

“K-knocked up?!” Melissa Jones isn’t sure she heard Jessica Storm correctly. “Wait, are you really going to-”

Jessica Storm sweeps her pale blonde hair back over her shoulder, the strands flashing in the afternoon sun like lightning. “Oh, *come on*, would you?” She turns toward the doorway, and begins to walk toward it. “Sejin’s wasted enough time as it is.” Melissa is trapped between Storm’s firm arm around her shoulders, and the pornstar’s massive belly. With nowhere else to go, the freckled girl is forced to move along with Storm.

“W-wait! Where are we going?” Melissa asks with alarm, as Storm pulls her through an empty living room, to another doorway beyond, where she can hear voices. Being dragged around by a predator is rather scary, even if Storm doesn’t seem to have any malicious intent. Not to mention, she can still hear the girl inside Storm’s stomach screaming in terror.

Storm looks down at Melissa and rolls her eyes. The predator is taller than the freckled girl by almost half a head, and from the feel of it, she’s considerably stronger too. “The filming room?” she answers, in a tone that suggests that Melissa might be stupid for even asking the question.

The ‘filming room’ had clearly been a bedroom at one point. At least, Melissa assumes that, since there’s a nicely set up king-size bed on one side of the room. The other side of the room is crammed with all manner of filming and production equipment. A huge camera is pointed at the bed, along with an array of lighting devices that Melissa can’t recognise. It’s a lot more professional than she’d expected.

As the two enter, Melissa can count at least six people in the room. Storm waves a hand vaguely toward the. “These are the girls I hired. I don’t know their names.” A heavysset woman is sitting behind the camera, looking quite serious. A couple of girls are gathering up microphone equipment, and another is adjusting one of the lighting devices. Another is just leaning on the wall, holding what looks like a small briefcase at the ready. The last one is a tall woman who looks to be the director of the shoot, sitting in a chair with an impatient look. As one, their eyes go from Melissa, to Storm, and then to Storm’s struggling belly.

The director stands up, adjusting her flat cap. “Fuckin’ *finally*.” She’s dressed almost exactly as Melissa would have expected a director of a porno shoot to dress; a tube top that barely holds in her massive breasts, a pair of short shorts that barely hold in her massive bulge, and a stylish pair of sunglasses on her face. “I’ve been sitting on my can for the last hour. Don’t think I’m not putting it on the clock, Jess.” The other crew members quickly turn away, pretending they’re too busy to be interested.

“I wouldn’t expect you to do anything for free.” Storm shrugs, pulling her arm away from Melissa’s shoulders. The freckled girl feels a bit of relief as she’s released from the powerful grip. “This girl,” Storm points at her belly, “...is heavy. Make your preparations. I want to start as quickly as we can.” With that, the pornstar walks over to the bed and sits down, her swollen belly making the springs creak ominously.

Melissa looks up at the director, feeling a little intimidated. The woman is tall, and her breasts are huge. No, seriously, they're *massive*, almost G-cups, Melissa guesses. Unless the director was blessed with extremely lucky genes, the only way she could have gotten such big boobs while still having rock-hard abs was... "Um, sorry about running so late. It was kinda my fault..." Melissa apologizes to the clearly veteran predator.

The director shrugs, her face vaguely amused. "A sexy little prey like *you* can waste as much of my time as you want." She licks her lips flirtatiously at the freckled girl, and Melissa blushes slightly. "Plus, Jessica's the one paying out the nose for me and my girls to be here. Although..." The woman turns to Storm with an irritated look. "If you want to eat your assistants, that's fine by me, but changing it to a vore shoot without notice is just rude! How do you expect me to-

Storm looks over at the director, her face cold. "Just add another 50% to whatever I'm paying you. Would that shut you the fuck up?" Melissa flinches slightly at the icy tone of the pornstar's voice.

The director's demeanor changes instantly. "Yes, ma'am! That'll shut me up real quick!" With a delighted look on her face, the director turns away, pumping her fists. "Fifty percent!" Melissa hears the woman mutter to herself joyfully.

"Miss Jones... Melissa." Storm calls out. The freckled girl turns nervously. Storm pats the bed next to her. "Come, sit down over here while they get ready. I want to talk to you."

"O-okay..." The last fifteen minutes have been a whirlwind for Melissa. Seeing someone getting eaten in front of her, and then being escorted into a room where she was clearly going to have sex with Miss Storm on camera had thrown her for a loop. Fifteen minutes ago, she'd been talking to the girl inside Storm's belly...

No, get it together, Melissa! The freckled girl closes her eyes and tries to re-centre herself. She'd known what she was coming here to do, and she was gonna do it! Even if Lindsay had been the one to set it up, Melissa knew that filming the scene with Jessica Storm would really boost her VoreFans account. Feeling a little calmer and in-control, Melissa opens her eyes, a small amount of confidence in her belly.

Sitting down next to Storm, Melissa tries not to look at the pornstar's stomach. Or listen to the sound of the girl inside fighting in vain for her life... "Y-yes, what did you want to talk to me about?" She asks Storm, trying to ignore the feeble struggling motion that she can see inside the woman's belly.

"I wanted to ask if you're done anything like this before." Storm seems to be having very little trouble ignoring the girl inside her belly. Folding her arms, the lightning-haired woman casually presses down on the top of her belly, and Melissa hears the girl within groan in discomfort as

the tight space of Storm's belly becomes slightly smaller. "Having sex with someone else on camera, I mean, not just masturbating."

Melissa was no stranger to sex. She'd lost her virginity in high school, and had been jumping between beds ever since. Her best friend, Lindsay, had once joked that the both of them were the two wheels that had made up their university's bicycle. Admittedly, it was true. Almost every guy at the University had taken a ride on one of them, including the professors.

Although, Lindsay seemed more interested in girls nowadays, Melissa thinks to herself with amusement, before remembering that she'd also almost had sex with another girl a couple of days ago. And blown Miss Jeong's dick about half an hour ago. And probably would actually have sex with a girl soon enough.

"It's a first for me." Melissa tells Storm, blushing slightly. "On camera, and with... um..." She tries to look meaningfully down at the appendage hanging down between Storm's legs.

"You've never been with a futanari before?" Storm raises an eyebrow. "That's surprising. Girls like you usually go nuts for girls with nuts, as it were." She looks Melissa up and down for a moment. "You're obviously not a virgin, looking as attractive as you do. Was it a guy or a girl?"

"A-a guy..." Melissa remembers back to her high school days. It had been an all-girls school, with a couple of male teachers that the girls went wild for. One of the PE teachers had been rather more 'handsy' than he should have been with his female students, and young Melissa had fallen for him hard. Obviously, he'd taken advantage of that to nail her in his car after school. Not that Melissa regretted it either.

