari looks stern. It’s insanely cute how serious she looks, actually. Daniella is curled up on the floor, her shirt missing for some reason. The tiny prey is cuddling a bottle of Jack Daniels, which is half empty. Lindsay is snoring on the couch, snuggling up with Natasha. Apparently, the redhead and the pinkhead must have patched up any awkwardness that they’d had between them. And patched it up quite well, considering that Lindsay’s hand was inside the front of the young girl’s shorts.

Melissa looks down at her friends for a moment, trying to suppress a smile of amusement. They must have had a fun afternoon. She feels a little sad that she hadn’t been there for it, but she’d been understandably *preoccupied*.

Sitting down on the arm of the recliner, the brunette looks down at Jessica Storm. Despite her serious look, the blonde futanari looks perfectly at home in the chair. Melissa is glad about that. There had been some tentative plans for Jessica to move in with them earlier, before Azrael had captured her and Lindsay. Melissa suspected that those plans were still on the table, though.

Leaning down, Melissa kisses Jessica, enjoying the faint taste of beer on her lips. A moment later, the futanari stirs. She’s still wearing the clothes she’d stolen from Azrael earlier today, a

loose tank top and black jeans. Her combat boots are gone, though. "Melissa?" Jessica smiles as she looks up at her new girlfriend. "You're awake... Oh!" Her eyes fall to Melissa's chest.

"Yeah, I'm aware that my chest looks like that." Melissa gives the futanari an awkward grin. "Let me wake up the others first, okay? I don't wanna have this conversation four times."

Waking Lindsay and Natasha is quite a bit harder. Even after kissing them both on the lips, neither of them wake up from their slumber. Melissa hesitates for a moment, and then remembers an old trick that Renay had used to wake Lindsay back in university.

"Ow!" Lindsay jolts awake as Melissa pinches her nipple. "What the f... Oh, Mel!" As the brunette pulls her hand back out of her girlfriend's bra, the redhead looks up at Melissa with a wide grin.

Nearby, Jessica shakes Daniella awake, the tiny prey letting out a grumbling protest as she wakes. Lindsay looks down at the young girl she's embracing and grins. "Hey, Natasha..." She whispers into the pink-haired girl's ear. "Time to wake up..." Her hand moves in the girl's shorts, and Natasha stirs awake with a rather arousing moan.

"H-hey!" The young girl blushes as she realizes that everyone is staring at her. "What's the big idea... Holy shit, is that *you*, Melissa?"

"Y-yeah..." Now that all eyes turn to her body, Melissa feels a bit self-conscious. She's had thousands of people see her naked and getting fucked online, but having people stare at her in person feels much heavier. "I think Azrael left me with some new assets..."

"I'll say!" Lindsay slaps Natasha on the butt, causing the young girl to jump up with a yelp. A moment later, the redhead stands up and walks over to her girlfriend. Without hesitation, Lindsay grabs Melissa's tits with both of her hands. "Crap, these things are *heavy*! They're fucking bigger than *mine*!"

"A-ah...!" Melissa hadn't realized how sensitive her breasts are right now. "P-please be gentle, Lin!" Oh fuck, her girlfriend really knows how to handle a pair of breasts...

"Shit, they're *my* size!" Daniella says as she staggers to her feet. The prey woman is small, but her breasts are indeed unusually large for a woman her size. It's especially noticeable now that she's only wearing a bra. Melissa takes one look at the bastion of wire and fabric that holds in Daniella's chest and immediately decides that she needs a dozen exactly like it. "That meal hit you like a fucking freight train, bitch. What the heck is that?!"

Jessica coughs awkwardly as she stands up, her cheeks flushing. "Er, yes. You look quite lovely, Melissa." She says, trying to surreptitiously cover her groin. But Melissa can see that her cock is stirring in her black pants.

“Fuck, these are some magnum tits if I’ve ever seen some!” Lindsay chuckles to herself. “Holy fuck, the spoils of victory are great, huh? All for me and Jess to enjoy! Guess I gotta thank Azrael for our new toys.” She pats her own stomach. “I guess our daughters are gonna enjoy ‘em too, big fuckin’ milk tanks to suckle on...”

Melissa gives the redhead a look of concern. “Are you drunk?” She asks, a little alarmed at the idea of a pregnant woman drinking.

Lindsay just shakes her head with a grin. “I’m high on life, babe. High on life.”

Jessica gathers up the bottles of alcohol as the others stare at Melissa’s boobs. “To tell the truth, I would have preferred to *actually* get high. But since we only had beer...”

“You smoke weed?” Melissa asks, a little surprised. She wouldn’t have pegged the serious woman for someone who gets high. Then again, she *did* do porn, didn’t she?

The futanari shrugs. “I like to relax every now and again. Especially with friends.”

That... sounded kinda good to Melissa, actually. She had used to smoke a little bit back in university with Xanthe, when the rich girl had bought them weed. That was a long time ago, but if Jessica wanted to try it...

As Jessica walks, Melissa can see that her new girlfriend is still limping. “How’s your hip?” She asks the blonde futanari.

“Still aching.” As she disposes of the empty bottles, Jessica grimaces. “She got me real good with that kick.” Rubbing her hip with her hand, the pornstar winces. “I’ll take some painkillers, and see a doctor in the next few days. Actually, we probably *all* should.”

