

“And so passes Diana Simons. Another hot chick buried inside me.” Becky groans in happiness, stroking her engorged belly. Inside, the shape of Di Simons stretches out the blonde girl’s copper skin, but the tall girl’s body is slowly softening even as Chris watches. “Ugh... This chick’s gonna give me the runs, I can feel it.”

Chris is laying on the floor of Di’s bedroom, her arms and legs bound by handcuffs. The twins, Senna and Farrah, are sitting on top of her. The tomboy can feel their hands on her lower body, exploring her... “Hey! Stop touching my butt!” She growls, trying to struggle. Chris is far from weak, but two full body weights on top of her is hard to shift, so she’s unable to stop the twins each grabbing a handful of her ass. One of the twins is also rifling through her pockets, searching her shorts for... Senna chuckles as she grabs Chris’s phone, pulling it out.

“Geez, what is with you two girls and molesting any chick you get your hands on? Come on, leave poor Chrissie alone, she’s had a rough day.” As Becky clicks her fingers, the two girls stand up, giggling as Chris gasps for air. “So, anyway, how are you feeling, Chrissie?”

“How the heck do you *think* I feel?” The tomboy snaps back at Becky. She’s watching her friend get *digested*, after all. Looking around, she tries to see where Senna has put her phone, but the pale girl is just smirking at her, her hands empty. Where the fuck did she put...?

The blonde rolls her eyes. “Sheesh, Chrissie... No need to be a sore loser. I’m not being a sore *winner*, am I?” Slapping her belly, Becky stands before Chris, a nasty gurgling sound echoing through the room as her stomach gets to work on making Di into Becky’s dinner. “You guys can hear that okay, right? Don’t want Chrissie to miss her friend getting digested...” Becky has removed her designer dress and is now wearing just a set of blue panties. Her copper breasts are bare, and the blonde seems to have no shame showing off her topless body to Chris and the others. Of course, with a body like *that*, why would she have any shame at all?

Of course, Becky isn’t standing in front of Chris. The blonde is actually in an entirely different room, having correctly anticipated that Chris and Kit would conclude that she was hiding in Di’s apartment and laid a trap. It seems that Becky has connected her flip phone to one of the twins’ to project an image onto the wall that makes it seem like both rooms are side by side. Despite herself, Chris is impressed by the sight of Becky standing before her. Not by the tech itself, since that’s been around since holographic phones first came out when she was a kid, but by the picture quality. It actually looks like the wall of Di’s apartment is directly adjacent to the other apartment...

That being said, the *owner* of said other apartment looks a tad *less* impressed.

Kit is sitting behind Becky, the small girl looking even smaller as she awkwardly perches on the side of the bed. She had been confident and determined to free Di from Becky’s guts. Chris can only imagine that running into her apartment to get her phone and finding *Becky Chastity* lounging on her bed must have been a shock.

“See?” Becky points at the smaller girl, making her flinch in surprise. “Your little friend here isn’t being a sore loser. She’s taking her loss like a real champ, y’know?” Moving back, the blonde plops her ass down on the bed, making the dark-haired girl beside her almost bounce into the air. Kit weighs half as much as a normal girl and Becky now weighs her own weight plus Di’s, after all. “How are you feeling about coming in two minutes late, Chen? It *is* Chen, right?”

“It... It is...” Kit steals a glance at Becky’s belly and then looks away with a blush. “I’m Kit Chen...” She stammers, fingering the hem of her oversized green hoodie.

“Hey, leave her alone!” Chris shouts at the screen, at Becky on the other side. “I’m the one you have a problem with, right?” Behind her, the twins laugh in unison at her attempt at bravado. Chris herself has to admit that the handcuffs on her wrists and feet aren’t exactly helping her seem intimidating,

Becky sneers down at the tomboy. “What do you mean, leave her alone? I’m just asking a question, Chrissie. Are you jealous that I’m talking to your cute little girlfriend? You need to learn to be less insecure...” This earns a round of giggles from the twins... and a slight flinch from Kit when the word *girlfriend* rolls off Becky’s tongue, Chris doesn’t fail to notice. “Anyway, who says I have a problem with you, Chrissie? If I had a problem with you, why would I play this fun little game with you?”

“It’s not a game...” Kit frowns, glaring up at Becky. “You... You snatched our friend and ate her! Alive!” For a girl about half Becky’s current size, it’s an impressive and probably foolish display of bravery.

Of course, the bully is delighted to get a reaction from her victim. “Oh, is that what you thought happened?” Becky muses in a smug voice. “Oh dear... That’s funny!”

Chris feels her heart skip a beat, and Kit looks quite surprised too. “What?!” The tomboy asks, confused. Is Becky trying to pretend that she *didn’t* do just that? “What are you talking about, Becky?”

“Ooh... I need a new manicure...” Becky pretends not to hear her, instead examining her fingernails. Bright pink and filed to a sharp point. Apart from her pointer and ring fingers, of course, which are filed down to a neat short curve. “I’m thinking... Maybe a nice black. Di was a bit of a goth, wasn’t she? I should try some goth now that I’m...”

“Wait, what do you mean?!” Kit asks desperately. “You said you gulped down Di against her will!”

“Did I? Cite your sources, Chen, you’re a college student now!” Becky chuckles as she continues to admire her fingernails. “I never said I ate her against her will. Don’t you know how easy it is for me to pick up girls when I look like *this*?” In a supreme gesture of arrogance, the

blonde gestures with her elegant fingers to her body. Admittedly, Chris can't exactly say that Becky's *wrong*... "I ran across your friend after class and *seduced* her, obviously."

Freezing, Chris blinks in shock. She can't possibly imagine... Well, actually, Di did seem pretty horny. And the tall girl had made no secret that she found Becky attractive. "Bullshit!" The tomboy says, struggling to roll over from her position on the floor. "There's no way... No way she'd... Oh, come on, you stupid..."

"Oh, I didn't tell her I was going to *eat* her!" Becky rolls her eyes as she turns back to sneer at Chris and Kit. "But I just had to bat my eyes and touch her shoulder and poor little Di was just *smitten* with me! I got an invite back to her place within five minutes!" The blonde chuckles cruelly. "I was tempted to have sex with her, but I was too hungry. Funny thing is, when I got her back to where you are, Chris, she barely even resisted as I shoved her down my throat. I think she was *excited* to get gulped..."

Chris... *really* hates that she can't call bullshit on that. Di is... *was* horny and she had a more than passing interest in vore. Getting gulped by Becky Chastity was probably something the tall girl would have enjoyed... in theory. In practice, Chris isn't so sure, but it's far from impossible to imagine that Di might have even enjoyed herself before she... Goddammit.

Of course, Becky could just as easily be lying just for the fun of it. Chris hated that she had no idea of what the truth was now.

Becky watches the tomboy resume her struggles on the floor for a moment with a vaguely irritated look in her eyes. "Oh for..." She clicks her fingers, gesturing to the twins. "Would you two help her sit up or something? This is supposed to be *fun*, not undignified... Oh!"

Rolling onto her back, Chris puts her feet together and kicks forward, bouncing into a sitting position. Folding her legs, the tomboy loops her handcuffed wrists under her feet, until her hands are now bound at the front of her body instead of behind her back. It's considerably easier to talk now, though breaking through real handcuffs is a tad beyond her skills.

The blonde and her twin lackeys actually seem rather impressed. "Wow. You're pretty flexible!" Becky gives Chris an impressed smirk, much to the young woman's surprise. "You use the gym or something?"

Chris is ashamed to feel a hint of pride in her heart. "Not since I moved here. But my mom made my sisters and I go to the gym every day after school..." Well, that and the bootcamps that Matilda had made them attend every summer. Chris had been looking forward to leaving that behind...

"Ooh!" Farrah kneels down behind Chris. Then, to the tomboy's surprise, the pale girl touches the tomboy's belly through her loose white shirt. "Oh, I feel abs! She's not lying!"

“Hey!” Chris slaps Farah's hand away with her handcuffed hands. “What the heck are you doing?!”

“Taking a look. Sweetie?” The pale girl glances up at her twin with a nasty smirk. To Chris's alarm, Senna has an equally nasty grin on her face.

Suddenly, Senna reaches down and grabs Chris's hands, holding them up in the air so that the tomboy can't react as Farrah reaches for her shirt again. “Hey, don't...!” The tomboy gasps in embarrassment as she feels her white shirt being lifted up. “Stop!”

“Ooh!” Farrah repeats, even more excited this time. “Look at *those!* Oh, fuck! That's a six pack if I ever saw one...”

“An eight-pack, even...” Senna licks her lips, clearly pleased at the sight of the tomboy's toned belly. “Fuck, you were hiding those beauties from us, you fucking dyke?! I ought to punish you...”

Chris blushes with embarrassment as her toned stomach is revealed. It was the embarrassing result of spending an entire childhood doing fitness and endurance training, not just from her mother's boot camps, but also from private fitness tutors that Matilda had hired for her daughters. Anything to reach that damn goal of hers... “I'm not... I'm not ashamed...” Chris protests weakly, hating the burning she feels in her cheeks. She'd hoped that her abs would melt away quickly once she'd abandoned that exhausting fitness regime...

“Now *that's* a sexy tummy!” Becky nods approvingly, and then slaps her own belly with a sneer. “Well, not quite as sexy as mine, but still...”

“W-wow...” Even Kit can't seem to resist staring. “That's... Wow.”

“I know, right?” Becky smirks and elbows the small girl's shoulder playfully. “Really makes you wanna run your tongue in every crevice of those abs, doesn't it?” Kit turns a bright red and looks away, and Chris suspects that Becky might have guessed the small girl's thoughts accurately.

“Hold on...” Farrah pulls up Chris's shirt even further, to reveal the tomboy's bra. “Ah... A sporty grey... Kinda hot!” The pale girl reaches into her shorts and pulls out her phone. “You mind if I take a picture, Chris?”

“Don't!” Chris protests, her cheeks burning even more. Her shirt is now around her neck, pulled up over her breasts so that it can't fall down.

Farrah's phone makes a clicking sound as she takes a photo of Chris's stomach. “There we go, one for the spank bank...” She smiles at the tomboy as she stuffs her phone back into her shorts. “Relax, it's just for my private collection, okay? You don't have to worry about me sharing it around.”

“Gee, *thanks...*” Chris rolls her eyes. “Are you *done?*” Behind her, Senna snorts and lets go of her arms. Chris grabs her shirt and pulls it back down as the twins step away from her. “Look, you clearly wanna humiliate me. Let Kit go and you can humiliate me all you want, I don’t care.”

“No.” Becky answers simply, rolling her eyes. Then, she seems to perk back up. “Anyway! Where were we?” Her stomach rumbles loudly, the sound of Di being digested echoing through the phone’s speakers. “Oh, thank you, Di. I think Kit was just telling us about herself. I mean, I’ve already stalked Chrissie’s information from the CSU register, but I don’t know *anything* about you...” The blonde looks around the apartment, stroking her perfect chin. “This apartment is... Er, *quaint.*”

“Um... Yeah.” Kit actually seems more embarrassed now that Becky is looking around at her home. Naturally, as the blonde’s head turns away, the small girl’s gaze falls to her copper tits, which are almost at eye level for Kit. “If I’d known someone was going to break in, I would have cleaned up...”

Becky waves a hand at the small girl. “Oh, I don’t mind at all!” The blonde turns back to Kit and smirks. “So... Sex toys? Porn mags? Where should I be looking, Chen?”