"A guy? Ugh." Storm wrinkles her nose. "Well, if you'd only been with girls before, it'd be more complicated for you to adapt, I suppose." She leans back on her hands, thinking for a moment. "Well, intercourse with a futanari is similar for obvious reasons. The only difference is, futanari are just far better than men in every department. Just follow my lead, and enjoy yourself."

That sounds easy enough. To tell the truth, Melissa was kinda looking forward to it. The sounds coming from Storm's belly were rather intimidating, but the penis underneath was quite substantial. "I-I'll do my best, Miss Storm!"

"I'm sure you will. And we're about to get extremely intimate, so 'Jessica' would be fine." The pornstar nods serenely, as if her belly isn't violently gurgling and screaming. "Now, as for our VoreFans accounts, my usual method is that we both post the completed video on each of our accounts for the same amount, and we keep whatever we each make off them. In addition, I will promote your account for a day or so." She turns to the freckled girl, almost impatiently. "Is that a satisfactory deal for you, Melissa?"

That's... actually quite generous. Melissa had expected them to split the video's profits, with Jessica getting the lion's share. Getting a promotion from one of the biggest stars on VoreFans would be incredible too. "Oh, y-yes, that would be-

"Excellent." Jessica cuts her off brusquely. "Now that's sorted... Oh, thank you, Marlene."

Melissa looks up and sees Jessica's blonde assistant approaching, with two water bottles in her hands. "I got these out of the fridge, so they should be nice and cold!" She hands one to her boss, and then the other to Melissa, beaming brightly at the freckled girl. "Oh, you haven't had..." Blinking, Marl turns to the girl holding what looks like a briefcase. "Hey, make up! Get making up already!"

"Oh, shi- sorry!" The girl walks over quickly, her black ponytail bouncing against her shoulders as she moves. Kneeling down between Melissa and Jessica, she opens the briefcase, revealing a toolkit full of makeup implements. Pulling out a small brush, she begins to dab Jessica's cheeks lightly.

"I-I think that's everything before we begin!" Marl looks around, seeming quite agitated. "Do you need me to do anything else, Miss Storm?"

Jessica takes a long swig of her water, and then looks back at her assistant. "Please calm down, Marl. You don't need to be so stressed."

The blonde girl kneads her fingers for a moment. "I mean, I wanna do a better job than... y'know." She nods at Jessica's belly, where the former assistant is feebly writhing in pain.

"Sejin wasn't carrying my child. Despite my best efforts." Jessica reaches out and touches Marl's belly, gently tracing the small curve of the blonde girl's pregnancy. "Don't ever endanger something so precious by getting too stressed."

Melissa can't help but smile at the sheer joy that blossoms across Marl's face. "Yes!" The blonde winks at Melissa. "Have fun!" Marl mouths to her, and then walks away again. The makeup girl finishes dabbing at Jessica's cheeks, and moves over to Melissa's side. "Don't mind me..." she whispers softly as she dabs at the freckled girl's face.

"Ah... that really hits the spot..." Jessica sighs in relief, patting her distended belly. "Water always makes my digestive system kick in properly." Given the way that Miss Yeong's struggles and muffled screaming have increased, Melissa can see that she's right. The lightning-haired woman sees Melissa staring at her belly. "Oh, don't worry about *her*. Now that my digestive acids have kicked in, Sejin will die pretty soon, if she's lucky."

Sejin doesn't sound particularly lucky, given the screams that are barely being muffled by the layer of fat and muscles. Listening to the girl's agonized screeching, Melissa realizes how lucky she had it with Talia a few days before. The freckled girl wouldn't have had the stomach if the

waitress had put up a fight. Not that she was going to mention *that* to Jessica. “Um...” Melissa licks her lips anxiously. “Are you going to, like, get in trouble for doing that?” Eating someone nonconsensually *was* a crime, after all.

“I doubt anyone will care.” Jessica shrugs and takes another swig of her water. “I’ll send her family a couple dozen grand or so. They won’t complain after that.”

The casual way that the pornstar say ‘a couple dozen grand’ is mind-boggling to Melissa. “You...” She tries to wrap her mind around the idea of just tossing around such a sum of money. “C-can you really afford to throw money around like that?” Beside her, the makeup girl seems to freeze for a moment as well.

“Of course I can.” The look on Jessica’s face suggests that this is the strangest question she’s ever heard in her life. “Do you know how *much* money I... well, I guess you wouldn’t.” The pornstar holds up a finger and spins it around, to gesture to the whole apartment they’re in. “I own this place. And every other apartment on this floor. I bought all of them, and turned it into my personal filming studio for making porn.”

Melissa tries to process that for a moment. She’d seen three doors in the hallway on the way in. “You... own *three* apartments?”

“No, I own five.” Jessica counts them on her fingers. “These three, and the two I actually live in. Those two are in different parts of the city, though.” She blinks. “Oh, and I bought a house up the coast last month.” She catches the look on Melissa’s face. “Well, you don’t need to look at me like *that*. I’ve got a good reason for buying these places, I’m not just throwing money around just for fun.”

“S-sorry to interrupt...” the makeup girl stammers, looking up at Jessica. The lightning-haired woman looks down at the girl, as if it’s the first time she’s even noticed that she’s there. “Um... did you want some makeup for...” She gestures nervously at Jessica’s belly. The pornstar nods vaguely, and the makeup girl pulls out another small brush.

“You use makeup for your belly?” Melissa asks, shocked. She’s never heard of such a thing. Then again, she’s not overtly familiar with vore pornography, apart from the stuff she’s made herself.

The makeup girl nods, swishing the small brush around some dark powder. “When we do a vore shoot, we like to apply some blusher to the pred’s belly. It helps the shape of the person inside show up better on camera.” She reaches out with the brush, but Miss Yeong struggles for a moment, and the girl flinches back from the shifting surface of Jessica’s belly.

“What are you waiting for?” Jessica gives an irritable look to the makeup girl. “Just ignore her, and get on with it. I don’t have all day.” As the makeup girl fearfully starts to brush the shuddering belly, the pornstar turns back to Melissa. “Any more questions before we start?”

What the fuck are you gonna use *five* apartments for? ...is what Melissa still wants to ask. But Jessica is clearly filthy rich, and being rude to a rich woman just seems impolite. "Why exactly did you buy these three as a studio?" She asks the pornstar instead, curious.

The pornstar looks out the window of the bedroom, leaning on her distended belly with her elbows, and scowls at Sydney's evening skyline. "Because I have a dream." Anyone in the surrounding buildings could probably look in and see Jessica buck-naked, and Melissa suspects that the woman is quite unbothered by that.

"A... dream?" Melissa raises an eyebrow, a little taken aback by Jessica's sudden seriousness. The makeup girl seems to have frozen again too, but she quickly recovers.

Jessica sighs dramatically. "Sydney's an amazing city, but the porn industry here is just... awful. All our talent gets drained by girls going over to Porn Valley in America. Hell, *I* was getting pressured to go over there once I hit it big." She pokes her belly, ignoring the makeup girl flinching away. "*This one* was a big pain in my asshole about it. She wanted us to go over to LA, and wouldn't shut the fuck up about it." Jessica snorts in amusement. "I got a feeling she's gonna be a pain in my asshole in a few hours too."

