

*Got a new box of clothes from my wishlist, including a new bikini! Come and take a look, I'll be sharing more over the next few days!*

Melissa's pale fingers tap quickly on her phone screen, typing out the letters of her message. Above it, her own ass fills the screen, covered by a pink bikini bottom. She thinks for a moment. Is the sentence too clunky? Was the photo good? It was hard for her to tell. When Melissa looked at pictures of herself, she could only see flaws.

Whatever, it was good enough. Her fans just seemed to enjoy seeing pictures of her, and taking them was getting easier and easier for Melissa. She taps the post button, and sits up in bed, the pink bikini feeling a little odd on her body. With a few quick string pulls, the cloth that barely qualifies as an outfit falls away, leaving her pale, freckled and naked. A lot of people would probably pay to see her like this, she reflects.

It has been four days since Melissa visited Lindsay at her friend's apartment. Since that day, the freckled girl has thrown herself into VoreFans, posting on the website every few hours. And the response has been rewarding. Scrolling up, Melissa checks her fan count, and grins when she sees that she's gained a few dozen more fans since she checked earlier today.

Melissa looks over to her clock, and checks the time. Half past five, still a little bit of time until she needs to get ready. Tapping the messages tab of the app, she scrolls through her messages.

*You're so fcking hot! I wanna digest the shit out of you!* That was from a new fan, one who'd signed up to her VoreFans page only an hour ago. That was a pretty normal message, to be honest. If Melissa scrolled down, she'd probably be able to read a hundred of a similar nature. Still, a quick 'thank you' in reply was only polite.

*Ugh, I came to your pictures twice today, prey! have a look!* This particular fan had been bold enough to send a picture of herself, completely naked. Her body was pleasantly chubby, and her chocolate skin was covered in sweat. She was holding up her fingers in a 'v' shape, vaginal juices running down her arm. Melissa raises an eyebrow, but she's used to this kind of thing by now. Besides, it's not as if the fan herself is unattractive. Holding her thumb on the picture, Melissa sends it to Lindsay, knowing that her best friend will enjoy seeing it more than her.

*My daily tribute to you, goddess! Prey like you deserves worship!* This message came alongside a tip of fifty dollars. Without hesitation, Melissa accepts the tip, and types out a polite response to the girl. She's not too sure about being a goddess, but who'd refuse to be worshiped? Especially with money. In truth, the fan in question barely looks old enough to use VoreFans, and Melissa is pretty sure that the girl is probably using the family credit card to pay her favorite VoreFans prey. But that's hardly Melissa's problem, is it?

Every one of them meant more money into her bank account, Melissa knew. It was strangely disturbing how easy and natural this felt. Young preds seemed desperate to get hot prey to

notice them. Some of them were in the closet, they'd told her, and their only release for their desires was girls like her. Well, that was hardly a problem for Melissa. Especially if it meant that they were falling over themselves to give her money.

Melissa licks her lips, and thinks about whether or not she should scroll down to *that* person. She knows she shouldn't, but there's something so terrifyingly exciting about flirting with the abyss. Scrolling down, she opens her message log with the dark pred, feeling her heart flutter as if she's entered a predator's territory.

The dark pred's image draws Melissa's eye. Her skin is coal-black, and muscles ripple all over every visible part of her body. Even just her profile picture seems to exude a disturbing amount of dominance. Beneath her black leather belt, a thick bulge protrudes from black jeans, promising mayhem inside.

Melissa's finger hovers over the message option. Dare she flirt with annihilation again? Somehow, she can't resist. *What's your name?* She asks, almost flinching as the ding of her message being delivered appears. A few seconds later, the message changes from 'delivered' to 'seen'.

The seconds tick by, as Melissa almost feels the energy of the dark pred's gaze through the phone screen. Suddenly, she becomes acutely aware that she's completely naked, and feels strangely vulnerable as she awaits the response of the alpha predator. She pulls the blankets around her shoulders, shivering slightly. Then, an answer appears.

*My name is **Azrael**.*

The name sends a chill through Melissa's heart, and she reflexively closes the app, like she's an animal retreating in fear from a beast. The room around her feels darker than it used to

After taking a minute to steel herself, Melissa sighs. That's enough morbid thoughts for one day. She looks over at the clock again, and sees that it's now past six. Oh crap, she's late to get ready now. Fear forgotten, the freckled girl throws off the blanket, and quickly walks over to the shower. She's got a date at seven, and she needs to look her best!

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Tetsuya's was an infamous restaurant in Sydney. Built in the style of a suburban house in the middle of a city of skyscrapers, it looked down on a Japanese garden, and also on people who couldn't afford to eat there. It's menu could be best described as a fusion of French, Japanese and obscene prices. It's rather clear that Talia, the tattooed waitress, is showing off.

Melissa had never heard of the restaurant before. At least, not until Talia had messaged her the name and address, along with a nice little demand that Melissa was to meet her there at seven on the dot. It wasn't the kind of place that had been on her radar. Or more accurately, *she*

hadn't been on *it's* radar. That is, until now. Thanks to VoreFans, and preds who fell over themselves to throw money at cute prey, the freckled girl now finds herself pushed up a few social classes rather unexpectedly.

Looking around, Melissa sees Talia, the tattooed waitress walking down the city street toward the restaurant. She's dressed nicely, in a fine dress suit, with the sleeves of the white shirt rolled up to reveal her dark tattoos. Her black hair is spiked up, and she looks dashing handsome. For a moment, Melissa's heart skips a beat. The woman's eyes are darting around, scanning faces quickly. Feeling quite nervous, Melissa raises a hand and waves.

Talia notices her, and almost does a double take. Walking over with wide eyes, the tattooed woman looks Melissa up and down, and smiles with satisfaction at what she sees. "Hey, Melissa, right? You're... wow, you look incredible."

Melissa looks down at herself and blushes. She's wearing a new dress, a lovely silver-gold satin piece that she fell in love with the moment she saw it in the shop a few days ago. It had been shockingly expensive too, but Melissa had been able to afford it easily, to her surprise. "Thank you... I bought it for our... d-date." She stammers the last word, and it feels strange in her mouth. Not wanting to seem too nervous, Melissa tries to flirt a little bit. "You're a few minutes late, y'know. What happened to being here on the dot?"

"Oh, that?" Talia gives her a wry grin. "That was only for you, cutie. I'm allowed to be as late as I want."

"What? That's not fair!" Melissa pouts playfully. "How come?"

The tattooed woman takes a step forward. "Because *I'm the one in charge.*" She stands a few inches taller than the freckled girl, and she's noticeably more muscled as well. "You're the one on a date with me, my cute little prey. You got that?"

Her face is alarmingly close. "O-okay..." Melissa stammers, feeling fear and excitement at the same time. She almost flinches as Talia's hand takes hold of her shoulder.

"Good." The tattooed woman pulls the freckled girl closer. It's a gentle pull, but quite irresistible. "Tonight, I don't wanna hear you say 'no' to a single thing." Her lips ghost across Melissa's, and the freckled girl's eyelids slowly flutter shut. "How do you feel about that, *Melissa?*"

"I..." Fear? Terror? Excitement? Arou... No, Melissa can't admit that last one yet. What should she say? Talia's waiting for an answer. "I-I'm really excited to go on this date with you, Talia..." is all she manages to say, feeling pathetic. Oh god, their lips are so *close*...

“Yeah, you should be.” Talia’s face pulls back, leaving the freckled girl red and un-kissed. The tattooed woman looks down at her embarrassed expression with a look of supreme smugness. “Come on, our table is ready. Your chair is eager for a cute prey bum to warm it up.”

The inside of the restaurant is even more impressive than the outside. The ceiling is crossed by beams of rich brown wood, and there is a huge open window to the garden beyond. The sound of rushing water and quiet conversation fills the restaurant, as a waiter leads Talia and Melissa to their table. Talia pulls out one of the chairs, and gestures for Melissa to sit. How gentlemanly, Melissa thinks, blushing.

Talia sits opposite to her, leaning on her elbows toward the freckled girl. She has a confident smile on her face, which complements her handsome jawline. In the warm lighting of the restaurant, Melissa can properly study the tattooed woman for the first time, and she can’t help but be impressed. Talia is a handsome woman, and a dress suit matches her powerful body perfectly. Two black ponytails are resting on the woman’s shoulders, and Melissa can see the tattoo of a female symbol being enveloped by a larger female symbol on Talia’s left shoulder. A predator symbol, the freckled girl remembers. With her confident smile, and dashing outfit, the tattooed woman feels as if she is exuding an aura of calm coolness.

“That tattoo seems to have caught your interest...” Talia’s grin widens.

Melissa blushes, realizing that she has been staring. “S-sorry... I just think your tattoos are really cool.”

“Don’t be sorry. I don’t mind if you can’t get enough of me.” Talia pulls up her left sleeve and leans forward a little more, to give Melissa a better view of the tattoo. “Go on, ogle to your heart’s content.”

