

Chris Abrams sits at the kitchen counter, staring down into her bowl of cereal. Without really thinking about it, the young woman dips a spoon in and moves a mouthful of food onto her tongue. After the roller-coaster that had been yesterday, the new morning feels disturbingly normal.

The young woman had *not* slept well last night, for quite a few reasons. Shame and embarrassment were one. She'd peeped on her aunt. Chris is still more than a little embarrassed about that. Her first night in Aunt Vicky's home, and she'd peered into her aunt's bedroom like some... *pervert*.

The shock of what she'd seen was another. What she'd seen in there had been... *disturbing*. Seeing Aunt Vicky having sex with someone had been bad enough. Seeing her aunt... Oh, God.

Last night, Aunt Vicky had... *eaten* someone. She'd actually swallowed that redhead *alive*. Chris had been replaying that image in her mind over and over again. The final moments of that cute redhead's life... It had to be, right? If someone went into a person's stomach, then they'd get digested just like any food, right? God, could Aunt Vicky actually digest a *person*? Chris can't imagine such a thing, but somehow she finds it hard to doubt that her aunt is capable of it. And if the sound of her aunt's toilet distantly flushing for most of the morning was any indication, that cute redhead was now quite *digested*.

And then she'd been *caught* by her aunt! It's embarrassing enough that she'd peeped, but Aunt Vicky had actually *caught* her. Chris puts down her spoon and rubs the bridge of her nose, feeling her cheeks turning red. God, Chris *just now* remembers that she'd been wearing a rather *racy* outfit at the time too! Her aunt had actually seen her in her panties...

Chris would have *liked* to add feeling nervous about her first day of college there too, but to tell the truth, she'd been so distracted by the events of last night that she'd spent almost no time thinking about today. She knows she has to be at campus by 9AM, and that she'll have some kind of orientation... But really, how is Chris supposed to even think about that when she can *still* hear that damn toilet flushing in the distance?!

After getting caught, Chris had dashed back to her room and locked the door, pulled on some shorts and dived into bed. She'd spent the rest of the night tossing up between whether she felt more embarrassed about locking the door or putting on shorts. Why had she done both of those things? Did she think Aunt Vicky was going to come charging into *Chris's* room to eat *her*? Or was she scared that her aunt had found her bare thighs so arousing that she might be attacked?

Those concepts felt foolish. She'd watched her aunt devour someone, sure... But Chris couldn't find it in her heart to think that her aunt would attack *her*. Eventually, Chris had sheepishly gotten up and quietly unlocked the door. She *had* left the shorts on, though...

Thankfully, morning had eventually come.

Tired as she feels, Chris is at least glad she's not staring at her bedroom ceiling anymore. This is the young woman's first breakfast in her aunt's home. Her first breakfast of her college life. But to be quite honest, she's not really thinking about what she's eating. She's not even really aware of *what* she's eating. Frankly, her mind is a million miles away, thinking about what she'd seen last night...

The sight of the girl's red hair slipping into her aunt's open mouth is one she will never forget. Nor will she ever forget that slurping sound, as her aunt furiously chokes down the girl's neck and shoulders. Even more disturbing is the fact that the redhead isn't trying to fight back. Chris can see that the girl is not only not resisting, she's actively trying to help Aunt Vicky devour her...

Ugh. Chris can't stop thinking about it. That redhead... She hadn't even caught the girl's *name*, and now she was probably... The young woman was trying not to think about it, but that just made it impossible *not* to think about...

Luckily, the internet was a good distraction, usually. Reaching into her pocket, Chris pulls out her flip phone. Switching the device to projection mode, she places it in front of her bowl. Several apps pop out, along with a live news stream.

There's a message from her mother. Rose, of course. Matilda only messaged her when she needed to. *Have a 🍊 day at California State! Have a wonderful time, and stay safe! Mattie and I are missing you already, LOL (Lots of Love)! Somehow, she doubted that last part, but Chris couldn't help but smile a little bit at her mom's message. Rose is a 20's kid and loves to annoy her daughters by pretending that her outdated 20's slang was still in vogue.*

Of course, Chris knew that 'Mattie' didn't share her partner's cheerfulness about their daughter attending college here. If it had been Matilda's way, then Chris would be waking up in a bunk bed at Air Academy with all the other cadets.

