

From the street, the entrance to the “Rainbow Serpent” nightclub was almost impossible to see. Located in the middle of what looked like a sleazy alleyway, Sydney’s hottest vore scene was hidden behind a nondescript door. If it hadn’t been for the crowds of people lining the alleyway and the huge bouncer guarding the small door, Melissa Jones would never have noticed it at all.

“I don’t know if I can do this...” The brunette whispers nervously, shivering in the cold night air. The night is young, and the air is positively crackling with sexual energy. Most of the crowd in front of Melissa was there to get laid, she knew. The rest were looking for something more... permanent. “Are you sure this is a good place to start... y’know?” She looks back at the woman behind her.

“Oh, would you *relax*?” Lindsay Smith is standing behind Melissa, rubbing her shoulders gently. The touch calms Melissa slightly. “The Serpent’s one of the hottest locales in Sydney for predators and prey right now. And you’re gonna fit right in...” The redhead winks, an erotic glint in her eye. “Or rather, someone else is gonna fit right into *you*...”

It has been a few days since Melissa and Lindsay slept together in Melissa’s apartment after Melissa had finally succeeded in admitting her feelings for her former best friend and became the redhead’s girlfriend. It had also been a few days since Melissa had finally admitted to Lindsay and to herself that she wanted to be a predator. After that, Lindsay had wasted no time in making plans for Melissa’s first ‘hunt’, as she called it.

This morning, Lindsay had called Melissa and told her to dress as “sexily” as she could for tonight. Dutifully, Melissa had put on a tight pair of jeans, a black shirt that leaves her belly button exposed and her heavy chain necklace, along with some of that expensive underwear she’d bought for the filming session with Jessica Storm. Lindsay liked those sorts of clothes on her, Melissa knew. The idea of dressing to please Lindsay specifically was a new one, but Melissa embraced it eagerly.

Lindsay herself had rocked up in an outfit that made Melissa’s attempt at sexiness look like a nun’s habit. The red-head wore a pair of jean shorts and a black bikini top, with a leather biker jacket over the top. The outfit radiated that Lindsay intended to get laid tonight, hopefully with Melissa.

Melissa scans the crowd anxiously, alarmed at the sheer number of people. There’s at least two dozen girls waiting to get inside the nightclub. Wait a minute... “There’s only girls lining up to get in?” The brunette says out loud as she realizes that there’s not a single man in sight. Even the bouncer is a tall, muscled woman.

“Well, *duh*.” Lindsay rolls her eyes. “It’s a fucking *lesbian* vore club, Mel.” She points at her belly. “I’m eating for two, and my baby needs more than man-meat.”

“L-lesbian...?!” To tell the truth, it’s not hugely surprising, but the idea of Melissa and Lindsay walking into a lesbian nightclub together was a bit... “W-won’t they think we’re...?”

The redhead gives her girlfriend a baffled look. “Well, they’ll probably think we’re a pair of flaming homosexual women who do gay things to each other, won’t they?” With a vaguely amused tone, she rolls her eyes at the brunette. “Which, we are... and we do.”

“I know *that!*” Melissa blushes, feeling her cheeks heat up in the cool night air. “That’s... not what I meant.” Lindsay had only been her girlfriend for a few days, compared to the near-decade of simply being close friends. It was hard for her to think of the red-head as her lover, even if she knew it logically. “But, in front of all these people....”

“Nah, that’s the good part.” Lindsay squeezes Melissa’s shoulders, grinning confidently. “The Serpent’s the hottest place right now. Lots of prey girls, horny and dumb enough to make some really bad choices.” The redhead licks her lips, already looking hungry. “Rumor has it that this nightclub’s had a one-to-five survival ratio in the last few weeks. Cute girl goes in; there’s a twenty per cent chance she’s not coming back out alive.” She turns back to Melissa with a smirk and looks the brunette up and down. “Besides, I’m not gonna miss a chance to show off my girlfriend to all these sluts!”

The thought of being paraded in front of dozens of girls as Lindsay’s girlfriend was actually kinda exciting, now that Melissa thought about it. She nervously adjusts her shirt, unbuttoning the topmost button to let her cleavage show a little more. “Well, I’m not too bothered by *that* part...” Melissa did a lot worse almost every day on VoreFans now, after all. She could feel her morals eroding away every day, along with any worries about said morals as well. Only today, Melissa had spent a whole hour fucking a vibrator and recorded the entire thing. The revenue from that particular video was paying for their entire night, actually.

“Oh, speaking of that....” Suddenly, Lindsay puts an arm around Melissa’s shoulders, pulling her girlfriend in close enough that their hair begins to mingle. Melissa doesn’t make any attempt to resist her girlfriend’s embrace; in fact, she rather enjoys the feeling. Pulling out her phone, Lindsay opens the camera app. “Gotta get one for the fans, right Mel?”

Of course, how could Melissa forget? They were together online now as well, though Melissa’s interest in being a predator was still a secret. Their fanbases on VoreFans were quite invested in seeing them going on dates, Melissa had been rather flattered to discover. Seeing the two of them going to a nightclub together would make some people very happy. Placing her nervous smile against Lindsay’s radiant one, Melissa watches the light on the camera flash. A few seconds later, Lindsay takes another one and then seems satisfied.

“I’ll post it later. Come on, I’m hungry!” Lindsay slips her phone back into her pocket. grins at Melissa and takes her hand, squeezing it excitedly. “Aren’t you, Mel?”

Melissa hadn't eaten anything all day. It had been a deliberate choice, but her stomach still felt awkwardly empty. "Y-yeah..." The thought of getting a *girl* to fill the emptiness made her heart flutter. She'd eaten Talia Vanderberg, but that had been a spur of moment kinda thing, and she hadn't really been able to enjoy it. Tonight would be different, she hoped.

The two girlfriends walk along the alleyway, looking for the back of the line. The nightclub is clearly trendy since the line extends fairly far down the road. At the front of the line, the bouncer shakes her head at a group of young girls as Melissa and Lindsay pass by.

"We're almost full up; there's no bloody room for *more* prey." The bouncer is complaining about the girls in front of her.

The girls in front of her look barely eighteen, rich, and quite upset. "No! Just fucking let us iiiiiin!" One of the girls, clearly the leader of her little group, whines loudly. "Come onnnn! I'm horny! You just wanna keep all the cute preds to yourself!" Her voice slurs badly, clearly already drunk off her rich little ass.

The bouncer rolls her eyes. She's bald and clearly exceptionally well-built under her plain black shirt. "I don't give a shit. You lot fuck off to some other club."

"I'll eat you out if you let us in!" One of the other rich girls pipes up, sticking her tongue through her fingers at the bouncers.

"Yeah, Nah." As Melissa and Lindsay make their way past her, the bouncer suddenly points at them. "Hey, you two!"

The two women freeze and they look at each other in surprise. Melissa points at herself. "You mean us?"

"No shit, Sherlock." The bouncer beckons for them to come closer. "You two look good. Come to the front of the line."

"What?!" The rich girls are irate as Melissa and Lindsay smugly step in front of them. The girls' leader folds her arms angrily, but her drunkenness ruins the effect. "*She's* clearly a fucking prey!" She jabs a wavering finger at Melissa. "You're just letting her in cause... cause she's *hot* as fuck!"

"Yup." The bouncer gives the rich girl a thumbs up and then turns to Melissa and Lindsay. "We got space for you two. You wanna go in?"

Well yeah, that's why they came. After a moment of silence, Melissa feels Lindsay's elbow nudge her left boob. The redhead is telling her to do the talking, apparently. "Um, yes, please...." Melissa replies. There's at least a couple dozen people waiting to get in, but the

brunette feels very little guilt at the thought of skipping ahead of them. Maybe she's still got a little bit of Jessica's flair inside her?

"This is bull... bullshit." The rich girl's leader slurs her words. "Just cause they're hot, have big boobs, and... and are cute together...."

"...and both of them have bigger tits than all four of you combined. Yeah, pretty much." The bouncer narrows her eyes. "This is a vore joint, but it's also a lesbian joint, you two really both lesbians?"

Another nudge in the boob. "Uh... yeah," Melissa says to the bouncer, blushing slightly. Truthfully, she would identify more as bisexual, but the distinction seems pointless right now. "We're lesbians."

The bouncer snorts. "Well, no shit. You're obviously a pureblood muff-diver. I meant your friend here." Her eyes flick over to Lindsay, who seems a little taken aback at that. "I mean, you're hot as fuck, but my gaydar's not going off here."

"Excuse me?!" Lindsay looks quite insulted. "I'm *super* gay!" She holds up her hand, with Melissa's hand gripped tightly. "You think straight girls hold hands while they're standing in line for a lesbian nightclub? This is my girlfriend!"

Surely it can't be *that* obvious that Melissa likes women. After all, she had only admitted it to herself a few days ago. "N-no, we're definitely...." Oh boy, saying out loud was making her a little aroused. "...we're together. We're gay for each other." Maybe not the best choice of words, but the bouncer seems not to care.

"Like I said, *you're* not in doubt, kid." The bouncer rolls her eyes. "You're about as straight as a wet noodle."

Lindsay hisses in irritation. "Yeah, no shit, she's not straight. That's fucking obvious to anyone." Letting go of Melissa's hand, the redhead puts an arm around her girlfriend's shoulder. "How do you think she got that way? I fucking turned her gay! Me! She used to be straight as fuck, but not anymore."