Above the predator symbol is a collection of what looks like nordic runes. They looked quite impressive as well. After a moment, Talia rolls up her other sleeve and shows Melissa the tattoos on her right arm.. A nordic serpent coils around her shoulder, each of it’s scales a different color. It’s quite beautiful, Melissa thinks. “Um... what does that one symbolize?”

“Oh, the Jormungandr?” Talia looks down at the rainbow serpent. “It’s a lesbian predator supremacist symbol. Used to be hardcore into that shit back in uni. Full-on fascist and all that.” She shrugs. “Not anymore though. Still looks pretty though.” Melissa has to agree that it’s quite spectacular against Talia’s pale skin.

“Lesbian supremacist?” That’s a new concept for Melissa. “Like, you hated straight people instead of other races?”

“Oh no, we hated other races too.” For the first time, Talia looks slightly uncomfortable. “I mean, I grew outta that shit years ago, though. Here, look.” She undoes the topmost button of her shirt, and tugs the fabric aside slightly. Underneath, Melissa can see a part of a colorful tattoo decorating Talia’s chest. “It’s Aboriginal art. I like to collect art from all cultures all over my

body now, mostly 'cause of... Well, we'll get to that later." The tattooed woman leans back, and she looks the freckled girl up and down. "But enough about me. Tell me absolutely everything about yourself, Melissa."

Melissa always gets a little nervous when she's asked this kind of question. "Oh, well... I'm twenty-five years old... I was born in Sydney, um..." She pauses for a moment, not sure of what to say next.

"What do you do for work?" Talia asks, her eyes narrowing slightly.

"Oh, um..." Melissa blushes. "I'm kinda... a little unemployed at the moment." It's rather shameful to admit on a date. That, and she wonders if she should mention her VoreFans account. Probably not just yet, she decides.

"Oh..." The tattooed woman nods. "Good. A cutie like you shouldn't be working." She snickers softly at that.

Melissa nervously laughs along with her for a few moments. After that, she looks around. "Um... shouldn't they have brought us a menu or something...?"

Talia raises an eyebrow. "This isn't a 'menu' kinda place. You get what they bring you. And you pay out the ass for the privilege." She grins. "You don't come to this kinda place often, do you?"

"N-no, this is my first time." Melissa blinks. "Wait, do *you* come here often?"

The tattooed woman thinks for a moment. "Well, maybe not *often*. But I've been here about half a dozen times."

"Really? How do you afford that on a waitress salary?" Melissa asks the question, and immediately regrets it. "I-I mean, there's nothing *wrong* with being a waitress, I just-"

Talia rolls her eyes and holds up a hand to silence the freckled girl. "Well, I *am* a waitress, but..." She bites her lip. "How should I put this... Let's just say I'm a *benefactor* of a few people, who made me the inheritor of their assets after they passed on."

"...oh." Melissa processes this for a moment, and then understands what the tattooed woman is hinting at. "*Oh!*" She looks Talia up and down. "You mean you... you *ate* them and they..."

"Well, the eating came second." Talia turns her nose up proudly. "But since they were not going to be around afterward, a few of them generously altered their wills to make me their heirs. And then they... passed on, shortly after that." She winks at Melissa. "It'd be impolite to say how much I got, but let's just say I can afford to eat here every now and again."

“Wow...” That explains Talia’s sizable bust line, for one thing. Looks like what she inherited was more than just finances. “So why do you work as a waitress, then?”

“Well, I didn’t get enough to just sit on my lovely buttocks all day.” Talia snorts. “Besides, I was already a waitress beforehand, and I like that cafe. And it means I can pick up a cute girl like you every now and again, when the manager isn’t looking.” She looks up. “Oh, speaking of a nice meal!”

A well dressed waiter is pushing an ornate food cart toward their table. As he approaches, the handsome man elegantly picks up two covered plates and places one on the table in front of Melissa. “Your sashimi, Ma’am.” He places the other in front of Talia. “Talia.” He nods politely at her, and then pulls away the metal covers. On the plate, a thin slice of meat is elegantly folded, barely taking up a tenth of the plate. The waiter nods in satisfaction and turns to wheel the cart away.

Melissa watches him leave. “Wow, you weren’t kidding about coming here often.” She looks down at her plate and feels a little disappointed. “Um... is this all we’re getting?” The freckled girl feels her stomach grumbling, and realizes that she hasn’t eaten since breakfast, nearly eight hours ago.

Talia picks up her fork and grins. “Fine dining’s all about moderation. Don’t worry, there’s four more courses to come.”

Oh, that’s a little bit of a relief. With any luck, they’ll be a bit more substantial, Melissa hopes. “Well, it looks... good.” She wants to say ‘expensive’, but that might be a little on the nose. This tiny morsel of food looks like something that would either cost a few cents at a fish market, or a few hundred dollars at a place like this. “Are the dishes to come going to be bigger?”

Talia slices off a small bit of her fish, and holds it up to her mouth. “A little bit bigger. I’m hoping to save room for later.” She touches her stomach for a moment and winks at Melissa, before popping the fish into her mouth.

“Right, later...” Oh, right. Talia was a predator after all. With a small chill in her stomach, Melissa cut off a small slice of fish and ate it. As expected, it tasted divine.

Suddenly, Talia stiffens in her seat. “Oh, *crap*, I forgot!” The tattooed woman starts patting her pants, as if she’s searching for something. Catching Melissa’s worried eye, Talia holds up a placating hand. “I-it’s nothing to worry about, I just forgot to give you something... Oh, here it is!”

Grinning, the tattooed woman holds out a small white box with a bow wrapped around it. Melissa puts down her fork and takes the box, feeling a little confused. “You got me a gift?”

“I know you don’t usually give gifts on a first date, but... well, just open it up and have a look first, okay?” Talia leans forward, her chin on her hands, as she waits for her date to open the box.

Curious, Melissa pulls one of the ribbons, undoing the knot that holds the box closed. Opening the small box, she sees the glitter of precious metal. “Oh, wow...”

Inside the box, a thick silver chain necklace rests on a white cushion. A deep red ruby is embedded in the middle, glittering beautifully in the warm light of the restaurant. As Melissa takes the necklace in her hands, it feels surprisingly heavy. Talia smiles at her. “It used to belong to one of my *benefactors*. A gift for her daughter, but they both ended up inside me anyway. It wouldn’t suit me all that much, but I saw it the other day and realized it would probably look great on you.” She pushes back her chair and looks expectantly at Melissa. “Here, let me...”

“Oh! Yes, please!” Still feeling mesmerized by the glittering silver, Melissa obediently sits still as Talia rises from her chair and walks around behind her. The links in the necklace clink softly against one another as the tattooed woman pulls it around her neck. As Talia’s fingers brush against Melissa’s bare skin, the freckled girl feels a tingle of excitement.

There is a soft click as the tattooed woman fastens the necklace. “There, all done. Let me get a good look at you...” She walks back around the table, and smiles in satisfaction as she sees the silver around Melissa’s neck. “Crap, it suits you even more than I expected. How does it feel?”

It feels heavy. The links in the silver chain are much stronger than the freckled girl had thought, and the ruby feels cold against her throat. Yet somehow, the weight feels oddly reassuring. Like armor around her neck. “... It feels good. Thank you, Talia.”

“Heh, well, no problem.” A slight blush tinges Talia’s pale cheeks, and her eyes turn away from the freckled girl’s gaze. “Glad you like it.” She clears her throat, and changes the subject. “Well, let’s continue eating, I guess. They’ll get annoyed if we haven’t finished our food by the time they come with the next course.”

Finishing the plate in time doesn’t turn out to be a massive hardship. It barely takes Melissa a few more bites to polish off her sashimi. As soon as she’s done, another waiter comes by with a food cart, to replace their empty plates with a new pair of plates with tiny slices of fish on them. Despite Talia’s explanation that it’s a completely different type of fish, Melissa still feels a little disappointed. Her stomach agrees quite loudly, causing Melissa to blush, and Talia to laugh.

“Well, I’m not too worried about the portion size.” Talia winks at Melissa, once the rumbling of the freckled girl’s tummy has faded away. “Usually, I’m used to *massive* portions of meat, if you catch my drift. This is a nice change of pace.”

"I'm not... too familiar with how that all works, to be honest." Melissa says, feeling quite curious. She's known Lindsay and other predators for years, but the actual mechanics of how predators and prey came together weren't something they'd discussed in detail. "Um... how do you actually meet prey, usually? Through your job?"

Talia shakes her head. "Oh, no. You're the first one I've met like that. Like I said before, I could get into a lot of trouble for picking up a customer. I wouldn't get fired, cause I'm gay and a predator, and that would look bad for the restaurant. But the manager could still get mad at me." Her plate is already empty, and she absent-mindedly plays with the button on her shirt as she talks.