“Yeah, and I need to fucking see a dentist ASAP.” Lindsay grins widely at Melissa, and the brunette is alarmed to see one of her front teeth missing. “Plus, me and Mel need to see a baby doctor to check that everything’s alright down there.” Oddly, Melissa isn’t really that worried about that. By some instinct, she knows that the life inside them has weathered the storm just as well as their mothers. “I don’t think Dani and Nat had any wounds, though. How are you feeling, Mel?”

Melissa felt... great, admittedly. Maybe a long sleep and a hot meal had cured her of her wounds... Though, now that she thought about it, her neck still ached a little. Azrael had tried to strangle her with her own necklace...

Actually, where was the necklace Talia gave her?! Feeling a little panicked, Melissa looks around.



“Looking for this?” Padma asks as she steps out of the bedroom. She’s holding the heavy chain necklace in her hand, much to Melissa’s relief. “We took it off you when we put you to bed.”

Without hesitation, Melissa takes the necklace and puts it on, feeling the reassuring weight around her neck. It’s not just a trophy of her victory over Talia now, it’s a reminder of her surviving Azrael’s fury. Losing it would be devastating for her now. “Thank you, Padma. I owe you so much.”

The young girl chuckles. “Well, payback’ll have to wait. I think Elsa might be in danger of...”

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*” The pale futanari stumbles out of the bedroom, stuffing her cock into her pants. “Oh shit, what time is it?!”

Melissa looks around for a clock. There’s one near the apartment door. “About half past seven.” She answers, watching as Elsa pats herself down, checking for her phone and other key items.

“Fuck, I’m gonna be late for family dinner!” Elsa gives Melissa an embarrassed look. “Sorry about splitting at such short notice, Mel...”

“It’s cool.” Melissa smiles at the pale girl. “We’ll catch up soon, won’t we?”

“Yeah, we will. I promise.” Elsa looks around and grabs Padma’s hand. “Come on, Padma, we gotta go!” She gives the others a quick wave. “Catch you later, ladies! I’m gonna be exploring my boss’s guts if I’m late tonight, and I’m *not* joking! I am on her shit list, and if I put one more toe out of line, she will literally turn me into fuckin’ fertilizer...”

“Hold on.” Padma leans over and gives Melissa a kiss on the lips. “I’ll take a rain check on what we discussed earlier.”

Elsa freezes as she notices Melissa’s chest. “Holy... Are those your *tits* under there?!”

“Elsa, *fertilizer...*” Padma reminds her.

“Oh, right!” Elsa pulls her girlfriend toward the door.

As they leave, Melissa grabs the door to close it. Normally, she wouldn’t worry about it, but considering Madeline’s words about some of Azrael’s goons maybe looking for revenge, it seems wise to make sure it’s really closed. As she does, she hears Padma say to Elsa rather casually; “Hey, you wouldn’t happen to have your friend Danica’s number, would you...?”

Closing the door firmly, Melissa turns back to the others. “How are you feeling, Natasha?” She asks, giving the young girl a concerned look. Natasha hadn’t been the one to take down Azrael, but she *had* shot the predator. Which took a good deal more bravery than Melissa would have expected from the nervous young girl.

"I'm... I'm okay." Natasha answers, looking rather tired. She seems a lot less shaken than she did earlier, but Melissa suspects that pulling that trigger took from her.

"You saved my life, Natasha." Melissa walks over and hugs the young girl. Natasha lets out a squeak of surprise as the brunette embraces her. "You *literally* saved my life. If you hadn't pulled that trigger..."

"I... I know." Natasha tries to hug Melissa back awkwardly, but it's a little hard with Melissa's boobs in the way. The brunette is no therapist, but she hoped that the young girl won't beat herself up about it too much.

"Hey, how's about some gratitude for the prey who found the gun *and* the magazine while you four were beating each other's meat?" Daniella complains with a grin, and then immediately regrets it when Melissa lets go of Natasha and turns toward her. "H-hey, wait a moment, you got all those new muscles and... oof!"

As Melissa sweeps Daniella into her arms, the brunette lifts her off her feet. "Here's your hug, Dani." She says, giving the small prey a friendly squeeze. Oh, the prey is *much* heavier than Melissa had expected, actually.

"I was thinking... more like... cunnilingus, actually." Daniella manages to choke out. As Melissa puts her down, the prey grins up at her. "But, y'know, this works too."

"I'm sorry about what happened to Sofia." Melissa says to Daniella. "I... I wish she hadn't..."

"It happens." Daniella's eyes darken and she looks down. "Don't feel guilty about it, Mel. She knew what she was doing. It happens to all of us one way or another." She takes a deep breath and brightens up slightly. "Yeah, I think Sofie wouldn't mind getting snuffed by Azzy. Hard to find a nastier pred to become a part of..." She looks up at Melissa's chest. "Er, well, no offense."

Daniella's grin is somewhat forced, and Melissa can tell that the Hispanic predator's death has hit her harder than she's trying to let on. But the brunette can sense that Daniella wants to keep her grief private, and decides not to push her. "Well... If you ever wanna see her, you can always come and hang out with us whenever you want, Dani."

"You're going to regret promising that." Daniella chuckles. "Hanging out with three hungry predators in their apartment? Yes please!" Behind her, Jessica coughs awkwardly. A moment later, Daniella's eyes widen. "Oh! I totally forgot!" Reaching into her bra, she pulls out a couple of small devices.

"My phone!" Melissa is rather shocked to see it. "How did you...?"

"It was in Azzy's trophy room." Daniella looks at the other phone. "Anyone recognize this one?"

“Oh... That’s mine.” Natasha blushes. “I think I might have dropped it...” She takes the device back with a look of relief.