“What?!” Kit turns a bright red again. It seems that Becky really knows how to make the girl’s face flush. “I don’t have...” Even from the other end of the phone line, Chris can see Kit’s eyes darting toward the side of her bed.

Pouncing like the predator she is, Becky leans over, her massive belly rolling on the bed as she does so. “Ooh, you got a body pillow down there?” She asks mockingly as she reaches down. Then, she blinks in surprise, a nasty grin spreading across her face. “Wait, you *actually* have a body pillow?” Kit makes a strangled noise of embarrassment as she feebly tries to block the larger girl from fishing up her shame. Indeed, Becky pulls from the side of the bed a full-length body pillow of a blue-haired anime girl. “Well, look who’s a little weeb? Not that I’m surprised!”

“N-no, that’s... I’m not a weeb...” Kit blushes a bright red as Becky sets the body pillow between them, as if the anime girl is sitting between them. The small girl glances at Chris, looking deeply embarrassed. “I just... find it hard to sleep if I’m not... cuddling something...”

As humiliating as this moment is, Chris can’t help but be amused at the cute image of the tiny Asian girl cuddling a body pillow as she slept in that bed. Di would probably find it amusing too, if her brain wasn’t being melted into nutrients for Becky’s boobs right now.

“She’s a real cutie.” Becky studies the anime girl for a moment. The blue-haired girl is laying down, wearing a rather disheveled set of button-up pajamas that leave her belly exposed. It’s far less *lewd* than Chris would have expected from a body pillow, and that just makes it feel even more embarrassing. “What hentai is she from?”

Kit blushes even deeper. “Uh... It’s not a hentai... But I dunno, so...” It’s clear that she knows, but she’s embarrassed to admit it.

“That’s Aoi Tanaka from High School Yakuza Boss.” Farrah answers before Kit can, sounding almost excited. “The anime where the girl becomes a yakuza boss and tries to hide it while she’s still attending school. Remember, we watched it at your place with your mom, Becky? I think this is the girl’s love interest...?”

“Really?” Becky casts another eye over the anime girl and shrugs. “I don’t remember that. Why the fuck did we watch... Oh, it’s a yuri series, isn’t it? That explains it.”

“I mean, it *is*, but that’s not why I watch it!” Kit blurts out, even though no-one asked. “Not that there’s anything wrong with liking yuri anime! I mean, I like yuri anime! But not because I like girls or anything! I mean, there’s nothing wrong with liking girls... I mean, *you* like girls and Chris likes girls, after all. But I like yuri and girls love, but I’m not gay, okay?”

“Right.” Becky clicks her tongue, nodding slowly.

There is a long silence.

“Um... I also have a replacement cover that’s Ranni from Elden Ring III...” Kit apparently feels the need to break the silence by digging herself even deeper. “Look, I just... I just don’t want you guys to get the wrong idea...”

“No, it’s cool.” Becky smiles at Kit, and Chris can see the hint of a suppressed smirk in the curve of her lush lips... God, Chris hates that she can’t stop thinking about how fucking *hot* Becky is, even as the blonde is *digesting* her friend in front of her. “It’s like how tons of straight girls only rub one out to lesbian porn, yeah? Professor Mazine says so.” Oh yeah, as if the professor of Sapphic Modern Culture is unbiased in that regard...

Kit falls for it, of course. “Exactly!” The small girl seems quite relieved as she looks up at Becky. “It’s just so much better made and the girls are actually having a good time! I tried watching straight porn and it’s just... like, *meat* slapping together.” Kit smiles happily. “But when it’s two girls, it’s so sensual and romantic...” The small girl catches herself. “Er, I mean... You get it, right? The girls I was friends with in high school never understood it when I explained it to them, they all just kept saying I was gay and it was okay! Which, I mean, it *is*, but I’m not!”

“Yeah, I totally get you!” Becky nods at Kit with an understanding expression of her pretty face. When Kit turns away, still blushing, the blonde girl smirks and looks at Chris. *Lesbian!* Becky mouths the word to Chris and points at Kit. “Anyway... I’m getting bored of you, Kit Chen, even if your name makes me giggle.”

“Oh...” Kit seems a bit taken aback at Becky’s rather blunt statement. “S-sorry?”

“Oh, don’t be sorry...” Becky winks at the small girl and grabs one of her copper breasts, squeezing it playfully as she licks her lips. “After all, our little game isn’t over yet...”

The small girl stares at the blonde for a moment, confused. Then her eyes widen in shock. “You mean...?” She gasps out loud.

“Yep!” Becky bites her lip, her copper cheeks flushing slightly. “You’re gonna be my second...”

“She’s *alive*?!” Kit looks down at Becky’s stomach, at the shape of Di inside those copper curves.

Chris... needs a moment. “You... What?” What the fuck did Kit just say?

“Huh?” Both the twins say in unison behind her.

Even Becky seems confused. “Pardon?” She asks, letting go of her tit and raising an eyebrow at the small girl beside her.

“You... You said it wasn’t over yet.” Kit looks down at Becky’s guts, at the slowly weakening shape of Di. “You mean she’s... Di’s still alive in there?”

Becky opens her mouth to answer, but then she turns to look at Chris. The tomboy and the blonde lock eyes for a moment.

There is a moment of realization.

With a surprising turn of speed for someone with another person’s entire body weight inside them, the blonde’s arm snaps out, reaching for the phone.

“No! Kit, she’s trying to trick y- Mmph!” The tomboy cries out, trying to warn her friend. But Senna and Farrah clap their hands over her mouth. “Mmm... Kit, no..!” Chris manages to choke out before the twins get a good grip and silence her. Kit actually thinks that she can still win the race?

Unfortunately for Chris and Kit, Becky was faster on the uptake. The bully’s finger reached the phone before Chris’s words left her mouth. In the corner of the projected screen, Chris sees a flashing icon to indicate that the blonde has muted the connection from Di’s bedroom. While she and Kit can still see Chris and the twins, no sound can come through to warn the small girl that she’s being tricked.

“Yeah!” Becky answers, giving Kit a warm smile. “Yeah, you thought the race was over? Oh, no, you’re still in the race, Chen.” The blonde grabs her belly, grimacing as if Di is moving inside her. “Ooh... Your friend’s really fighting in there!” It’s obvious to Chris that the only thing Di’s fighting is the reaper.

Snickering to themselves, the twins release Chris's mouth, to her surprise. "Kit! Don't fall for it!" She can't help herself from calling out. But of course, Chris can't unmute the call from Becky's end.

Kit can't hear her. "She's still alive in there?" The small girl's face goes from defeated to delighted, and then to determined. "Di! Can you hear me? It's me, Kit!" She calls out, cupping her hands and talking to Becky's belly. There's no response other than a noisy gurgle, most likely because she's talking to a gutful of Di-flavored soup. "Oh man, I thought you were... Well, don't worry! I'm gonna get you outta there!"

"No..." Chris waves at the screen, trying to catch Kit's attention. "Don't *believe* her, you idiot!" The twins don't try to stop her.

"Ha! Give it up, dyke. Your friend is gonna fry!" Senna plops herself down on Di's bed. Lounging about, the meaner twin seems to make herself at home, grabbing Di's pillow and resting on it. As she lays down, Chris can see that the girl's chest is actually quite a bit bigger than she initially thought it was, probably around a D-cup.

Farrah pulls out a small chair from a desk squashed into the corner of the room and sits down more elegantly. In contrast to her twin, this girl's chest is a bit smaller, around a C-cup. So, they're not entirely identical. "Oh, just ignore her, Chris. I know she's your friend, but just relax and enjoy this. Kit will get reformed, probably. Becky's a born entertainer, she'll make this nice and fun for us." The pale girl chuckles in amusement as her boss squeezes Kit's shoulders in front of them. "We know how much of a perv you are. We're all perts here, Chris. You don't have to pretend you don't think this is hot..."

Chris isn't sure which twin she dislikes more. Senna's a real piece of work, but Farrah's not much better, just better at hiding her sadism behind a smile.

Becky pats her belly, the copper skin rippling slightly. Clearly, there's a lot of liquid in there, both melting Di and melted Di. "Ooh... She just squirmed in there. I think she heard you talking, Chen!" The bully smirks at Kit. "Okay... Now you just need to climb down my throat and help your friend climb out!"

The small girl flinches, looking up at the blonde with a suspicious squint. "Climb inside your *mouth*?" Kit at *least* isn't dumb enough to just take a predator at face value. "I... I don't know if I trust you, Becky. How do I know you'll let us out if I do that?"

"Good *fucking* question!" Chris shouts at the screen. Behind her, both of the twins burst into giggles and the tomboy shoots an annoyed look at them. "Hey, shut the fuck up!" She yells at them instead.

Senna's amusement turns into a grimace of irritation. "You shut the fuck up, dyke!" Leaning over on the bed, she pulls up her skirt and slaps her pale thigh. "Keep talking and I'll plop my fat ass down on your face. That'll give your tongue something to do!"

Chris opens her mouth to retort, but the look of excitement in the pale girl's eyes makes her reconsider. That wasn't an idle threat just now. Even if she's gay, the *last* thing the tomboy wants right now is a faceful of Senna's vagina.

Back on the screen, Becky pretends to give Kit's question some thought. "Mmm..." The blonde muses, idly rubbing her gurgling belly. "The real question is... Are you really gonna just stand there while your friend gets digested in front of you?" She sneers down at Kit. "Or an even better question... Are you really gonna stand there and do nothing while *Chrissie* watches?"

The dark-haired girl flinches and turns back to Chris, a guilty look on her small face. "I..." She begins, and then hesitates. "I know Chris doesn't want me to do it..."

"Don't do it!" Chris tries to mouth, shaking her head. It's hard to move properly from her position on the floor, but surely Kit can't mistake what the tomboy is trying to say.

Kit grimaces, clearly torn between two choices. "I... I can't..." She mumbles, her eyes going from Di's shape in Becky's stomach, back to Chris and then back to the gurgling belly.

"Ooh..." Becky moans, interrupting the smaller girl with a smirk. "Man, your friend is *really* struggling in there!" She lies, winking at Kit. "I guess my throat's too tight for her to get out... But my acids are just gonna get worse and worse for her..." The blonde chuckles sadistically, clearly enjoying the distress on Kit's face. "Oh well. I guess you can always just watch your friend melt and my tits expand..."

"Ugh..." The small girl stands up from the bed, pacing around like a trapped cat. "I..." She glances back at Becky. "Can I... Can I really get her out of there?"

The blonde nods eagerly. "Of course! I mean, it won't be easy... or *clean*. But you and Di can definitely escape my body together... If you're brave enough to take the risk..." As Kit turns away again, Becky winks at Chris and the twins.

"Oh my god..." Chris looks away, unable to bear the humiliating spectacle that's unfolding in front of her. "Oh my *god!*" She says again, flinching away as she locks eyes with Senna's vagina.

Senna shoots her an irritated look. "What?!" The pale girl's skirt is hiked up and her blue panties are now around her knees. "Your friend's a fucking moron, and I'm getting off on it! Fucking *sue* me, bitch!" Two of her fingers are buried in her snatch, love juices already staining Di's blankets.

“Oh, Chris, you *have* to admit that this is pretty hot.” Farrah isn’t masturbating, but she is teasing her nipples through her tube top. “I mean, I’m not gonna debase myself like my sister here, but...”

“Okay, I’ll do it!” Kit declares, after a long moment of agonizing. “But... I want you to promise that you won’t pull any funny business, Becky!” She glares at the blonde, pointing a finger at her. Or rather, her tits, considering Kit’s height.