"You can't get fired?" Melissa's fork reaches down to find more food, and just meets an empty plate. Well, that one was gone even faster than the first.

"Yep. Affirmative action is awesome." The tattooed woman chuckles to herself, and her eyes fall the ruby on Melissa's neck. "Man, that jewel really goes well with your skin."

Melissa smiles, and her thumb reaches up to gently stroke the cool ruby. "So, if not at your job, then how do you usually meet prey?"

"Ah, got an interest, do you?" Talia gives her date a smug look. "I had you pegged for a real prey from the moment I saw you. Good to know my preydar is still 100% accurate."

"I..." Melissa opens her mouth to deny it, but then remembers her VoreFans account. "I... wasn't lying to you on that day..."

Talia tilts her head for a moment, seeming slightly confused. Then, her eyes light up in understanding. "Oh, wow, really? In the last couple days? Wait, is it because I asked you out?" She leans back in her chair, looking absolutely filled with pride. "I've turned girls gay before, but this is just in another league altogether. I feel honored!"

"P-putting that aside for now..." Melissa tries to change the subject, feeling deeply embarrassed. "H-how do predators and prey usually meet?"

Talia still seems smug, but she doesn't press the subject. "Mostly social media, these days. Dating websites and Facebook and shit like that. Younger preds and prey go to vore bars."

"There's vore bars in Sydney?" Melissa blinks in surprise. She's never heard of such a thing before.

"What, never been on a pub crawl along Oxford Street before? Well, I guess you probably wouldn't have. There's a bunch there." The tattooed woman shrugs. "I'd steer clear of them if I were you. The people that go there are usually young and reckless. And most of the bars turn a

blind eye to what happens in their toilets. Run afoul of the wrong girl group, and you'll get dragged off to the bathroom and never come out."

Melissa's eyes widen. "Wow, that's..." The next word *should* be 'horrible', but other words keep trying to insert themselves in first. Crazy? Exciting? Awesome? "...really dangerous sounding," she finishes lamely.

Talia thinks for a moment, and then shrugs again. "It's good if you're prepared to live fast and die young. Or if you're okay with gambling against the odds. I've always heard there's a three-quarters survival odds for regular members of a vore bar. Those aren't *terrible* odds for a pred, against getting a cute little meal." She grins to herself. "Besides, playing the odds in and of itself is kinda part of the draw too."

Melissa wonders if Lindsay frequented vore bars when she was younger. Maybe her friend was still frequenting them. "What do you mean about playing the odds?"

The tattooed woman smirks. "Predators and prey are two sides of the same fetish, cutie. Buried deep in the heart of almost every predator, is a secret desire to get eaten by someone more powerful." She snorts. "A good amount of my meals over the years have been 'predators' who met their match with me one night."

Melissa thinks of Lindsay, and wonders if that's true for her best friend as well. "Even *you*?" she asks Talia.

Talia thinks for a moment. "I can't say I'd rule it out for me, but I've never yet met a woman that made me feel that way. Maybe I'm just enough of a beast predator." She looks back at Melissa, with confidence dancing in her eyes. "How *does* it feel to meet someone who you want to be dominated by, cutie? You'd know a lot about that, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, uh..." Feeling caught off-guard, Melissa shrinks back a little from her date's dominant gaze. This makes Talia chuckle softly.

The next three courses of the meal go by in what feels like a flash. Even the dessert is minimal, a tiny cheesecake that's delicious, but barely suffices as a single bite. Once it's gone, Melissa feels like she could have happily eaten ten more. Melissa and Talia chat, feeling surprisingly comfortable in each other's presence. A short while later, a waiter elegantly lays down a small black folder, with the bill for the meal inside.

Melissa opens the folder and stares at the numbers on the bill. In her mind, she knows that four hundred dollars is a lot of money for a single meal, but... she earned that much from VoreFans in the last couple days. Somehow, the number on the bill feels oddly cheap. She sees Talia reaching for the bill. "Oh, um... I'm happy to split it if..."

“What?” Talia looks baffled, but doesn’t hesitate to pick up the bill. “Don’t be silly, cutie. I asked you out in the first place. Besides, the predator always pays for the prey, right?”

“Oh... right.” Melissa feels uncomfortable as Talia places her credit card in the folder, and hands it back to a passing waiter. “I just... I feel a little guilty for not paying. You only came here because of our date, right?”

Talia stares at the freckled girl, her eyes softening. “Well, if it means that much to you, you can pay for our hotel tonight, if you like.”

Melissa brightens up. “Yeah, I’d be happy to...” Her brain catches up with her words. “Wait, hotel? We’re staying at a hotel?” Actually, Talia *had* mentioned that back when they’d talked on the phone...

“Yup. We’re staying the night.” Talia checks her phone, and then slips it back into her pants. “It’s a tiny walk, just down the street. Come on, it’s eight-forty and we’re supposed to check in at nine.” She stands up, patting her pockets to make sure everything is in the right place.

Melissa feels like everything is moving very quickly, but she can’t exactly say ‘no’ at this point. “Ugh...” she says, feeling a little twinge in her stomach. Not sickness, just... something else. Still hungry, maybe.

“You okay?” Talia gives her a concerned look, and holds out her hand.

Melissa takes the offered hand without hesitation, and Talia pulls her to her feet. The freckled girl feels the tattooed woman’s strength in her grip, and feels her heart flutter again. “I-I’m fine!”

“Good.” Talia smirks. “Don’t worry, you can lay down in a bed in a minute or two.” Taking Melissa’s hand with a gentle, yet powerful grip, Talia leads her out of the restaurant, picking up her credit card on the way out.

The night air is cool, and Melissa is grateful for the lingering warmth of summer in the air. As she walks down the street, her hand intertwined with her date’s, she can feel the eyes of passers by falling on them. Looking over at Talia, she can see that the tattooed woman has a smug look on her face. She’s showing me off to everyone, Melissa realizes, and can’t help but feel gratified by the idea.

The hotel is indeed not far from the restaurant, only a few buildings down. It’s a high-rise building, and looks quite high-end as well. As Talia leads her across the street, toward the lobby entrance, Melissa feels like it’s obvious to anyone around that they’re going there to have sex. That idea...

Melissa feels the hairs on the back of her neck prick up, as if someone is staring at her. Pausing before the hotel doors, she turns and looks behind her. The street behind is lit by street lamps, with dozens of people walking and driving by. So why does she have a strange feeling...

In the shadows across the street, a shape moves slightly, a dark face turning toward her own. Glittering golden eyes in the darkness. Black leather clothing on coal-black skin. It seems disturbingly familiar...

"Melissa?" The freckled girl flinches, and turns back to Talia. The tattooed woman is giving her a worried look. "You alright? You look a bit dizzy."

"No, I'm okay. I'm okay..." Blackness crowds around her vision, and Melissa rubs her eyes with her free hand. "I just..."

Darkness surges in, and Melissa's mind goes blank. "Melissa?!" She hears Talia call out in alarm, and feels powerful arms catch her as she falls. And then, nothing.

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A gentle hand strokes Melissa's hair, and she feels softness underneath her. As the girl opens her eyes, she sees a white fan rotating on the ceiling above her. She blinks a few times, feeling confused as to where she is right now.

Oh, this must be the hotel room. Melissa opens her eyes fully, feeling the soft pillow underneath her. She turns her head, and sees Talia lying in bed next to her, one arm reaching out to caress Melissa's hair.

"Ah, you're awake. How are you feeling?" Talia smiles as she sees that Melissa has come to. "You gave me a little bit of a fright."

"I'm okay." Melissa sits up in bed, feeling her dress tangling up around her legs. The necklace around her neck is heavy, but feels oddly reassuring. She'd half-expected the predator beside her to have stripped her already, but it seemed that Talia was a little bit more considerate than she'd expected. "I'm not sick or anything."

"Oh, good. I checked us into the hotel, and brought you up here to recover." Talia sits up in bed, and puts an arm around Melissa's shoulders. "You feeling hungry? You want something to eat? I can call room service."

"No, it's not that, I just..." Had that been the person she'd thought it was? No, it couldn't have been... *her*. Somehow, Melissa feels too nervous to even bring herself to think of that person's name. No, it must have just been her imagination. "I don't know what just happened, but I'm okay now."

Talia gives her a playful look. “Hell of a way to avoid paying the bill, I gotta say.” When Melissa’s face turns confused, the tattooed woman clarifies. “I mean, I paid for the room when we came in.”

Melissa feels a rush of shame. “N-no! I wasn’t trying to...” she stammers blushing.

“Oh, *relax*, cutie! I’m only joking!” The tattooed woman laughs, and squeezes her date’s shoulders. “It’s only money, don’t worry about it. Besides, tonight’s gonna be a memorable night.”

“R-right.” Memorable, huh? That sounds exciting and worrying at the same time to Melissa.