“No dice on you two’s phones.” Daniella looks up at Lindsay and Jessica. “Guess you’ll hafta buy new ones.”

Lindsay grins, nudging Jessica’s arm. “Matching phones, babe?” Jessica blushes at the idea.

“So... Elsa Reilly, right?” Daniella grins as Melissa taps on her phone. “Anyone know about that before that hot lady said she was her sister?”

“Nope.” Lindsay shrugs. “I met her through Renay, but she never mentioned the family relation. I just assumed Elsa was a thug.”

Yeah, Melissa had kinda thought the same thing. “I mean, she’s probably got a *lot* of sisters, considering they’re a futanari family.” And probably Catholic, considering their family name and Madeline mentioning about not using birth control. Which would further increase the number of siblings.

Daniella chuckles. “Yeah, I give her about fifty-fifty odds of surviving tonight’s dinner. I know what a hungry predator looks like, and Madeline Reilly’s a real hungry bitch.”

“Yes, she is.” Jessica frowns at the mention of the woman’s name. “I’m not looking forward to dealing with her. But it seems like she’s got me and Lindsay by the puppet strings now.”

“I’m not complaining.” Lindsay grins at the idea. “Getting puppeted by a mafia boss sounds pretty fun to me.”

“Yeah?” Daniella shrugs. “Try going on a date with her. That’s *way* more dangerous than working for her.”

Oh right, Madeline had given Daniella her phone number. “I mean, you don’t *have* to go on a date with her.” Melissa reminds the small prey woman.

“No, but I’m gonna. Who the fuck would pass on a chance to date *her*?” Daniella looks a little embarrassed. “And besides... I might have already sent her a... a *nude*...”

Lindsay and Jessica exchange a look of surprise. “When?!” Jessica asks, looking astonished. “When did you find time to take a nude picture without us seeing?” Daniella just laughs at that.

Melissa notices that Natasha is rather absent from the conversation. Looking over at the girl, the brunette sees that she’s sitting on the couch, looking at her phone. Whatever Natasha sees, it clearly makes her a little worried.

“Natasha?” Melissa asks, and the pink-haired girl looks up. “Are you alri-”

Suddenly, there’s a loud knock at the door.

Everyone freezes, looking around at each other in alarm. Who’s knocking on their door all of a sudden? Instantly, Melissa thinks of some of Azrael’s goons looking for revenge...

Walking over to the door, Melissa places a hand on the handle. Without a word, Lindsay and Jessica fall in beside her, standing ready to attack. The brunette looks through the door’s spy hole...

And sees a grinning girl with short red hair. Who the fuck is...?

Oh! Melissa recognizes this girl, after a long moment. It feels like an age since she met her, but this is...

“Monique?” Melissa says, after she opens the door. “What are you doing here?” She asks, as their visitor steps into the apartment.

The tomboyish girl is tanned, and dressed in a gym outfit. With her tiny shorts and sports bra, she looks remarkably tantalizing... “Huh? What do you mean?” Monique Dubois says, looking a little confused.

“Monique...” Behind her, an elegant red-haired girl in a yellow sundress sighs in irritation. “Did you forget to tell them we were coming again?” Cynthia Whelken’s hair is a darker shade of red compared to her best friend’s fiery orange-red. Both of them had been at the VoreFans meetup... which now feels like a lifetime ago...

“Huh?! No!” Monique looks stricken with embarrassment. “Didn’t Daniella tell you we were coming to pick her up?”

“Oops.” Daniella blinks and then grins widely. “Oh right, my ride’s here, you guys!”

“You’re leaving?” Jessica seems a bit surprised. “Are you sure? It might still be dangerous.”

“Of course! Are you kidding? The danger’s half the fun.” Daniella chuckles. “I’m thinking of doing a thing where I livestream my location and dare any of Azrael’s cronies to get some revenge...” She turns around and walks back into the living room, looking for her shirt.

She’s joking. Melissa *really* hopes she’s joking. “You guys wanna sit down?” The brunette asks Cynthia and Monique.

Cynthia smiles at her. "We would love to, but we're already going to pick up some friends of ours. We're dropping Daniella home along the way."

"Yeah, no time for a chat, sadly." Monique chuckles. "We're helping one of my friends plan her wedding, and we're planning a stag night for her."

"I thought stag nights were for guys?" Jessica seems a little confused at the idea.

Monique grins. "Yeah, well, she's got a dick, so..." The tomboy folds her arms with a smirk. "I'd love to sit, but..."

"Yes, Monique's behind is a little tender, I'm afraid." Cynthia nods slowly. "It's mostly my fault, I admit..."

"No, it's *not!*" Monique suddenly looks mortified. "Don't *tell* them, you idiot!" She turns back to Melissa and the others. "It's got nothing to do with Cynthia, okay? I just hurt my bum in a... an accident..."

"Sure." Lindsay grins. "Will I see this 'accident' on VoreFans later?" Monique remains rather silent, and she blushes almost as deeply as her hair.

Cynthia coughs awkwardly. "Oh, I gather that you had quite an adventure today, Melissa." Cynthia raises a dull red eyebrow at the brunette. "I only got a hint through Daniella's message this morning, but... It seems that you've had quite the upgrade." She says tactfully.

"Yeah, all the way up to an F-cup!" Monique doesn't bother to hide her interest in Melissa's chest. "Fuck, I wanna become a pair of tits like those someday..."

"You might get that sooner rather than later if you don't look respectfully, Monique." Jessica says in a warning tone. "That's my girlfriend."