“Aight, never mind.” Farrah sighs and hooks her fingers into her shorts, pulling them down to reveal her own vagina. “Not gonna waste this moment...” To Chris’s total lack of surprise, it looks identical to her twin’s, even down to the wetness now soaking into Di’s chair below.

Becky gives the small girl the sweetest smile a bitch like her can manage. “I promise~!” She gives Kit a cutesy wink. “How was that? Was I like anime?”

The small girl rolls her eyes. “You’d need to be 2D to be anime... But it was kinda cute.”

“Yeah, and I’m getting more 3D by the second, Chen.” Becky leans back on the girl’s bed, slapping her belly. “Okay, get those clothes off!”

Chris has largely given up at this point. She knows there’s nothing she can do to save Kit now, the tomboy can only watch as her friend willingly feeds herself to Becky. “Oh my god...” She groans again, trying to ignore the two girls eagerly rubbing themselves on either side of her. This is embarrassing to watch...

“Take my clothes...?!” Kit looks shocked. “Oh... Well, I guess that *does* make sense if I’m... going into your mouth...” Turning, she looks down at Chris again, her face turning red. She fingers the hem of her hoodie, clearly embarrassed at the idea of the tomboy seeing her naked. “Can... Can we turn the camera off if I’m gonna... take off my-”

“No.” Becky answers with a sing-song voice, rubbing her belly in anticipation of her next meal. “Don’t worry, we’re all girls here...”

“Yeah, but we’re all... You’re all lesbians!” The small girl protests, even as she reaches for the hem of her hoodie. “You’re gonna... You’re gonna, like, *enjoy* seeing me naked like a boy would...”

Becky winks at Kit. “Exactly!” Then, she clicks her fingers and points at the girl. “Come on, get that cute hoodie off! Your friend’s melting as we speak!”

Kit looks back at Chris. The tomboy shakes her head, silently imploring Kit *not* to be an idiot. Di’s already surrendered, there’s nothing waiting inside Becky’s hungry belly apart from Kit’s own death. “I know you don’t want me to risk it, Chris...” The small girl gives her a weak smile. “But... I need to do this. For Di. If there’s even a chance I can rescue her...” It seems like she’s

misinterpreted her friend's signals as Chris just being reluctant, instead of trying to warn the small girl of her imminent demise.

Oh well. Chris has done all she can. The tomboy feels a bit numb now, as she sits on the floor of Di's bedroom, Senna and Farrah masturbating furiously on either side of her. Kit's pretty much a dead girl walking, and the hottest... the *worst* part is that the girl herself doesn't even know it.

Reaching for the hem of her hoodie with trembling fingers, Kit slowly lifts the oversized garment up to reveal...

"You weren't wearing shorts under there?!" Becky seems somewhere between shocked and impressed as Kit pulls off her hoodie. "Wow, you're a bigger perv than I expected, Chen!"

"No, I thought that's what you were supposed to do..." Underneath the hoodie, there's nothing but a pair of black panties and the vast expanse of pale soft skin that is Kit's naked body. Well, not a *vast* expanse, considering that the girl barely reaches about four feet.

Kit blushes deeply as she drops the hoodie on the ground, covering her breasts with her hands. To call them 'breasts' would be generous, Chris has seen bigger boobs on boys. In fact, there's really not an ounce of fat on Kit's body, is there? From the top of her head to the tip of her toes, the small girl is surprisingly fit for a girl of her weight class. She has nothing like muscles or abs, but her body is sleek and smooth.

Wait, was she *really* wearing nothing under that fucking hoodie this entire time?! Chris feels like her brain is finally catching up with the current moment.

"Oh my god, she's so fucking flat, holy *shit* that's hot!" Senna moans as Kit stands before them naked on the screen.

"This... This is me..." Kit laughs weakly, her mind gone beyond embarrassment into a weird form of nervous confidence. "Um... I guess I'm not as sexy as you or Di, or Chris..."

Chris has no issues admitting that she's attracted to Kit, of course. She's been attracted to Kit since the day she met her, pretty much, it's just that girls like Di and Becky tend to overshadow the rest. But small girls have a certain appeal, just like large girls. Just like every other girl Chris has met, from Holly to Monique, to Candice, to Mazine, to V... *Di*. Yes, that's what she was going to say.

Evidently, Becky seems to agree. As Kit stands before her, Chris can see the blonde's nipples stiffening as she grins. "Oh, Chen... You really think you're not a sexy little snack?" She chuckles in a low voice. "Don't measure yourself against other girls like me and Chrissie. You're in a sexy little featherweight class of your own..."

“R-really?” Kit seems a little surprised to hear that. “Um... I’ve always wanted to be bigger, but my belly’s too small... and by the time I realized I could be doing stuff to make my boobs bigger, I was already past puberty...”

“And ruin your fantastic figure?” Becky bites her lip, looking Kit’s body up and down with an approving look. “No way. You gotta be proud of that cute little bod, Chen. I bet every girl you’ve ever met has fantasized about picking up your light body and fucking you on every piece of furniture they own.” She turns and winks at Chris. “Even your friend there! I’d bet your life on it!”

“No, there’s no way...” Kit shakes her head. Turning around, she awkwardly tries to cover her panties as well as she seems to realize that Chris can see her almost naked body on the screen as well. “You didn’t... fantasize about me, right, Chris?”

No point in lying now, is there? After all, this can’t really get more humiliating, can it? Chris sighs and nods at Kit, feeling her cheeks flushing.

“You... You did?!” The small girl is clearly shocked. “You really thought about me that w- Are they *masturbating*?! Oh my gosh!” Kit finally notices the twins openly fingering themselves as they watch her.

“Of course they are, Chen!” Becky bites her lip as a massive rumble shakes her belly. “Oh... Ooh... Yeah...” She clears her throat, unable to keep a smirk off her face. “So... Take those hands away and revel in your own sexiness, Chen. You can enjoy a moment of how I live every moment of my life.”

Chris has to begrudgingly admit that Becky certainly knows how to sweet talk a girl. Kit’s nervous expression now has a tinge of excitement on it, and the hint of a smile is tugging at her lips. “Um... Okay...” She gulps and slowly moves her hands away, awkwardly holding them at her sides as she stands before four other girls who have either admitted attraction to her or are openly displaying their attraction. “Oh... Oh gosh...” Chris fancies that she can hear Kit’s heart beating in her tiny chest from here.

“Delicious...” Becky rises silently from the bed and stalks forward, until she’s right behind Kit. Her hands reach out and touch Kit’s arms.

The small girl flinches at the blonde’s touch, but she doesn’t try and pull away. “I know... You wanna eat me, Becky.” Kit looks up at the bully, a curious defiance in her eyes. “But you’re not gonna.” She blinks. “Or well, I mean, you *are*. But I’m definitely gonna rescue Di.”

“Oh, I *bet*...” Becky sneers down at her prey, her mouth already watering. “She’s waiting for you in here, Chen...” The blonde opens her mouth wide...

Chris watches her friend staring into the black abyss, into that disturbingly beautiful darkness that leads down into Becky's body. She can't feel the heat, but surely it must be burning hot on Kit's face.

"My god..." Kit shudders as she stares into Becky's throat. "You look so *hungry*..."

"My guts are aching for you, Chen." The predator growls in a deep voice, licking her lips. "Come on, your friend is waiting..."

It almost seems like Kit is hypnotized from Chris's perspective. Reaching up, Kit slips a finger into Becky's mouth...

...then two...

... and then her whole hand disappears inside.

"Ooh..." Kit moans as she watches her hand vanish into Becky's mouth. She seems not to even notice as the blonde reaches down and slides down her black panties, revealing a neatly trimmed black bush of hair above her small slit. "I'm... I'm really doing this, aren't I?"

And indeed, it's *Kit* doing it. Becky makes no move to force the girl inside, other than to open her mouth wider as the small girl slips another hand into her hungry maw. Her hands stroke Kit's shoulders, making her smooth skin twitch excitedly.

"Chris..." Kit turns back to look at her friend. "I'm sorry, I know you don't want me to do this..." She gives Chris a brave smile. "I'll be back with Di soon, okay?"

And with that, the small girl shoves her head into Becky's mouth.

Chris is forced to watch as the blonde bully chokes down the second of two friends in only a single afternoon. First Di was swallowed and melted, and now Kit is being slurped down.

Kit is indeed a *snack*. It's uncanny how quickly Becky manages to scarf the small girl down. In only seconds, her tiny shoulders are inside the blonde's mouth, her lips easily enveloping the girl's chest only a few more seconds later. Well, without any obstacles, it wouldn't be difficult, Chris could only imagine. Di probably gave Becky a great deal more difficulty, if only because of her tits.

As Chris watches, she can smell the rather pungent scent of vaginal juices. "Oh fuck... *fuck*...!" Senna moans as her body begins to shake. "Oh god, I'm gonna fucking *cum*..." Given how wet her pussy is now, Chris can imagine that the pale girl isn't far away from orgasm. Reaching behind her, Senna grab's Di's pillow and sits up, awkwardly shoving it between her legs. The pale girl then thrusts her hips forward, fucking the pillow aggressively.

Turning back to the screen, Chris can see that Becky is clearly a bit of a veteran predator herself, judging by how practiced her gulping is. Though she only turned away for a few seconds, Kit has almost vanished inside the bully's mouth, with only her bare ass hanging out of Becky's lips. A surprisingly nice ass, as inappropriate it is for Chris to think while her friend is being scarfed down like a wet noodle.

The blonde has apparently lost her patience again, as she grabs Kit's ankles and rather easily shoves the rest of her inside. In one single smooth movement, the small girl's ass, thighs, knees and then ankles slide down Becky's gullet. Chris watches in silent horror as her other friend vanishes inside the bully, her small feet fading from view as Becky's lips close into a satisfied grin.

Gulp. The sound of the blonde swallowing Kit's body is audible through the phone's microphone. A moment later, the small shape of the girl's body slides down the copper skin of Becky's esophagus and is deposited inside the bloated stomach. Kit is so small that her outline barely appears against the curved skin of Becky's stomach.

"UUURP!" Becky lets out a monumental burp as her meal finally settles into her stomach. The sound is so loud that it actually shakes the camera, the crystal clear image into the other room momentarily distorting slightly. "Ugh... She barely even filled me up, this little prey..." Becky slaps her stomach, making her huge rotund gut shake. "How you feeling in there, Chen? Can you see your friend in there?"

For a moment, Kit is still inside Becky's gut, as the small girl seems to come to terms with her surroundings. Chris can only imagine the horrible place that Kit now finds herself in. An almost pitch dark stomach, coated in stomach acid and filled with... Oh God, the poor girl must be sitting in a pool of Di's melted remains right now...

Indeed, Kit herself finally seems to realize this too. All of a sudden, Becky's stomach begins to shake violently, as the girl inside begins to struggle. Despite her size, the blonde girl's stomach begins to distort as tiny fists and feet bulge against the bully's copper skin.

Not that it seems to be doing much for Kit's survival chances. "Ugh... I think she finally figured out I was bullshitting her..." Becky chuckles and slaps her shaking belly, her pretty face somewhere between pain and pleasure. "Good thing you trusted me this time, because there won't be a second time!" She sneers down at Kit's outline, licking her lips. "Little fucking *idiot*... Ugh... Fuck yes! God, this little snack's a fucking *wiggler!*"

Chris can only watch in horror as Becky's belly shakes, the shape of poor Kit struggling inside the bully bulging against her copper skin. The small girl had gone in, hoping to save their friend, but had instead been deposited into her soupy remains instead. The copious amounts of stomach acid inside couldn't be helping either.