Talia seems a little uncertain about how to properly reassure her date. “Uh, if you’re feeling okay, that means you’re still good for sex, right? Cause I’m ready to make some thunder down under.” She leans over to the bedside table, and places her phone in a charging socket. With a few quick taps, the music from her phone starts playing in the speaker around the room, a smooth jazz that calms the nerves.

“I... I’m...” Melissa licks her lips. She needs to come clean about this, she knows. It’s already unfair to Talia. “I need to tell you something, Talia...”

“Oh, this sounds worrying.” Talia grins and bumps her shoulder against Melissa’s. “Come on, don’t be shy.”

The freckled girl clears her throat nervously. “The truth is... I didn’t actually, um, turn gay in the last few days. My friend... I mean, my best friend kinda pushed me to go on a date with you. She really wants me to turn gay, but I don’t know if... that’s what I want.” Wringing her hands, Melissa looks away from Talia guiltily. “As for sex, actually doing it with another woman is a bit...” She trails off, blushing.

“Huh.” Talia scratches her head for a moment, as she processes what Melissa has just told her. “Well, if you’re *really* just straight, I won’t do anything to you, but...” She snorts softly in amusement. “Look, Melissa, I find it real fuckin’ hard to believe that you’re not just in the closet here.”

“What?” Melissa turns back to the tattooed woman, feeling bewildered. “Why not?”

Talia raises a dark eyebrow. “I mean, geez, it didn’t take much for you to agree to go on a date with another girl. What, your best friend asked you to, and you just *had* to do it? Come on.” She gives Melissa an amused look. “Sounds more like you were just scared to admit you wanted to do it, so you made sure that your friend pressured you, so you could tell yourself it wasn’t *your* choice.”

“That’s not what happened!” Melissa can feel her face turning red. It’s probably not helping her argument. “She’s just really good at peer pressure!”

“Melissa, if I had a best friend who said they didn’t like that I was gay, and tried to set me up on a date with a man, I’d tell them to fuck off. Your friend just sounds kinda...” Talia pauses for a moment, and her eyebrow raises a little further. “Melissa,” she asks, speaking slowly and carefully. “Your friend... is she a lesbian or bi herself, by any chance? Maybe even a predator?”

Melissa is a bit worried about where this is going. “She... she’s bi, I think. Why does that matter?”

“Ah, that explains a lot.” Talia grins smugly.

“Explains *what*?” Melissa isn’t actually sure she wants to know the answer.

The tattooed woman’s grin widens. “Your bisexual predator best friend suddenly wants you to warm up to the idea of you having a relationship with a woman. A *predator* woman, at that. Is it really that hard to work out why?”

No, not when it’s put that way. “You think... Lindsay’s trying to push me into dating women so that I’ll date *her* someday?” Melissa didn’t want to think about how much sense that made.

Talia shrugs. “I don’t know what *Lindsay* wants. The only thing I know is that she asked you to try it, and you *instantly* agreed. Seems like you’re quite vulnerable to her requests. Now, why would that be, *I wonder*?” She snickers as Melissa looks away in embarrassment.

“I-I don’t know if I like girls or not, is the problem.” Melissa refuses to answer the question that Talia just asked. “I’ve been with a lot of guys, but I’ve never been with...”

The tattooed woman smirks, and places a gentle hand on the freckled girl’s thigh, pulling the dress up a few inches. “Well, finding out isn’t hard, cutie.” As Melissa stares at Talia’s hand, her blush deepens. The woman leans in a little closer. “Tell you what... why don’t we try *this*...”

“Try wha...!” Melissa’s question is cut off by Talia’s lips pressing against her own. She feels the stronger woman’s hand curl around the back of her neck, and pull her in tighter. Feeling something probing against her lips, she opens them and feels Talia’s tongue invade her mouth.

Oh god, this feels *good*. Too good. This was a problem. If it felt this good, then Melissa would run out of excuses for not wanting to cross that little intangible line in her head. On one side was being a normal straight girl, and on the other was rainbows and hot girls. Once she stepped across that line, there was no going back. And Talia’s tongue was driving her closer and closer...

Talia leaned forward, pressing her breasts against Melissa's. She could feel her bra warping against the pressure of Talia's bra, and she felt her heart skip as the straps almost caught on each other. Oh god, the line was *so close*...

She felt the tattooed woman smile, and suddenly press down on her, pushing her back into the pillow. Talia's whole body pressed down on her own, her strength irresistible. She was trapped underneath the woman. And it felt amazing. Being controlled, being dominated was so much fun. Oh, fuck it. Melissa felt the line vanish into the distance behind her. No going back to pretending she wasn't bisexual now, she thought.

Finally, after an eternity of bliss, Talia broke the kiss. Their faces inches away from each other, the two were panting hard, trying to catch their breaths. "How was that?" the tattooed woman asks arrogantly, her eyes smoky with arousal.

She had a good reason to be arrogant, Melissa reflected. "It was... pretty good." She didn't really want to admit that it had been so good, it had made her bisexual. "... could do it again."

"Yeah, I bet." Talia smirks, and plants a quick peck on Melissa's lips. "Your best friend has good taste. I'm not surprised she wants a bite of you."

Melissa *really* didn't want to think about that right now. Looking away from Talia's triumphant gaze, her eyes fall to the predator tattoo. Tracing the female symbols with her fingers, Melissa bites her lip. "Your tattoos are really pretty..."

"Oh, right!" Talia's eyes brighten. "I promised you a proper viewing, didn't I?" Unbuttoning her shirt, the tattooed woman eagerly shed the garment. A few seconds later, a black bra followed it onto the floor beside the bed. "My shoulder tattoos are nice, but I've done my best to make my whole body a canvas."

"Wow..." Melissa's eyes widen as she takes in the sight before her, her gaze moving from tattoo to tattoo.

Almost the whole of Melissa's upper body is taken up by tattoos, both simple black and colorful. On her chest, stretching from her collar bones to the top of her breasts is a huge rainbow, inked in what looks like an Aboriginal style. On her left breast, an angular black sun that looks vaguely Japanese rings her puffy pink nipple. On the other, a Celtic symbol spirals out in a triangle from her right nipple. Catching Melissa's gaze, Talia flicks her nipple playfully. "You like this one? Getting it inked *on* my nipple hurt like absolute heaven."

There's at least a dozen more that Melissa can see, some of which clearly continue past the waistband of her pants. They seem to each come from a different culture. "Holy *crap*..." She'd known Talia had a lot of tattoos, but this is far beyond what she'd expected. "That... must have taken a *long* time."

Talia nods, as she unbuckles her belt. Melissa hadn't noticed before, but the buckle of her belt is another predator symbol, picked out in gold. "You're looking at twelve years of art. The one who does my tattoos is a fantastic artist. And she's a futa, so she accepts getting head as payment, which was nice when I was a broke Uni student."

"Getting head?" Melissa knows the term, but she's still feeling a bit dazzled by the tattoos in front of her.

The tattooed woman mimes a blowjob for a moment. "Whenever I go in to get shit done, she does my ink and I suck her cock. Part of the reason I... well, whatever." She shrugs, and drops her pants, revealing even more tattoos down her legs. It takes Melissa a moment to realize that Talia's still wearing black underwear.

"They look amazing..." They really do. It's hard not to be impressed by such a wide variety of art, packed onto Talia's already impressive body. There's barely a scrap of pale skin left below her shoulders, and it's almost hard to even notice her powerful muscles below the ink. "Why.. I mean, how did you start getting tattoos?"

Talia smirks, clearly having anticipated the question. "It's kinda like a memorial, in a way." When Melissa looks confused, she sits back down on the bed, in an artistic pose to show off her body. "You wanna know why I got them? Because each one represents a girl I've eaten."

Melissa's eyes widen even further. "Wait, really? Are you joking?" That's... a lot of girls.

The tattooed woman gives her an amused look. "What, you think I'm lying?" She turns around, and points to a tattoo on her back. It looks vaguely Hindu, with an ornate circular design. "Meera Das, nineteen years old. She was an exchange student I dated for a few months. But she failed her classes and didn't want to go back to India, so we... sealed the deal instead."

She turns around, and grabs her left boob, giving it a rough squeeze. "This one's for... I wanna say her name was Stephanie? Yeah, Steph Suzuki. That was her. Dumb kid who begged me to eat her after she found out I was a pred. She picked out the design first, too. I'm probably *holding* a decent amount of her right now, too."

Tapping the predator symbol on her shoulder, Talia licks her lips. "Got this one to commemorate dominating Jackie Jones. Hated that bitch. Always used to try and steal my girlfriends. Got sick of it, and paid her roommate to leave their room unlocked one night." She smirks at the memory. "She put up a hell of a fight once she realized what I was gonna do to her. Getting her down my throat was one of the best feelings I've ever had. Well that, and feeling my guts turn her into a turd." She winces at the memory. "Gave me more of a fight on the way out, to be honest. That bathroom probably *still* stinks of her."