Chris waves a hand, scrolling through the news. Nothing interesting pops out at her. Politicians are complaining about other politicians. The President said some bullshit, and people are happy or angry about it. England and Scotland are trying to get back into the EU for like the fourth time. Some rock singer from Australia is visiting Los Angeles. Somalia's *still* in talks to join the Arab Free State. Stuff about the moon. Whatever, nothing that interesting.

The young woman hears footsteps in the hallway, and realizes that the toilet upstairs has fallen silent. Her aunt must have finished... with *that*.

The redhead is inside her aunt's stomach, shuddering as the older woman's surprisingly toned stomach presses down on her. "Oh... Fuck yes!" She groans, reaching down to touch herself as she's crushed into a smaller and smaller space. "Ooh! Fuck! Ah, that fucking stings!" Stomach

acid is splashing across the girl's nude, vulnerable body, but the redhead is smiling in glee.
"Ooh... Digest me, Mommy..."

"Chris...?" Her aunt's voice calls out. A moment later, Victoria Abrams sticks her head around the doorway, looking at her niece. "Oh, there you are... Did I scare you? Sorry!"

"No, didn't scare me!" Chris picks up the spoon from where it had clattered across the counter, glad that she hadn't knocked over her bowl when she'd flinched. "Yeah, I'm here. I'm here."

"I... can see that." Aunt Vicky hesitated for a moment and then grinned at Chris. "Yeah... Up bright and early for school... I mean, university! I mean, *college!*" She chuckled for a moment. "Ah, what's even the difference?"

Chris hadn't been sure how she'd greet her aunt this morning. After what she'd seen last night... Honestly, she wasn't sure if it had been more jarring to see her aunt eat someone alive, or to have seen her aunt naked. No, she did know. It was the latter, bizarrely. And what made it so jarring was that Aunt Vicky hadn't just been naked... She'd been *fucking hot as hell.*

And this morning didn't help matters. Aunt Vicky was nearing forty, as far as Chris knew, but the older woman sure didn't dress like it. As she stepped into the kitchen, Chris could see that her aunt was wearing a gray sports's bra with a loose gray jacket over the top. The outfit was, admittedly, excellent. Her aunt's *enormous* breasts looked amazing in their tight constraints, and her stomach was bare and flat, almost with a hint of abs...

Bare and flat. Oh *god.*

So... Either her aunt had let that girl *out*, or...

No. If she had let her out, the redhead would be standing there as well.

So... The redhead had been *digested*. And those toilet flushes that Chris had been hearing all morning had been her being pooped out.

Oh Jesus.

"Oh man, I've got a bunch of things to do today... You good, kid?" Aunt Vicky asks, crossing her arms. Her smile is slightly manic, and her niece can clearly tell that it's forced. "You, uh... You sleep alright last night?"

"W-what?" The young woman blinks for a moment. "Uh, yeah. Yeah, slept fine." She lies, looking back down at her bowl. So much for any chance of finishing her breakfast.

"Cause I've got some medicine if you need it. You look a little peaky." Aunt Vicky bites her lip, scratching her blonde hair. Already, Chris can see the family brown appearing at the roots. "I

mean, I haven't been feeling that crash hot this morning thanks to..." The older woman seems to catch herself. "B-but that doesn't matter!"

But of course it matters. The young woman wants to ask so many questions, and her aunt *clearly* wants to talk about it as well. But Chris can't imagine how to even *begin* to ask about last night, and clearly, the apple hadn't fallen far from the tree. There's clearly a *huge* elephant in the room, and it's not her aunt's bulge.

Her aunt is wearing... Ah. Those shorts don't leave much to the imagination down there, do they? Chris looks away, embarrassed to feel her cheeks reddening. Vicky's wearing jean shorts that probably aren't *meant* to be tight, but the size of her aunt's... *womanhood* makes them look like a speedo.

Chris wasn't a big fan of how *conscious* of her aunt's... *womanhood* she now feels. Her eyes are drawn to the shape between the older woman's legs, the obvious curve of a thick... Uh, anyway. Obviously, she'd always known that her mother and her sisters... and now Aunt Vicky, have such a thing inside their pants. Just like every other futanari and every man Chris has ever met. That had been a normal thing she just hadn't thought about.