“Mmm... F-fuck!” The tomboy can hear Senna moaning next to her, the springs of Di’s bed squeaking as the pale girl fucks the pillow. “Ugh... Fuck! *Fuck!*” The girl starts to shiver violently as she cums, her love juices pouring into and staining Di’s pillow.

“Heh...” Becky sneers down at her belly, her cheeks flushed as Kit continues to fight in vain to survive inside her. “You know what the best part of all of this is?” She asks, a truly nasty smile on her face as she looks down at Chris. “You know, don’t you?”

“Fuck you.” Chris answers, glaring at the bully. “You ate my friends, you really think I’m gonna...”

“Not *you*, Chrissie!” The blonde sneers at her. “I’m talking to your friend, aren’t I?” For a moment, the tomboy thinks that Becky means Kit. But then, to Chris’s confusion, Becky waves her hand in front of her own face. “Hey~... I know you’re in there, Di. You started watching through my eyes the moment you popped, right? Have you been having fun watching your little friend coming to *rescue* you?”

Oh... Oh God. Chris had totally forgotten about that part.

“When your soul is outside of a living body, yeah.” With a triumphant smirk, Aunt Vicky jabs a thumb at her stomach. “But when she ‘died’ last night, her soul was still enclosed by a living body...”

What had Holly said earlier? *Being inside your aunt’s body after she digested me was so awesome.* Chris hadn’t given it much thought, but since Holly’s soul had been inside her aunt’s body, the redhead had been able to *see* and *feel* through her aunt’s senses.

Poor Di hadn’t just been digested. She was now trapped inside Becky, unable to communicate, but still able to watch her friends being humiliated. “Ooh... She’s a real fighter!” The bully lets go of her belly, watching it jiggle as Kit fights a losing battle inside. “You can feel that too, can’t you, Di? You got to feel your own body digest inside me, and now you’re gonna feel me digest your dumbass friend too...”

And now Di was the same way, stuck seeing and feeling through Becky’s body... *“Well, her soul would be trapped inside... Becky’s body. Becky’s her name, right?”* Chris can hear her aunt’s words coming back to her...

God, where *is* Aunt Vicky, dammit? She said she was coming to help Chris save Di. And now her niece had not only failed to save her friend, but she’d also lost Kit as well.

“Ah...” Becky bites her lip, her cheeks turning red. “Yeah... Yeah! Keep squirming, you little fucktoy!” Chris can see liquid dripping down the girl’s copper thighs. Apparently, Senna’s not the only girl who’s going to cum today. “Ooh... You ready for this, Di? You’re gonna feel *my* orgasm... *HGH!*”

Screwing up her face, the bully grabs her tits and squeezes them as the rest of her body begins to shake. To Chris's amazement, Becky actually manages to stay upright as she orgasms, holding herself up with nothing but sheer force of will. Her eyes roll up into her head as her eyelids close, a triumphant smile on her face as pleasure thunders through her perfect body.

God, it's a beautiful sight. As much as Chris hates to admit it, watching Becky Chastity cum with a belly full of her friends is a sight she'll never forget. If the tomboy survives today, she knows, she'll be fingering herself to the memory. Just like Farrah is right next to her on the chair...

As Becky's orgasm dies away, the blonde opens her eyes and looks down at Chris. "You... like the show... Chrissie?" Becky's still a little out of breath. "I can see Dumb and Dumber did, but I really did it for *you*... And Di, of course." She taps her forehead with a smirk. "Heh... It's so easy to forget she's inside me..."

Finally, Kit's struggles begin to fade. "Ah..." The bully strokes her belly, gently tracing the shapes of Kit's limbs inside her. "That's it... You did a real good job getting me off, pipsqueak." Becky smirks, sitting back down on Kit's bed with a satisfied look. "That's it. Just relax and surrender to my belly..."

It's over. Chris can see that Kit's battle for survival has finally ended as the small girl runs out of energy inside her devourer. She's not sure if Kit's succumbed to the acids, or merely run out of air, but the girl's not long for this world in there.

"Poor girl..." Becky chuckles cruelly, stroking the outline of Kit's small head in her belly. "It's not often that someone's *dumb* enough to feed themselves to me. I guess I get plenty of idiots *offering*, but this was a rare treat. You really know how to pick your friends, Chrissie. I guess... Wait, what?!"

All of a sudden, Becky's belly has started to move again, the outline of Kit moving once more. It's weaker this time, but there's definitely signs of the small girl struggling. Hope flares in Chris's heart once more.

But it's not Kit trying to escape, as it turns out.

"Well... That's one way to spend your last few seconds!" Becky holds her stomach up to the camera, squeezing it so that Kit's outline is clearly visible. "You guys can see that, right?"

"Is she...?" Chris can't believe what she's seeing. Just when she thought Becky couldn't humiliate them any more, Kit decides to...

"Oh fuck, she's *masturbating* in there!" Senna gasps, pulling the now rather stained pillow out from between her legs and tossing it away.

Indeed, Chris can clearly see that her friend has her hands between her legs, quite obviously going at it as she's being melted alive.

Beside Chris, Farrah is still stroking her pussy, smirking at the sight of the digesting girl rubbing one out inside Becky. "See, Chris?" The pale girl grins down at her. "Turns out your friend is a preyslut after all!"

Apparently so. Chris watches as Kit furiously masturbates inside the predator, seemingly desperate to get off. "Ooh, I can feel it! Which means Di can feel it too" Becky groans, holding her belly tightly. "Come on, Chen. I'll let you have this one last pleasure. Go on... There we go!" The copper skin of Becky's belly begins to shake again as Kit's body shivers violently...

And then, the small girl goes still, the outline of her body slumping against the tight skin of Becky's stomach.

"Oh dear..." Becky can't suppress a nasty grin. "I guess cumming was too much for her frail body." She winks at Chris. "But hey, at least your friend got to cum before the end..." Becky strokes her belly almost lovingly. "I wonder if she was masturbating because she loved being digested, or whether she just wanted to cum one last time before she died..." The bully pretends to think for a moment, and then shrugs casually. "Oh well! Guess we'll just never know." Reaching out, Becky smiles happily. "Hope you girls enjoyed the show. I'm gonna grab my stuff and head on over to that room."

And with that, the image cuts out, leaving a now friendless Chris staring at nothing but a blank wall.

There is a polite knock on Di's door. The tall girl herself is a bit too *dead* to answer it, so Farrah does it instead.

Becky Chastity steps inside the small apartment, pulling off her designer sunglasses. Her stomach is painfully full, gurgling as she walks. It's a little impressive that she's able to stand with the weight of two... Well, one and a half girls inside her. She's dressed in... Wow.

Chris had seen the blonde's body on the screen, but even with crystal clear picture quality, seeing it in person is something else. Becky is dressed in only her underwear, the expensive set of blue bra and panties that glitter with precious stones. Her designer dress is slung over her right arm, along with the blonde's handbag. The rest of her body is pure copper, a stunning tan that can only be obtained by laying in the sun on some sickeningly expensive beach somewhere in the world...

"Enjoying the sight, Chrissie?" Becky asks casually, as she hands over her sunglasses, dress and handbag to Farrah, as if the pale girl is merely a servant. Not that Farrah seems to mind.

Chris flinches, realizing that she'd been staring. "N-no!" She snaps, fully aware of how feeble her attempt at lying is. "I mean... You're digesting my friends, why wouldn't I stare?"

Becky considers this for a moment, and then smirks. "You know what? Fair enough." The blonde bully takes a few steps forward and grabs her belly, holding it directly in front of Chris. From her position, handcuffed and sitting on the floor, the tomboy can feel Becky's heat on her face as the stomach rumbles only inches away from her nose. "How about now? You getting a good view of Chen becoming my tits?"

"Ugh..." Chris turns away, both disgusted and... She's ashamed to admit it, but more than a little *turned on* by the proximity of Becky's body. "Look. If you're gonna eat me too, just do it and get it over with. I'm sick of this..."

"Eat you?" The blonde interrupts, sounding highly amused at the idea. "Ha! Why would you think I was gonna eat *you*, Chrissie?" Becky tugs at her bra straps, making her tummy jiggle when it slaps back down.

"Wait, what?" Chris opens her mouth to speak, but it's actually Senna who asks the question. The pale girl is still sitting on the bed behind Chris, apparently having removed her skirt and panties while the tomboy wasn't looking. "You're not gonna eat her?" Senna licks her lips, eyeing Chris hungrily. "Mmm, well, in that case, I'm gonna..."

Becky snaps her fingers. "*No.*" She growls at her lackey. Senna immediately subsides, looking chastened. Then, the blonde smirks and turns back to Chris. "No, why would we eat you, Chrissie? You lost the race, you don't get a *reward.*" The bully clicks her fingers again, gesturing at the tomboy. "Farrah, why haven't you taken off her handcuffs yet?"

"Oh!" Farrah seems a little shocked to hear it, but she neatly puts down Becky's handbag and dress on Di's table and hurries over to Chris, patting her shorts down as she does so. Pulling out a key, the pale girl reaches behind the tomboy's back. "Hold still, Chris. Just give me a moment..."

Chris is confused, but she's not about to resist being released. "You're letting me go?" She asks, more than a little surprised.

Becky chuckles at the tomboy's confusion. "Well, you can't save your friends now, can you? So there's no point in you being locked up, is there? Hmm?" She says it like she's explaining it to a child. "After all, I've already got two cute girls locked up in *here*..." The blonde taps her forehead, a nasty grin on her beautiful lips. "Besides, eating you wouldn't make it fun anymore, would it?"

She needs someone to humiliate, Chris translates in her mind. What would be the point of doing such cruel things if the person she was tormenting wasn't able to feel upset about it anymore? A bully needs a victim...

“Oh! Speaking of which...” Becky looks around, as if she’s looking for something. “That slut Di’s body was way too perfect for her not to admire herself every day, so...”

“Over here!” Senna jumps up from the bed, padding over to where Di’s trenchcoat is hanging. Pulling the dark garment away and tossing it to the floor, the pale girl reveals a full-length mirror. “All yours, Becky!” Chris is a little disgusted at how the rude girl so eagerly fawns over her friend... Her *boss*, really.

“Oh, thank *God*...” Becky pushes Senna aside and stands before the mirror, admiring her naked body. Her hands stroke her bulging belly, where the shape of Kit is already fading away into the heavy curve of Becky’s stomach. “What do you think, girls? You like how you make me look?” The blonde sneers at herself, a cruel curve in her smile. “Can you feel your body digesting inside me, Chen? The body you spent eighteen years in, melting into *soup* inside me...”

It must be hell for those poor girls, Chris suspects. Their souls trapped inside Becky’s body, looking through her eyes at their own demise. She could only imagine Di roaring in fury, and Kit crying as she... Well, considering how they’d apparently behaved before they’d died, maybe Chris is totally off-base. Di might be loving the sight of herself fattening up Becky’s tits and Kit might be enjoying the feeling of digesting her own body. As awful as it might sound, Chris would prefer the latter for her friends, but since they have no way of communicating now, she might never know...

“What do you think, Chrissie?” Becky asks in an arrogant tone as she plays with her boobs. “You’re always looking at my tits. They look bigger to you?”