Both Monique and Cynthia look rather surprised by this. "Really? Congratulations!" Cynthia smiles at Jessica, who looks just slightly smug about this. "You were really pining after Melissa, I remember you telling me..." Monique pokes her in the arm, and the elegant girl shoots her an irritated look. "What?!"

Monique pretends not to hear her. "In that case, I'll just look at my fellow redhead's tits then." She winks at Lindsay.

Lindsay grins right back at her. "No luck there, kid. I'm also her territory."

"What?!" Monique seems rather annoyed by this. "Hold on, you don't get *two!* That's not fair!"

“Monique, we’re running late. You know how much I value punctuality.” Cynthia rolls her eyes at her best friend’s annoyance, seeming rather amused by it.

Monique rolls her eyes. “Oh please, Jade and her boyfriend are always late. Who the heck cares if we are?” She grins at Melissa and the others. “Catch ya later, ladies. Love the necklace, by the way!” Melissa reflexively reaches up to touch the heavy necklace around her neck, smiling at the compliment.

“/ do!” Cynthia grabs the tomboy and drags her toward the door with a surprising amount of strength. “Congratulations, you three. And you’ll need to give us the whole story at the next VoreFans meetup. Eris and Rika want to meet up sometime early next month, I think.” She turns toward the door, pulling on Monique’s arm. “Let’s go, Dani...”

A moment later, Daniella returns, her breasts now covered up by her shirt. “Okay, ready to go, sluts.”

“Wait a moment!” Natasha stands up from the couch, putting her phone back into her shorts. “Are you going by the train station?”

“Yeah, why?” Cynthia raises an eyebrow. “We’ll give you a lift if you’re looking for one...”

Wait, what? “Natasha?” Melissa turns back to look at the young girl. “Where are you going? I thought you were staying with us?”

Natasha gives her a sheepish smile. “Yeah, I know that was the plan...” She gulps nervously. “I couldn’t go back to my family. But Lindsay and I talked for a while last night and...”

Melissa looks at Lindsay, and the redhead holds up her hands. “Hey, don’t look at me. I’m all for Nat staying with us!”

The pink-haired girl shakes her head. “We talked about a lotta things, but the biggest thing was about... I guess, being strong?” Natasha looks down at her hands, flexing her fingers for a moment. “I’m not... strong. But after the last couple of days... I think I’m strong enough to face my family. If I can face Azrael, I can face my Mum and Dad and tell them I’m fucking gay.”

That... was up to Natasha. Melissa can’t help but feel impressed at the girl’s resolve. “Well... If that’s what you want...” Jessica says, frowning at the idea.

“It is.” Natasha takes a deep breath. “I don’t know how things are gonna work out, but I gotta resolve it.”

Melissa reaches out and hugs the young girl again, giving her a loving squeeze. “Good luck, then. And if you ever need a place to live...”

“Haha...” Natasha chuckles darkly. “Good chance I might need one pretty soon. But we’ll see.” When Melissa lets her go, the pink-haired girl looks around at Jessica and Lindsay. “I’ll see you guys again soon, okay?”

Once the four of them have left, Melissa locks the door behind them, feeling a bit sad that Natasha has left. She hadn’t known the girl long, but the brunette had come to really like her.

“So, what now?” Jessica asks, as the door closes. “What do we do now? Should we talk about what happened? Talk about the future?”

“Or we could just fuck?” Lindsay suggests with a grin. “I mean...”

“Yes. *Please.*” God, Melissa could go for a fuck right now. Her body feels warm, and she can feel her thighs twitching. She needs *something* inside her as soon as possible. Whether that thing’s a certain blonde futanari’s cock, or a certain redhead’s tongue, she really couldn’t care less.

The redhead blinks for a moment. “Wait, are you serious?”

Melissa has never been more serious. She reaches out and grabs Jessica and Lindsay by their shoulders and looks both of them in the eyes. “Ladies. I want to make sure you understand me. I need to get laid *right now.*”

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As it turns out, Lindsay and Jessica need very little prompting to get into bed with Melissa. Almost as soon as they enter the bedroom, the clothes start coming off, falling to the floor as all three of them hurry to get naked as quickly as possible.

Like three teenagers given the barest hint of privacy, it seems that the immediate instinct of all three of them is to have sex immediately. Melissa can already sense that this will be a running theme in their new household.

Melissa is the first to the finish line, aided by the fact that her chest is already barely contained. Tossing her shirt aside, the brunette crawls into bed and lays back against the pillow, clad in only her necklace. She grins at her girlfriends. “First one of you here gets to use my pussy.” She declares, feeling in control for the first time in a long time. Strangely, she feels *super* horny now. Maybe it’s a symptom of almost dying today.

Lindsay wins the prize. With a whoop of joy, the redhead kicks aside her shorts and crawls onto the bed. A moment later, she grabs Melissa’s thighs in both hands. “Oh fuck... Thank the fuckin’ Lord for the bountiful meal I’m about to eat...”

“Dammit...” Jessica had gotten stuck on her panties for a moment, and she now tosses them aside. Her cock is already rock hard and dripping with precum. The futanari must have been quite pent up indeed. “Who am I fucking?” She asks her girlfriends, in a tone that suggests she needs an answer quickly.

“Me, please!” Looking in between her own legs, Lindsay slaps her vagina a few times. “I’ll take care of Melissa, you take care of *me*, stallion.” Jessica needs little encouragement. The blonde futanari grabs Lindsay’s fat arse and moves into position, rubbing the head of her cock on Lindsay’s eagerly dripping slit.