Melissa wonders if it's weird that she's fascinated by Talia's stories. And even a little aroused. Well, maybe not a *little*... "What's this one from?" She points at the nordic runes just below the predator symbol.

"Oh, that..." Talia scowls a little. "...that's not actually from a girl. That was back when I was a fascist in university." She grimaces at the memory. "Got them to prove to the other lesbian Aryans that I was into the whole nordic predator supremacy shit. Which I was, to be fair."

Melissa feels a little unsettled by that idea. "But... you're not anymore, right?"

"I guess not." Talia shrugs. "I mean, they were the popular kids back in uni, so I just wanted to fit in, mostly. I drifted away from that shit once I left uni, and realised how fucking dumb it was." She grins. "Turns out telling yourself that you only love sucking cock so you can get tattoos for free isn't a long-term plan for your sexuality. And I also realised that only dating whites because of some shit stupid racial bullshit was really limiting my dating options." Leaning back again, she opens her legs and runs her thumb down her inner thigh. "Nowadays, I'm the total opposite."

Melissa follows the tattooed woman's thumb as it moves back up, to between her legs, trying really hard not to salivate. "The total opposite?"

Talia snorts, and holds her arms out. "I mean, *look* at me. I'm multi-cultural as *fuck*. I've been with girls of dozens of cultures, and they're all inside me now. Russian, Japanese, Korean, African, Aboriginal, you fucking name it. Chances are, whatever culture you name is probably jiggling as tit fat on me right now!" She gives a middle finger to the ceiling. "Eat shit, girls I used to hang out with. I'm a fucking graveyard of nations now." Rolling her eyes, she lays back again. "I mean, they're down in hell, not up there. But, you get my meaning."

Melissa suddenly remembers that she's still fully clothed. "Oh, um... did you want me to, um..." She gestures to her dress for a moment.

"Oh, yeah. Please do." The tattooed woman leers happily, as the freckled girl starts to fiddle with the zipper on her dress. "The *real* question is, what kinda tattoo will I get to commemorate *you*?"

"M-me?" Melissa freezes in place, her hands still reaching for the zipper. "I-I don't know? Isn't it a bit early to decide that?" Of course, Talia was a pred, and she was... well, a prey, she guessed. It wasn't overly surprising. But this felt very sudden. "Wait, are you saying you're gonna eat me?"

Talia licks her lips. "Yeah, I am, Melissa. I think I am gonna eat you tonight."

Is she joking? Is this some kind of kinky play? Melissa suddenly feels a lot colder than she did a few seconds ago. "Um, that's... I mean, this is our first date. If we're gonna... um, *do it*, I don't mind playing around a little. But going all the way on vore, I don't know if..."

“Oh, *Melissa*.” Talia’s voice is patronizing, as if she’s chiding a silly child. “Come *on*. We both know there’s not going to be a second date between us. You’ve got your eye elsewhere.”

“W-what do you mean?” The freckled girl shrinks back slightly, against the wooden head of the bed. “I’ll go on a second date with you. Just calm down for a moment...”

Talia rolls her eyes, and sits up on the bed. As she moves toward the freckled girl, Melissa flinches. But Talia simply drapes an arm over her shoulders. “I saw the look on your face when I suggested that your best friend might have an interest in you. I know you *want* that to be true. If we parted ways right now, I’d bet decent money that you’d be in your best friend’s bed by sunrise.”

Melissa wants to deny it. She really wants to. But, she can’t. And she doesn’t want to think about *why* she can’t. “But if you eat me...”

“I like you, Melissa. I like you *a lot*.” Talia rests her chin on Melissa’s shoulder, her voice gentle and almost soothing. “And I’m just... *not* interested in seeing you date some jackass who’s not *me*. So, given the choice of seeing that, or making you part of me forever, I choose the latter. It’s selfish, I know.”

“I-I could date you!” Melissa squeaks out. Talia’s grip is too strong for her to move away, and the freckled girl comes to the horrible realization that there’s nothing, absolutely *nothing in the whole world*, that could stop Talia from eating her right now. “Why does it have to be one of those two options? I could totally date you!”

“That’s sweet, but I know you’re only saying that to escape getting eaten.” She sees Melissa’s fearful expression, and rolls her eyes. “Oh, would you *relax*? I’m not just gonna shove you down my throat like a fucking McNugget!” Her other hand caresses the ruby around Melissa’s neck. “No, this is gonna be the best night of your life. Trust me, you’re a prey. This is what you *want*.”

Is it what Melissa wanted? To die here, tonight, inside Talia? The concept was erotic, but the reality was utterly terrifying. She’d seen girls die inside Lindsay before. It didn’t seem like they’d been having fun.

Talia leaned in, pressing her lips against Melissa’s cheek. “Here’s what’s gonna happen, okay? We’re gonna have some drinks to loosen up, and get warm, get real friendly with each other. Then, we’re gonna make sweet, sweet love. And after that, we’re gonna take a bath together. I’ve stayed here before, the view from the bathroom is *fire*, you won’t believe it.” She kisses Melissa’s cheek between each sentence. “After that, we’re gonna make love again and again, as many times as you want. And then, when the sun is dawning, you and I are gonna become one. It’s the last night of your life, and it’s gonna be the most sensual and pleasurable one you ever have.”

"I don't know if..." Melissa begins, but Talia puts a finger to her lips.

"You're still freaking out a little, I know. Just take a deep breath, okay?" She waits until Melissa takes a deep breath and then lets it out. "Feel a little better?" Not really, but the freckled girl just nods. "Good. Now, why don't you go and take a nice, hot shower? You'll feel a lot more into this once you do, I promise."

The arm around her shoulder lets go, and Melissa fearfully nods, and stands up from the bed. "I... I'll go and take a shower, then!" Anything to get away from the predator's powerful grip. With that arm around her, there's nothing that Melissa can do to resist.

"That's the spirit!" The tattooed woman smiles happily. "Don't bother dressing afterward, okay?"

"S-sure..." Melissa says, walking toward the bathroom door. Beyond, she can see the lights of the city glittering in the night. "I'll... try not to be too long?" Oh god, was that a normal thing to say in this situation? If Talia thought that Melissa might try and escape...

Talia shrugs. "Don't worry, take a nice long soak, if you need to. I don't wanna be swallowing any dirt later, so scrub well!"

"I-I will!" Melissa opens the bathroom door, and steps inside, closing the door behind her. There's no lock on the door, but it feels like *some* barrier between her and the hungry predator outside.

The hotel bathroom is surprisingly large. On the far end, a huge bathtub sits right in front of a wide window that shows off the city skyline. The room must be pretty high up, Melissa sees for the first time. A luxurious shower sits near the door, the glass amazingly clean.

There's no escape to be found in this room, Melissa quickly sees. Even if the windows opened, she was some twenty stories from the ground. There was no escape in the other room either, she knew. The door was definitely locked, and Talia would almost certainly be able to chase her down anyway.

Her phone! Melissa realizes with a start. If she called Lindsay, her best friend would try and save her. Melissa knew she would. She pats her dress, searching for the small device. But, it's gone. Talia must have taken the opportunity to hide it while she was blacked out. The only phone is in the other room, next to the bed, where Talia is. Not much of an option, either.

Melissa looks back at the door nervously. Talia seems pretty complacent right now, and for good reason. But if she changed her mind, if she knew Melissa was thinking of escaping, there's an almost certain possibility that she wouldn't take any chances and just force the girl down her throat.

Left without any other options, Melissa turns on the shower. At least this will buy her some time. She unzips her dress, and lets it fall to the marble floor. Her underwear follows quickly. Melissa unclasps the heavy necklace, and lays it gently on top of her clothes. Even in this dire moment, she can't help but be dazzled by its beauty.

Turning on the shower, Melissa steps under the hot water, feeling the heat sinking into her tense shoulder muscles. As Talia promised, it actually does calm her down a little. She's almost feeling close to normal when the dizziness hits her.

The freckled girl sways, hitting her shoulder against the glass of the shower. It rings out loudly, the sound buzzing in Melissa's head. On top of everything else, she's feeling hungry. Great, just one more thing to make it easier for Talia to eat her, she thinks to herself, as the room spins.

"Melissa, are you okay?" Talia's voice calls out from behind the bathroom door. "I heard a noise, you're okay in there, right?"

"I-I'm fine! Just slipped over a little, don't worry!" Melissa calls out, feeling terrified.

There's a long pause, and the girl feels her heart hammering in her chest. "Okay." Talia calls out at last. "What do you wanna drink? There's a bunch of them in the mini-bar."

"Um... just a vodka cruiser, if they have them!" Melissa waits until she hears Talia walk away, and then sighs in relief.

Stepping out of the shower, Melissa feels her stomach grumbling again. "Oh, *fuck*..." She almost doubles over, and sits down heavily on the edge of the bathtub. "Fucking rich people eating tiny ass food..."