“Oh, they look at least a cup size bigger!” Senna eagerly responds. “I can practically see that big titty goth chick making your tits bigger by the seco-”

The blonde rudely puts her hand in front of her lackey’s face and waves her away. “Shut up, Senna, I said *Chrissie*?! Are you Chrissie? Do you have abs I want to sniff? No? No, you don’t.”

“Sorry...” Senna steps back, and then shoots Chris a nasty look, as if it’s the tomboy’s fault she’s been told off.

Chris feels the handcuffs around her wrists pop open finally. “You walked all the way here in your underwear?” She asks, refusing to answer Becky’s question.

“Of course. You think I’m going to stretch a *Depesche dress* just so I could walk here without some loser seeing my glorious body?” Becky rolls her eyes. “Oh Chrissie... You’re a girl, yet you don’t seem to have a feminine bone in your body!”

“Shut up...” Chris feels the handcuffs around her feet click open as Farrah releases her. The pale girl gathers up both sets of handcuffs and shoves them into her pocket. She’s now... free, isn’t she? “Now what?” Chris asks.

“Hmm?” Becky shrugs without turning around. “Oh, you can leave if you want. You obediently watched your friends get melted by me, so I’ll cut you a little slack. The four of us can continue without you, so why don’t you go and hang out with Monique or something?”

The blonde isn’t joking, it would seem. Farrah smiles at Chris and gestures to the door. The exit is right there.

But... It’s not that simple, is it?

“This race was rigged from the beginning, wasn’t it?” Chris asks, rubbing her wrists. She can still feel the sting where the metal dug into her wrists. “You were never going to release Di.”

“Oh, definitely!” Becky turns from side to side, admiring the curve of her body in the mirror. Admittedly, it’s hard to say she’s wrong to do so. Her ass is so perfectly curved, her stomach bloated and gurgling... “I mean, your friend was stupid enough to invite me back to her place, there was no way I was going to let her back out even if you found me on time. Besides, can you imagine how hungry I’d be afterward? No thanks!”

So, this whole thing had been a farce. Poor Kit had been fooled, and even Chris feels a little disappointed. Jesus, did she really fall for this bitch’s words, even a little bit?

The blonde continues on, ignoring Chris’s heartbroken expression. “I’m thinking Di will add at least a cup size. Those tits of hers are a big *heap* of protein and fat.” She lets go of her tits and grabs her belly, holding it up as if she’s weighing the grumbling orb of copper skin. “Mmm... I’m not sure this little snack’s even going to make a dent in me. A couple sessions at the gym, and there’ll be nothing left of her at all...”

Reform. Chris knows that she needs Becky to reform her friends. Or at least give her the... the soul thingies that Vicky put Holly in after her aunt had digested the redhead. “I’m... I’m not leaving.” Chris declares, taking a deep breath. “I’m not leaving until you release my friends.”

“Oh?” Becky’s head turns just a little bit, until the faintest hint of her eye looks back at Chris. “You’ll be waiting quite a while, you know?”

“I’m not gonna abandon them to *you*.” The tomboy puts her hand on the bed and stands up, her legs shaking slightly from being bound together. “You’re just the worst kind of... Whoa!” All of a sudden, something soft bumps into her arm, knocking the unsteady tomboy down onto the bed.

Becky had walked over and bumped Chris with her tummy. “Oh, I’m not complaining about getting to hang out with you, Chrissie!” She giggles as Chris rolls over, glaring up at her. “But I

can see that you've had a rough day, so you clearly need a bit of *comfort*..." Standing over the tomboy, the blonde bats her eyelids playfully.

"Uh..." Chris lays on the bed, tangled in Di's sheets. "I don't..." Oh God... Was that meant to be a threat?

The tomboy knows that she shouldn't feel tempted to say 'yes', but she really does. As humiliating as it is to admit, even after digesting her friends, Becky is still outrageously hot. Possibly even more so than before! What the hell is *wrong* with Chris?!

Without waiting for an answer, Becky sits down on the bed, holding her stomach. Her belly rumbles as she lays down on the bed beside Chris. The blonde grabs the rather stained pillow, putting it under her head as she lays on her back, her belly wobbling on top of her. "Ah... That's better. Laying down always helps my digestion." She turns her head and smiles at Chris. "You can cuddle me if you want, Chrissie, I know you're in need of comfort..."

"Uh..." Senna clears her throat awkwardly. Beside her, Farrah has an almost identical awkward look on her pale face. Chris sees a shade of irritation flash across Becky's pretty face as the twins remind the two of them that they're still standing there. To be honest, Chris had almost forgotten herself. "Um... Any more room on that bed, or...?"

"You two are still here? Fuck no. Go and make out in the corner quietly, Chrissie needs me right now!" Becky rolls her eyes at Chris. "Ugh... Friends, right? Who needs 'em? I mean, not *you*, apparently!"

Chris looks over the blue jewels that glitter on Becky's chest, watching as the twins obediently huddle in the corner and start kissing. Despite being rather rudely dismissed, they don't seem the least bit upset or angry with their boss at all. The tomboy watches as Farrah's hand slides up Senna's bare thigh... "Uh... Aren't they *sisters*?" Chris asks, a little disturbed.

"Oh yeah, they're freaks." Becky shrugs. Then, she rolls over slightly, blocking Chris's view of the incestuous twins. "But they're not important, Chrissie. *I'm* important."

"Yeah... I got that impression." Chris can't resist snarking back at the blonde. Looking into those blue eyes, she tries to see any trace of Kit or Di. But there's only Becky in there, a cruel glint in her sapphire depths. "You're a real piece of work, Becky Chastity."

"Thank you!" The blonde sneers at the tomboy, her hands reaching down to rub her massive belly... Actually, now that Chris glances at it, it *already* looks noticeably smaller. Poor Kit's body isn't lasting very long, it seems. The tomboy doesn't want to think about what her friend looks like now. Especially since the poor girl herself must be experiencing the feeling of her own body digesting inside Becky. "I know you meant that as an insult, but I always take it as a compliment when someone says that to me. Better to me remembered as a cunt than *not* remembered as a nice person."

Ugh. It's almost sickening how nasty Becky is. Chris's parents are *sort of* Christian, so they'd raised her with the idea that being a cunt was a bad thing. "Becky, I think you might be the worst person I've ever met." She adds, just to see what the blonde will say.

As expected, the blonde isn't fazed at all. "Oh *please*. I'm a bad person because I'm selfish, is that it?" Becky chuckles, as if the tomboy has just made a joke. "You only get one life, Chrissie. You can listen to some fuckboy philosopher or some kooky religion telling you about how making life better for others is the whole point of existing. But there is no God, and there's no reward when you die. And if I'm going to spend only one hundred years on Earth... I think that's the new life expectancy, right? If I'm only gonna spend one measly century on this Earth before I die, why the fuck would I *not* live for myself?" She grins, flashing a lot of teeth at Chris. "I'm living my best life, fucking other people over and being popular as hell. What are *you* doing to make your life worth living?"

The moon is a cold, cold place. But the bed is now quite warm. Not just from it being occupied by two... two and a half people, either. "H-how'd you even become so popular anyway?" Chris asks, trying not to notice that her own body is being warmed up by Becky's. The tomboy knows that Becky is *hot*, sure, but... Oh, honestly, that was probably the whole fucking answer, wasn't it?

Becky slaps her belly, making Kit's remains gurgle. "Because this campus is full of boys, lesbians and futanari, Chrissie. The boys wanna fuck me, the girls wanna fuck me... And that's even if they're *straight*. Lesbians like you are even *easier*. The futanari are easy too, you just make them think they can knock you up one day and they'll do whatever the fuck you want. They think with their cocks, you should know that, right? Aren't your whole family futanari?"

The bully knows about that?! Fuck...

Gotta change the subject! "S-so why are *you* here?" Chris asks, a little irritated. "You're the student council... I mean, student union president or whatever, right? Shouldn't you be doing your job instead of... *eating* people?"

"Oh, who gives a shit about that?" Becky admits casually, to Chris's surprise. "I just let Cathy do all the work. People like her love getting a scrap of power and abusing it. That slut would drink my piss if I told her to. I only care about the politics, y'know? I love bossing people around." She rubs her belly slowly, making it rumble happily. "Everyone knows that, right? But they still love me anyway. Because I'm hot as fuck and everyone loves hot people. My mom's an even bigger cunt than me, and she's one of the most popular people on the *planet*."

"Oh yeah... I ran into Cathy when I was looking for you." Chris shifts awkwardly on the bed, trying to move away from Becky. Well, that and the pillow that Senna fucked earlier. It's uncomfortable... how turned on the tomboy is getting from being near the beautiful bully. Chris

is glad she's wearing shorts, and that the scent from the pillow already makes the bed stink of wet pussy. "I asked her for help and she tried to eat me."

"Idiot." For a moment, Chris thinks that Becky is insulting Cathy, but the blonde is looking right into her eyes as she says it. "No, but that is pretty funny, though. Her usual MO is to lure freshies into her office and knock them out before having them for lunch. Woulda ruined my fun if you'd gotten gulped by that idiot, but it would have been hilarious to see you reform afterward."

Chris feels a hint of irritation as Becky smirks at her. "Yeah well, I kicked her in the balls."

"Oh, good. I always love when Cathy gets her comeuppance." The blonde chuckles, clearly amused at the idea of her lackey being beaten up. "That's pretty funny, thanks for that, Chrissie. I'll try kicking her in the balls next time I see her. She'll probably love it!" Becky grins at the tomboy. "But still, a prey beating up a predator is pretty impressive, y'know? I'm proud of you, Chrissie."

"Thanks." Chris doesn't want *Becky* to be proud of her. "Wish my mom would say that sometimes." Er, what? What did she just say? "Uh... Did I just say that out loud?" Maybe all the shit that had happened to her today was getting to her.

"Yeah, moms can be a bit testy. Especially if they've got testies." Becky sneers at Chris, squishing her belly slightly as she does so. The motion makes a liquid sloshing sound, which is disturbingly loud. "Especially *your* mom, right? Did you ever tell your little friends about that?"

The tomboy can see mockery in Becky's eyes. "No." Chris says bluntly. "And I don't recall telling *you*, either. How do you know about that?"

"Well, I stalked you a little bit. You know that your family's not exactly low-profile, right?" Pulling out her phone, Becky flips it open with her thumb. In contrast to Chris's cheap holographic interface, the blonde's phone projects a perfect image in the air above the two. And it's not an image that Chris wanted to see right now.

Matilda, her mother, is in the center of the image, dressed in her Air Force uniform. Beside her is her wife, Rose, Chris's other mother. Having known Aunt Vicky for a little while, it's striking to Chris how much the two sisters look alike, Vicky and Matilda having almost the same face. Even their eyes are almost identical. Below the two are their daughters. Marcy, Sienna and...

"Ugh..." Chris hates how she looks in this photo. It was taken during the ceremony of Matilda's promotion to Lieutenant General last year. It was one of the few occasions that she consented to wearing a dress, for the sake of her mother's big day. Her hair was long too, tied into a ponytail that Rose had insisted looked beautiful on her.

“Don’t you look pretty?” Becky reaches out and pokes Chris’s digital cheek, the image distorting slightly. “And you’re smiling too!”

“Why are you showing me this?” Chris asks, both annoyed and confused. She wonders where her own phone is, hidden somewhere by Senna. Considering that the pale girl isn’t wearing anything below the waist right now, she hopes it’s not hidden inside the bitch’s snatch. Anyway, what did this image have to do with *anything*? And to be honest, it’s a little embarrassing to imagine that Kit and Di are seeing this picture too...