"Hmm..." The bouncer doesn't seem entirely convinced. "I don't think you're lying, but... hmm...." Oh, Melissa suddenly understands what's going on. The bouncer knows they're both gay; she's just angling for something...

The redhead rolls her eyes. "Okay, what do you want from me? You want me to *prove* I'm gay? You want me to give you a fucking rimjob or something?"

"Yeah, that'd work." The bouncer suddenly changes her tune to the collective groans of the rich girls behind Melissa and Lindsay. The huge woman begins fumbling with her belt. Besides

Melissa, Lindsay heaves a deep sigh and cracks her knuckles. From the sound of it, she's actually going to do it!

Yeah, Melissa's not gonna let the bouncer start their night off badly. "Hold on a moment!" she says, holding up a hand. The bouncer pauses in the middle of unzipping her jeans, and she and Lindsay turn to look at Melissa. "You want her to prove she's gay, right?" The brunette runs a hand through her hair impatiently.

"Uh yeah, pretty much." Greed suddenly lights up the bouncer's face. "Why, you wanna help out your girlfriend?" She jerks a thumb to a nearby alleyway, even smaller and more poorly lit than this one. "The two of you can rim me over there if you want. Can't guarantee that you'll survive, though." The bouncer licks her lips, a predatory look on her face if Melissa's ever seen one.

"Not really." Being forced to tongue this bouncer's asshole and possibly be eaten by her doesn't sound hugely appealing to Melissa right now. "I've got a better idea."

"Oh yeah?" Lindsay raises an eyebrow. "What's tha-"

Melissa grabs her girlfriend's jacket in both hands and pulls the redhead close. Before Lindsay can squeak in surprise, Melissa presses her lips onto her girlfriend's, giving her a sloppy kiss. Lindsay doesn't resist at all. Instead, she throws her arms around Melissa's neck. Not content, the brunette lets go of Lindsay's leather jacket, grabs the redhead's hips, pulls her in as close as possible, and shoves her tongue into her girlfriend's mouth.

Making out with Lindsay is a beautiful experience, and every time she does it, Melissa wishes she'd been doing it sooner. They were just so... compatible. The two of them should have gotten together sooner, years ago even. But, better late than never, Melissa guessed.

After a small eternity, the two lovers break apart, and Melissa becomes aware of many eyes on the pair of them. Not just the bouncer and the rich girls, but the entire line of women stretching down the alleyway are watching in flushed excitement. "That was *so fucking hot...*" The rich girl's leader breathes, looking like she wants to masturbate right then and there.

"Was that good enough?" Melissa asks the stunned bouncer, and the brunette can't help but let a note of smugness enter her voice.

"I-I guess..." The bouncer clears her throat and zips her jeans back up. "Okay, I guess the two of you can go in, then." The huge woman steps aside, gesturing for the two of them to enter the small door to the nightclub. She looks a little disappointed but also quite aroused.

"Thanks." Melissa grabs Lindsay's hand and winks at her girlfriend. "You coming, Lin?"

Lindsay's face is red, and her other hand touches her lips gently. "What? Uh... yeah, I am!" She seems somewhat stunned at what just happened.

"Oh, and just so you know...." Suddenly, the bouncer's face turns serious. "This is a no take-backs kinda place. You get me?"

Melissa nods. "Yeah, I understand." This nightclub was a merciless place, was what the bouncer meant. If someone got eaten, noone would care or try to save either of them.

"Oh, this is *bullshit!*" The leader of the rich girls begins to whine as the two of them walk toward the nightclub's door. Behind them, the rich girls try to follow, but the bouncer steps behind them, blocking the young preys from entering.

"Okay, look." The bouncer sounds like she's lost her patience. "Either you lot leave, or I'm going to bash the shit out of you four and then eat you all."

"Really?" Far from being intimidated, the leader of the rich girls sounds rather excited to hear that threat. "Why the fuck do you think we're here?! If you're a pred, then just fucking beat the shit out of us!"

The bouncer cracks her knuckles loudly. "Okay, you asked for it!"

Melissa hears the loud noise of someone rich being deprived of a few of her teeth. The bouncer's knuckles were a lot tougher than a rich girl's jaw from its sounds. As the door to the nightclub swings closed behind them, Melissa wonders what will happen to the four girls and the bouncer and realizes she couldn't care less.

Inside the door, narrow steps lead down into the nightclub, and Melissa can hear loud music pulsing through the ground. A pair of neon signs hum in the low light on the walls. One is an LGBTV+ friendly establishment sign, the same as Melissa had seen on the restaurant where she'd met Talia. The other is a crude neon outline of a penis, with "No Nuts on Sluts Allowed!" underneath.

Lindsay catches Melissa's surprised look at the second sign. "Eh, futanari kinda tend to flood these kinda places, y'know?" She shrugs, grinning amusedly at the sign. "Probably won't last too long before the gender discrimination people come down hard on this joint." The redhead winks at Melissa. "Guess I won't get a chance to meet that friend of yours down here though..."

"I guess..." Azrael's not Melissa's friend, and the brunette doubts that a mere mortal club rule would keep the dark predator out. Still, she'd rather not think about that woman tonight. She grabs Lindsay's hand again and nods for her girlfriend to lead the way. "You first, Lin. You're supposed to be teaching me, right?"

“Oh, right!” Lindsay straightens up, which is ironic to Melissa as she’s about to lead the way into a lesbian nightclub. Now with her usual cockiness, Lindsay struts down the narrow steps toward the beat of the music. “Okay, let’s get hunting!”

It’s been a long while since Melissa’s been in a nightclub, to tell the truth. In the ‘olden days, she’d gone out to dive bars with Xanthe, Lindsay and Jane, playing around and getting drunk off their asses with the pathetic amount of money they’d been able to scrape together. They were some of the fondest memories she had of the four of them. But that had been a long time ago. Hell, it had been so long ago that she and Lindsay had been trying to pick up *guys* back then. Although, *trying* was a bit of an understatement. It had been a rare night when the four hadn’t gone home with a guy each. But the Rainbow Serpent didn’t have any guys to pick up for obvious reasons. This kind of club was unfamiliar territory for Melissa, not just because it was a lesbian one.

Melissa had heard stories from Lindsay and Xanthe about the vore clubs that the two of them had frequented. They’d made the hair stand up on the back of her neck when they’d talked about the dimly-lit bars, where no-one batted an eye when some girl was dragged off against her will into the back alley by a hungry predator. There were stories about nasty bathrooms where walking in at the wrong time could see you shoved into a stall by a girl gang, raped, devoured and then crapped out into the bathroom sink. They were terrifying places, where just visiting for a short time would mean a genuine chance of losing your life.

However, the Rainbow Serpent doesn’t seem anything as bad as Melissa had pictured in her head. Despite the dimness of the underground club, bright lights dance across the ceiling, giving the whole place a purple hue. Noisy chatter fills the world, almost a hundred excited voices bouncing off the neon walls. Dozens of women are dancing on the dance floor as a live band of young girls rocks a catchy beat through the club. It honestly seems like a regular club from where Melissa’s standing, leaning against the bar as Lindsay orders them a drink.

“Cool, right?!” Melissa is shaken out of her staring by her girlfriend, who’s leaning against the bar next to her. The red-head gives her a vaguely amused look. “You look a bit worried, you okay?”

“I mean, it’s a little hard to relax when you think about what kinda place this is....” The nightclub might seem regular on the surface, but there’s dark energy underneath, simmering gently. Melissa can feel it in the air somehow. “There’s danger here....”

Lindsay rolls her eyes with a smirk. “Well, *duh*. Why do you think there’s so many people here? They’re all getting off on risking their lives. Even those intending to risk other people’s lives are risking their own as well.” She winks at Melissa.

Well, both of them fell into the latter category, Melissa supposes. The brunette sighs, still feeling rather tense. "I know I said I wanted to..." She trails off deliberately, not wanting to let the people around them know that she's a predator tonight. "Coming here by myself would have been impossible...."

"Oh, a bad fucking idea for sure." Lindsay looks up as the bartender places two drinks before her and grins at the woman. She hands one to Melissa, taking the drinks, who takes it eagerly. "Coming here by yourself with your amount of experience would just be *asking* to be added to the crime statistics. The two of us should know that more than anyone."

Melissa takes a sip of her vodka and feels the warmth of the alcohol spreading through her chest. Yeah, Xanthe had tried going to a vore joint alone when she was studying in America. The rich girl had picked a fight with a girl who *hadn't* gone alone. According to people who'd seen her last, she mysteriously vanished after being dragged out of the club by the girl and her friends. Melissa had heard a rumor that the girl who'd eaten Xanthe had stolen the rich girl's wallet, emptied her bank account out of an obscene amount of money, and then moved to France to become a sex slave in some weird fascist sex cult. Well, that's what Lindsay had told her, at least.

"How much was the drink?" Melissa asks, trying to get away from the dark thoughts about Xanthe's fate.

"Does it matter? We've got enough to buy this whole club a round, so who cares how much it costs?" The red-head leans back against the bar luxuriously. "Shit, when I post that selfie we took earlier on VoreFans, I'll probably *make* money from coming here tonight." After a moment of amused reflection, she nods over at the band. "They're pretty cute...." Giving Melissa a wry grin, Lindsay licks her lips. "The crowd seems to like them."

Still feeling a bit nervous about being inside a vore club, Melissa shrugs. "Yeah, they are...." The four girls in the band are all quite young, all south of twenty from its looks. The music's honestly kinda forgettable, and the brunette can tell that the band is a new one. The girls are pretty cute, though, as Lindsay said, with dyed hair and cute clothes. It's not hard to see why the crowd of women in front of the stage seem quite enamored with them.