"So, you're trying to... set up your own studio? Here?" Melissa can't help but take an interest in that idea. When she'd been younger, the freckled girl had actually had an interest in doing porn, but there had just never been the right moment for it.

"Exactly." Jessica nods slowly. "As you can see, I had to handpick my own crew. Most of these girls are former porn actresses themselves." She nods down at the makeup girl. "You're one of them, right?"

"Uh..." The makeup girl pauses in her work for a moment. "Yeah, I used to... um..." She clears her throat. "I used to do a lot of anal porn in Hollywood-"

"You see what I mean?" Jessica has a triumphant look on her face when she turns back to Melissa. "I'm going to use my money, and try to kickstart a real porn industry here. Sydney deserves it's own local scene, and I can make it happen." After a moment, she shrugs. "I mean, what else am I going to do with it all?"

Melissa doesn't really know what to say to that. "Um... you could donate some of it to charity?"

The pornstar rolls her eyes. "I've never donated a single *cent* to charity. And I never will." She seems oddly proud about it, too.

"Um..." The makeup girl stands up, looking over at Melissa nervously with a blush. "S-sorry to interrupt again, but... would it be okay if I... uh..." She seems to be having trouble finding the right words.

“Oh, spit it out, would you?” Jessica rolls her eyes. “Aren’t you nearly thirty? Why are you acting like you’re in primary school or something?”

“W-well I need to check... for anything on the body that I might need to...” The makeup girl blushes a deep red.

“Oh!” Melissa understands what the girl is trying to get at. The makeup girl would need to check for any blemishes or scars that might need to be covered up, Melissa realizes. “You need me to take off my clothes, right?” After a moment, the makeup girl nods gratefully.

As Melissa reaches for the zipper of her skirt, she realizes that this will be the first time she’ll be undressed in front of this many people. The thought suddenly makes her feel nervous. She pauses for a moment, hand on her hip.

For a long moment, Jessica and the makeup girl stare at her, confused. “What are you waiting for?” The pornstar asks impatiently. “What, are you nervous about taking your clothes off all of a sudden?”

“A little...” Melissa admits. “I know it’s silly, but...” She’s already been seen naked by thousands, she knows, but none of them had been in the room, staring at her.

“It’s... understandable.” Jessica sighs, and clicks her fingers at the makeup girl. “Okay, make her feel more comfortable.”

The makeup girl blinks in surprise. “Wha... me?” She asks, confused.

Jessica fixes her with a weary look. “I’m *already* naked, who else do you think is going to do it?”

“Yes! Sorry!” Before Melissa can ask what they mean, the makeup girl reaches down and pulls off her own shirt, revealing a pink bra underneath. Folding her shirt neatly, the makeup girl drops it next to her toolbox. “T-there, does that help?” She asks Melissa, trying not to blush.

Oddly, it kinda does. The sight of the young girl’s bra is strangely arousing, and Melissa feels a little more excited. “Y-yeah, thank you...” Trying to put any concerns about modesty out of her mind, Melissa unzips her skirt and then pulls her shirt off. As she reaches for her bra straps, Jessica grabs her hand.

“Not those. Keep them on for the shoot.” The pornstar tells her, and Melissa nods obediently after a moment.

It takes the makeup girl a few minutes to check up and down Melissa’s body, and she seems satisfied with what she finds. “There’s not blemishes I can see... actually, your skin is kinda

perfect. I mean, wow!" She smiles in delight, as she stares closely at Melissa's hands. "I don't need to even do anything! Your body is just... perfect!"

"T-thank you!" Melissa snatches her hands away, feeling uncomfortable with the girl's praise. "You don't need to say any more!"

Jessica nods at the girl. "That's all, go away." The makeup girl looks a little disappointed, but she quickly packs up her toolbox and leaves. On the other side of the room, the rest of the crew look like they're almost done. "What was that about? You don't like getting complimented?" she asks Melissa, raising an eyebrow.

Melissa blushes. "I don't like being told I'm perfect. If it's just flirting and not serious, it's okay. But if it's genuine... it always makes me feel weird." If someone was trying to get into her pants, they usually were just saying whatever would make Melissa interested. But the makeup girl had seemed uncomfortably genuine about her praise.

"What an odd problem to have." Jessica remarks, but she doesn't pursue the topic. Instead, she changes the subject. "Actually, I was meaning to ask..." The pornstar pauses for moment, grimacing as her belly lets out a loud churn, and the girl within lets out a howl of agony. "...I was meaning to ask, you were recommended to me by Lindsay Smith. I take it the two of you are...?"

That sentence was difficult to answer, since Melissa herself didn't quite know the answer either. "We're... close, yeah." Melissa tries to go for a vague response.

Jessica scowls. "Close how? Are you friends, or dating, or what?" The lack of elaboration seems to annoy her.

"Uh... it's complicated." It really was, Melissa had to admit. She really needed to sit down with Lindsay and figure things out properly. "Um... Lindsay seems to have a high opinion of you, from what she's told me," she tells Jessica, to try and change the subject.

Jessica looks rather satisfied to hear that. "She does? Well, I'm glad to hear it. The feeling is mutual." She bites her lip, as if the lightning-haired woman is reliving a pleasurable memory. "Yes... Lindsay Smith is a very, *very* attractive girl. And an extremely skilled lovemaker as well. Almost as good as me."

"R-really?" Melissa hadn't thought that Lindsay was a *bad* at sex by any means, but she'd never thought about her best friend being *extremely* good at it. The idea was unsettlingly exciting. "She *did* say your..." Melissa looks down at Jessica's penis, which is already mostly erect, and realizes there's no point sugar-coating it. "She did say that your cock was quite powerful."

"She's right, my cock is divine." Jessica says simply, with no hint of arrogance. "My only regret when I filmed with her was that I was still using condoms back then." She looks over at Melissa,

and the freckled girl feels a little intimidated by the look in her eyes. "I won't make that mistake with *you*."

Wait, what? "You're not gonna use a condom?" Melissa feels rather lost for a moment. "Um, I'm not on the pill..."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about all that stuff." Jessica pokes her belly again, and is rewarded with a groan. Melissa can't quite tell if the sound is coming from her belly, or the girl inside.

"W-why not? Are you, like, on some kinda medicine?" The freckled girl feels completely confused right now.

Jessica gives her a dubious look. "No, I mean you shouldn't *worry* about it, because worrying about it causes stress. And if you're carrying my child, I don't want you to be stressed." The pornstar rolls her eyes, and then smiles slightly. "No contraceptives, no pulling out, nothing holding me back from impregnating you. All natural, exactly as it should be."

Wait, had she been *serious* about that? "Oh, s-so when you said earlier about 'knocking me up'..." Melissa begins to stammer. "You... were, like, actually *serious*...?"