Aunt Vicky's cock is a monster, a thick pole of meat driving deep into the redhead's scarlet public hair. As she pulls back out, Chris can see the meaty urethra pulsing along the underside of her aunt's penis. Two hefty balls are shaking, crowned by a nest of brown pubic hair, the same color as the hair that crowns Chris's own...

Oh boy.

Chris reflexively presses her thighs together, looking down at her bowl of cereal. "Uh... Yeah. Morning, Auntie." She says, pushing back the bowl. As her aunt moved closer, the young woman could feel her heart beating faster.

She hears her aunt breathe in, as if the older woman is about to say something. There's a long pause. "Uh... Yeah?" Vicky says, after a moment's hesitation. "Nice morning, huh? Warmer than yesterday."

"...Yep." Tapping her spoon against the bowl, Chris takes a deep breath, aware that she should say something. But what? Only one question comes to mind, and it's not an easy question to ask.

"Okay..." Aunt Vicky walks over to the fridge and pulls it open. Taking out a bottle of juice, the older woman opens it and takes a long draught. "Ahh... Nice to wake up without a hangover for once!" She sighs, wiping her lips on her sleeve. Placing the bottle on the counter, Vicky turns back to her niece, her face full of forced cheer. "Hey, you look nice! Very, uh... stylish!"

Oh, right. Chris had forgotten about her outfit. "Er... Thanks." She responds, glancing down at her body. Today, the young woman has worn a white button up shirt and jeans, and fixed her short brown hair into a ponytail. Almost without thinking, she'd put on a black bra and only just noticed as she was about to walk out of the room that it was clearly visible under her shirt. That would have been embarrassing if she hadn't noticed. "I wanted to look, uh... more professional?" God, were they really *not* going to talk about last night?

The older woman's forced grin doesn't change, but her green eyes narrow slightly. "Yeah... 'professional' is... a way of describing it." She looks like she wants to say something else, but visibly holds it back. "Nah, you look great, kid... I'm sure you won't give people the *wrong* idea in that getup..." She chuckles to herself. "Ah... Well, I've got a tonne of things today, so maybe we'd better get a wriggle on-"

"Did you kill that girl last night?"

The question rolls off Chris's tongue before she realizes it. It had been bouncing around in her head all morning... No, since she'd fled her aunt's bedroom. She hadn't intended to ask it so directly, but... Jesus, she *needed* to know the answer. She couldn't wait another second.

"What?!" Aunt Vicky gives her a shocked look, her forced smile vanishing. "Did I... What?!" She holds up her hands, her mouth forming unspoken words for a few seconds. "Oh... Oh God! No! No, of course not! Jesus, Chris!"

Chris's head snaps up, and she stares at her aunt in disbelief. "You didn't?!" The spoon bounces away across the counter again. "But you... You *ate* that girl! You *digested* her, didn't you?!" She points at her aunt's flat belly.

Her aunt looks down, and then shrugs. "I mean, yeah. Of course I digested her. I've been spending most of the morning... Uh, nevermind." Chris can easily guess what the rest of her sentence would have been, though. *Spending most of the morning pooping her out.* "Ugh... I thought you'd understand that... Oh, hold on! This'll explain everything!" All of a sudden, her aunt turns and sprints out of the kitchen.

The older woman has a surprising turn of speed. Despite her age, Aunt Vicky is in shockingly good shape. Between lifting Chris's luggage in one hand yesterday and sprinting up the stairs in a flash, the older woman is in better shape than most girls half her age, Chris included.

Chris herself is rather stunned. She'd asked the question, of course, but she hadn't expected to get *that* answer. She had been expecting to get the expected answer of 'Yes', for obvious reasons. How on *earth* could the redhead...?

Twenty-three seconds later, Aunt Vicky dashes back into the kitchen, coming to a stop beside the counter. "Hah... Just needed to take a walk upstairs!" She says, as if she's not clearly out of breath. Then, the older woman puts something down in front of Chris. "There! See?"