Being taken care of by Lindsay sounds pretty good to Melissa. “Lin, I haven’t had a tongue in there for years.” She tells her girlfriend, grinning in anticipation. “I know you’ll be amazing at it...”

“Aw, thanks babe!” Lindsay grins at her. “And trust me, I’m a rug-muncher through and through. I’m gonna show you what three years in Newcastle taught me!” And with that, she dives head-first into Melissa’s groin.

Feeling her girlfriend’s face press into her vagina, Melissa can’t help but let out a loud moan. “Oh, fuck! Lin!” She hasn’t even put her tongue in yet, but it feels fucking *amazing*. And then, a moment later, Lindsay slurps her tongue against Melissa’s vagina, and the brunette reconfigures her idea of what pleasure is. “H-holy shit!”

Faced with her girlfriend’s sexy round behind, Jessica does not hesitate. She slaps Lindsay on the butt, as a signal that she’s about to stick her cock inside the redhead. Then, grabbing her cock, Jessica guides the head of her penis into Lindsay’s hungry cunt.

Lindsay doesn’t moan out loud, but Melissa has the pleasure of feeling her silently moan against her. As Jessica’s cock fills her, Lindsay has to stop licking Melissa’s vagina, too busy being filled by her girlfriend’s penis. It seems that little foreplay is needed this time around, as Jessica immediately begins to thrust without hesitation. If Melissa’s own arousal is any judge, Lindsay’s already wet enough that Jessica can just start right away.

After a moment to get used to being fucked, Lindsay resumes her oral assault on Melissa’s vagina. The brunette has to hand it to her girlfriend; those three years in Newcastle have really given her a skilled tongue. Oh, yeah. Oh, *fuck*. Melissa can already feel waves of pleasure surging through her abdomen...

Maybe their first time should have been more romantic, but right now, all the three really want is to get off. And for their lovers to get off. Lindsay drives her tongue deep into Melissa’s vagina, exploring in search of an orgasm that will blow her girlfriend’s mind. Jessica drives her cock deep into Lindsay’s cunt, hammering into her deepest regions with an animal lust. And Melissa reaches up and grabs Jessica’s face, pulling her new girlfriend down for a loving kiss...



The next few minutes are filled with lust, love and the sound of wet slapping. And a *lot* of moaning. None of the people here are strangers to sex. Honestly, the least experienced one is *Lindsay*, amazingly enough. Jessica is... well, Jessica Storm, and Melissa has had more partners than most. Admittedly, only a handful of those partners have been women, and Lindsay accounted for a quarter of all those women, along with Talia, Daniella and Natasha.

Of course, all good things come to an end. But in this case, an ending is exactly what everyone is desperately looking for.

“Ngh...!” Melissa breaks away from her kiss with Jessica, feeling the pleasure in her groin start to mount higher and higher. “Fuck, Lin, you’re gonna make me cum! Don’t fucking stop!” She grabs the necklace around her neck, squeezing it as she feels her orgasm coming.

Jessica’s face is screwed up, almost as if she’s in pain. “Oh fuck, you’re squeezing me so hard, Lindsay... God, I wish I could get you pregnant, because... Oh *fuck!*”

Lindsay, caught between her two girlfriends, can say nothing. Her mouth is quite full of Melissa’s cunt, so the redhead can only communicate her impending orgasm through a violent shiver.

And so, in a single glorious moment, the three lovers achieve a single simultaneous orgasm. As pleasure thunders through Melissa’s vagina, she sees Jessica’s hair flashing like lightning as her eyes roll back into her head, and below she feels Lindsay begin to shake violently. For a long moment, Melissa’s mind goes blank, feeling her orgasm rip through her newly strengthened body with unprecedented force. Jessica’s cock twitches violently as she empties her load into Lindsay’s vagina. Lindsay is crushed between her two lovers, feeling nothing but love, warmth and orgasm.

Finally, the single great orgasm begins to fade. Melissa is left laying limp against the pillows, feeling Lindsay’s hot breath against her twitching vagina. A moment later, Jessica finishes emptying her nutsack into Lindsay, and pulls her cock out. A flood of cum splatters onto the bed, but none of them really care about stains at this point. As the futanari collapses onto the bed next to Melissa, Lindsay sits up, looking smug and supremely satisfied.

“So... How was that, Mel?” She smirks down at Melissa, raising her eyebrow. “Pretty good, right?”

“That was...” Melissa needs a moment to catch her breath. “That was *amazing*, Lin...”

“Yeah, I know.” The redhead chuckles. “Get used to it, babe. You’re gonna be enjoying that whenever you want...” She grins and leans down to kiss Melissa... and then thinks better of it. “Oh, sorry. Lesbian etiquette.” She stands up and walks into the adjoining bathroom. A moment later, she returns with a face cloth and begins to wash her face. “Kissing your girlfriend with cunt juice on your lips is bad manners.”

Melissa couldn't really care less about that, honestly. "How are you doing, Jess?" She asks, rolling over slightly to look at her other girlfriend.

Jess seems a bit more exhausted than the two of them, considering that the futanari is still catching her breath. Well, unlike Melissa and Lindsay, *her* orgasm involved firing out the entire contents of her balls, which contained millions of sperm, so perhaps that was understandable.

"Yeah, she's fine. Good effort, Jess. You went so deep, I think little Xanthe got a faceful." Lindsay pokes her belly with a grin. "Hey, don't worry about that white stuff, sweetie, you already won the race they're running." She reaches down and sticks a finger inside herself, pulling it out drenched in white cum. "You want a taste?" She asks Melissa.