"Oh, did you think I was joking?" The pornstar shrugs, as if there's nothing even remotely strange about what she's saying. "My goal for today was always to fertilize you, Melissa Jones, ever since I saw your photos. I've been holding back from masturbation for a few days, in preparation for releasing it all into your womb. It's not guaranteed, but my seed is unusually active, apparently, so your odds of avoiding pregnancy are pretty low."

"But, then I'd have..." Melissa feels like she's reeling slightly from hearing this so suddenly. "You wanna... get me pregnant? Like, right here, right now?" This is... big. Really big. "I... are you *completely* serious here?"

The lightning-haired woman looks vaguely irritated at the idea that she might be joking. "I'm always serious when it comes to breeding." She nods over to the doorway, where Melissa can see Marl, the blonde assistant hovering nervously. "I'm going to blow a load in you, just like I did with Marlene over there. If you're as lucky as she was, you'll get fertilized in one shot."

Oh. Oh god. This was so sudden. And yet, Melissa starts to realize that it's not as unappealing to her as it might have initially seemed. "Why...?"

"What do you mean, 'why'?" Jessica points at her cock, which is now slapping gently against her swollen belly. "Breeding is a basic human desire. Any girl who says she doesn't wanna get pregnant is a liar. I've been knocking girls up since high school. You're not gonna be the first, or even the *dozenth* girl I've impregnated."

"I don't know... wait, since *high school*?" Melissa's eyes widen, and she leans back in surprise, the small emeralds sewn into her bra jingling softly.

Jessica smiles at the memory. "Yeah, since then. Three other students and a teacher, that was my final score when I graduated." She shrugs. "Of course, back then I had to worry about evading things like child support and parental responsibilities. But *now*..." She gestures with her hands to the apartment around her. "Well, I don't need to worry about money anymore. So, I can knock up you, and Lindsay Smith, and a hundred other girls, and just pay for it." She turns back to Melissa. "What do you think?"

"W-what do I think?" Of course, the freckled girl has always intended to have children one day, with the right person, at the right time. But recent events had kinda... pushed any plans like that out of her mind. But now, the opportunity was being offered to her, and she wasn't sure that she wanted to take it. "I mean, getting pregnant *right now* would be a bit..."

"Why not? It's not like you can't afford it. And I'm quite happy to pay my share as well, you know." Jessica rolls her eyes. "If it's money you're worried about, I've got it in spades."

"Please... just give me a second." Melissa holds up a hand, trying to get her bearings. "I'm not saying 'yes' or 'no', I just need to think for a moment..." She feels torn about the idea. On one hand, agreeing to get impregnated on such a spur of the moment felt insane. And yet, on the other hand, Melissa can't quite see any real reason to refuse Jessica either. When the freckled girl really thinks about it, she can indeed afford to raise a child right now. In fact, her current high-income, low-work lifestyle right now would be as ideal conditions as she could imagine. But she couldn't just say 'yes' just like that, could she?

Lindsay. She needed to talk to Lindsay about it. Exactly *why* she felt a burning need to talk about it with her best friend specifically, Melissa found it hard to explain. But, she needed Lindsay right now.

Reaching over to her discarded skirt, Melissa pulls out her phone, and turns it on. She's about to open her messaging app when she realizes that she's already gotten a message from Lindsay, just a short while ago. It says twenty minutes ago next to the message, so Melissa guesses that she'd been too busy watching Miss Yeong get devoured to notice her phone buzzing.

Looks like one of Tiffany's sperms got lucky. Oops! Here's to nine months of pregnancy themed VoreFans content! Below this message is a picture of a positive pregnancy test. Melissa stares at the picture in shock, realizing what it means. Her best friend is pregnant. Below the picture is a follow-up message. *But, I'm actually really happy about it. I hope you're happy about it too, Mel.*

Melissa stares at her phone for a long moment, feeling a strange sense of calm come over her. It's a sign, she decides. Lindsay... whatever the relationship she was going to have with her best friend, she'd be there for her either way, Melissa knew.

"Melissa?" The freckled girl starts in surprise as Jessica touches her shoulder, looking vaguely alarmed. The pornstar's eyes drift over to the film crew, and lowers her voice. "Look, Melissa... I'm not, like, a rapist or whatever. If you're *really* not interested in this, I'll let you walk. I'm not going to-

"No, it's fine!" Melissa holds up a hand to forestall Jessica's words. "I mean, it... it's fine. I'm okay with this." Taking a deep breath, the freckled girl feels her confidence returning to her. "I'm okay with this," she says again, firmer this time.

Jessica raises an eyebrow. "What, just like that?"

"...yes." Melissa has made up her mind. "Let's do this. Whatever happens, happens. If I get pregnant, then I get pregnant. If I don't, I don't. I'm happy to leave it to chance." If she gets pregnant, then she and Lindsay can embrace it together, one way or another, just like they were both gonna deal with Lindsay's pregnancy together already. Somehow, it just felt right to Melissa.

"*You* might be leaving it to chance, but my nutsack won't be." Jessica smirks, and Melissa can see her dick twitch slightly. "Once I unload inside... oh." Suddenly, the pornstar blinks and looks down at her belly.

Melissa looks down as well, confused. "Huh? What's wrong?" she asks Jessica, who suddenly has a curious look on her face.

The lightning-haired woman pokes her belly a few times, and gets a loud gurgle in response. But, the girl inside is strangely quiet all of sudden... "Huh. I think she just..." Jessica leans back, looking past Melissa toward the film crew. "Oi, director! Are we good to start? My meal just died, and I want to be balls deep while she's melting properly."

"On it, boss!" The director gives them a thumbs up, and the camerawoman starts flicking buttons.

Melissa stares at Jessica's belly with a disturbed fascination. She can still see the outline of Miss Yeong inside the lightning-haired woman's stomach, but there's no more screaming or struggling. At some point in the conversation, the stomach acids must have become too much for the former assistant to handle. In her mouth, Melissa can still taste some of Miss Yeong's seed, from when she'd blown the girl just less than an hour ago. And now she was *dead*. That idea was... disturbingly exciting.

Oh god, was that what it had been like for Talia? Just trapped and feeling boiling acid seeping into her skin? What a horrible way to go. And yet, some part of Melissa didn't feel horror at all, but a sickly morbid joy. The idea of trapping a prey deep inside her guts, unable to escape, unable to struggle, unable to even *move at all* to express their agony as their death inexorably approached...

"Finished staring?" Melissa flinches, as Jessica turns toward her, the slight hint of a smile dancing around her pale lips. Her hair flashes in the embers of sunlight, as the sun begins to set in the window. "You're going to have the privilege of watching her melt as I fuck you. Enjoy it."