"That guitarist has her eye on you...." Lindsay murmurs into Melissa's ear conspiratorially. The freckled girl blinks for a moment in confusion and then follows the redhead's pointing finger. Indeed, the band's guitarist is clearly stealing glances at Melissa every now and again.

As the band finishes playing their song, the one on the guitar grabs the microphone. "Y'all are a great audience!" She's adorable, now that Lindsay looks at her. Bubblegum pink hair that hangs to her shoulders and a flannelette shirt completes the look of a young lesbian. "We've never played in a vore club before, so when our manager booked us for this joint, we were kinda worried, but y'all are awesome, thank you!" The crowd starts cheering, and the other band members wave, looking a bit bashful about their reception.

“Yeah, and they’re never going to play in one ever again if I’m any judge....” Lindsay snickers to herself. Melissa can see what she means. The girls in the band clearly don’t have any experience with predators, or they’d notice that the crowd isn’t just going wild for their music. The women in the group are baying for the young girls’ bodies if Melissa’s any judge.

“Um!” The guitarist girl suddenly blushes, her voice hesitant. “This next song’s gonna be our last for tonight, so I’m gonna....” She closes her eyes, fidgeting cutely with her shirt. “I’m gonna dedicate this next song to the really hot lady at the bar in the black shirt!” Melissa freezes as a dozen or so eyes turn to her. The girl on the stage takes a deep breath, gathering her courage. “When we’re done with this song... please let me buy you a drink!”

Wait, what? What was happening? Melissa hesitates for a moment, feeling on the spot. “Uh...” She can feel her heart racing.

Lindsay rolls her eyes at her girlfriend. Before Melissa can say anything, the red-head takes a step forward and gives the girl on the stage two thumbs up. The crowd goes wild at this and starts cheering. The guitarist girl lets out a whoop of joy into the microphone and then launches into the next song.

As the crowd turns away from her, Melissa takes a deep breath to calm herself. Then, she gives an irritated look to her girlfriend. “Why’d you do that?” she hisses, feeling a little annoyed that Lindsay had made a choice for her.

Her girlfriend just snorts at her anger. “Oh, *please*. Don’t tell me you were gonna turn down *that*.” She gestures at the guitar girl, playing her heart out on the stage, a stupid grin of happiness on the girl’s face. “You were worried about finding a meal, right? Well, there you are. I knew it’d be fucking easy as shit for you.”

“Godammit...” Melissa had to admit that her girlfriend was kinda right on that one. She’d imagined that she’d have to pick up a girl herself, but having one pick her up was more straightforward. “What about you, Lin?”

“Oh, me?” The red-head shrugs. “Yeah, don’t worry about me, Mel. I’m used to this kinda shit. This is my stomping grounds. I’ll be eating for two tonight; you’ll see....” She trails off, tilting her head to look behind Melissa curiously.

There’s the sound of someone clearing their throat behind Melissa, obviously trying to get her attention. The brunette turns to face the woman next to her at the bar. She’s a tall woman with olive skin, clearly Greek or Mediterranean. Her boobs are surprisingly big, and the tube top she’s wearing barely seems to contain them. That’s probably intentional, Melissa guesses.

“Hey.” The tall woman bites her lip, looking somewhat disinterested.

There's a moment's pause as Melissa blinks in confusion. "Uh... hey?" Why was this woman just staring at her?

The olive-skinned woman looks her up and down, clearly checking the freckled girl out. She seems to like what she sees. "Haven't seen you around here before." The woman says after a moment. "You new, or something?"

The woman's speaking pretty rudely, and Melissa feels rather annoyed that a complete stranger is talking like that to her. "Yeah? I guess?" She raises an eyebrow at the big-breasted woman. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, well, if you're new...." The olive-skinned woman jerks a thumb behind her. "I guess I could give you a tour. Let's start with the bathrooms."

Wow, really? That bluntly? Melissa is almost in disbelief at how direct this predator is being. Behind Melissa, she hears Lindsay almost spit out her drink and start to laugh. Blushing in irritation, the brunette takes a deep breath. "No, I think I'm fine, thank you," she says after a moment.

"No, I'm...." The tall woman looks vaguely irritated. "I'm offering to give you a *tour*... of the *bathrooms*." She waves vaguely at her exposed stomach. "Don't you understand what I mean?"

Melissa feels a twinge of irritation, but she keeps her cool. Putting down her drink, the brunette tries to be polite. "No, I understand you wanna eat me, but I'm not interested. Thank you." Being eaten by some random woman wasn't high on her priority list for tonight. She was here to eat, not be eaten. Though, there are probably a lot of women here tonight who are thinking the same thing.

The olive-skinned woman clicks her tongue in annoyance. "Geez, it was just a fucking polite offer. No need to be a bitch about it." She gives Melissa a nasty glare. "The fuck'd you even come here for, you fucking prey?" Before Melissa can answer, the woman reaches out and snatches up her drink.

The brunette watches the olive-skinned woman walk away, carrying her drink. It takes her a moment to process what just happened, so quick and baffling the moment had been. "Did she just... steal your drink?" Lindsay asks behind her, sounding incredulous. Melissa just nods, still in disbelief.

A little while later, the band finishes their song. It wasn't a bad one, just pretty bland. It kinda sounds like the band isn't used to playing these kinds of songs, for some reason. On the stage, the pink-haired girl who'd asked to buy Melissa a drink shrugs off her guitar and hands it off to one of the other band members. As they pack up, the girl darts glance at Melissa, looking excited.

“Ooh, time for your date soon!” Lindsay rubs her hands together, grinning at Melissa’s discomfort.

“Shit, Lin...” Melissa’s heart is thumping. “I’ve never done this kinda thing before....”

“Eh?” The red-head raises an eyebrow. “Course you have. I’ve *seen* you pick up loads of people before.”

It’s not really the same thing, though, is it? “Yeah, but that was for sex! This is for....” Melissa trails off, reddening. “A-anyway, it’s not the same thing....”

“Sure it is!” Lindsay smirks, sipping her drink. “You chat her up, and then you take her somewhere nice and private. It’s exactly the same! It’s just that you slurp her up instead of fucking her. Or after fucking her, depending on your tastes.”

“Oh, fuck...” Her girlfriend makes it sound easy, but Melissa knows it’s anything but. “I don’t know about this, Lin... Maybe we should just leave and-”

Lindsay grabs her arm to steady her. “Calm down, Mel. I know you can do this, and I think I know the woman I love pretty well, okay?” Melissa takes a deep breath, managing to calm herself with Lindsay’s gentle touch. “Okay, good... cause she’s coming over right now.”

“Huh?!” Indeed, as Melissa looks up, the pink-haired girl is making her way over to the two of them. Melissa stands up from her bar stool, unsure how she should greet the girl. In the end, she settles for just a friendly wave and a smile. “Um, hi!” she says as the girl draws near.

“Hi!” The pink-haired girl looks highly nervous, but she’s also quite cheerful. An odd combination, at least to Melissa. “Um... thanks for letting me buy you a drink! I’m...”

Lindsay leans in between them, smirking smugly. “Hi, it’s nice to meet you as well!”

“O-oh!” The young girl seems a little taken aback. “Uh, hi!” She looks between Melissa and Lindsay, a little confused. “Are you her friend, or...”

“I’m her girlfriend!” Lindsay grins widely at the guitarist girl, showing a lot of teeth. “Nice to meet you!”

“Oh, shi-” The young girl claps her hands over her mouth, looking horribly embarrassed. “I-I’m so sorry! I didn’t realize you were....”

The red-head bursts out laughing. “Oh, calm down!” She pats the flustered girl on the shoulder. “No need to panic!”

The pink-haired girl holds up her hands, her face stricken with worry. "Sorry, I didn't mean to hit on your girlfriend, I just..." She calms down slightly. "Look, I'll just buy you both a drink to say sorry and-"

"No!" Lindsay interrupts her with a predatory smile. "Don't lose heart, young lesbian!" She winks at the confused girl. "Tell you what, you're really, *really* cute, you know that?" The girl blushes slightly, and Lindsay continues. "So... I'll let you take a crack at my girlfriend. Show her a good time, okay?"

"W-what?" The girl blinks and then gives the red-head a weak grin. "Oh! I thought you were serious for a mo-"

"I *am* serious." Lindsay squeezes the girl's shoulder, and the young girl flinches slightly for a moment. "We've only been dating for a few days. Let's make it a bit of a competition. She'll go home with whichever one of us she likes more; that sound good?"

"Uh..." The young girl looks between Lindsay and Melissa, seemingly unsure if it's all a big joke. "Yeah, I guess? Are you actually being serious?"

"Of course! It'll be, uh... *fun*." The red-head turns and winks at her girlfriend. "I know you love me, but keep an open mind, okay? This one might be an upgrade."

Melissa gives her girlfriend a vaguely irritated look. She knows that Lindsay's lying her ass off to trick the girl, but still! "What, you're just gonna split, are you?" She knows what Lindsay's trying to do, but she hadn't expected to be separated from her best friend tonight.

"Well, I have to go and get your drink back, right?" Lindsay gives her an innocent look and then grins widely again. "You'll be fine. Just... do what comes natural, okay?" And with that, the red-head turns and wanders off onto the dance floor.

There's a long, awkward moment between Melissa and the young girl.

"Ugh..." The girl asks after a moment, looking in the direction where Lindsay vanished. "Was she... serious?"