Melissa nods eagerly. As Lindsay holds out her finger, the brunette licks it clean, tasting the familiar saltiness of sperm on her tongue. "Ugh... That's good..."

Then, Melissa feels a bit weird all of a sudden. Usually, the taste of sperm is one she's used to, so why...?

Uh oh. It's not the sperm on her lips.

The brunette throws aside the bedsheets and touches her stomach. Suddenly, a powerful wave of discomfort ripples across her lower body, and Melissa feels a cold sweat break out on her forehead. "Oh, *shit*." She says out loud. "I need to..." A loud fart issues from her behind, rippling the bedsheets slightly.

Lindsay stops washing her face and looks over at Melissa. "What's wrong, Mel?" As she sees her girlfriend rubbing her stomach with a worried look, the redhead grins. "Oh, it's time, is it?"

"Is it?!" Melissa feels more than a little panic rising in her chest. "Oh, fuck. *Fuck!*" Yeah, it's fucking time, isn't it?

Much like the law of the conservation of mass, the digestive system works on the principle that the amount of mass that enters the system must also be the same as the amount of mass that *leaves* the system. There's a little bit of number fudging involved, what with a good amount of said mass becoming part of the system permanently instead of leaving, but that still leaves quite a lot of mass that needs to *exit*.

Or to put it in less scientific terms, Melissa needs to *take the fattest dump of her entire life*.

"Oh, oh, oh..." Melissa can't help but moan, as she struggles to rise from the bed. Given her new muscles, standing up isn't much of an issue. But doing so without causing a *mass ejection from the system* was suddenly quite difficult. Her body had decided that Azrael Tueuer needed to vacate, and vacate *now*. "Oh, shit... Lindsay!" She calls out, grabbing her necklace as another powerful fart warns her that things are happening whether she likes it or not.

"I'm here!" The redhead is immediately standing next to her girlfriend. "What do you need? You need help getting to the shitter?" Jessica is there a moment later, ready to aid her girlfriends with whatever they need.

"No..." Melissa looks around urgently, and sees what she's desperately searching for. Picking up her phone, she hands it to the redhead. "I need you to... Ugh!" Grimacing, the brunette begins to make her way toward the bathroom door. "I need you to film this..." She's more than a little overdue on updating her VoreFans, after all.

Lindsay seems a little surprised, but then she grins. "Gladly! Can I post it on mine too?"

Melissa doesn't answer. She's in a fight for her life once more as she races for the toilet. Her bowels are eager to be rid of their inhabitant, and they're not going to wait a second longer than they have to. The moment Melissa sits down on the toilet, she's already shitting.

"Ugh! Holy... Fuck!" The brunette feels the first log begin to crown, stretching her anus to its limit. With disturbing ease, the turd slides out of her ass and falls into the water below. Melissa can feel that this is just the opening salvo of the war that's about to begin. "Are you filming, Lindsay?"

"Oh yeah!" Lindsay is indeed filming her, grinning down at her girlfriend as Melissa grimaces in discomfort, as the remains of Azrael begin to evacuate her body. Beside her, Jessica stands in the doorway, watching with interest.

The next five minutes are pure agony for Melissa. Not literally, since the process itself feels quite pleasant. No, Melissa isn't complaining about *that*. What bothers her is the sheer volume. Each time she manages to pass another monstrous log, she can feel another waiting behind it. And there's the horrible feeling of being unable to control her own bowels. She can't *stop* shitting, not that she'd want to. It's all she can do to clutch her necklace and moan... and flush the toilet every thirty minutes or so.

Lindsay grins at Jessica and holds out the phone. "Can you take over?" The futanari seems a little confused, but she takes the phone and continues filming.

The redhead walks over to Melissa and kneels down. As the brunette tries to pass another turd, Lindsay reaches out and hugs her girlfriend around the waist, pressing the side of her head against Melissa's belly. "Ah... You're doing really well, babe. Just calm down and breathe. You're gonna get through this..."

God, Melissa didn't realize how badly she needed to hear those words. Reaching out, she tangles one hand into Lindsay's beautiful red hair, feeling reassured at her girlfriend's touch. "Thank you, Lin..." She moans, feeling the log slide of her anus.

“Fuck, that smells fucking *godly*.” Lindsay looks down between Melissa’s legs, into the hell below. “How are you doing down there, Azzy? Cause you’re not looking so hot from up here.” She grins savagely at the ruins of the dark predator, chuckling at the sight. “So much for divinity, huh? I don’t believe in shit like *Hell* or whatever, but if you’re there, *good*.”

In the end, the dark predator had no divine protection, it would seem. Just like any other kind of meat, Azrael’s body had been broken down and digested by the woman she’d tried to conquer. Even the apex predator was no match for stomach acid. And now, she was being given a funeral that Melissa knew she would have hated.

“Jessica...” Melissa moans, beckoning for her other girlfriend to come closer. The futanari doesn’t hesitate, keeping the phone in her hands as she approaches. Melissa reaches out and grabs Jessica’s erection, her cock already hard again. As Melissa shits, she strokes Jessica’s cock...

Is this what the future holds in store for Melissa Jones, she wonders. She’d never pictured herself as a predator. But she’d also never pictured herself dating Lindsay Smith. And look how that had turned out. And she’d certainly never pictured herself in a polyamorous relationship with Jessica Storm *and* Lindsay Smith.

But it was hard to regret how things had turned out.