"Okay!" The director steps forward, clapping her hands to draw everyone's attention. Her boobs are so big, they jiggle violently at the motion of her palms slapping together. "Let's have Jess on the end of the bed, and Miss Jones on her knees on the floor next to her. A nice dominance-establishing shot to start with. Camera's rolling in thirty seconds!"

Melissa blinks for a moment, and then realizes what's expected of her. Standing up quickly, she walks around to the foot of the bed, kneeling down on the carpet. It takes Jessica a few more seconds to move over to the edge of the bed, mostly hindered by the sheer weight of her belly. As the pornstar sits down, her stomach is level with Melissa's face, and it lets out a nasty gurgle. Jessica reaches out, and grabs the freckled girl's head, and presses her cheek gently, but firmly, into her belly. "My nuts are so ready for this. Are you?"

"Yeah..." Melissa can't help but feel fear and excitement for what's about to happen.

The director holds up a hand. "Aaaand... *action!*"

A wet slopping noise fills the relatively silent bedroom. On the bed, Jessica sits, like a queen on a throne. Beneath her massive belly, only Melissa's legs can be seen. One of the film crew holds a long microphone over Jessica's belly, to pick up the sounds of the person inside being melted by stomach acid in crystal-clear quality.

The director wordlessly gestures to one of the other girls. The girl picks up a smaller, handheld camera, and moves over beside Jessica. Kneeling down, she points the camera beneath the predator's massive belly, where the larger camera's vision is blocked.

The camera records a deeply erotic sight. Beneath the massive bulk of Jessica's belly, the freckled girl is holding the weight above her head in her hands, while her face is buried in the pornstar's groin. As the camera zooms in, Melissa pulls back, her saliva glistening on the surface of the cock, before she pushes back down again, swallowing down every inch that she can.

Melissa herself is far too busy to even notice that she's being filmed. Or even remember that she's on a film set right now. Jessica's massive cock is too big for any other thought to enter her mind. She'd thought Miss Yeong's dick was big, but Jessica put the now-digesting girl to utter shame. Eleven thick inches of raw, absolute strength pulsed in her mouth.

Above her, Melissa could feel Jessica's stomach churning, brutally reducing the body of the girl inside to slop. Miss Yeong's dick had been big, but it was now just part of the big soupy mess that Melissa could feel gurgling around inside Jessica's belly. Right above her head, Melissa fancied that she could hear the sound of Miss Yeong slowly trickling into Jessica's intestines. It was horrifying and outstandingly erotic. The more she listened to it, the more that Melissa finally gave up pretending that she didn't have a vore fetish.

"Yes, suck on it... oh, *fuck*..." Melissa feels the belly above her shift slightly, as Jessica leans back, enjoying the feel of the freckled girl's mouth on her cock. "Ah... she's quite good at this..." Jessica seems to be addressing the camera now. "You could ask the one in my belly about that, if she wasn't already half-melted..."

Melissa isn't paying much attention to what's happening above her. Her interest is entirely taken up by the hot, throbbing cock in her mouth. With a bit of effort, she manages to push forward a little, and is rewarded with another inch or two of cock sliding down her throat. The heavy stomach resting on top of her head makes it tough, but Melissa manages to hold up the dead weight of the melting girl, and bobs her head up and down. It's a rather familiar motion for her, to tell the truth.

"Yeah! Oh god, oh *fuck*!" Distantly above her, Melissa hears Jessica moaning happily, and she feels the pornstar breathing deeply. In her mouth, she can feel the woman's heartbeat quicken, as her arousal builds. "Ahh, she really wants to suck my balls dry..."

Jessica's heavy balls swing freely between her legs, as Melissa continues to blow the futanari. The freckled girl laments that her hands are too full to reach out and cup them, but it doesn't seem like Jessica is having trouble reaching orgasm anyway.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Suddenly, Melissa feels a strong hand grab her hair, and stop her from moving. "Oh, god, I... that was *way* too close..." Realizing that Jessica is trying to get her to stop sucking, Melissa tries to pull back, but the hand stops her again. "Fuck, let me pull out *slowly*, would you?! I'm right on the edge..." As slowly as she can, Melissa lets the cock slide back out of her throat. Once it's out, her mouth feels strangely cold and empty.

"Cut for a moment!" Melissa feels the weight of the belly being lifted above her, and she sees the director looking down at her. "Okay, good work Melissa. We're gonna change positions now, okay?"

Melissa feels dazed for a moment. "H-how was that?" she asks, realizing that she'd just kinda lost herself in the moment.

“Great!” The director gives her a thumbs up. “Got some great footage! Really sexy!” Melissa looks down, and sees that the pair of shorts that the director is wearing are now quite strained by a huge erection. “Take a couple minutes, I think Jess needs to cool down for a moment anyway.”

“You really don’t hold back, do you?” As Melissa sits back on her bum, she looks up and sees Jessica grinning down at her. “I thought you’d be timid about it, but it turns out you’re quite skilled at fellatio.” The lightning-haired woman’s face is flushed, and sweat is pouring off her brow. “Any longer, and I would have emptied my load right down your throat.”

Melissa raises an eyebrow. “Would that have been a *bad* thing?” she asks, flirtatiously.

Jessica smiles softly at that. “Not normally, no. But I’ve been saving this load for a particular purpose, and I don’t wish to waste it.” Her dick slaps against the skin of her belly, still extremely hard. “Another few seconds, and it all would have been for naught...”

A few minutes later, the pornstar seems to have recovered enough to continue. The director taps Melissa on the shoulder, and when the freckled girl turns around, she points at her underwear. “That’ll get in the way for the next scene. I want you and Jess on the bed.”

“R-right!” Unclasping her bra, Melissa quickly shrugs off the emerald garment. Her panties quickly follow, hitting the floor barely a second before she steps out of them. Crawling onto the bed, Melissa hesitates for a moment. “Um, where...?”

“Facing the camera, butt toward Jess.” The director points. Behind Melissa, Jessica sits up, shuffling on her knees to the center of the bed.

“L-like this?” Melissa turns her back toward the pornstar, and the director considers the position for a moment.

“Yeah, but I want you on your hands and knees.” Obediently, Melissa obliges, bringing her almost face-to-face with the bulge in the director’s shorts. “Are you ready with that fat gut, Jess?”

“Of course.” Melissa hears Jessica answer the director brusquely. She turns her head, and sees the pornstar holding her gut up, the effort creasing her refined brow. “My hands are full, so I’ll need Melissa to guide me in...”

“R-right!” The freckled girl isn’t ready for this, but she knows she could never be ready for it. As Jessica shuffles forward, Melissa reaches between her legs, grasping for the massive cock. It’s not hard to find, and her hand quickly wraps around it’s shaft.

The director backs away. "Okay, looks like we're good to go! Cameras are rolling in five... four..."

With a bit of difficulty, Melissa manages to guide the tip of Jessica's cock to the entrance of her vagina. Any concerns about whether or not the cock will fit are meaningless at this point. Her slit is hopelessly sopping wet, and she can already feel her pussy lips eagerly accepting the head inside.