"Not really." Melissa gives the girl a weak smile and sits down on the barstool. "Me and Lin... we're kinda in an open relationship if that makes sense?" Well, sort of. They hadn't really discussed it that much, but Melissa knew her girlfriend well enough to know that the red-head didn't care much about being exclusive. After all, she'd happily encouraged Melissa's porn career while being in love with her. Melissa wasn't sure how comfortable she was with being in an open relationship herself, though. "Um... about that drink?"

"Oh!" The pink-haired girl jumps and turns toward the bar. "Yeah, I did offer, didn't I?" With a gesture, she calls the bartender over, looking a little nervous. "Um! Please can I have, uh, a

malt beer for my friend and for me..." She thinks for a moment. "Uh, can you, like, give me the most lesbian drink you have?"

"Two malt beers, sure." The bartender reaches behind the counter and pulls out the two drinks. When the girl pulls out her wallet to pay, the woman holds up a hand to stop her. Giving a meaningful glance to Melissa, the bartender winks at the pink-haired girl. "Don't bother, you need all the help you can get, kid."

As the bartender wanders away, the pink-haired girl stares after her. "Well, that was nice of her!" she says after a moment. "

"Y-yeah..." Melissa has a suspicion that the bartender was trying to encourage *her*, not the pink-haired girl. "Um, I didn't catch your name?"

"Oh!" The girl turns back to Melissa, a tinge of redness in her cheeks. "Sorry, I forgot! I'm Natasha Birch, eighteen years old!" She holds out a hand, looking quite serious. "I don't have a lot of experience with this, but I'll try my best!"

Melissa has no experience with vore, really. At least, not in a social context. She's eaten someone before, but actually mixing in with other predators and prey is a totally new experience for her. For many years, it had just been that weird murder thing that Lindsay and Xanthe had been into, a niche subculture that Melissa couldn't care less about. So, she felt totally new to everything. Yet somehow, the innocent look on Natasha Birch's makes her feel like an old veteran in comparison.

"Uh... glad to hear it?" The brunette reaches out, and takes the girl's hand, shaking it gently. She feels the girl shiver very slightly at her touch. Really, even something as slight as that? This girl was dangerously cute. "I'm Melissa Jones."

"N-nice to meet you, Melissa Jones!" The pink-haired girl sees the other band members leaving, and waves to them across the bar. After a moment, she sits down on the barstool next to Melissa.

Melissa turns to look at the other band members, who are carrying away their equipment, including Natasha's guitar. "Your friends are leaving already?" Two of the girls are holding hands, curiously enough. Or, considering the place they were in, not very oddly. "Well... that's probably wise, to be honest." Melissa had a feeling that the cute girls wouldn't last long in a place like this.

"Huh?" Natasha gives her an innocently curious look. "What do you mean?"

Was that a serious question? "Uh, because..." Melissa can't think of how to put it delicately. "Y'know, places like this... young girls like you can get into a lot of trouble." A lot of young girls here tonight are *trying* to get into trouble.

“Trouble sounds fun!” The pink-haired girl fingers the cap on her beer, looking not particularly worried. She’s either really confident or really naive. Definitely the latter. A slight blush spreads across her cheeks. “Um... am I supposed to use a bottle opener for this, or...?”

“...is this your first time drinking?” Somehow, it’s less surprising than Melissa would have expected.

The young girl nods, looking a little sheepish. “I mean, I’ve had some sips of wine and stuff, and I snuck some of my dad’s whiskey once, but... yeah. But now I’m eighteen, I can drink as much as I want.” She looks around for a moment. “Uh, should I ask the bartender for...?”

Oh, here was an excellent chance to show off. Melissa holds out her hand. “Give it here; I’ll show you a trick.” Natasha blinks and then hands over the beer. Holding the beer in one hand, Melissa places her palm on top of the cap and then tightens her palm muscles on the thin metal. Jane had taught her how to do this years ago, and it had never failed to impress guys, so lesbians would probably like it too. There’s a popping noise with a twist of her wrist, and the cap falls into Melissa’s lap. “There you go; no opener needed.”

“Wow!” The pink-haired girl looks impressed. “That was really cool!” She takes back the drink and sniffs the open bottle for a moment. Her cute nose wrinkles. “Ugh... smells like jet fuel.” Despite this complaint, she takes a hesitant swig and seems to enjoy it. “Aaah... alcohol is so nasty. I kinda like it!”

Melissa tries to remember how long ago she’d first started drinking. Maybe twelve or thirteen? It had been before she’d even met Xanthe, let alone Lindsay. There’d been a bottle shop near her high school that’d been infamous for secretly selling beer to underage girls. The owner had probably been getting off on the pleasure of corrupting the youth, but Melissa hadn’t really cared. She’d just enjoyed getting drunk off her ass after school.

Speaking of which, a woman is walking past with a drunk girl next to her, arm slung over her shoulder. The girl is young, just a little older than Natasha, and dressed in short shorts and a red tube top that has the words “Prime Meat” printed in yellow. She was also clearly very, very drunk, and was having trouble just standing up. The woman who’s carrying her is escorting her to the bathrooms, and not so that she could use the toilet. Melissa doubts that they know each other, judging by the look of vague confusion on the drunk girl’s face. No-one spared them a second glance as they passed by, a predator very clearly carrying off her soon-to-be meal. Well, that was the kind of place the Rainbow Serpent was. Melissa had been warned, after all.

Natasha doesn’t seem too bothered by the sight of a dead woman walking. “Haha... I guess some people don’t know when to stop!” In Sydney, the law said that bartenders were legally required to refuse to serve alcohol to anyone who was already drunk, but Melissa suspected that the bartenders here were doing the exact opposite. “I wonder how she’s gonna get home?”

the pink-haired girl asks. For a moment, Melissa assumes that she's joking since the girl's clearly *not* going to leave the toilets alive. However, Natasha seems innocently serious.

"Is this your first time in a vore club?" Melissa asks, curious. The girl's clearly a bit naive about what's going on in this place.

"Uh, it's actually my first time." Well, no surprise there. Natasha licks her lips nervously. "Actually, uh... it's kinda my first time being... y'know, *out*. In public."

It takes Melissa a moment to realize what the girl means. "Wait, this is the first time you've been... uh, public about being gay?" The girl nods, caught somewhere between excitement and embarrassment. "Oh, wow. Congratulations?" It's Melissa's first time as well, come to think about it. "Why's that?"

Natasha takes a swig of her beer and then shivers for a moment. It's clear that she's not entirely used to the taste. "Our families are kinda..." She bites her lip. "...*super* Christian, y'know?" She rocks back and forth on her stool slightly, and Melissa can sense that there's a lot of energy inside the young girl. "We've never... I've never been to a place like this before. Everyone's so *gay!*" That last sentence carries with it a delighted glint in the girl's eyes.

"Well, yeah. It's a gay bar." The brunette takes a sip of her beer, feeling a little more confident now that there's someone who knows even less about this stuff than her. Melissa's family isn't really religious at all, and she'd grown up knowing a few people who were openly gay. So, even if she had very little direct experience, she wasn't entirely lost. Natasha, on the other hand, seemed to be entirely new to the concept. "I, uh, thought you guys played pretty well!" They hadn't, really, but a compliment could hardly hurt.

"Thanks! We usually play to a different kinda crowd, but I like this one better, haha!" Natasha laughs nervously, scratching her pink hair.

"Oh, so the name of your band..." Melissa *had* thought it was a curious name.

"Yup!" The young girl grins anxiously. "We usually play, like, Christian rock and stuff... I mean, shit." Even the small act of swearing seems to excite the girl a little. "Like, stuff about loving God and all that. It's kinda the only way our families were okay with us being a band, y'know?"

Not really, but Melissa nods anyway. "I kinda just assumed you guys were a lesbian band, or whatever."

"Oh, we are!" Natasha laughs softly. "All four of us are gay, actually. Chelsea and Marina are dating, and Becky... well, she's still pretending she's bi, but she'll get over it eventually, I reckon." She takes another swig of her beer, fidgeting with her shirt with her other hand. "But it's all a big secret from our families! We're only here tonight because we told our parents we were going to Hillsong."

“Right...” Melissa gives the girl a wry grin. “I can see that you’re enjoying telling me all about it, even though it’s a secret.”

“Sorry...” The pink-haired girl can’t quite wipe the smile off her face. “But! It’s so much fun! I’ve never been able to tell anyone about this before!” She looks around the club, grinning madly. “I’m gay! You’re gay! Every girl here is *gay*!”

“Yeah!” A couple of women nearby raise their drinks at Natasha, and the pink-haired girl flinches slightly.

Melissa can’t help but share the young girl’s excitement. “That’s awesome, Natasha.” Still, there’s something that the young girl seems to be overlooking. Something rather big. “And uh, how do you feel about vore?”

“Huh?” Natasha blinks as she turns back to the freckled girl. “What’d you say?”

“I asked how you feel about vore.” Melissa gestures around at the club. “You know what vore is, right?” She points at her belly.

Natasha follows Melissa’s finger, staring at her slightly exposed stomach with a slight blush. “Haha...” The girl holds up her hands, looking a little sheepish. “Um, I’m not actually into vore, y’know?”

Oh, this just got better and better. “Really?” Melissa asks, trying not to burst into laughter. “You know what kinda club this is, right?”

“Uh, yeah... I think!” The pink-haired girl suddenly seems worried for a moment. “Oh, but I think it’s cool! Y’know, do what you wanna do and all!” She hesitates for a moment. “Um, is that, like, a problem, or...?”