For a few minutes, Melissa thinks and thinks. She doesn't want to die here tonight. She wants... she *needs* to see Lindsay again. After what Talia told her, Lindsay being in love with her...

But there's nothing. There's no way out that Melissa can imagine. Talia is between her and the door, and any other kind of way out. The freckled girl knows that the predator is being kind and friendly right now, but she'd already made her intentions quite clear. If Melissa ran, she'd just get dragged back into bed and die exhausted as well.

Oh God, this was it, wasn't it? She'd tried to play the odds, and come up stiff on the first try. Melissa can imagine that quite a lot of prey and unlucky predators have been in this exact scenario, realizing that the end is coming, but desperately trying to imagine that there's a way out. And those prey and unlucky predators were all now digested.

Well, Melissa wasn't going to spend her last moments humiliating herself. If Talia was going to be her end, then the freckled girl was going to face her reaper with dignity.

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The bathroom door opens, and Talia turns from the mini-bar, holding two drinks. "Oh, just in time! They *did* have a vodka... oh, *wow*..." Her eyes widen as she sees Melissa.

Melissa is completely naked, blushing slightly as Talia drinks in the sight of her. "H-hey..." She has no idea what to say in this scenario. "Um, how do I lo-"

"Great!" Talia blurts out, trying not to salivate. Her stomach growls, eager to taste the flesh before her. But that would have to wait. "Uh... are you feeling a little calmer?"

The freckled girl grimaces. Definitely not feeling calmer now that she knows she's just taken her final shower. "N-no... Um, listen, about getting eaten..."

Talia grins at her. "Yeah, don't worry about it! Getting eaten, I mean." She seems to enjoy the flash of hope on Melissa's face. "Cause, you're not gonna be able to stop me. So there's no point worrying about it, y'know?"

"Yeah, I kinda knew you were gonna say that..." Melissa curses herself for the tiny moment of hope she'd just had. It made every part of this so much worse now. "Oh God... what now, then?"

"Well, I was thinking sex... so, we're gonna have sex!" The tattooed woman sits down on the bed, placing the drinks on the bedside table. "Now, I thought we could *start* with a nice little makeout session. You seemed to like that before. We'll take it nice and slow..."

"Nice and slow..." Melissa echoes, still trying to come to terms with her fate. "What... what happens after sex?"

Talia gives her a curious look. "Jumping a bit ahead, aren't you?!" The tattooed woman is still almost naked, though her ink seems to cover her body. Licking her lips, the waitress adopts a rather perverse look. "Well, after that... I'm gonna eat you alive. And then I'm gonna digest you." Her cheeks begin to redden a little, and it's obvious that she's getting aroused by the thought. "I'll probably, like, watch a movie after that? I dunno."

Melissa feels a little insulted at how quickly the waitress is planning on moving on. "What?! That quickly?" She scowls at Talia, who gives her a bemused look. "What happened to liking me a lot?!"

Talia smirks at her, and then licks her lips. "Come on, let's get started! Your life's gonna end soon, you wanna spend you last moments chatting or getting fucked?"

Well, when she put it that way... “G-getting fucked, I guess...” Melissa admits, finally caving in and accepting her fate.

“Alright!” Talia gestures for Melissa to sit down on the bed.

Hesitantly, Melissa turns and gingerly plants her bare butt on the bed next to Talia. When the tattooed predator leans toward her, she reflexively flinches away.

“Oh *relax*...” Talia grabs the freckled girl’s shoulder, holding her in place. Melissa can feel how strong the tattooed woman is, how powerful her muscles are. It’s incredible, then, how delicately she’s able to touch Melissa. There’s not harm in her grip, just pure strength.

“What are-” Melissa begins to ask, but Talia’s lips cut off her words. The tattooed woman kisses her again, knocking all the words out of her mouth and thoughts out of her brain. God, oh gods, Talia was a good kisser. How many times had she practiced this? How many girls...?

After a few minutes of making out, Melissa feels Talia’s smirk against her lips. The tattooed woman breaks off the kiss, leaving the freckled girl breathing heavily. “Feels like you’re ready... are you ready to be fucked by another woman, Melissa Jones?”

Fuck yes, she is. “P-please...” Melissa begs, and part of her is aroused by how pathetic she sounds.

Talia seems to like it too. She winks at Melissa, and then grabs the freckled girl’s thighs with both hands. With astounding strength and delicacy, she levers open the younger girl’s legs. Melissa is almost ashamed to see how wet she is. Her vagina is red and puffy, her thighs already slick with juices. Underneath her, the bedsheets are sodden.

Leaning in, the tattooed woman kisses her cheek. “Well, then... let’s begin.”

Melissa blinks. “What are you... oh! Oh!” She feels Talia’s hand touch her vagina, and then...

The tattooed woman’s fingers are inside her. They probe deep into her sex, meeting absolutely no resistance at all. Melissa’s so wet and aroused that they’re practically sucked inside. It’s not the first, or even the twentieth time Melissa’s been fingered, but it’s the first time a woman’s fingers have been inside her. Well, apart from her own, four times a week. But this is very, very different.

Talia Vanderberg is clearly a veteran at lesbian sex. Though her fingernails are long and stylish, the two on her right index and middle fingers have been carefully cute and filed down, so that she can efficiently finger someone without hurting them. In no time at all, she manages to soften Melissa’s vagina up enough to slip two fingers inside the freckled girl. “Oh!” Melissa can’t help but let out an embarrassing noise as Talia probes her deepest parts. “Oh, shit!”

“Aha, you’re liking this, huh?” The tattooed woman is rather smug. “Not surprised. You like my technique? I’ve perfected it on over a hundred women, so I’m pretty confident that I can get you off whether you like it or not!”

“Ah! Shit! Shit!” Well, there’s no chance of Melissa not cumming, that much is obvious. The freckled girl is trying to hold back, but Talia’s fingers are relentless. Melissa can already feel the orgasm building. “Oh, goddammit! H-how are you *doing* that... nnngh!”

Talia leans in a bit more, her other hand grabbing Melissa’s butt with a shockingly firm grip. “Okay, let’s see here...” She pauses for a moment, her fingers twiddling slightly as if she’s searching for something inside Melissa’s vagina. “If I’m not mistaken, your g-spot should be around he-”

“*FUCK!*” Melissa involuntarily yells as Talia presses her orgasm button. She can’t help her body from violently shuddering as well. The outburst seems to even shock Talia, who jumps in surprise. “Uh... uh... please be... more careful with that...” she begs the tattooed woman.

But Talia just grins triumphantly. “Oh, I’ll be careful alright! Have you ever had three orgasms in a row?” Melissa’s heart leaps in terror, and she shakes her head. Talia winks at her. “Alright, this’ll be your first, then!”

Melissa feels the waitress’s fingers press down on her g-spot again. “Ah, fuck, Talia-aaaaaah!”

The next sixty seconds or so are filled with the sound of a freckled girl trying and failing to control her orgasms, along with choked swearing and blaspheming. It is, by far, the most pleasurable sixty seconds of Melissa Jones’s life so far. Talia is utterly merciless, and follows up Melissa’s orgasm with another, and then another.

Finally, Melissa comes back to her senses, her face buried in one of the hotel pillows. It’s soft on her cheeks, and for a moment, she’s confused. She’s on her stomach now, with Talia’s hand gently running along her back, as if she’s petting her child. Melissa blinks a few times, and realizes that she must have flipped over at some point, and also blacked out?

“Geez Louise, you sure know how to have an orgasm...” Talia sighs with an amused smile on her face. “I think the people on the ground floor heard that one.”

Melissa’s cheeks flush red. “Uh, did I scream...?” She was having trouble remembering through the haze of pleasure. Come to think of it, her throat *was* a little sore.

Talia just laughs, a low and vaguely menacing sound. “Oh, *Melissa*... I haven’t even *begun* to make you scream.”

The freckled girl feels Talia's words ghosting across her ear, and shivers. She can't tell if it's from fear or excitement. It's probably both. "Oh... oh, god..." She whispers, as she realizes that Talia can and *will* repeat what she'd just done to Melissa.

"Well, it's not like you're gonna need sleep tonight, are you?" Talia snickers, and her hand runs down Melissa's back, passing over the freckled bum, and then between her thighs again...

Melissa doesn't get a wink of sleep that night. But, as Talia said, she doesn't really need it.

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Light begins to blossom behind the curtains of the hotel room window, as the morning sun begins to rise. Despite the fact that it's the first light of day, the two women inside the hotel room haven't had a single second of sleep tonight. Melissa doesn't notice dawn's light. It's kinda impossible for her to see at the moment, given that there's a heavily tattooed vagina blocking the way.

Talia is sitting on Melissa's face, grinding her lower body on the younger girl's freckled face. She seems to be rather enjoying herself too, given the sounds that she's making. "Ugh... yeah... come on..." she's groaning, more to herself than Melissa.