Chris stares at the object on the counter before her. It's not new to her, but it's certainly unfamiliar. "One of those jars?" She asks out loud. The object before her is a small transparent jar, made out of very sturdy glass. Yesterday, she'd found a few of these weird glass jars beneath the sink in her bathroom. When she'd mentioned them to her aunt, Vicky had been strangely motivated to move them back to her own bedroom. "What... *is* it?"

"Huh?" Aunt Vicky blinks for a moment. Then, she grimaces. "Oh *fuck*, you don't know what this is... Fuck, this gonna be hard to explain." She takes a deep breath and points at the jar with both hands, forcing a grin. "It's a soul jar!"

"Soul jar?" Chris has heard the term before, but she'd never seen one. She knew that her own soul was inside her body, of course. That was just a proven medical fact. But what did that have to do with anything? The jar before her has a strangely phallic head, with a small hole in the top... Oh, no. Now the hole is closed. And there's green lights glowing on the sides of the jar. "What the heck is a soul *jar*?" And what did it have to do with the redhead not being *dead*?

"I mean... It's exactly what it sounds like!" Aunt Vicky seems oddly relieved now that she's showing Chris this object. Clearly, she expects this to explain everything. "Yeah, I digested that girl last night. But her soul's in there now. So, I'm gonna drop her off at the gene clinic and she'll be back by evening."

Hold on. "...She'll be *back*?" Chris repeated the word, feeling more than a little baffled. "But she... You digested her body?" The young woman picks up the jar, squinting at its contents. It looks completely empty.

"Ooh... Careful!" Aunt Vicky bites her lip as Chris picks up the jar. "Okay... Can't believe I've gotta explain this..." She takes a deep breath, clearly unsure of what to say. "Okay... You know how we've all got a soul, right? Some scientists proved that years ago."

"Yeah." The jar felt strangely warm, almost like body heat. Feeling a little unnerved by it, the young woman puts down the jar. "What about it?" It had been a big discovery back in the late 20's, but Chris was still a baby back then. And by the time she'd gone through school, it had just been an established medical fact she'd learned in science class. "When you die, your soul dissipates from your body."

"When your soul is outside of a living body, yeah." With a triumphant smirk, Aunt Vicky jabs a thumb at her stomach. "But when she 'died' last night, her soul was still enclosed by a living body. *My* body." Reaching under the counter, her aunt pulls out a glass and pours herself a glass of juice. "So when I was done with her, I... Er, *put* her into this jar. Which I guess simulates a living body somehow? You can't see it, but the jar's glowing, so she's in there. I dunno how these work, but they do. And she'll be back in time for dinner!"

Really? That sounded too good to be true, but Chris didn't think her aunt was lying. "Back? What do you mean?" Like, she'd get her body back? "She'll be... I mean, will *she* be back?" The young woman struggles to think of how to phrase her question. "You know in that movie series, Star Trek..."

"Oh, nothing like that!" Vicky shakes her head. "Same soul, new body. I don't know how it works, but apparently they can reconstitute your body from your soul? Must work, since I've seen the same scars on girls before and after I've... Well, y'know." She shrugs and picks up the jar, pushing it into her jacket pocket. "So, I'll drop her off at the clinic after I drop you off!"

Chris has a *million* other questions, of course. But time isn't on her side. "Oh, *sh...* What time is it?" Picking up her flip phone, the young woman sees that it's quarter to nine. "Oh crap, I have to be at the campus by nine!"

"Oh, fuck... Okay, let's go!" Aunt Vicky pats her pockets. To Chris's relief, the older woman apparently remembered to grab them from upstairs when she went to get the jar. "But yeah. You're good now that you know she'll be fine, right, kid? You're not bothered about last night anymore?" It's clear from her eyes that she's hoping that the answer is 'yes'.

"Yeah... I'm fine!" Chris lies, giving her aunt a smile. "Uh... Can we go now?"

"Hey, if you're just joining us, it's time for the nine in the morning news!" The radio host's voice was drowned out by a series of random noises for about fifteen seconds, followed by the name of the radio station. "...CSFM! In the news today, NASA has released more information on the planned moon colony today, after the announcement that Buenos Aires has joined the project. The United Nations has affirmed its commitment to have a functioning multinational colony on Luna by the end of the decade, but it's not come without criticism, as a large group of US patriots have been demanding..."