“Oh, I don’t think it’ll be an issue, no.” Melissa tells the girl to reassure her. Well, one way or another, it wouldn’t be.

Natasha sighs in relief. “That’s good....”

There’s a long moment of silence between the two, but it’s not particularly awkward. Natasha happily sips her drink. Still, Melissa feels a little obligated to continue the conversation.

“So, have you had sex with a woman?” The brunette asks, curious.

The pink-haired girl almost spits out her drink. “What?!” She asks in shock, wiping her chin. “I mean...! I... ugh...” She fumbles her words for a moment. “N-no, I haven’t...” the girl manages finally.

“...are you okay?” Melissa had been a little taken aback at that reaction.

“I’m fine!” Natasha says quickly, trying to compose herself. “I just... haha, I should have expected that topic, shouldn’t I? Haha.”

Maybe Melissa had spent too much time around just Lindsay and other people in the porn industry. Come to think of it, sex wasn’t something most people just talked about, was it? The realization that she’d probably made a faux pas made Melissa a little embarrassed, but it was countered by the enjoyment that she got from the sight of the flustered guitarist. “Uh, yeah. It’s super normal for lesbians to talk about sex.”

“Haha...” Natasha has a habit of laughing slightly when she’s nervous, apparently. “N-none of us in the band have had sex, I think....”

That was surprising to hear. “What, even the two that you said were dating?”

“No!” The pink-haired girl blushes. “They’ve only kissed a little, they told me...”

How remarkably chaste. “Well, that’ll probably change tonight...” Melissa muses, wondering what Lindsay’s up to right now.

“Huh?” Suddenly, the pink-haired girl blushes heavily as she seems to realize what Melissa’s suggesting. “You think they’re gonna... *tonight?!!*” She looks rather shocked.

“Well, yeah?” It seems pretty obvious to Melissa. “You guys are staying the night in town, right? There couldn’t be a better time for the two of them to go all the way.”

Natasha stares into her drink for a moment at something that Melissa can’t see. “I hadn’t thought of that... they *did* say they were gonna leave early.” Melissa fancies that she can see the girls having sex in Natasha’s mind for a moment. Then, the pink-haired girl knocks back her drink and holds it up. “Well, here’s to g-getting laid, I guess!”

Melissa reaches out with her beer and clinks it gently on the rim of Natasha’s. “I’ll drink to that.” She’d kinda hoped that she’d finally get laid with Lindsay tonight, but now she was a bit unsure.

The pink-haired girl takes another swig of her beer, her pale cheeks tinged with redness. They had been before as well, but now it was from alcohol rather than embarrassment. “Um!” The girl says, giving Melissa a look that somewhere between nervous and playful. “You asked me, so I guess it’s okay... h-how many people have you, um... had s-sex with?!” Natasha’s cheeks go even redder as she asks the question.

“Let me think...” It was a hard question to answer. She’d *almost* slept with Talia before she’d eaten her, and she’d almost slept with Lindsay, but ‘almost’ wasn’t quite good enough. She’d sucked off Miss Jeong, but the brunette had never really counted blowjobs as sex. She *had* slept with Jessica, but that had been for a porn shoot. Melissa felt like she’d built up a bit too much of an image of confidence in the young girl’s eyes to now say that she actually only slept with one woman for money. Well, if she counted *men*... “Uh, like, a hundred, I guess?”

Natasha is mid-swig, and she almost chokes on her beer. “Urk... *how many?!*”

Well, maybe that was a bit of an overestimation. But her college years had been quite busy. Between picking up guys most nights with the other girls, dating other students and sleeping her way to better grades with sleazy professors, Melissa had racked up quite a body count. Only Jane had a higher score. It had been a tradition to scratch a line into their bed after each boy, and by the end of college, Jane’s bed had looked like a bear had attacked it. But she was dead now, so the brunette kinda thinks that she wins by default. “Yeah, maybe somewhere between fifty and a hundred. That number’s including guys, though,” she admits, feeling a little guilty at misleading the girl.

“Golly, that’s... I mean, *fuck*, that’s a lot!” Natasha rocks back and forth on her stool for a moment as if the number had actually physically stunned her. “How’d you... I mean, how’d you avoid getting pregnant?”

Well, Melissa probably hadn’t. “Uh... to tell the truth...” The brunette pokes her belly sheepishly. “It’s a bit of a secret, but... I’m pretty sure I’m pregnant right now, actually.” Melissa hadn’t done a pregnancy test yet, too early. But she just knew somehow. Maybe it was a woman’s intuition.

Natasha’s eyes drop to Melissa’s slightly exposed stomach. “Oh...” It seems to take her a moment to process this information. “Oh!” She can’t seem to think of what to say. “Um... I’m sorry to hear that? I mean, if that’s not good. If it is, congratulations?!”

“I’ll take the congratulations, thanks.” Melissa laughs softly at the stricken expression on the pink-haired girl’s face.

“Sorry...” Natasha blushes heavily.

The freckled girl waves away the girl’s worry. “It’s okay! I’m not, like, offended or anything!” She takes another swig of her beer as Natasha composes herself.

“Uh...” The pink-haired girl points at the beer in Melissa’s hand. “Um, I feel like this is a stupid question, but... should you be drinking that if you’re pregnant?”

Oh... Melissa freezes for a long moment. Oh, shit. “Now that you say it...” Pregnant girls weren’t supposed to drink, right? Melissa hadn’t even thought about it. Come to think of it,

Lindsay had been drinking as well. She'd probably forgotten too. Hell, they'd been drinking the other night when they'd slept together as well. Oh, *shit*. Melissa gingerly puts down her beer on the bar counter. "It's... it's probably fine! But, I'll stop now."

"Uh... yeah, probably fine!" Natasha loyally agrees. At this point, she'd probably agree with just about anything Melissa said. The thought makes Melissa a little guilty.

A long moment of silence descends between the two girls. Well, relative silence. There's still loud club music playing and the sound of like a hundred lesbians hitting on each other in the air. But, it feels oddly awkward now. Melissa senses that it's time to move in for the kill, in a more literal sense than usual. But, how to do it? A true predator would have some suave line, some smooth and sweet words to charm their prey into following them somewhere nice and private.

Suave. Yes, she needed to be suave. "So, Natasha..." Melissa leans back, hoping that she seems like a confident woman and not a nervous girl. "How about we go and have sex in the bathroom?"

Natasha stares at Melissa for a long moment as if she's not sure what just happened. "Uh..." Her face reddens. "Um..." Her face reddens some more. "Um!" She closes her eyes, and screws up her face. "O-okay!" The girl puts her now-empty beer beside her on the bar, and balls her hands into fists. "We... I'll do it!"

"Really?!" It was just that easy to lure a girl into the bathroom? Melissa was sure she'd screwed up, but sure, okay.

"Uh..." Natasha fidgets with her shirt as she speaks. "If it's just a normal thing for gay girls to do... Well, I'm gay, so..." Despite her obvious nervousness, there's a certain amount of resolve underneath the girl's innocent exterior. "But, like... in the bathroom?"

Well, it'd be hard to take the girl home without any witnesses. The police wouldn't care if a young girl like Natasha went missing in a vore club, but they might if she was seen going home with Melissa. As long as it happened in the Rainbow Serpent, noone would care if the pink-haired girl vanished. Actually, that was a slightly depressing thought, come to think of it.

No, no guilt. Predators were cold-blooded killers. If anything, Melissa should be enjoying how cruel this feels. "Okay, then follow me." Melissa stands up, beckoning for Natasha to follow. The young girl hesitates for a moment, takes a deep breath, and then follows Melissa.

As the two of them approach the bathroom door, it swings open. The woman who'd been escorting the drunk girl from earlier walks out. Predictably, her belly is now grossly swollen, with the shape of the drunk girl bulging out erotically, at least to Melissa's eyes. Holding her belly with both hands, the predator's eyes dart between Melissa and Natasha. As she passes Melissa, the predator gives her a leer and a thumbs up. "Good luck!" she hisses with a croaking voice.

As she walks away, Natasha turns to stare in utter shock at the predator's back. "What the heck...?" She seems a little lost. "Did she... did that drunk girl..."

"Yup." Melissa finishes the thought for her. She puts an arm around the pink-haired girl, and gently leads her into the bathroom. Natasha seems shocked, but she doesn't resist.

The bathrooms of the vore club are surprisingly clean, considering the type of place they were in. Melissa had half expected to find the long row of narrow stalls trashed and filled with the remains of former clubbers. Instead, she finds a rather ordinary, if dimly lit, bathroom. On the wall, a small sign says, "No Big Loads - Take that Shit Home!" Actually, that kinda makes sense when Melissa thought about it. Digestion took a while, so most predators would probably just swallow their prey in here and then poop them out later somewhere else.

Speaking of... Melissa leads Natasha toward one of the bathroom stalls. Kicking open the door, the brunette gestures for the young girl to go in. Natasha hesitates for a moment and then walks in. After a moment to check that they're no other girls in the bathroom, Melissa follows her.

The stall is rather cramped with two people inside it, and Natasha is pressed up against the stall wall as Melissa closes the door behind them. It's been a long time since Melissa had sex in a bathroom stall like this, and it'll probably be a little while yet, sadly. It's not a particularly romantic place to have sex in, but that's probably appealing to some people. Still, Melissa not actually planning to have sex here, although what she is planning to do is even worse in terms of space.