But Jessica clearly has no interest in letting Melissa control the pace anymore. Pressing forward, the pornstar pushes her cock toward the freckled girl's hips, and the vagina hungrily gulps down the massive cock. Inch by inch, it slides in deeper and deeper, Melissa feeling her body eagerly swallowing its power. She knew it was big, but it just keeps going and going, until...

It fills her completely. No cock has Melissa ever taken, felt quite this big inside her. It feels as if Jessica has invaded every millimeter of her vagina, and is pushing even deeper. "Fuck!" Melissa can't stop herself from cursing out loud, not from pain, but from pleasure.

Eventually, the head of Jessica's dick can go no further. Amazingly, Melissa's vagina ran out of inches before the pornstar's dick did. The freckled girl lets out a pathetic moan, feeling Jessica's cock rubbing up against the entrance of her cervix. Melissa is no stranger to having a penis inside her vagina, but no-one has ever penetrated this deep before. And especially not raw. She can feel the power coming from Jessica's cock, a hot pulse of arousal and blood. The pornstar's heartbeat, inside Melissa's body...

Jessica seems to be enjoying herself too. "Ugh, so tight..." Melissa feels the woman on top of her shift around for a moment, trying to find the right position. "Okay... I'm gonna... let my belly go now, okay?" Melissa can't bring herself to speak right now, but she gives Jessica a quick thumbs up.

Melissa feels the weight of Jessica's belly press down on her back, and feels the violent vibrations of the woman's churning guts. It's not as heavy as she'd expected, and from the way that the belly wraps slightly around her sides, there's not a lot of solid mass left inside. Miss Yeong's body was clearly mostly a soupy mess at this point. The weight on Melissa's back was warm and strangely pleasant somehow, like she was being hugged.

"Oh, this is *heaven*..." Melissa hears Jessica croon, and feels a hand seize her hair, gently but firmly. "Look up, Melissa..."

Obediently, Melissa looks up, directly into the camera. At some point, it must have been moved up to get a closer shot of the girl who's getting fucked senseless. Behind the camera, the heavysset camerawoman gives her a thumbs up. The director is looking into the camera feed, nodding slowly as well.

“Okay, I’m going to start moving now...” Jessica leans forward slightly, and the rolls of her stomach slide slightly up Melissa’s back. The freckled girl feels the pornstar groping around her side, until Jessica manages to get a handful of her left boob. The subsequent squeeze is rather painful, but also highly enjoyable for Melissa. “Here we go...”

Melissa feels the massive cock pull back, and braces for it to plunge back into her. It turns out to be pointless, as the motion of Jessica’s hips pushing back into her is too much for her to control. The freckled girl would have been knocked down if it weren’t for Jessica’s grip on her hair and boob. She was so strong, and so in-control, that Melissa could only give in and let herself be dominated.

A wet slapping sound fills the bedroom-cum-filming studio, along with the aroused moans of the two pornstars. The director and the rest of the film crew watch patiently as Jessica fucks Melissa, a look of absolute joy on her face. The director’s cock is at full-mast now, making a painful looking tent in her shorts. After a few minutes, the makeup girl comes over and points to her hand. The director nods at her, and the makeup girl wordlessly reaches into the director’s shorts, jerking her off as she watches the camera’s video feed.

For Melissa Jones, filming a porno is less like being in a film, and more like being a piece of meat that the real actress is fucking. Jessica is having no issue with dominating her utterly, and the freckled girl can only moan in pleasure. There’s a savage joy in submitting to someone stronger, and being used by them.

“Oh, this is so *good*...” Jessica moans again, looking into the camera. “There’s no feeling in the world quite like melting a slut inside your belly, while having a beautiful girl taking your dick...” Behind the camera, the director nods sagely.

Melissa has to agree, at least from her end. Jessica’s dick is effortlessly smashing aside any fears or concerns that the freckled girl had. Every nerve ending in her body feels like it’s on fire, all thought of resistance driven out. All Melissa could think about was pushing harder, wanting it deeper and deeper. She can feel Jessica’s dick inside her, getting stiffer and stiffer, her heartbeat speeding up until...

Suddenly, the pornstar stops, slamming into Melissa with a gasp. “Oh, so *close*...!” She lets go of Melissa’s left breast, and slaps her on the bum. “Ah... I need to cum, but... not like this...” Melissa groans in disappointment as she feels the massive cock sliding out of her again, leaving her vagina gaping. “I need to... see your face...”

Without Jessica’s grip supporting her, Melissa collapses onto the bed for a moment. Looking up, she sees the director gesturing for them to turn around. Jessica turns her back to the camera, and points at the bed in front of her. Obediently, Melissa crawls around and lies down on her back, the bed’s pillow behind her head. She feels her heart leap as Jessica grabs her thighs, easily wrenching her hips upward. The swollen belly presses down on Melissa’s own, making it hard for the freckled girl to breathe properly. The head of the pornstar’s cock probes

Melissa's entrance, and Jessica leans forward. From this angle, the camera has a lovely view of Jessica's cock and balls, poised above Melissa's dripping vagina.

This time, Jessica does not hold back. Plunging her cock deep into Melissa's ready and eager pussy, the pornstar is clearly not trying to do anything but reach orgasm. Thrusting in and out as quickly as she can manage, the lightning-haired woman grunts in a rather vulgar manner.

Melissa looks up, and the two lock eyes for a moment. The freckled girl can see the serious expression in the woman's eyes, and her heart skips a beat. Jessica is certain about what's about to happen next. Melissa herself can feel heat rising in her own body, and realizes she's not far from her own orgasm.

"Are you ready, Melissa Jones?" Jessica smile savagely, and Melissa can tell that they're only seconds away from the big finish. "I hope your womb is hungry, because I'm about to... oh *fuck!*" Suddenly, the pornstar leans forward, driving her dick as deep into Melissa as she can manage.

Melissa feels the head of Jessica's cock probing against her cervix, and feels hot liquid filling up her vagina. She can feel Jessica's balls pulsing, as they joyfully send their contents up into her cock. She can see the lightning-haired woman's eyes rolling up into her head, as the sheer pleasure of emptying her balls into Melissa ravages the pornstar's body. She can feel her body burning, as if it's on fire, as her vagina finally gives in and a monstrous orgasm thunders through her nerve endings.

Melissa's mind goes white for what feels like a small eternity, any conscious thought pushed out of her mind by the sheer pleasure. A second orgasm quickly follows the first, making her whole body shudder brutally. Inside her vagina, she can feel Jessica's dick pulsing, still pouring hot cum into her.

As Melissa slowly comes back down from her orgasms, the freckled girl feels Jessica's cum running down the curve of her ass and dripping onto the bed. With a strange mixture of fear and excitement, Melissa realizes that the next eighteen years of her life may have just been decided.