Despite what it looks like, Melissa's not actually really participating. She *should* be sticking her tongue out, to properly taste the tattooed woman's sex, but she's long past having that kind of energy in her body. They've already done this particular position three times tonight, and the freckled girl is physically wrecked after nearly seven hours of sex. Talia, on the other hand, seems quite happy to continue on her own. The tattooed woman is utterly insatiable, and Melissa knows now that she would never have been able to keep up with her.

"Yeah! Yeah! Come on, come *ooooon!*" Talia's grunts turn into a high-pitched moan, and her whole body shudders violently. Pressed against the tattooed woman's vagina, Melissa can feel it pulsing violently as Talia orgasms once again. She's lost count of the amount of times they've both cum.

Eventually, Melissa feels the waitress take a deeply satisfied sigh, and then feels the weight being lifted off her face as Talia rolls off. The tattooed woman lays sprawled out in bed next to Melissa, grinning in utter satisfaction. After a few minutes of ragged breathing from the both of them, Melissa feels Talia's elbow gently prodding her in the ribs.

It's all Melissa can do to turn her head to look at Talia. The rest of her body won't respond to her at all anymore. When they lock eyes, Talia flashes her a cheerful grin. "Not bad, kid. You kept up with me for a while there! Longer than most of my victims do, at least."

Is that meant to be a compliment? Melissa can't say she didn't enjoy the last night of her life. Talia's a very, very skilled lover, and the freckled girl has just had the best sex of her life, easily. But she knows what's coming next. Melissa just nods, which seems to satisfy Talia.

The tattooed woman cracks her knuckles, and then puts her hands behind her head, looking supremely smug. "Ah, nothing like a night of sex to work up an appetite! God, my stomach could eat a whole person right now!"

Melissa kinda knows what she means. The dinner last night had been obscenely small, along with being obscenely expensive. She's been ravenously hungry for a few hours at least. But, she knows that Talia's not going to give her breakfast. The realization that her hunger will never be satiated is numbly depressing for Melissa.

"Tell you what..." Talia winks at Melissa. "I'm gonna give you, like, five minutes to live right now, okay? Better figure out what your last words will be... oh, and the tattoo!"

Oh, right, the tattoo. Melissa had forgotten about that entirely. "I.." she manages to speak, barely. A last reserve of energy, that she knows she won't need in about five minutes anyway. "I... want... Lindsay..." It's all her tired brain can manage.

"Really?" The tattooed woman smirks. "Well... how about you and her names together?" She begins to pat down her body, running her hands along her tattoos. "Hmm... I've got a nice little gab under my left tit." She lifts her breast up for Melissa to see. "Your names can go under here together, right under Steph Suzuki's tattoo. You wanna say hello to your future next door neighbor?"

Shit, is that all Melissa's going to become? Tit fat and a inked name on this woman? Is this gonna be her fate? Yeah, it's kinda inevitable at this point. Talia's already salivating a little bit.

The predator leans forward, biting her lip in anticipation. "Oh, gosh, I'm so ready for breakfast. I hope you enjoy this, Melissa." She grabs Melissa's hair, and the freckled girl knows the end is coming.

"Wait...!" She chokes out, terror filling her body at the sight of Talia opening her dark maw. "I... please tell Lindsay... that I've always..."

Talia pauses for a moment, closing her mouth. She gives Melissa a vaguely amused look. "Yeah, nah. Not gonna, kid. You belong to me, don't you forget that!" She licks her lips again, sneering coldly. "Your last words are a special treat for me, okay? Your best friend's *neeeeeveeeeer* gonna hear 'em."

Well, it was a cruel thing to do, but predators are cruel. Melissa always knew that, so it's not a huge surprise. But it still feels utterly crushing to know that Talia's enjoying her cruelty. "You..." Melissa begins, but Talia's other hand covers her mouth.

“No, your last words are great so far. Let’s not ruin them now, okay?” Her mouth opens again... and then opens and opens even further...

It takes Melissa a few seconds to realize she’s being swallowed alive. Not that it matters if she knows or not, since she’s long past having the energy to fight her doom. With involuntary compliance, Melissa can only remain limp as Talia gulps her head down. In fact, the whole world is kinda... going dark...

Melissa snaps awake. She blacked out for a few moments, she realized. Not really that surprising, given that she’s utterly exhausted. Around her is just darkness and warmth. Except for her feet, which feel oddly cold.

With a big gulp, Melissa feels Talia swallow her feet. The freckled girl feels something pressing down on her, along her whole body. She becomes aware of a terrible, awful stench filling her nostrils. Slowly, her eyes adjust and she sees not complete darkness, but a shadowy redness around her. In her ears, she can hear what sounds like a heartbeat...

This is a stomach! Oh, fuck! No, no, this can’t be happening! If she’d had the energy to move, Melissa would have started to flail around in alarm, but she can only panic inside her head now. Distantly, she hears Talia burp, the sound feeling like it comes from all around her at once. Worse, there’s a horrible wet noise all around her, as some liquid splashes onto her skin-

Ow, fuck! The liquid is only warm, but it stings Melissa’s skin. The freckled girl’s body begins to shudder violently. It’s the only response her exhausted body can manage for the pain that’s now exploding along her entire body. Shit, this was... stomach acid, wasn’t it?! Melissa can feel her skin burning. Fuck, this stuff was strong enough to actually melt her entire body, wasn’t it? No, she had to get out of here before that happened...

But there’s no chance of that. Even if there was an easy way out, Melissa doesn’t have the strength. She can only shudder in the reddish darkness, silently screaming in agony as Talia’s guts prepare to digest her.

Melissa can feel her consciousness begin to fade. Between the acid and her exhaustion, her body is quickly capitulating. It feels like her body wants to give up as quickly as possible. No! Not like this! Not without telling Lindsay... not without telling her... Melissa can’t die without telling Lindsay that she... loves... her...

Death, however, does not agree with Melissa. Darkness blossoms in the freckled girl’s vision, and inside her mind. Her mind melts in jumbled images and words, all meaning and sapience fading away, her thoughts becoming silent. Strangely, her last thoughts are not of Lindsay, but of the dark predator she’d seen earlier that night. Like a grim reaper, she sees the dark predator’s face before her own, her golden eyes twinkling in the void that was her skin. For a

single hellish moment, Melissa witnesses the dark predator transform into death's true form; the endless, infinite death of personality. And then, the void claims her, body and soul.

"Goodbye, Melissa Jones..." Talia leans down and presses her cheek into her belly, feeling the girl inside her pass away. Stillness settles on Melissa's shuddering body, and she slowly begins to melt. It'll happen slowly, but eventually, Melissa Jones will be reduced to soup, and then to poop.

As Talia's tummy begins to groan and moan, she feels the digestive process begin in earnest. After a few minutes of bliss, the tattooed woman takes a deep breath and lies back on the bed, patting her stomach absently.

Well, that was fun. Time to move on. "Can't grieve forever, can I?" Talia says out loud to no-one in particular.

With a bit of effort, the waitress sits up in bed and reaches for her clothes. She slips on her bra again, and sighs happily. Being topless is erotic, but having tits as big as hers means that after a while it starts to feel exhausting lugging her chest around. The feeling of relief is almost instant, as the weight disappears from her chest. Once that's done, Talia reaches into her pile of clothes again.

After a moment of rooting around, the tattooed woman pulls out Melissa's phone. She'd stashed it there after Melissa passed out, hoping that the freckled girl wouldn't be able to find it without her noticing. Not the best plan, but Talia had been in a hurry. Now, what had Melissa said was the passcode again? Oh yes...

Once she's unlocked Melissa's phone, Lindsay swipes and opens the girl's bank account. "Whoa, not bad!" The tattooed woman is impressed by what she sees. With a deftness that suggests that this isn't the first time she's done this, Talia transfers Melissa's life saving into her own bank account. Well, it's not like Melissa would need it anymore, right? No sense in letting it go to waste. Talia had her eyes on one of those new Saffron Chastity bras, and Melissa's bank account was gonna do just nicely for that!

Backing out of the bank account, Talia looks for anything else interesting on Melissa's phone. Some nudes in her photo album, which Talia sends to her own phone for later enjoyment. A message from someone called... Jessica Storm? Ugh, the name reminded Talia of her college days as a fascist. Feeling a little mischievous, the tattooed woman sends a reply to Jessica, a truly vile collection of insults and venomous slurs for a futanari. Well, this Jessica 'Storm' sounded like a Neo-Nazi, and Talia loved hating fascists, so it was well-deserved in her mind. And then finally, she notices a small app called 'VoreFans'...