Becky chuckles and pats her belly. “Because you have an interesting family, Chrissie. Your mom’s an Air Force general, and your aunt’s a pornstar. You can’t tell me that’s not an interesting combo...”

“It’s not.” Chris folds her arms, refusing to entertain the bully’s crap. “And it’s not your business.”

“*Everything* is my business, if I want it to be. And even so, what about your friends?” The blonde taps herself on the forehead, reminding Chris that Kit and Di are ‘watching’. “Might wanna give them some closure before they become me.”

“Oh, so you’re just showing them this to mock them, right?” The tomboy isn’t pleased that the last things her friends might experience in this world is finding out that Chris had... Well, not *lied*, but had been pretending that she wasn’t... “Look, I came here to get a fresh start, alright?” Chris shoots an irritated look at the beautiful girl beside her. “Kit and Di... If you’re in there... I was trying to leave that shit behind me. I just wanted to be a normal fucking person, not...”

Becky raises an eyebrow as Chris trails off. “What?” The blonde asks, seemingly curious herself. The tomboy can’t see any hint of Kit or Di in her eyes, but they must be in there. Becky could be lying about that, of course, but Chris didn’t really care.

Ugh, whatever. This wasn’t a fucking *secret*, it’s just something Chris doesn’t wanna think about anymore. “Mom wanted me to join the Air Force Academy like my sisters. But I wanted to come here instead. So I did.” Well, join the Zoo and... more. Matilda had big plans for Chris. Probably still does. “She put me and my sisters on train tracks since when we were kids to go there.”

“No shit?” The blonde looks pretty interested. Of course, Chris had been saying that more for the girls whose souls are trapped inside the bully’s body. “Guess that explains the abs, huh?” She reaches down and...

“Hey!” Chris feels Becky lift up her shirt, exposing her stomach for a second time that day. “What are you... Stop that!” As the blonde tries to touch her abs, the tomboy grabs her wrist, holding it tightly.

For a few seconds, Chris and Becky awkwardly struggle against one another. The blonde is *surprisingly* strong, especially considering that Chris’s body had been extensively trained, and

Becky clearly hasn't. It takes both of her hands to hold the bully's in place. "You wanna fight, Chrissie?" Becky asks, smirking at the tomboy as she continues to try and touch her exposed abs. "You know your friends will feel it too, right?" She stops pushing against Chris's hands, but Becky doesn't remove her hand either.

Chris considers the idea for a moment. "No..." She admits after a moment. Chris *probably* has the advantage when it comes to a proper fight, she had always been able to beat Sienna and Marcy when it came to their various martial arts classes when they were younger. But Becky is larger and taller than her, so at this close range, the bully would probably win by strength alone. Besides, the twins wouldn't stand idly by and let their boss get beaten up. "You wanna get punched in the face or something?"

"Do I *look* like Cathy Kent to you?" Becky snorts in amusement, her face so close to Chris's that the tomboy feels a wave of hot air on her lips. "You know how good I look, Chrissie. Damaging this body or this face would be a crime."

God, Chris wants to punch her in the face, but she's fucking right. The concept of ruining Becky's beautiful face is almost like sacrilege. Chris has never been more aware that she's gay than when she looks at Becky. "Why the heck do you wanna touch my abs anyway?"

"Same reason *you* want to touch my boobs. And the same reason I'm sure that your lesbian friends wanted to touch your body as well." The blonde rolls her eyes. "What kind of a stupid question is that?"

It *was* a stupid question, wasn't it? Despite having a rather athletic body, girls with *real* abs still get Chris hot and bothered. "Okay, *fine*." The tomboy relents, releasing Becky's hand. "But *only* my tummy, okay? No going north or south." Chris doesn't know if she's more worried about the bully touching somewhere that Chris doesn't want her to touch, or whether she'd end up touching something that Chris won't be able to resist enjoying.

Speaking of tummies... Becky's stomach rumbles as she flexes her fingers, and Chris watches in dull horror as her massive belly vibrates. Anything inside there is *not* having a good time, and it's probably a small mercy that Kit's now trapped in Becky's body instead of her own.

"Ooh..." Chris shudders as Becky's fingers trail down her stomach, feeling the tiny hairs along her skin reacting to the bully's soft touch. With her tongue sticking out slightly, Becky traces the valleys of Chris's abdominal muscles, making admiring noises. "Ah... Wow, these are damn sexy, Chrissie. No wonder your friends had the hots for me, am I right, girls?" She taps her nose with her other hand, chuckling as she mocks the girls trapped inside her. "Too bad you'll never get to feel the abs of the girl you were both crushing on with your own hands. But at least you got to feel them through *me*..."

"Yeah, well... I hope you enjoy it." Chris looks up at Becky, giving the clearly somewhat aroused bully a glare. "Not *you*, but Kit and Di, if they're in there."

“Geez... You’re so mean to me, Chrissie!” Becky sneers at her, rolling her eyes. “Even after I played a fun game with you and snuggled with you in my underwear! Honestly, you’re so hard to please, I feel sorry for whoever’s going to be your girlfriend someday...”

Chris tries to remain stoic, but Becky’s fingers are... “Mmmh!” She keeps her mouth closed, but the moan can’t be entirely suppressed. “D-dammit...”

“Uh oh... You seem like you’re enjoying this more than you let on, Chrissie.” The bully licks her lips, clearly enjoying the discomfort on Chris’s face. “You know, if you beg, I *could* kick Dumb and Dumber over there out, and we could find out what other noises I can get out of you, Chrissie...”

It’s a disturbingly tempting offer. To have sex with Becky Chastity? Even as much as she hates the bully, Chris couldn’t say she’d refuse such an offer *if* it came with no strings attached. She didn’t blame Di for accepting it either, if indeed that was how Becky had gotten her alone earlier. Of course, Chris is entirely aware that Becky’s real goal is to torture Kit and Di, by forcing them to watch and *feel* the blonde fucking their friend...

“No?” Becky smirks as Chris remains silent. “Suit yourself, you won’t be able to resist me forever.” She giggles cutely and pulls Chris’s shirt down again, before laying back on the stained pillow. The bully pulls out her phone again. “You wanna see some pictures of me in a bikini?”

“No.” Chris lies. She can’t help but look as a gallery of images pops up on the display, though.

Oh God... Immediately, Chris sees an image of Becky standing on a beach, dressed in a black bikini. The busty blonde looks absolutely stunning, with her wide hips, narrow waist... Wow. Chris could masturbate to this easily. The location looks obscenely expensive too, clearly somewhere foreign and wealthy.

“You like it? Of course you do, what am I saying?” Becky winks at Chris, who blushes and turns away. “This one’s from my birthday trip to the Seychelles a couple months ago. A modeling agency based there practically begged me to model for them while I was there, so my mom and I both did. My female mom, not my sire mom.” The bully uses the polite term for her futanari mother, the tomboy is curious to note. Becky swipes to the side and Chris sees another picture of her in a bikini, standing next to another beautiful blonde woman that can only be her female mother. She looks almost identical to Becky herself, albeit older and with even bigger tits.

“I don’t care.” Chris lies again, hating that she can’t stop glancing at the image out of the corner of her eye. “Just...”

“We did some vore modeling on that day too.” Becky swipes left again. “Wanna see?”

Chris turns back, feeling her heart skip a beat. “W-what?” She asks, her eyes darting around as the display settles on... another image of Becky in a bikini.

Fuck! Immediately, Becky starts to chuckle, giving Chris a mocking look. “Oh... You pretend to be so disinterested, but you’re so easy to read, Chrissie! Go on, go back to pretending you don’t have the hots for me if you like. We both... We *all* know the truth now.” She taps the bridge of her copper nose, as if she’s tapping glass to get the attention of someone inside. “You see that, girls? Even while you’re being absorbed inside me, your air force brat friend is just getting horny over me!”

“Fuck you.” Chris is disgusted. Not just at Becky’s cruelty, but also at herself. The bully is completely right, and that’s the worst part.

“Y’know, if my gut wasn’t digesting your friends, I’d consider taking you for a tumble, Chrissie!” The blonde glances down at Chris’s body, lingering on her stomach. “If I were a futa, those abs of yours would have given me a boner. Too bad I didn’t inherit that from Mom.” She lays back on Di’s pillow, sneering up at the ceiling. “Yeesh, can you imagine me as a dickchick, Chrissie? Half the girls on campus would be walking around with my kid inside them.”

Chris... can’t honestly doubt that. Even as awful as she is, Becky just has that spark of sexuality about her. Maybe it’s her incredible body, maybe it’s her hateful and nasty attitude, but the tomboy can say she’s only met one other person who’s made her this horny. And she’s not about to admit who that other person is, even to herself.

“You got a Journey account?” Becky asks, and then sneers at Chris. “Oh... Sorry. Of course you don’t. It’s an app where beautiful people post sexy selfies of themselves and lesser people worship them. Which is why I’m super popular on there.” She snorts softly. “Also, useful for hot chicks to flirt with each other too.”

“I don’t care...” Journey. Chris needs to remember that name. If only because she’s almost certainly going to be using Becky’s pictures as masturbation material from now on. Even though she *hates* this bitch. Perhaps *especially* because she hates this bitch.

“Hmm...” Becky turns off her phone and tosses it aside. Then, she sits up and winks at Chris. “Chrissie, be a dear and unhook my bra, would you? Your friends are fattening up my tits already, and it’s starting to feel a bit tight.”

Ugh. Chris wants to refuse, but it’s far too tempting an offer to refuse. Rolling over, the tomboy pops open Becky’s blue bra. The blonde shrugs off her bra straps and lets the sapphire-studded garment fall onto her gurgling gut... which does indeed look a bit smaller. And Becky’s tits definitely look bigger too, if only slightly.

“Ooh... Much better.” Becky lazily grabs her bra and tosses it off the bed. “My poor titties always get so tender when I digest a girl with big tits. I feel like *their* tits always go straight to mine.” She

grabs her breasts, the two perfect copper orbs each capped by a cute pink nipple. “You wanna suck on them, Chrissie?”

Oh... Oh God. That's an offer and a half. Chris can only imagine how humiliating it would be for her to suck on Becky's nipples while her friends are being digested... While her friends are *watching* too. “N-no, no thank you.” She manages to answer, in what can only be described as a heroic effort in willpower.

“Suit yourself.” Becky doesn't seem too bothered by the refusal. “I just thought your friends might enjoy the feeling of having you suck on ‘their’ tits, since, y’know... They're never gonna get to enjoy that experience themselves now...” The blonde shrugs dismissively. “Oh well. We can save that for when they're *gone*.”

Chris has to believe that Becky's mockery about her friends vanishing forever is just that; mockery. No doubt the poor girls trapped inside her are desperately hoping that as well, since they have no power at all to stop Becky from just not letting them out.

“What's up with you and your aunt, by the way?” Becky asks, the question surprising Chris. “Has she fucked you yet?”

“N-no!” Chris feels her face turn red, and she hates that the question makes her heart flutter. “You asked me that on orientation day, what's wrong with you? That's *incest!*”

“I mean... So is *that*.” Becky rolls over and jerks a thumb over to the twins. Chris had honestly forgotten about them. The two pale girls are huddled in the corner of the room, furiously making out. Senna's hand is down her sister's shorts, and Chris can see that both twins are highly aroused. “Geez, Chrissie! What decade are you living in, the twenties? Who gives a fuck about incest anymore?” Becky rolls back over, her tits squishing together in a way that's almost mesmerizing. “You know your aunt's done incest themed porn before, right?”