“Ugh, Melissa!” Jessica moans, and the brunette feels the cock in her hand begin to twitch. A moment later, a spurt of cum splatters across Melissa’s huge breasts. A second spurt lands in Lindsay’s hair.

“Jess! Can’t you *aim* that thing?” Lindsay jokingly complains, and looks up just in time to get another spurt to the face.

Melissa can’t help but burst out laughing at that. A moment later, Lindsay joins her. Jessica tries to remain serious, but she can’t help but chuckle as cum dribbles down onto Melissa’s tits.

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Thirty minutes later, Melissa crawls back into bed, feeling utterly exhausted once more. Nine hours of sleep had apparently been used up quite quickly indeed. After shitting what felt like her entire guts out, Melissa had to actually take a shower to feel clean again.

And of course, Lindsay and Jessica had insisted on joining her. Which naturally led to Melissa getting nailed by Jessica against the shower wall glass while Lindsay ate out the futanari’s ass. They’d filmed that too.

Now, with both videos uploaded onto their VoreFans pages, Melissa smiles happily as she watches likes and comments rolling in. Her fanbase had been missing her dearly, it would

seem. It was now smaller by one person, but from the looks of it, that wouldn't be an issue. As she's about to close the phone, a notification pops up to tell her that someone had donated a hundred dollars to help her get a proper pred toilet. Melissa... admittedly is probably going to look into that.

A moment later, Lindsay flops down into bed next to Melissa. "Ugh... It's fucking hot in here. Where's the air-con?" She looks around. "Do we not have an air-con in here? Was Padma's family fucking poor or something... Oh, there it is." Grabbing the remote, Lindsay sighs as a wave of cooler air blows over them. "Fuck... this is the life, right Mel?"

"I guess so." Melissa says, rubbing her stomach slowly.

"You guess so?" Lindsay gives her a curious look. "What's up? Azrael's dead and... *buried*, y'know? What are you so worried about?"

A lot of things, really. "Well... Madeline Reilly." Melissa says, feeling a hint of concern. "I don't know if we can really trust her." The brunette rubs her belly. "And I'm a bit worried about our babies. I'm pretty sure everything's fine, but I want to see a doctor to make sure."

"Oh, they're fine!" Lindsay rolls her eyes. "Little Xanthe's a fighter, just like her sister. Just like her mums."

Yeah, that worried Melissa a little bit too. Digesting Azrael had given her a *lot* of power. But how much power had gone into the baby inside her? But then, Melissa shakes her head. "No, it's probably fine. You're right." She smiles at Lindsay. "But we've still got other things to worry about..."

"None of which need to be worried about *now*." Jessica finishes for her, as she walks around the bed. "Melissa, we're predators. Our lives aren't ever going to *not* have worries in them, you know that right? Whether it's Azrael Tueuer, or Madeline Reilly..." The futanari shrugs. "We'll figure these things out as they come. *Together*."

"You're damn right about that." Lindsay grins at the blonde futanari. "We're a bitchin' team of three, soon to be a bitchin' team of five." She looks down at Jessica's penis. "Soon to be more than that, if that schlong's reputation is true."

Jessica rolls her eyes. "In any case, we don't have to worry about *anything* tonight. So, put those future worries away. They might not even happen, y'know?"

True. Melissa might be worrying for nothing. She lays back in the bed, staring at the ceiling. "I hope Natasha's alright." The brunette says with a frown. "And Elsa and Padma. And Dani..."

"They'll all be fine, Mel." Jessica pulls out a few more pillows from the wardrobe and tosses them onto the bed. "Nat's a brave girl, trust her to handle herself. And Elsa and Padma are..."

their own problem.” She rolls her eyes. “And Daniella’s a survivor. If she fell into a wood chipper, I wouldn’t be shocked if I saw her walking around unharmed the next day. Don’t worry about *her*.”

“I guess so.” Melissa can’t help but worry about them, though. But as Jessica says, they’ll probably all be fine. Probably. And ‘probably’ is the best that she can hope for in this world, really.

“Forget Madeline and Azrael and all of that stuff for now, Melissa.” Jessica says as she climbs into bed on the other side of Melissa. “Tonight is just us. Be content with that. We’re together, and that’s all that matters.”

“Damn right.” Lindsay says again, laying her head down onto her pillow.

Melissa nods slowly. “Together.” She says.

As Jessica turns the light off, Melissa feels both of her girlfriends embrace her, holding her tightly in the warm darkness. She feels the weight of her necklace around her neck, the weight of victory. And she can’t help but smile in happiness.

Darkness descends over the city of Sydney. To the vast majority of the city’s inhabitants, it’s a night like any other. Some of them are aware of the unusual posts that appeared on VoreFans in regards to a certain police superintendent. Quite a bit more are aware of the mysterious disappearance of Superintendent Tueuer of the New South Wales Police Force. But few of them will consider it something that affects *their* lives. After all, most people are far too worried about their own problems.

In the depths of the city, two terrified cops are ambushed by a hungry gang of predators, as retribution for trying to kill a certain younger sister of a mafia family.

In a certain nightclub, an unsuspecting young girl is led into a bathroom by an older woman. She will not return.

In a distant suburban house, a tense family dinner is taking place.

In a certain solicitor’s office, a certain solicitor is introduced to her fourth assistant, and is threatened with violence to not knock up or eat *this* one.

Beneath the dynamic skyline, a thousand stories will play out just like this one. But for Melissa Jones and her girlfriends, they’ve earned a well-deserved rest.