"That woman..." Natasha doesn't seem like she's quite gotten over the sight of what just happened. "Did she really... no, she must have." She blinks a few times and finally seems to process what she saw. "Wow... so that's... like, vore, right?"

Melissa nods slowly. It seems rather obvious to her, but to someone like Natasha, it must be pretty shocking. "Yeah, it is. She's a predator, and the girl inside her is prey."

"A predator..." The pink-haired girl seems quite conscious of Melissa's body pressing up against hers. "I mean, I know what that means, but... I've never really known about how that whole thing works."

She was going to learn pretty quickly if Melissa could pull this off. "Well, it's not *that* complicated. She swallowed that girl alive, that's all."

"What happens when the girls get swallowed?" Natasha asks, her voice wavering. "Is she gonna be alright?"

Melissa pats her belly, smiling at the memory of Talia digesting inside her. “No, she’ll get digested, like any other kind of food. Stomach acids just... *melt* everything. Until they’re just soup inside the predator.”

The pink-haired girl’s pale face pales even further. “But won’t she... like, *die*?!”

That seems a little obvious. “Well, yeah. She’s gonna die if she’s not already dead. That tends to happen when her whole body gets melted and drained into a predator’s bowls.”

“What, her *whole body*?” Natasha’s eyes flick down to Melissa’s belly for a moment, to the brunette’s delight. Despite that, the glint of fear in the girl’s eyes makes Melissa a little guilty. “Like, what about the... the bones and stuff?”

“Oh, stomach acid’s powerful stuff. Once that predator’s done, *nothing* will be left of that drunk girl but shit.” And a *lot* of shit at that. Melissa was pretty sure that the hotel toilet would never work again after what the volume of Talia’s remains had done to it.

“Shit?! Like, poop?!” Natasha looks horrified. The question’s probably more out of shock than horror. “The whole person gets turned into....”

“Yep.” Melissa licks her lips, trying to get into character. A real predator would love this moment, right? When the prey is looking up in terror, knowing their fate, but not being able to change it in any way. Looking up with such wide, sweet eyes... Shit, no, don’t think about that part!

A dull realization seems to come to Natasha’s face. “Why... why’d that woman wish you good luck?” She seems to know the reason, and there’s a certain hint of betrayal in her eyes. Had she really trusted Melissa so quickly?

No guilt, no guilt. Melissa was trying to be a real predator. Real predators enjoyed betraying cute girls like Natasha; they didn’t feel guilty about it!

“Because I’m a predator too,” Melissa whispers to the young girl, leaning in with her whole body. She presses her breasts into Natasha’s small chest, and she can feel the young girl shiver.

“Oh gosh, oh golly....” The pink-haired girl has broken out into a cold sweat. “Oh *fuck*... I didn’t... I don’t wanna....” She takes a shaky breath. “Are you sure you really wanna do this, Melissa?”

“What kinda question is that?” Melissa asks her. “Y-yes! Of course, I do!” Maybe if she declared it out loud, it would stop being a lie.

“Okay...” Natasha gulps, looking terrified. “Okay... Well, I guess it’s kind of my fault, haha... I got my hopes up...” Her weak laughter wouldn’t fool anyone.

“No, it’s....” The would-be predator bites her lip, trying not to look into the girl’s eyes. “You’re a cute girl, Natasha....”

Natasha looks up at Melissa, her eyes were suddenly free of that awful, heart-stabbing pleading. ‘It’s okay. You’re a predator, I understand.’ She takes another shaky breath. ‘I’m glad... I’m glad I got to talk to you, Melissa.’

Oh, fucking hell... “I loved talking to you too, Natasha.” That, at least, puts a ghost of a smile on the young girl’s face.

Melissa opens her mouth and leans in slowly. The pink-haired sees this, takes a deep breath, and then closes her eyes. She’s surrendering herself, Melissa realizes. She wasn’t going to fight her fate. Natasha has given up.

That... just made it easier, right? Melissa can slurp the girl up without needing to worry about her struggling or trying to right back. It couldn’t be easier. A true predator would have Natasha up to her knees already. Melissa is a predator. A predator. She can do this. Her stomach growls happily, excited to be filled. She can do this...

Melissa stares down at the young girl, a dark hunger thundering through her guts. She *needs* Natasha inside her, the terrible hunger leaving her no choice. Yet, at the same time, Melissa knows that she’ll lose a piece of her soul by eating Natasha. She’ll become a predator, addicted to feeding her monstrous hunger. Lindsay won’t stop her after this, in fact, the brunette knows her girlfriend will simply encourage it even further.

Melissa knows she’s throwing away her morality, but her guts are no longer giving her a choice. Feeling part of her soul die, Melissa grabs Natasha’s hands. “C-come with me into the bathroom stall, Natasha...” She says, almost moaning the words. Her stomach rumbles in anticipation.

“The bathroom stall?” Natasha’s eyes widen. “W-why...?”

“Here’s too public. Anyone could interrupt us...” Pulling gently on the pink-haired girl’s hands, the brunette indicates to the nearest stall. “In there, I can finish you off without anyone getting in the way...”

Natasha shivers in terror. Her eyes dart between the bathroom stall, and the exit. Melissa tenses, preparing in case the girl tries to make a dash for the bathroom door. The predator knows that she can catch and drag the young girl off if she tries...

But then, Natasha just nods at her with a blush. “O-okay, Melissa...”

Feeling a surge of joy inside her darkening heart, Melissa eagerly pulls the young girl over to the nearest bathroom stall. Pushing Natasha inside, Melissa pauses for a moment as the bathroom door opens.

A tall woman with olive skin steps inside the bathroom, and then freezes when she sees Melissa glaring at her. In her hand is the glass of vodka that she'd stolen from Melissa about an hour ago is sitting. Melissa grins to herself. Well, karma had a sense of humor after all, didn't it?

"U-uh..." The olive-skinned woman visibly gulps as her eyes widen in terror. "W-what are you...?"

Melissa reaches over and snatches her vodka back from the olive-skinned woman's hand. The woman flinches backward in alarm. Melissa takes a long swig from the bottle, slurping down the wonderfully burning liquid. "Aaah..." She sighs happily. Then, her eyes refocus on the olive-skinned woman, still hovering in front of the door. "Looks like I found the bathrooms just fine without the tour, huh?" The brunette winks at her. "Now, if your dumb fucking face is still staring at me in five seconds, I'll give *you* a tour of my intestines. Is that bitchy enough for you?"

The olive-skinned woman has survived in these kinds of clubs for long enough to know when she's outmatched. In less than three seconds, the bathroom door is swinging violently, the bathroom now empty of everyone but Melissa and Natasha. Satisfied that they're now alone, Melissa steps into the stall, closing the door behind her and locking it with a loud click.

The bathroom stall is surprisingly large, and Melissa is impressed at how well it seems to fit two people. Clearly, the designers must have been aware of what would be going on in here, even with the club's ban on futanari.

As the lock clicks on the stall door, Melissa feels Natasha flinch. "U-um!" Natasha turns, her face right up against the brunette's ample chest. "W-what happens now?" She asks, her face half-terrified and half-resigned.

"Now..." Melissa smirks and places her hands on the young girl's shoulders. "You get naked for me, Natasha."

The pink-haired girl's face almost turns the same color as her hair. "O-okay, Melissa." She reaches for her shirt buttons, as Melissa's grin widens.

Taking another swig from her recaptured drink, Melissa watches in aroused silence as Natasha's shaking hands unbutton her flannelette shirt. As the girl's pink bra comes into view, Melissa lets out a growl of approval. "Very sexy, Natasha..." She chuckles, feeling her guts already churning.

Truth be told, Melissa isn't even sure why Natasha even bothers wearing a bra. Her chest is practically non-existent. "Er... thank you..." Natasha blushes as she shrugs off her shirt entirely, and then reaches down to unzip her jeans. "I don't usually wear one, but my friend said I should tonight, just in case..."

"Something like this happens?" As the young girl exposes her pink panties, Melissa has a thought. "Oh..." She says out loud, and Natasha flinches slightly. "Where are your other bandmates staying, by the way?"

"M-my... bandmates? Why...?" Natasha seems lost for a moment, and then her eyes widen. "Oh... oh God."

Melissa shrugs. "I don't wanna leave the job half-finished, Natasha." She winks at the young girl, who shudders.

Natasha seems to think for a long moment, a dark expression on her cute face. Then, she reaches behind her back, for the hook of her pink bra. "We're... we're staying at the Cozy M. It's just off Crown Street nearby... i-in Room 106..."

"Thanks." Melissa licks her lips slowly, as Natasha's bra loosens. "I'll make sure that you and your friends aren't parted for long..."

The pink-haired girl blushes heavily. "Um... the room code is... 9245, I think." Melissa raises her eyebrow at Natasha, curious about the additional information. But it's hardly unwelcome.

Melissa reaches forward and pulls down Natasha's bra with a finger. Though Natasha's bare chest could almost be mistaken for a boy's at first glance, her nipples are delightfully pink and puffy. The young girl shivers as her nipples are exposed. Melissa is amused to see that the girl's nipples are hard as a rock. "Ah... you're enjoying this, aren't you?" She whispers to Natasha.

The pink-haired girl shakes her head quickly. "N-no...! I'm just..." But when Melissa's fingers hook into the waistband of her panties, Natasha can't help but let out a moan of pleasure. Lowering the cheap fabric, Melissa takes a long look at the girl's privates. "Hmm... you didn't bother to dye down there?"