Feeling a twinge of annoyance, Chris reached over and changed the channel. "Sorry." She said to her aunt, who gave her a surprised look. "I'm *sick* of hearing about the moon."

Aunt Vicky raised her eyebrow at that, but she just shrugged. "Yeah, I can imagine that. Your mom probably talks about it a lot, huh?" The older woman chuckles. "Getting pretty sick of it myself, they've been talking about it since the 30's and all they've put on the moon are those robot thingies."

"Yeah." Well, that and... more personal reasons.

Chris sits in the passenger seat of her aunt's Cadillac XT6, watching the city roll by outside the window. The car is old, but it's rather well maintained for an almost two decade old model. A

small folder of information and writing materials is in her lap, ready for her orientation. She'll hopefully be getting the rest of her supplies at the campus today.

Vicky sits in the driver's seat, her sunglasses covering her eyes. The older woman is clearly quite comfortable in this car. "Ah... I love this song!" She says, as an old rock song comes over the radio. "Me and your mom used to listen to this one back in the... I mean, back when we were kids. I think she's visiting LA for a tour..."

"...Hmm." Chris lets out a sound of agreement. The events of last night don't feel as *bad* now that she knows that the redhead is still alive... or going to be relieved *or whatever*. But she still keeps picturing it vividly in her head...

"Oh yeah..." Aunt Vicky lets out a moan, stroking her stomach with both hands. Her skin is bulging with the horribly outline shape of the redhead inside her, the girl crushed painfully inside her. "Start writhing, you little slut... This is gonna sting like a bitch and a half, and you're gonna love every second of it, you little masochist. And so am I..." Her cock is painfully hard, and already dripping with precum. Reaching down, she takes her massive cock with both hands, her thumbs stroking the head gently. "Oh fuck... You're gonna have the pleasure of feeling me jack off from the inside, kid..."

"So, what are you studying, kid?" Aunt Vicky asks suddenly.

"What?" Chris flinches, shaking her head. "Oh, er... What?" God, she hates her imagination sometimes.

"What, you fall asleep or something?" The young woman realizes that they've been sitting in silence. "I asked what you're studying. I forgot to ask yesterday." Her aunt chuckles to herself. "I mean, as long as you're not studying some artsy feminist bullshit, right?"

Uh. Okay. "Actually, there's probably going to be a lot of feminist stuff in my Gender Studies course, yeah." Chris answers, raising an eyebrow at her aunt.

"Ah..." The older woman lets out a nervous chuckle.

A deafening silence fills the car for a few moments.

Aunt Vicky coughs awkwardly. "I-I mean, when you *think* about it, it's really important for girls like you... I mean, *women* like us, to learn about, uh... Representation and... how important women are!" She grins at her niece, pretending that her cheeks aren't reddening. "I mean... Yeah! That's great! Gotta get in touch with our inner woman!"

Chris isn't going to let that go so easily, though. "You sure it's not, y'know... *Artsy? Or bullshit*, maybe?" She's partly teasing, but there's a hint of genuine annoyance in her voice.

Her aunt is a champion at backing-down, however. "That's... Oh! You're... You're misunderstanding me!" Vicky waves a hand dismissively. "When I said that, I meant it in a... in a *good* way, y'know? You know when you're, like, smoking a joint or something, right?"

"I don't?" Chris had never touched the stuff, mostly because her mother would have killed her. Maybe she'll get a chance to change that now that she's in college...

Aunt Vicky continues on anyway, much like a derailed train. "...And if it's a good hit, you say it's good shit, right? So, when I say 'bullshit', I don't mean it's *bad*... That feminist bullshit is good stuff. It's *good* bullshit!"

Chris could see sweat on her aunt's forehead. "And 'artsy'?" She prompted. As annoyed as she felt, watching her aunt bullshit is pretty funny.

Vicky has to think for this one. "What?" She asks after a moment, almost defiantly. "What's wrong with that? Art's great. You gotta pay to see art." Then, a look of relief washes over her face. "Oh look! We're here! And we're on time! How about that?!"