"Aaand cut!" Both Melissa and Jessica seem to flinch as they remember they're not alone. Behind Jessica's shoulder, Melissa can see the director giving them both a big thumbs up, her shorts damp from cumming inside her own shorts. The makeup girl is trying to wipe cum from her hands as well.

With a wet pop, Jessica pulls her cock out of Melissa's vagina, and then lets go of her thighs. Melissa's lower body falls onto the bed, the freckled girl too defeated to move at all. Beside her, the pornstar turns and lies down next to her, panting heavily.

"I underestimated you..." Jessica turns her head slightly, to whisper to Melissa. The pornstar's belly has shrunken quite a lot, now that Melissa takes a look. Most of Sejin is gone now,

pumped into the predator's bowels, or already plumping up her breasts. "I thought you'd be a nervous wreck, but you took my dick like it was nothing. Good work, kid."

"Er... thanks?" Melissa tries to look bashful. "You're incredible, Jessica. I've never taken a cock as strong as yours."

"Damn right." Jessica grins at her, as the film crew bustles around the room.

The bed shifts, as Marl leans across the bed, holding a couple of energy drinks. "Man, that was amazing! Good work, you two!" Melissa takes one of the drinks without hesitation and starts gulping it down. The fizzy liquid really hits the spot, after a vigorous round of sex. "Um, the showers are ready for..."

Jessica takes the other energy drink, and nods at Melissa. "You go first. I need a massage." Marl rubs her hands together excitedly. The pornstar gives Melissa a meaningful look, her eyes darting down to the freckled girl's waist. "You've got a lot of cum in there, try not to spill it."

A few minutes later, Melissa opens the door to the shower, feeling sweat and cum all over her body. Holding her legs closed all the way from the bedroom to the bathroom had been hard, but she hadn't wanted to accidentally drip cum onto the carpet. Jessica might send her the cleaning bill later. The freckled girl turns the knobs, and a rain of wonderfully hot water falls on her, washing away the feeling of dirtiness.

As she stands under the water, Melissa can feel Jessica's cum sloshing around inside her. Now that her mind is a bit clearer, the freckled girl feels quite anxious about the fact that she might have just been impregnated. In fact, the cum inside her might be fertilizing her right now!

Opening her legs, Melissa relaxes her lower body muscles, to let the cum out of her body. With a wet slopping sound, Jessica's seed oozes out of her, running down her inner leg and into the shower drain. It's far too late for it to change whether or not she's been knocked up, Melissa knows. Not that she wants to avoid that. Melissa has already made up her mind after all. Whatever happens, happens. If she doesn't get pregnant, that's fine. If she *does*... well, she and Lindsay would be there for each other.

Relaxing under the hot shower, Melissa stares at the ceiling for a long moment. It's not possible to feel more sexually satisfied than the freckled girl does at this moment. And yet, there was something missing. Yes, it felt incredible and was easily the best sex Melissa had ever had in her life, but there was something more that she needed. Jessica was powerful, and skilled, but she wasn't...

There was no love, Melissa understands, finally. There's a whole lot of lust, of course. And it's by no means unpleasant. In fact, Melissa isn't sure how she's going to be able to take another

cock after this one. But as much fun as it was, it filled her pussy, but not her heart. What Melissa really needs is...

Lindsay. Melissa needs to talk to Lindsay. Not on the weekend, not tomorrow, as soon as she possibly can. She knew what she was going to tell Lindsay now. They were best friends now, but Melissa knew that she wanted to explore what more they could be. If Lindsay could give her love in the way that she craved...

The bathroom door opens, and Melissa turns to see Jessica walk in. The lightning-haired woman gives her a polite nod, and walks over to her, opening the shower door. "Room for one more?" she asks.

It's a big shower, easily big enough for two-and-a-half people and the question is clearly rhetorical. Melissa nods after a moment. "Yeah, come on in."

Jessica closes the door behind her, the sound of her belly gurgling echoing off the shower tiles. It's shrunken quite a bit from when they'd started the filming session, now early half the size it had been. The futanari's cock is still caked in cum, and Melissa steps aside for a moment to let Jessica hold it under the hot water.

For a little while, the two shower together. It's surprisingly a lot less awkward than Melissa might have expected. Well, after doing *that* together, it'd be hard to have any embarrassment left in either of them.

"Listen..." Jessica says, breaking the relative silence. "About getting you pregnant." She looks over at Melissa. "I meant what I said about child support and all that. You won't have to worry about money." She looks down at the freckled girl's belly. "The chance of getting pregnant from me is high, but it's not 100%. So, if it fails somehow, I'd want to try again..."

"We'll see what happens." Melissa smiles at her. "Can you pass me the shampoo?" Wordlessly, Jessica picks up the pink bottle behind her and hands it over to Melissa. The brunette squeezes out a little bit, and begins to lather up her hair. "I had a lot of fun today, Jessica. And I won't regret it, either way."

Jessica takes back the shampoo and squirts a little bit for herself. "Well... good." Hot water runs down her belly, which is even more shrunken than before. Miss Yeong must be almost completely done in there, Melissa realizes.

There's another pleasant silence, as the two rub down their hair. As Melissa washes the shampoo from her hair, she sees Jessica shifting uneasily. "Something wrong?" she asks the pornstar.

"Yes, I need to..." Jessica bites her lip. "Actually, this might be a strange thing for me to ask, but how do you feel about peeing in the shower?"

Melissa blinks in surprise. “Oh, um... I don’t mind it.” Actually, she’d peed in Lindsay’s shower the other day. Although the circumstances had been a little different.

“Ah, thank goodness.” The lightning-haired woman grabs her penis, and pulls back the foreskin. “Could you move your foot? You’re standing right on the drain.”

“Oh, sorry!” Melissa isn’t quite sure what the pornstar is talking about, but she move her leg anyway. “Wait, why do you-”

With a deep sigh of relief, Jessica begins to urinate, hot golden liquid spraying from the tip of her flaccid cock. The stream goes between Melissa’s feet, and into the shower drain. “Ahh... much better. There’s nothing quite like a nice pee after sex...” Jessica licks her lips, and looks back up at Melissa. “Ah, sorry. Were you saying something?”

“...Doesn’t matter.” Melissa is less bothered by Jessica peeing than she might have expected. She waits a few seconds for the stream to weaken, but it only seems to grow stronger. “Wow, you were really pent up!”

“Mmm.” Jessica makes a noise of agreement. “I imagine that most of this is from digesting Sejin. Humans have a *lot* of water and other liquids inside them.”

“Wow.” The freckled girl stares at the golden liquid falling between her legs. The idea that Miss Yeong, who she’d seen alive barely an hour or two ago, had been reduced to a piss stream... “That’s... actually really hot!” She could feel her arousal building slightly again. “That’s really hot...”

“Indeed...” Jessica smiles slightly. After a moment, she blinks and looks up. “Oh sorry, did you want me to pee *on* you?” She shifts uncomfortably for a moment. “I’ve got a bit left. If you kneel down, I can...”