Natasha is a natural brunette, it would seem. Not far off from Melissa's own shade, actually. "Um..." The young girl shivers, and Melissa can't tell if it's a chill from now being completely naked or from what's about to happen. "I thought it would be kinda... unneeded..."

Melissa chuckles. "Well... I guess it is, in the end." Melissa leans forward, letting her lips brush against the young girl's. She can feel Natasha trembling in fear. Looking into her eyes, Melissa sees them widen in shock and then close as their lips meet properly. The girl tastes like beer and sweetness, and Melissa can feel the girl trembling.

After a few seconds, their lips part. “T-thank you...” Tears are welling in the corners of Natasha’s eyes. “That... That was my first kiss....”

“Oh my god, Natasha...” Melissa can’t help but smile at that. “You’re so fucking cute...” Then, the brunette remembers something. “Oh, right!” Natasha blinks in surprise as Melissa pulls out her phone. As the brunette opens up her camera app, she looks up at the pink-haired girl. “I need to take a picture for VoreFans!”

“O-oh...” Natasha seems a little taken aback by that, but doesn’t resist as Melissa puts an arm around her shoulders. The camera flashes a few times. After a moment, Natasha holds up her fingers in a V-shape, giving the camera a weak smile.

“Thanks, Natasha. My subs are gonna get a real kick out of seeing you like that.” Melissa swipes through the new photos, already calculating how much she’ll probably make from them.

Natasha blushes again. “I... I don’t know if I’m okay with being naked online just yet...”

“Huh?” Melissa gives the young girl a curious look. “Why not?” It was just being naked, after all. That was practically wholesome compared to what Melissa was now used to doing. “Well, it’s not gonna matter in a few minutes anyway, right?”

“R-right...” Natasha’s small body shivers again. No, that was a fear shiver, Melissa can tell. “I... I guess there’s nothing else holding you back now.”

Melissa’s stomach rumbles excitedly as she pushes her phone back into her pocket. “No... there’s... there’s not.” Oh god, the dark hunger inside her... Melissa doesn’t even *want* to resist it now. Natasha, so innocent... it will be so delicious to digest such a cute girl. There’s a throbbing behind Melissa’s eyes. “I’m gonna... uh, eat you now...” Weird. Why’s her voice...?

Whatever. Stepping forward, Melissa reaches over and grabs the girl’s pink hair, gripping it gently but firmly. Natasha shudders in terror, but she stares up at Melissa, her eyes unwavering. “M-Melissa?” She asks, her eyes suddenly concerned. “What’s... what’s wrong?”

“Wrong?” Melissa shakes her head, feeling a little light-headed. “What do you...?” The bathroom stall suddenly seems a lot smaller than it used to. And is it... spinning? What the fuck is...?

Oh *fuck*. The vodka! Had the olive-skinned woman gotten sick of trying to pick up chicks and just put a fucking *roofie* in the drink? Melissa’s been roofied before, and the feeling’s pretty hard to forget. But last time, she had been lucky enough to be with Xanthe at the time. Her friend had carried her out to safety before anything bad could happen.

Melissa lets go of Natasha’s hair and takes a step back, placing a hand on the stall wall to steady herself. This is *bad*. Of all the places that you’d want to be roofied, a vore bar was the

dead fucking last. If Melissa fell unconscious here, she *knew* she'd never wake up again. There were too many predators loose tonight to leave meat uneaten.

"N-Natasha..." Melissa said slowly, trying to think through the drug slowing down her mind. She could hear her words slurring already. "The drink... someone slipped me something..."

"Melissa?" Natasha says again, reaching a hesitant hand out. "Do you need... Oh!"

Melissa feels her legs give out, and she suddenly slumps to her knees. Natasha flinches backward in surprise. The brunette manages to keep herself from falling completely to the ground, though. "Ugh..." Melissa groans, realizing that she needs Natasha's help desperately. "Natasha... I... I need you to go and... find my girlfriend. She's got red hair..."

But strangely, Natasha doesn't seem to be listening. As Melissa looks up, the pink-haired girl hesitates for a moment, as if she's listening out for anyone else around. Then, to Melissa's relief, Natasha carefully steps around the slumped over predator and unlocks the bathroom stall. She leans out, looking around slowly.

Then, the pink-haired girl closes the door again, locking it with a click that seemed to echo off the bathroom tiles.

"H-huh?" Is all Melissa could stammer, as a thin shadow falls over her. "Natasha...?"

Natasha's face is somewhere between nervous and terrified as she stares down at Melissa. The brunette can see a scared look in the girl's eyes. "Melissa, are you really in trouble?" She asks gently.

Melissa doesn't understand the question. "Y-yeah! I need help." She nods at the bathroom door, but even that makes her feel nauseous. "Please, go and get my girlfriend..."

But the pink-haired girl doesn't move. Instead, Natasha blushes. "Were you..." The girl begins, and then gulps nervously. "Were you really going to eat me alive, Melissa?"

"Y-yeah..." Melissa says, closing her eyes as the floor begins to spin. "I... I'll have to do it next time..."

"Does it..." Natasha crouches down, until she's level with Melissa. "Does it feel good to eat someone, Melissa?"

A chill goes through Melissa's heart, but she's too weak to properly understand why. "I... guess?" She opens her eyes and looks up again. "Why...?"

Natasha reaches out and takes Melissa's hand. The girl is still naked, but she makes no move to put her clothes on. Instead, she pulls Melissa's hand close to her face, and kisses her on the fingers.

"Natasha...?" Melissa is utterly confused. "What are you...?"

"I don't..." The pink-haired girl looks like she isn't quite sure what she's doing herself. "Ah... you... you taste really good, Melissa."

"T-taste...?" Melissa blinks for a long moment. She feels something warm and wet against her fingers, as if...

Natasha's *licking* her hand. From the blush on her cheeks, the pink-haired girl seems to like what she's tasting. "Oh... oh, Melissa... I'm sorry, I don't know w-what... I don't know what I'm doing...!"

Melissa tries to pull her hand away, but she's now too weak. Even so, Natasha's grip suddenly feels stronger than before. "Natasha, s-stop!"

"H-huh?!" The pink-haired girl stops what she's doing, to Melissa's surprise. She stares at the brunette, looking a little shocked. "But... weren't you just about to...?"

Do the same to her? Melissa doesn't like the sound of that. "N-no, that's completely different..." The brunette shakes her head groggily. "No, go and get... get my girlfriend, before..."

"Um..." Natasha blushes deeply. "N-no."

No? What did she mean 'no'? Melissa tries to sit up, but it's difficult. Right as she managed to get her butt off the tile, Natasha reaches out and pushes her back down gently. "Oof!" Melissa groans, and looks up at the pink-haired girl. "Natasha, what are you...?"

"I feel..." Natasha grimaces and rubs her bare stomach. "I feel really hungry all of a sudden..."

Melissa now understands what the chill in her stomach is. "Natasha... you... you need to resist that urge!" She says desperately, wondering where Lindsay is.

But Natasha shakes her head. "S-sorry Melissa... but... I don't want to." Grabbing Melissa's hands again, Natasha begins to lick her fingers once more, a look of deep embarrassment on her face. "T-this is normal, right? I've never... done anything like this before..."

"Natasha... don't..." Oh god, darkness is appearing around Melissa's vision. Whatever the olive-skinned girl had put into the drink had been strong indeed.

Natasha's mouth opens wide, and she gingerly slides Melissa's hand inside. After a few more moments of tasting, the pink-haired girl pulls Melissa's hand out again, looking guilty. "S-sorry Melissa... I'll find your girlfriend, I promise..."

A small ray of hope blossoms in Melissa's chest. Maybe Natasha isn't going to eat her after all. "T-thank you, Natasha..."

Darkness fills Melissa's vision, and the brunette goes limp. The drug was made to knock out predators, and it's worked its way into her system, leaving her unconscious. Lying against the wall of the bathroom stall, Melissa breaths slowly, dead to the world.

Natasha gulps deeply, and then touches her stomach again. She feels... weird. Hungry, but not in a way that, like, eating food will fix. She wants to taste Melissa, in the same way that the brunette was about to taste her. Natasha wonders if this is what feeling drunk feels like. Not that she'd ever felt drunk before. Picking up Melissa's defenseless hand, Natasha opens her mouth again...

A moment later, the stall door is thrown open, and the still-naked Natasha stumbles out, covering her mouth with a look of deep shame. Behind her, Melissa is still lying unconscious on the floor of the stall. The pink-haired girl takes a deep breath and then walks over to the sinks. Turning on the tap, Natasha splashes her face with cold water. Then, she looks up at her reflection.

"G-get ahold of yourself, Natasha Birch!" She says to herself. The pink-haired girl can see guilt in her own eyes. "You... you're not someone like that! You wouldn't... eat someone. Especially not..." Behind her in the mirror, she can see Melissa. Her stomach rumbles.

The brunette is so hot. Natasha's known she was gay since high school, but most of the people in her small town had been so *boring*. Melissa's hot and sexy and friendly... and wanted to *eat her alive*... Natasha shivers, and she's alarmed to realize that part of her *likes* that idea. Both being eaten and...

The naked girl's stomach rumbles again. When Natasha looks up, a small trail of saliva is running from the side of her mouth down to her chin. "Maybe..." The pink-haired girl licks her lips. "Maybe she won't mind if I have a *little* taste..."

As her stomach rumbles in anticipation, Natasha turns and walks back to the bathroom stall, closing the door...

Half an hour later, the sound of a young girl quietly crying echoes around the bathroom. Outside, the music had begun to die away, as the club winds down for the night.