The End (for us)

**Status of Characters at the END:**

<b><u>Name:</u></b>	<b><u>Status:</u></b>	<b><u>Relationship :</u></b>	<b><u>Finances:</u></b>	<b><u>Fertility:</u></b>	<b><u>Activity:</u></b>
<b>Melissa Jones</b>	Alive	In a relationship with Lindsay Smith and Jessica Storm.	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	Against all odds, Melissa Jones has survived the hardest few months of her life. It's a good thing too, considering her future is going to be just as difficult. But at least she's got three girlfriends and a rockin' bod now.
<b>Lindsay Smith</b>	Alive	In a relationship with Melissa Jones and Jessica Storm.	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Pregnant, victorious and dating two women, one of which being her old crush. Really, Lindsay Smith could not have come out better.
<b>Jessica Storm</b>	Alive	In a relationship with Melissa Jones And Lindsay Smith.	Opulently wealthy	Very Virile	Jessica has finally found a pair of lovers that she can call her own. And that's something she had been secretly scared would never happen. And while she's worried about whatever Madeline has in store, she's not going to complain about ending up with Melissa and Lindsay.
<b>Azrael Tueuer</b>	Dead	Digested by Melissa Smith	Dead	Dead	In the end, those that only know how to destroy will destroy themselves last. Azrael was no monster, just a very sick human who thought herself above the rest of humanity. The future will not be Azrael's to enjoy. All that is left for her is the Last Judgment.
<b>Natasha Birch</b>	Alive	Has a crush on Melissa Jones	Broke	Fertile	Arrived in Sydney as the singer of a Chirstian/lesbian rock band. She now returns as the only survivor of her group, and of Azrael. Natasha's survival is not random. Inside the young girl is a silver of steel.
<b>Daniella Coven</b>	Alive	Single	Opulently wealthy	Pregnant (Azrael)	Luck is a skill, and Daniella has honed her skills to perfection. Even Azrael Tueuer couldn't defeat her luck, in the end. She'll run out of luck one day, and make a predator very lucky indeed, but not today.
<b>Sofia Santiago</b>	Dead	Digested by Azrael Tueuer	Dead	Dead	Dead and buried inside Azrael. Then 'exhumed' and buried inside Melissa. Sofia probably wouldn't mind the latter, though. Every predator makes the one-

					way trip into a digestive system eventually.
<b>Elsa Reilly</b>	Danger?	In a relationship with Padma	Poor	Virile	Elsa has always lived her life on the edge, mostly against her will. As to whether she'll survive her family dinner, or <i>be</i> her family dinner, only time will tell. But if she does, she'll be quite happy with Padma.
<b>Padma</b>	Alive	In a relationship with Elsa	Broke	???	Though she should rightfully be dead, Padma has survived. As to how long that lasts, no-one can really know for sure. But she seems quite happy with her new lover.
<b>Xanthe Lewis</b>	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Was rich	Dead	Died a long time ago. Probably would be happy to know that her former friends are going to name one of their babies after her, though.
<b>Jane (the elder)</b>	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Broke	Dead	Died a long time ago. Probably would be happy to know that her former friends are going to name one of their babies after her, though.
<b>Xanthe Smith (?)</b>	Alive	Growing inside Lindsay's womb.			Got knocked around a bit today, but Xanthe's a tough little zygote. A diet of nutrients from her predator mum probably helps there.
<b>Jane Jones (?)</b>	Alive	Growing inside Melissa's womb.			Got knocked around a bit today, but like her 'sister', little Jane is tougher than most. But only time will tell what a flood of Azrael Tueuer's remains does to a growing child...
<b>Talia Vanderberg</b>	Dead	Digested by Melissa Jones	Dead	Dead	Found out that overconfidence is a weakness that strikes when least expected, and that preds come in all shapes and sizes. And finally, that there are no second chances in this world.
<b>Tiffany</b>	Dead	Digested by Lindsay Smith	Dead	Dead	Literally who? Oh right, the chick who knocked up Lindsay. Pretty much everyone's forgotten she even existed at this point.
<b>Sejin Yeong</b>	Dead	Digested by Jessica Storm	Dead	Dead	Jessica really doesn't regret eating her former girlfriend. Maybe Sejin can feel some satisfaction in the knowledge that Jessica is truly happy now? Probably not.



<b>Marlene</b>	Alive	Breeding sub of Jessica Storm (?)	Average	Pregnant (Jessica)	Probably wondering where her boss is, considering she hasn't called in for like a week at this point (Jessica calls her tomorrow to her relief).
<b>Renay Reilly</b>	Alive	Single (again)	Opulent	Virile	Ugh... More paperwork. Between being a solicitor, a political party member and her sister leaning on her for legal counsel, Renay's got her work cut out for her. But at least she can look forward to rekindling her friendship with Melissa and Lindsay.
<b>Samantha Hoffman</b>	Dead	Digested by Azrael Tueuer	Dead	Dead	Got at least some justice from Azrael's information being posted online. Too bad everyone will have forgotten by next week. Oh well.
<b>Dana</b>	Dead	Digested by Azrael Tueuer	Dead	Dead	Not high enough on the mafia totem pole to be missed, nor remembered with any great fondness. Melissa Jones isn't even aware that the former mafia enforcer is now inside her.
<b>Monique and Cynthia</b>	Alive	Trying to pretend they're not desperately in love with each other.	Wealthy	Fertile/Virile	Looking forward to hearing about whatever fun adventure Melissa and the others had. Tonight, a drunken argument will end in the two having anal sex. Again. Which will lead to another awkward morning, and a post on VoreFans...