Chris doesn't know that, actually. She made a point of *not* looking up her aunt on seedy websites... even though it was *really* tempting to do so. “You know porn's not real, right?” As sexy as it was, that video of a girl being fucked by her futanari therapist that Chris had watched last night was just acting.

“No shit, Chrissie. But it doesn't change the fact that your aunt *definitely* has the hots for you.” Becky persists, poking Chris playfully in the shoulder. “How many times do you think that Auntie Vicky has stroked one out thinking about putting an incest baby inside her sexy little niece? How long do you think the two of you will be able to live together before you succumb and become her little fucktoy? We're all thinking about it, me, you, Di, Chen... Your aunt too.”

“Oh my god...” Chris can sense that Becky *knows* how uncomfortable this topic makes her. “You're so fucking disgusting...”

“Look at that blushing face of yours!” Like any good bully, the blonde immediately senses weakness and presses her advantage. “You thought about it too, didn’t you? I bet you touched yourself thinking about your aunt’s fat cock...” Becky sneers down at Chris. “Just admit it, Chrissie. I can admit I’ve thought about my sire mom’s cock before. Just admit it...”

Really, what the fuck is *wrong* with this bitch? Chris really needs to know, for some reason she can’t fathom. It’s strangely important to her, like some morbid fascination. “Are you... close with your sire mom?” She asks, curious. Sadism like this had to be *learned*, right?

“Oh, we’re besties.” Becky shrugs, seeming a little surprised at this change in topic. “I mean, she’s pretty busy with her company, I guess. And she’s a futa, so I think she’s got the hots for me. She’s always liking my bikini pictures on Journey, so does my other mom, so whatever. But apart from that, we’re pretty close.” Well, so much for the old theory that bullies only did it for attention. Chris had always known that was bullshit. People like Becky aren’t bullies because they have some sympathetic reason. They’re bullies because they’re *assholes*. Becky’s eyes narrow in suspicion. “Why do you ask, Chrissie?”

Uh oh. Chris has slipped up, she realizes. “Oh... I was just curious...”

“Oh... So maybe it’s not your *aunt’s* futa cock that you think about, is it?” Becky knows she’s cornered Chris. “Heh... How’s *your* relationship with your sire mom, Chrissie? Is there something else that you’re longing for...?”

No. No. Chris will never think about that. *Never*. “My sire mom’s an asshole, okay?” The tomboy is so desperate *not* to think about... *that*, she just blurts the first thing that pisses her off about Matilda. “She wants me to be a fucking *astronaut*.”

“That’s... Huh?” Becky raises an eyebrow, giving Chris a baffled look. “What’d you just say?”

Chris immediately cringes, ashamed that she just admitted that. “Nothing! Fuck off, bitch.” She snaps, rolling over on the bed to face away from the bully. She can feel her cheeks burning.

There’s a long moment of silence. Chris can sense Becky staring at her back for a few seconds. “Fine.” The blonde says, and Chris feels the bed shifting as she rolls over. “Snuggle time is over, I guess.”

“W-what?” Chris feels a little disappointed to hear that. She rolls over, watching the blonde as she awkwardly sits up. “You’re leaving?”

Becky holds her belly as she swings her legs over the side of the bed. “Yeah, I’m bored. And your friends are reaching the end of my bowels.” The blonde grabs her stomach, which is... Oh *Christ*. The tomboy can see that Becky’s belly is now about half the size it used to be, the curve now around where a late-stage pregnancy would look. “I’m gonna be dumping your friends out all night, so I’m gonna go home and watch porn while I bury your friends in my toilet.”

“What about me?” Chris asks, and it sounds pathetic even to her own ears.

“What *about* you?” Becky asks as she stands up, not turning around. “What, you think you’re coming home with me or something? Fuck no. Go home and fuck your aunt, Chrissie.” She reaches for her dress, and then slaps her belly. “Nope, no dress and no bra. What the fuck am I gonna... Oh!”

Di’s trenchcoat is crumpled on the ground in front of the full-length mirror. Becky picks up the heavy black garment and throws it over her shoulders.

“Yeah, this will do. And it’ll be a nice trophy!” Becky grins, clearly quite satisfied with herself. As she zips up the trenchcoat, her heavy tummy and beautiful breasts vanishing from sight, the blonde rudely kicks Farrah’s butt. “Come on, I’m done here. Get your asses in gear, idiots.”

“Yes, sorry Becky!” Farrah and Senna immediately break apart with a wet pop, a string of saliva trailing between the twins’ lips as they pull away from one another. “Are those girls digested?” Farrah asks, as her sister hobbles over to the bed awkwardly. The ‘nicer’ twin turns and grabs Becky’s boots, placing them in front of the blonde like a servant would.

“Close enough.” As she steps into her expensive boots, Becky slaps her stomach through the trenchcoat, the curve still highly visible even through the dark material. “Chen lasted even less than I expected. Little slut was just skin and bone. Senna, grab my bra too.”

Senna snatches up her skirt and panties from where she’d left them. “See ya round, dyke.” She sneers at Chris, licking her lips. “If it were up to me, you’d be trickling through my intestines right n-”

“*Senna.*” Becky growls impatiently.

“Y-yes! Sorry!” Senna snatches up the blue bra from the floor and shoves it under her arm. Then, she moves to stand next to the door, beside her twin.

Chris realizes that the three are about to leave. “W-wait!” She protests, as Becky turns toward the door. “What about Kit and Di?” The two are digested, sure, but they’re still trapped inside the blonde’s body, right? Surely...

“What *about* them?” Becky asks as she admitted herself in the mirror one last time, her smile widening into a sneer.

“You... You’re gonna reform them, right?” Chris feels her heart sinking. Surely Becky wasn’t actually going to...?!

“Oh... Nope. I’m not.” Becky turns and gives the tomboy a wink. “But, it’s cool. Cathy’ll make sure their names get wiped off the campus record.”

Chris actually gasps out loud. “Are you... Are you serious?”

Pulling Di’s trenchcoat around her pregnancy-sized belly, Becky shrugs casually. “Well, I was *going* to reform them... But your friends were just so easy and *dumb* that I’ve decided they’re not worth reforming.” Turning to admire herself in the mirror, Becky slaps her ass. “Mmm... This trenchcoat really shows off my ass. Too bad it’s got a whole ‘school shooter’ vibe. I’ll just keep this as a trophy, I guess.” She stares at herself for a moment and then snorts. “Oh yeah, you two are still inside me right? Yeah, you’re not coming back, sluts. You can stay inside me until your souls get absorbed, I guess. That’ll be something to look forward to, right?”

“N-no...” Chris can’t accept this. Her friends are going to be... “Becky, please! I know you’re a bitch, but this is *murder!*”

“Agree to disagree!” Becky chirps happily. “Anyway, why do you care so much? Give it a week and you’ll find another couple of sluts to make out with, right? You’re a cutie, Chrissie, don’t worry about it...” Sneering, the blonde turns back to Chris. “Actually, how about you hang with us from now on? You’ll need a serious makeover, but I’ve worked miracles before.”

“Hey, yeah!” Farrah seems excited at the prospect. “That means I get to make out with her, right?”

Beside the girl, her twin zips up her skirt. “This dyke? I guess I can make out with her if Senna’s doing it...”

“Hair salon... Manicure... Clothes shopping...” Becky shoots a sneer at Chris’s outfit. “A *lot* of clothes shopping, I’d imagine. But I reckon we could have Chrissie here in a pretty dress and makeup within a couple months...”

Chris considers slapping Becky right across her smug face. Her hand even twitches reflexively.

But after a long moment of consideration, the tomboy lets go of the urge to strike the bully. “Becky...” She tries again, sitting up on the bed. “Please, let them go. I know you have a problem with me, but Kit and Di...”

“Nah, I want them dead anyway.” The blonde just shrugs, as if the decision to wipe out two people has the same weight as deciding what outfit to wear. “It’s always smart to wipe out a potential rival early. And Diana Simons is a hot bitch. Don’t you know who her mother is? Her sister?” She chuckles and rolls her eyes when Chris looks confused. “Never mind. It doesn’t matter now anyway. As for the snack, I doubt she would have survived the month anyway. Better that she’s on my tits instead of someone else’s.”

“But...” Chris feels so impotent. She’s not weak, but she just can’t think of a way to save her friends. Becky holds all the power, and she’s not budging an inch. If Aunt Vicky were here, maybe she could force the bully to... “I can’t let you...”

Becky lets out an irritated sigh. “Oh, for the love of...” After admiring herself for another second, she turns back to Chris. And the tomboy sees the flash of teeth.

The bully is on her in less than a second, lunging forward with a speed that Chris never would have expected from a girl like her, let alone one weighed down by a belly full of girl-soup. For a moment, the tomboy’s brain goes into panic mode...

Becky’s lips press against Chris’s hungrily, a savage force that knocks the thoughts from Chris’s brain. But the bully isn’t trying to *eat* her, she’s...

“Mmmh!” Chris tries to speak, but Becky’s kissing her too hard for that... Oh God, Becky’s *kissing* her?! Is that what’s happening? The blonde tastes of sweat and heat, and oh *God*, this feels good...

And just like that, it’s over. Becky’s lips release Chris, and the tomboy feels a shove in the middle of her chest. She falls back against the pillow, her head spinning.

Becky sneers down at her, a truly nasty glint in her eyes. “Honestly, Chrissie, you’re pretty damn stupid, aren’t you? You have your whole college life ahead of you, and you want to risk it for the sake of two sluts you’ve known for a few days?” The blonde chuckles. “I’m offering to be your friend, and possibly *more* than that. Do you know how many people on this campus would *literally* kill for that chance?”

Chris slumps against the bed, stunned and more than a little terrified of Becky. That kiss had felt *good*, dangerously good...

Seemingly pleased by the tomboy’s reaction, the bully smirks in triumph. “Ah, good. I knew you were a smart girl, Chrissie.” Becky sits down on the side of the bed and pats Chris’s knee almost affectionately. “Now, here’s what’s gonna happen. I’m going to go home, crap your ex-friends out and then enjoy absorbing their souls for the next couple days.” She winks at Chris. “*You’re* going to go home, look up naughty pictures of me, and masturbate. And then, when you come back to campus next, you’re gonna be part of *my* gang, okay?”

The tomboy hesitates for a long moment. Kit and Di were still inside Becky, she knew. They were trapped inside the bully, in desperate need of saving.

And yet, what could Chris do about it? She couldn’t force Becky to reform them. The only thing that she could do now was get herself killed too.

Biting her lip, Chris makes her choice. Hating herself for it, the tomboy admits defeat. "I... Okay, Becky." She sighs, knowing full well that she was submitting to Becky. Part of her was glad that she couldn't see or hear the reactions of Kit or Di.

The blonde had looked happy before, but now, her blue eyes light up with joy. "Ugh, thank *God*, I finally got through to you! I'd almost thought you were too headstrong to realize how good an offer... Well, you made the right choice, Chrissie. Trust me, being my friend opens up all sorts of doors." Tapping her nose, the bully smirks again. "Uh oh, looks like Chrissie's thrown you two under the bus, girls! Too bad for you..."

Chris feels a pang of disgust. Not just for how gleefully Becky was gloating about her prey, but for herself. Because Becky's right, she *has* given her friends up. "Oh God..."