Well, that was going a bit far for Melissa’s tastes. “Ah, no, I’m fine!” She holds up her hands, grinning.

There’s another long silence, broken only by the sound of liquid splashing against the drain. Finally, Jessica finishes peeing, and shakes out her dick under the hot water.

“I like you, Melissa.” Jessica says after a long moment, her white-blond hair flashing from wetness. Her cheeks are a little flushed, and she seems a little embarrassed to say it. “I’d like to see you again, if you’re okay with that.”

“Oh...” Melissa’s eyes widen in surprise. She hadn’t quite expected *this* to happen. “Um... I’m flattered, but I’m kinda in a complicated romantic situation right now...”

“N-no, that wasn’t what I…” Jessica clears her throat awkwardly. “What I *meant*, was that I wanted to see you, in a… not a sexual…” She seems to be having real trouble finding the right words here. It’s oddly cute, Melissa thinks to herself. “I know the first impression you got of me was a little…”

“Hungry?” Melissa asks, teasingly, and Jessica blushes. The freckled girl shakes her head. “I’d be happy to be friends with you too, Jess.” Melissa gives the woman a cheerful smile.

Jessica looks away, her cheeks bright red. “G-good.” After a moment, she turn back to Melissa, having composed herself back to normal. “Well, we’d need to keep in touch anyhow, for obvious reasons.” She nods at Melissa’s belly, and the freckled girl giggles.

The bathroom door opens again, and the director sticks her head into the room. “Are you two… damn, you’re only showering together? That’s boring.” She walks into the room, and nods at Jessica. “Once you’re done in there, we’ll move the cameras in here for the next scene.”

“Next scene?” Melissa looks at Jessica questioningly.

The pornstar points down at her churning belly. “I’ll be crapping Sejin out on camera. Would you like to stay and watch?”

Admittedly, Melissa would like to watch that, she realizes. But, she really needs to speak to Lindsay. “I would love to, but I need to go and take care of something urgent.”

“Understandable.” Jessica shrugs, but she seems a little disappointed. “I’ll get Marl to take a video for you to watch later.” Melissa just nods with a slight blush, knowing that she’ll almost certainly masturbate to the video later.

The director gives Melissa a big thumbs up. “You did some good work today, Miss Jones. *Really* good work.” She pulls down her sunglasses, revealing bright green eyes, and winks at the freckled girl. “I hope we work together again.”

Jessica gives the director’s stained shorts an irritated glance. “Yes, you clearly enjoyed the shoot. Perhaps a little *too* much. Isn’t walking around like that uncomfortable?”

The director pushes up her sunglasses again. “No, I’m quite happy like this. Have you asked her about joining the studio yet?”

Melissa blinks, turning back to Jessica. “Joining? Like, the studio you said you were trying to set up before?”

Jessica gives a withering look to the director. “Yes, I was about to mention that.” Her cheeks flush again. “And for the record, that wasn’t why I asked you about… that.”

It's insanely cute how nervous the dominant predator seems to be about the idea of friendship, Melissa thinks. "Don't worry, I got it." She thinks for a moment. "As for joining the studio..."

The lightning-haired woman holds up a hand. "I don't need a 'yes' or 'no' right now, just think about it, okay? There's still a long way to go before the studio would even be up and running."

"Yeah, I'll think about it." Melissa smiles at the two women, and steps out of the shower. "But right now, I need to go home and talk to my best friend."

Jessica nods, seeming satisfied with that answer. "If you're talking about Lindsay Smith, give her my regards." She holds out her hand, and after a moment, Melissa reaches out and the two shake hands. "It was a pleasure working with you. I'll contact you when the video is done."

Fifteen minutes later, Melissa Jones steps out of the apartment complex, and back into the heat of the evening. The sun has set, and the last dregs of daylight are fading from the sky. She is wearing the same outfit she came in, a loose shirt and skirt, although now she's got underwear much to her relief. Of course, the green bra is showing up through the thin fabric of her shirt, but she can't quite bring herself to care.

Melissa touches her stomach, wondering if there's new life growing in there yet. It'll be a few days before she can do a pregnancy test to find out, and she can't actually decide whether she'll be more relieved with a positive or negative result. It didn't really matter right now, anyway. Lindsay is the priority right now.

"Hey, you!" Melissa turns at the sound of the sudden voice, and sees a police officer leaning against the wall nearby. The officer is a few years older than Melissa, but she's quite a bit shorter. Her hair is red, but clearly dyed to be that color. As she turns to look at the freckled girl, Melissa can see the flash of an earring. She's a rather non-traditional cop, apparently.

As Melissa moves toward her, the police officer pushes off the wall and takes a couple of steps forward, to intercept the freckled girl's path. "Excuse me, are you..." The officer looks down at her phone. "Uh, Melissa Jones?" The cop adjusts her hat, and the freckled girl can see beads of sweat beneath her dyed red hair. She must have been standing here for a while.

Melissa pauses, wondering why a cop would be asking for her. "Um, yes? Who's asking?" There's a gun on the officer's hip, and the freckled girl can't help but feel a little nervous at the sight of the weapon.

"I'm Constable Hoffman from the Day Street Police Department." There's a flash of light as the cop holds up her badge. It looks legit, as far as Melissa can see. "I wanted to ask you a couple of questions."

"Questions?" Melissa Jones feels her heart flutter. "About what?"

The constable reaches into her shirt pocket and pulls out a small picture, holding it up for Melissa to see it clearly. The face in the photo is unsettlingly familiar... "About the whereabouts of this woman, Talia Vanderberg."

Uh oh.

End of Part Six

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

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility:	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	Single	Wealthy	???	Not sure if she's horrified or aroused by the day's events so far. Almost certainly both.
Lindsay Smith	Alive	Single	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Already thinking about family planning. And not as a single parent, either. Luckily, she's actually partly prepared for this.
Talia	Dead	Digested by Melissa Jones	Dead	Dead	Whatever afterlife she envisioned probably didn't involve being boobfat squeezed by a horny pornstar.
Tiffany	Dead	Digested by Lindsay Smith	Dead	Dead	Has succeed at filling up Lindsay's belly in two seperate ways.
Jessica Storm	Alive	Newly single	Opulent	Very Virile	Currently emptying her colon in front of a camera. Empty balls, and a rapidly emptying stomach makes a very happy predator.
Azrael	Alive	Hunting	???	Very Virile	Lying in wait, not far away...
Marlene	Alive	Breeding sub of Jessica Storm	Average	Pregnant	Promoted, perky and pregnant with her love's child. Hard to see how her life could improve, really.
Sejin Yeong	Dead	Digested by Jessica Storm	Dead	Dead	Yesterday, she was worrying about how to win back her girlfriend's favour. Today, she's being crapped out of the ass she loved so much. Tomorrow, her remains will be exploring the Sydney Water sewerage system.