"Hmm? What's this you've got, Mel?" Talia asks her belly, as if the digesting girl is capable of speaking anymore. She opens the app, and her eyes widen. "Oh, shit! You never told me you

did this kinda thing!” Excited, Talia scrolls through the pictures and videos that Melissa’s uploaded. Then, she notices the amount of people subscribed to Melissa. “Oh, shit…”

Well, that was a lovely find, wasn’t it? Talia had heard of VoreFans before, but she’d never actually tried it. If she took over Melissa’s account, then she could quickly convert all the freckled girl subscribers into her own fans! Talia has always been wealthy, but now she could retire from being a waitress entirely, and just live off the combined income of VoreFans and stealing from the girls she digests! This might be an even bigger parting gift than the money in Melissa’s bank account! “Thanks, Mel! Don’t worry, I’ll put this account to good use!”

Inside her, Melissa is slowly losing shape. Talia decides that this is the girl’s way of saying that she’s welcome. “Oh, don’t thank *me!*” Talia giggles to her belly. “Well, you’re welcome, too. Shall we watch a movie together while you digest?” She picks up the remote and flicks on the TV, flipping through the channels. “Ooh, Emelie and Me! I love this movie!”

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In her apartment at Pier One, Lindsay Smith is tidying her bedroom. She’s dressed in short shorts and a hoodie, her chest bare. It’s her normal nightly outfit, after all. Her room isn’t overly dirty, t tell the truth, just littered with sex toys. Most of them have been recently used.

Well, Mel had put a really nice bikini picture up on VoreFans a few hours ago, so Lindsay could hardly be blamed for wanting to masturbate to it, could she? It was just supporting her best friend really. “Man, if she knew how much I jill off to her stuff…” Lindsay chuckles to herself, blushing slightly. Her best friend was on a date tonight, and she hoped that Mel was having fun. That waitress seemed like a horny type, so she probably was. With any luck, she was…

Lindsay feels her phone buzzing in her pocket. Could it be the real estate agent? She’d said she might call tonight, about the new apartment. Quickly fishing her phone out of her shorts, Lindsay sees that it’s Melissa calling her! She sits down on her bed and puts it to her ear. “Hey!”

“Ah, is this Lindsay?” an unfamiliar voice asks.

The redhead blinks and looks at her phone. Yeah, that’s Melissa’s number alright. “Uh, yeah, this is Lindsay Smith.” A chill appears in the predator’s stomach. “Um, who the fuck is this?”

“Oh, you don’t know who I am?” A little bit of smug laughter drifts into Lindsay’s ear, and she shivers. “I’m Talia Vanderberg, the woman that your best friend went on a date with tonight.”

No. No, no, no. This can’t be happening. Lindsay steels herself, hoping what her intuition just told her happened didn’t actually happen. “Y-yeah? Why are you calling from Melissa’s phone?”

"I just wanted to thank you. Mel told me *all* about how you wanted her to get out and date predators more. So, I have you to thank for the night of absolute pleasure I spent with your... best friend."

Lindsay is silent for a long moment. "Where's... Put Melissa on the phone right now." she demands, her voice lethal. She knows that Talia wouldn't be calling to brag if Melissa was still...

"Yeah, she can't talk on the phone right now. She's dead." The word cuts a hole through Lindsay's mind, freezing her in place. No, she hadn't just said... no, she had to be lying! In a mocking tone, Talia continues. "Deceased. Kicked the bucket. *Digesting*."

No, no, this couldn't be happening! Predators didn't eat on the first date! It wasn't like Melissa had gone to some fucking vore bar! "Tell me you're joking, or I'll..."

"Oh, that's right, I forgot! She asked me to tell you something *really* important! They were her last words, in fact..." The voice on the other end of the line is very clearly enjoying rubbing Lindsay's face in it.

Her last words? Lindsay can barely comprehend the concept. Just a few days ago, she'd been drinking with her best friend. Just this morning, she'd seen Melissa's post on VoreFans. This was meant to be the beginning of their love story, not the end... "What... what did she say?"

"Hmm?" Talia makes a delighted sound. "Oh, it was really sweet. And really important, too. For you, I mean." There's a long moment of silence, as Lindsay waits, not even daring to breathe... "Oh, sorry! Did you actually think I was gonna *tell* you?" Talia laughs through the line, and Lindsay can feel her phone's speaker vibrating slightly to the sound. "Nah, I'm gonna keep those words for myself! Spend the rest of your life wondering, please!"

"You fucking *whore!*" Rage fills Lindsay's body, and the redhead slaps the bedside light next to her, the expensive lamp smashing loudly on the floor. It doesn't actually belong to her, but Lindsay really couldn't give a shit right now. "When I find you, I'm gonna-!" The redhead chokes up, unable to properly scream through her own fury.

"Save the threats, bitch." Suddenly, Talia's voice turns cold and harsh. "The girl you fell in love with is digesting inside me. She was conquered by *me*. Fucking masturbate to it, you stupid cuck."

Violent thoughts are filling Lindsay's mind. "When I find you..." the redhead hisses, "I'm gonna make you regret *everything*. You're not gonna get away with this!"

Talia just snorts at that threat. "Yeah, whatever. I'm skipping town for a few weeks anyway. Gonna go and get a new tattoo. So, good luck finding me."

“I’m gonna kill you!” Tears are streaming down Lindsay’s face as she screams into her phone. “I’m gonna fucking *murder* you!”

“Yeah, okay, good luck with that. It won’t bring your girlfriend back... oh, wait, you guys didn’t get that far, did you?” Talia burst out laughing at her own joke. “Ha... anyway, you’re pretty hot, so send me some nudes when you calm down! Okay, seeya, bye!”

“You-!” But before Lindsay can scream again, the phone beeps as Talia hangs up.

The redhead stares at her phone for a long moment, in utter shock and despair. Despite her anger, she still hasn’t quite processed that Melissa is...

Suddenly, the phone buzzes again. It’s a notification from... Melissa’s VoreFans? Without thinking, Lindsay’s heart leaps in hope, and she taps on the screen. Could Talia have been lying? Maybe Melissa was...

*Hi beauties, the name’s Talia Vanderberg! Sadly for you all, the bad news is that I snapped up the girl you like! She’ll make a fine addition to my collection. The good news is that I’m gonna take over her account instead!*

Already, there’s some excited comments on the post. *Knew she wouldn’t last long...* said one. *Sick tattoos!* said another. Lindsay feels ill at the sight of them. It’s as if they didn’t really care at all that the woman she loved was now... dead.

Below the post is a video. Numbly, Lindsay presses the play button. Instantly, she’s greeted by the sight of a naked tattooed woman sitting on a toilet. “Hey, what’s up, new friends?” Talia flashes her middle finger to the camera. “Alright, here’s my first VoreFans post! I’m gonna take a big poop, and I’d like to show you all!” She holds the camera above her head, winks, and then spreads her tattooed legs. Her anus is apparently the only part of her that’s un-inked, apart from her head. As Lindsay watches in silent horror, the pale buttock puckers for a moment, and then a dark shape begins to crown, to the sound of a triumphant trumpeting...

Shamefully, Lindsay’s other hand reaches down, and shakily begins to unzip her shorts. “Melissa...” the redhead whispers, as her tears splash onto the screen. “Forgive me.” It’s not clear if she means about her best friend’s death, or what she’s about to do. “This... wasn’t what was supposed to happen...” She puts a hand between her legs as she watches Talia begin to empty her bowels into the toilet, the tattooed woman letting out another fart through the phone’s speakers. “I will avenge you, I swear... right after I... mmm!”

Talia spends the next few hours shitting Melissa and Lindsay’s love story into the hotel toilet. Deep down, Lindsay knows this isn’t how it *should* have ended. But then, real life didn’t really care about how things *should* have ended, did it? Perhaps in another world, they would find happiness. But not this one.

Ending - **HEARTBREAK FUTURE**

## END OF TIMELINE BETA:

Name:	Status:	Relationship :	Finances:	Fertility :	Fate:
Melissa Jones	Dead	Digested by Talia Vanderberg	Dead	Dead	Is this the fate she was destined for? Perhaps not, but Talia's stomach doesn't seem to care. Melissa's ultimate destiny does not come to pass.
Lindsay Smith	Mourning	Single	Wealthy	Fertile	It takes Lindsay many years to come to terms with Melissa's death. Finally, she moves on and falls in love with Jessica Storm. They have two daughters together, the eldest of whom is named 'Melissa', to carry on her best friend's spirit.
Talia Vanderberg	Alive	Single	Opulent	???	Another cute girl down, is all Talia thinks. She gets a tattoo of Melissa and Lindsay's names intertwined, to remind her of how she devoured their love. Years later, Lindsay tracks her down, and their battle shakes the Earth. But, the victor is a story for another day.
Azrael	Alive	Hunting	???	Very Virile	To her disappointment, the girl she'd taken an interest in turned out to be nothing more than an ordinary prey. Azrael turns her search for an apprentice elsewhere. Eventually, her eyes would fall on a young girl named Natasha Birch, who would rise to become the most infamous predators in the vorephile world...