Becky rolls her eyes. "Relax, Chrissie. You're never gonna have to justify yourself to *them*! They're already dead. Just forget about them and move on." Chuckling, she stands up from the bed again, her belly jiggling hypnotically with the soupy remains of Kit and Di. "After all, you're *my* friend now. Just like Tweedledum and Tweedle*incest* over here." She jerks a thumb at Senna and Farrah. "And you're already friends with Holly, I know that."

"That's..." Chris starts to answer, and then hesitates as Becky's words catch up with her. "Wait, Holly?"

"Of course!" The blonde snorts in amusement as she does up her new trenchcoat. "Who do you think gave me all the info about you and your aunt? As soon as I took an interest in you, I leaned on her for the information and she spilled her guts like she was in Guantanamo." She gives Chris a smug grin. "What, you didn't know that gutslut has a crush on me? Don't worry, you two can chat about it next time we all hang out."

Before Chris can answer, Senna makes a loud noise of surprise. "Holy shit!" She exclaims, from where she's been rummaging through Di's things. "Check this out!" Pulling out a duffel bag from underneath the table, she holds it out for the rest of them to see. "I found the bitch's treasure trove!"

Inside the bag, there's a... a *sizable* collection of sex toys. Chris can see at least a half dozen dildos of varying sizes, a phallus in every color of the rainbow. Alongside them are a number of what look like vibrators, nipple plugs and... "Oh, *Christ*..." Chris can't help but gasp, as she spies a dildo almost as long as her *forearm* is nestled at the bottom, weighing down the bag. It's black, a deep darkness that seems to promise both pain and pleasure.

Even Becky seems impressed. "Jesus, I knew Simons was a freak, but *damn*."

"Holy hell, I am so using these on... Ow!" Senna had practically been drooling over the haul, but she flinches as her twin sister slaps her on the arm. "What the fuck, bitch?"

“Leave it!” Farrah shoots her sister a dirty look. Turning back to Becky, the pale girl grinned at her boss. “She was Chris’s friend, so she should inherit her stuff, right?”

“Eh... Sure, whatever.” Becky shrugs. “Not like I need more sex toys anyway.” She winked at Chris. “Feel free to pilfer whatever you want from their apartments. I guess that’s Farrah’s way of trying to make nice with you, now that I’m doing it.”

“Exactly!” Farrah doesn’t seem ashamed at all to admit it. “Ooh, we should invite her to a sleepover!” The pale girl exclaims, sounding excited. “Becky’s sleepovers are legendary, you’ll love it, Chrissie!” The twin beams at the defeated tomboy.

Becky shoots a glare at Farrah. “Well, look at Ms. Hapsburg having a good idea again. I guess even an incest-ridden clock is right twice a day. And it’s *Chris* to you, Farrah.” Turning back to the tomboy, the blonde smirks. “But yeah, we can have a sleepover when I’m done with your former friends. Maybe next weekend. The twins can run interference on my mom, and we can invite Holly too!” She sounds surprisingly excited at the idea, to Chris’s surprise. “Unless I ask you out on a date before that, I guess.”

“Wait, what?” Chris feels rather left behind. So many concepts are being thrown at her at once, and her lips are still tingling from the kiss earlier. “A date?” Going on a date with Becky?

“Yeah, a date, Chrissie. You know, dinner, movie, hotel, all that obvi shit. Trust me, it’ll be fire!” She turns and slaps her now slightly bigger ass. “But hey, my bowels have a schedule to keep. Your friends are moving through me fast and I need my sexy ass seated on my heated toilet seat when they reach the end of the line.” She laughs and grabs her boobs, squeezing them in front of Chris. “Alright, girls, say ‘bye bye’ to Chris... and *life*, I guess. Once I’m done shitting your remains out, I’ll be slurping up your tasty little souls, so look forward to that.

Senna smirks down at Chris, reaching into her shirt and fishing out Chris’s phone from in between her breasts. Damn, that’s where she was hiding it the entire time? Handing the small device to Chris, she and her twin giggle along with Becky. “Welcome to the top of the campus food chain, dyke.”

Chris looks down at her phone as the three girls... the *five* girls turn to leave Di’s apartment. To her surprise, there’s a message on the phone. It’s from Aunt Vicky. *I’m here, Chris*. It’s a little too late, but the tomboy is glad to see it.

Outside, night has almost fallen. The concrete landing outside Di’s apartment is dim, the cheap apartment building light glowing weakly in the last embers of the daylight. The moon glows in the sky, the only thing in this world that Chris hates more than Becky Chastity. But tonight, it’s not a bad omen for her, but for Becky herself...

The end of a cigarette butt glows in the darkness, as Aunt Vicky takes a long drag on her cigarette. Letting out a puff of smoke, her eyes go past Becky and her lackeys, to see Chris behind them. The tall woman smiles at her.

Becky grabs the door handle and tries to pull it closed, to slam the door in the veteran predator's face. It seems that she's recognized Vicky Abrams on sight.

But just as the door is about to slam shut, a powerful hand seizes the side of the door, stopping it instantly. Becky lets go, stumbling back into Senna and Farrah, the twins catching her.

The door swings open again, as Aunt Vicky steps into the apartment. But now, she's no longer smiling. "Go, before I get *mad*." She hisses at the three bullies, in a dark and murderous voice. Powerful muscles ripple as the toweringly tall woman slowly but surely pulls the door open, almost dragging Becky off her feet. Chris can see that her aunt isn't even really trying, as there's not a hint of effort on her aunt's handsome face.

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

Vicky's eyes narrow. "Let me make myself clear. Leave, before I *kill* you." The veteran predator's voice chills Chris's heart. She's wearing a tight pair of yoga pants and a heavy duty sports bra to hold in her enormous breasts, over which is her usual black leather jacket. A heavy bulge is straining the fabric between her aunt's legs, and Chris can rather clearly see the outline of her aunt's thick cock and balls.

"Let's go, girls." Becky's voice, for once, is lacking its usual arrogance. She seems to realize that the older predator isn't joking. The blonde girl slaps both Farrah and Senna in the back of their heads, and shoves them toward the door. Vicky steps aside to let them pass, glowering at them as they half-sprint out the door. "Ciao, Chrissie! I'll call you soon!"

Then, Vicky slams the door shut in Becky's face.

"Good thing Holly told me where you'd gone off to." Vicky says, as she steps into the apartment. The tomboy is still laying in Di's bed, still rather dazed. She can still taste Becky's lips...

"Otherwise I'd be a *lot* more pissed off..." There's anger in her aunt's voice, but also a terrifying calmness. "I told you to fucking *wait* for me, didn't I...?" Then, the older woman sighs. "Are you alright, kid?"

"I'm... I'm fine..." Chris knows it isn't true, but there's nothing she can do about it now. "Have... Have you been out there this entire time?"

“Only for about fifteen minutes.” Vicky shrugs, a dangerous glint in her eyes. “I was going to break down the door, but I overheard you and those bitches talking...”

Chris gulps nervously. “She... she *ate* my friends.” Feeling a rush of shame, the tomboy sits up, hugging her knees. “Di and Kit... God, they’re *gone*.” She can picture their smiling faces. Di’s handsome pale face, studding with piercings... Kit’s cute face, her adorably sexy hoodie...

Both dead now. Dead and *digested*.

Vicky sighs deeply and sits down on the bed beside Chris. “Look... That’s life, kid. Be glad you’re not the one being shoveled into that bitch’s colon.” She reaches out and hugs Chris, pulling her niece into her arms. “Here, you’re safe now.”

“T-thanks, Auntie...” Chris can feel her aunt’s hands on her shoulders. Big, strong hands... Oh god... Aunt Vicky is *really* strong. The tomboy can feel her aunt’s muscles pressing against her side. She can feel her heart beating in her chest, a combination of fear and... Uh oh.

“There’s a good girl.” Vicky says, and her deep voice makes Chris’s heart flutter a little bit. After a few more moments of hugging, she lets go, a tired grin on her handsome face. “Alright, let’s get you home, kid. You’ve had a rough fucking day, and I need a fucking *drink*.”

“I... I don’t think I can walk right now.” Chris gulps nervously. It’s not *totally* a lie, she can feel her legs shaking a little bit.

Aunt Vicky just grins in response. Wrapping one powerful arm around Chris’s shoulders, and another under her niece’s knees, the older futanari takes a quick breath and then hoists. Chris lets out a rather girly squeak as she feels herself literally being swept off her ass and into Vicky’s arms. “There we go!” Her aunt says, holding her up as if she weighs nothing at all. “How’s that, kid?”

“I... I, um...” Chris stammers, feeling her cheeks going red. Oh. Oh gosh. This is a new awakening, isn’t it? “W-wow, you’re really strong, Auntie!”

“Damn right, kid.” Casting her eyes around the small apartment, Vicky’s eyes settle on the opened duffle bag nearby. “Shit... I guess we can come back and ransack these apartments tomorrow or something. Some good stuff here.” Chris nods in agreement. As ashamed of herself as she is, the tomboy’s not going to leave that duffle bag behind. Turning back to her niece, Vicky grins handsomely. “Now, let’s get you home, and into bed, kid.”

Chris feels a twinge between her legs. Oh crap. “You mean... You mean *my* bed, right?” She asks, regretting the words as soon as they leave her tongue.

Vicky opens her mouth to answer, but then she hesitates. As Chris watches, her aunt’s well-defined cheeks begin to turn red. “Well... Yeah, obviously!” She gulps, and Chris’s eyes are

drawn to her aunt's neck muscles flexing... "It's... It's not like I mean *mine*, kid! Jeez, let's get you home already..."

The moon is dim as her aunt carries her from Di's apartment, the cold light obscured by warm gray clouds in the night sky. The stars above are dull, with at least half a dozen satellites pulsing softly as they pass by overhead. Chris knows that for Kit and Di, the only way they're going to see the night sky from now on is through Becky's eyes. And not for much longer.

And despite that, and the way Chris's heart had been pounding, she falls asleep in Aunt Vicky's arms before they even get back to the car...

End of Chapter Six (Kit and Di Elimination Ending)

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Feeling:</u>	<u>Thoughts:</u>
Chris Abrams	Sad/Aroused	Watching her friends get eaten and digested, Chris can only suffer and move on, strengthened by the experience. With Becky by her side as a friend and possibly more, she'll experience a different, much higher road in college instead.
Becky Chastity	Excited	Having succeeded in humbling Chris Abrams, Becky's free to pull the rich girl into her own sphere of influence. Having taken down two potential rivals in a mere pleasure game, the blonde is ever more reminded of her own power.
Senna and Farrah	Smug	Falling into line, the twins will eagerly welcome Chris into their ranks. Plus, the tomboy could even serve as their ticket to Vicky Abram's good graces...
Kit Chen	DEAD	Unfortunately for little Kit, Becky's stomach had little mercy. The snack served as nothing more than a meager layer of fat on Becky's boobs. Trapped inside Becky, Kit will be assimilated and wiped out forever...
Diana Simons	DEAD	Diana Simons could have been a rival against Becky someday. She had the strength, style and <i>body</i> to compete for top status on campus. But instead, she's been wiped out right away. Not only is Becky safe, but Diana's tits will be put to good use on the blonde's own chest...
Aunt Vicky	Aroused	Instead of hanging out with Kit and Di on the sleepover, Chris will instead spend the next few days recovering and growing closer to her aunt. And with the both of them now awakened to their attraction, they may even fail to remain as merely aunt and niece...