Natasha sits on the toilet, her stomach bulging painfully with the familiar shape of Melissa inside. The girl is staring down at her gut, still unable to quite process what she's just done. Natasha had been acquainted with her own body for eighteen years, so it was a disturbing sight to see her own shape distorted so heavily.

"Melissa..." The pink-haired girl chokes back a sob. "I'm so sorry... I didn't mean to..."

Melissa's fingers had just been so delicious, Natasha hadn't been able to resist wanting to feel them inside her throat. And once they'd been inside her throat, she'd wondered how Melissa's entire arm would feel. In the end, it had just felt so *right* to just... continue. But now...

"A-are you alive in there?" Natasha pokes her stomach desperately, hoping to feel some sign of life inside her. But there's nothing. It's unclear if the drug's still working on the predator, or whether the worst has happened, but it probably doesn't matter either way. Melissa's not going to be waking up from this. "Oh God..."

Natasha looks up at the ceiling, feeling sick. What has she *done*? She came here tonight to play in a band with her friends, and now... God, she might have *killed* someone. What would her parents think? What would her bandmates think?

Suddenly, there's the sound of the bathroom door opening. "Melissa? Are you in here?" A vaguely familiar sounding voice echoes through the bathroom. "Mel?"

Natasha covers her mouth, feeling terror creep over her. It's Melissa's girlfriend, the one she'd begged Natasha to find. If her girlfriend discovered her, Natasha knew that she wouldn't stop and listen to any explanations before... *killing* her. The same way Natasha had killed... oh God...

Part of Natasha wants to say something. Let Melissa's girlfriend find her. It would be karma or something. But even as Natasha wants to die for what she'd just done, another part of her won't let her speak up.

Finally, she hears the sound of someone loudly clicking their tongue. "Shit... where are you, Mel? I tried calling... whatever. Maybe she already left..."

There's the sound of footsteps and the bathroom door closing. Melissa's girlfriend walks away, and Natasha breathes a sigh of relief.

Looking down at her stomach again, the pink-haired girl can feel her stomach acids rumbling inside her tummy. "Melissa... Geez, I'm so sorry..." Tears begin to fall down Natasha's cheeks again, as she realizes that the first woman her heart had fallen for was now digesting inside her. "Please... forgive me."

But it seemed like forgiveness wasn't coming. As Natasha sits back on the toilet seat, she feels an ache in her colon. It seems that her body has decided to make some room. A *lot* of room.

"Oh God." Natasha pales at the realization of what's about to happen. "M-Melissa... I'm so sorry!"

As dawn breaks over Sydney, a pale and tired looking Natasha exits the club door, her guitar slung over her shoulder. She's dressed in her jeans and flannel shirt again, though some of the buttons on her shirt now seem rather strained. Her jeans are rather tight too. Though the pink-haired girl is trying to cover her chest with her guitar, it's clear that her breasts are a *lot* bigger than they had been when she'd gone in.

Melissa... had been a lot of work to get rid of. Natasha hated to think of the beautiful brunette in that way, but it was true. Her whole body ached, especially her butt. It would be a long time before Natasha could sit down again without wincing. It would be a long time before Natasha could look at herself in the mirror again without wanting to throw up.

It had seemed like a sweet gig for the closeted lesbians, headlining for an entire club for the night, and a gay one at that. But Natasha had barely escaped with her life. And in the process, she'd *taken* another life. Growing up in a small country town hadn't prepared them for the dangers of the big city. Natasha now wished she'd never left.

Natasha looks around, trying to remember how to get back to the hotel the band was staying in. Mandy, Patricia and Becky were there. She needed to get back to them and get out of this awful city...

But as Natasha tries to take another step, she can feel the weight of Melissa on her body. Her breasts feel heavy, straining against her poor bra. Her jeans are painfully tight, and she'd had serious trouble pulling them over her now much-plumper behind.

How can she go back to her friends now? It would be so obvious what had happened, what she'd... *done*. Natasha just wanted to go home, to go back to how things used to be. But could that ever happen now. What she'd done to Melissa would be part of her forever now, she knew. Maybe it would just be best if she just walked out in front of a car and...

"So, you've come out at last..." The sudden voice sends a shiver down Natasha's spine. The young girl turns around and sees a pair of golden eyes in a pool of darkness. As her eyes adjust, Natasha can see the woman properly.

A dark woman leans against the wall, dressed in dark clothing. Natasha doesn't need any experience with vore to know that this woman is a predator.

A predator. Melissa had warned her about them, but Natasha had hoped it was just the club that would be dangerous. Apparently, the whole city was infested with hungry women. It sickened her to think that she might be one of them now. Natasha steps back, holding her hands up in fear. "I-I'm alone! Please don't..."

The dark predator lets out a deep chuckle. "I intend you no harm, Natasha Birch." She pats her stomach, and Natasha is shocked to see a stunning set of abs. This isn't a simple predator, Natasha realizes. She was an *apex* predator. "How was your first experience with vore?"

"M-my...?" Natasha stammers. A chill settles in her heart. This woman knows what she'd done. She knew her *name*. But how...? "I haven't... I mean, I wouldn't..."

"You lie out of reflex. But you are not good at it, child." The dark predator chuckles again, and the sound makes Natasha's heart shudder. "I *know* you ate Melissa Jones."

Natasha opens her mouth and then closes it again. "I..." She begins, but she's unable to find the words. Tears are burning in her eyes again. "Oh God... what have I done?"

The dark predator lets out a long sigh, and Natasha can feel a great weight in the sound, as if the dark predator is releasing years of frustration. "I thought Melissa Jones was the one... but she gave in to her base instincts. Like an animal. Like the rest of this city." The dark predator slowly shakes her head. "I was... premature."

Then, she stepped out of the shadows. Natasha gasped at the sight of the dark predator, unable to conceal her shock. Every part of the dark woman is heavily muscled, and she seems to exude raw power. "Are... are you going to call the police?"

The golden eyes widen, and the dark predator begins to laugh. It's a genuine laugh of amusement, and Natasha is shaken at how *intimidating* such a deep laugh is. "No, I... do not think I will, Natasha Birch."

"How... how do you know my name?" Natasha stammers again, as the dark predator stops in front of her. Their size difference is so big, she has to crane her neck up to look at the dark predator's face.

"Now, you have two options, Natasha Birch." The dark predator holds up two fingers. "One, you may return to your family and friends, and live the rest of your life in sin and *guilt*."

The silence that follows is deafening. Natasha stares into the abyss that the dark predator has just described. "A-and?" She prompts desperately.

The dark predator smiles, a menacing display of teeth and savage joy. "Two, you come with me. I will take you to my home and *test* you." The dark predator reaches down, and Natasha is

horrified to see that she's rubbing a *massive* bulge that extends down the leg of her black pants. "My tests will be brutal and rigorous. But if you succeed, I will make you my *apprentice*."

Natasha tears her eyes away from the monstrous cock-shape and looks up at the terrifying dark face again. "W-what happens then?"

The teeth widen, and there's a flash of madness in those golden eyes. "**You will learn the truth of this world.**"

She was an angel, Natasha knows. Not a kind, heavenly angel, like the one's she'd been taught about in Sunday school. A dark warrior of God, cruel and righteous, and feared by those who had any sense.

The dark angel looked down at Natasha. "So, Natasha... what will your choice be?"

This will be a choice that changes her entire life, Natasha knows. "Can you..." The pink-haired girl swallows deeply. "Can you make me feel... not like *this*?" She can't live the rest of her life with this guilt, Natasha knows. One way or another.

The teeth flash in triumph. "**Yes.**"

And then, without waiting for an answer, the dark angel reaches down and sweeps Natasha off her feet. Her guitar clatters to the ground. It won't be needed ever again. Picking up Natasha in both hands, the young girl is stunned at how *gentle* the dark angel's grip is. Carrying Natasha as if she weighs nothing at all, the dark angel smiles down at her.

"Take me away." Natasha begs, feeling the guilt in her heart begin to fade.

"My name is Azrael." The dark angel says, her eyes glorious. "Remember it well, little one. It will be upon your tongue for the rest of your life."

And then, she carried Natasha away, to her destiny.

Ending - **NATASHA ASCENDANT**

END OF TIMELINE GAMMA:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility :	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Dead	Digested by Natasha Birch	Dead	Dead	Everyone's luck runs out sometimes. And perhaps it's a blessing. Her destiny and battle with Azrael never comes to pass, and she ends up as a mere footnote in the history of a far greater predator...
Lindsay Smith	Mourning	Loved Melissa Jones	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	It takes Lindsay many years to come to terms with Melissa's death. Finally, she moves on and falls in love with Jessica Storm. They have two daughters together, the eldest of whom is named 'Melissa', to carry on her best friend's spirit. Finally, she tracks down the monstrous predator, Natasha Birch, and tries to get revenge...
Azrael Tueuer	Alive	Hunting sinners	???	Very Virile	Though disappointed at the failure of Melissa to maintain her purity and for giving in to her predatory urges, Azrael had not yet developed enough of an obsession to truly mourn for Melissa. Instead, she finds great interest in her new apprentice...
Natasha Birch	Alive	Single	Broke	Fertile	What was just witnessed was the first night of Natasha Birch. Yes, THE Natasha Birch. Who could have known that the most infamous and greatest predator of the modern era had such weak beginnings? Even before defeating her master and claiming her power, even before claiming her 'godhood', Natasha Birch was a sweet young girl like this. Who honestly could have thought it?