The drive to the campus had been a quick one, thankfully. The clock on the dash says it's a couple of minutes before nine. Chris takes a deep breath as her aunt pulls into a parking spot. Well, whatever. The young woman's studying what she wants to study. Maybe her aunt shares her mother's opinions about the *validity* of the topic, but that's not Chris's problem.

Besides, she doesn't want to fight with her aunt. Chris *likes* Aunt Vicky, even with... last night's events. She doesn't want to antagonize the woman she'll be spending the next four years with. "Thanks for driving me, Aunty." The young woman says instead, letting go of her aunt's remarks in her head.

"No problem!" Aunt Vicky says as Chris gets out of the passenger seat. "And remember, you're just as valid as a man, kid! Better, even! No, wait, *equal*?"

The young woman leans back and gives her aunt a smile. "Aunt Vicky?" For the first time this morning, it's a genuine one. "Quite while you're ahead, okay?"

As Chris closes the door, her aunt sighs deeply. Walking around the car, the young woman hears the driver's side window wind down. "I'll text you when I'm done here, okay? But I can probably walk home if you're busy." The young woman doesn't want to treat her aunt like a chauffeur.

"Should be fine, should be fine..." Her aunt leans out the window, pulling down her sunglasses to wink at her niece. "Once I'm done dropping off my date, I gotta hit up some old work friends of mine, but I should be done by the time you're..." Suddenly, there's a loud growling sound from inside the car.

Chris turns back, surprised. "What the heck was that? Was that your *stomach*?"

Aunt Vicky suddenly looks rather *less* cheerful. "Ooh... I thought she was done, but apparently not..." She's rubbing her belly, which lets out a quieter, but no less ominous rumble. "Oh, she's letting me know she's coming out whether I like it or not..."

"Are you gonna be okay?" The young woman feels a little concerned. Her aunt's stomach sounds dangerously angry.

"Ugh... Clinic's got a great toilet, I'll be fine!" Trying to hide her discomfort, Aunt Vicky grins at her niece and leans back into the car. "Have a good time today... and remember, it's *her*story, not *history*."

"Okay, Aunty..." Chris waves awkwardly as the car begins to move.

Aunt Vicky's hand shoots out of the window as she drives away. "Girl power! Yeah!" She calls out, and Chris is embarrassed to see a couple of people walking nearby look around at the car.

Well... This morning could have gone better. But there was still plenty of time for it to improve.

California State is one of the biggest universities in the country, with twenty-seven campuses across the state. In recent years, it's become known as one of the best education centers in the country, which was partly why Chris had applied.

The Sacramento campus does not disappoint her. As soon as Chris steps onto the campus grounds, she feels at home.

Huge numbers of people are milling about on the campus grounds as Chris walks down the main path toward her new university, folder under her arm. It's a pleasant day in California today, and there's plenty of people standing around chatting or sitting under trees in the park. Birds are chirping in the trees, and Chris can hear the dull roar of conversation and laughter in the distance.

Ah... This is more like it. She'd partly forgotten after the... *excitement* of last night, but Chris has been looking forward to this day for months. Years, even. Already, she can feel the *free* atmosphere of college life, students socializing happily all around her. On a bench nearby, the young woman can see a group of boys studying. An older woman who looks like a teacher is reading under a tree. Chris steps aside to allow a girl in running gear to sprint past.

Looking up, Chris can see a white shape in the blue sky above the campus skyline, and she smirks at it. Yeah, fuck the moon. *This* is the planet Chris wants to live on.

Chris follows the main path through the small park that forms the entrance of the campus. From the looks of it, she's one of perhaps a few hundred new students entering the school today. *California State University Orientation 2045* is written on a large banner over the path. A few tables have been set up nearby, with volunteers helping new students sign in. Most are busy with people, but there's a couple of free tables. Dutifully, Chris walks over to one of the free tables and waves nervously. "Um... Hi?"

A girl a few years older than Chris looks up and gives her a polite smile. There's a CSU badge on her shirt, and her red hair is cropped short. "Hi, new student?" She asks quickly. She's not rude, but she's clearly already done this routine plenty of times this morning. "I need your student ID and your course documents, please." Chris can see that her badge identifies her as "Sadie".

"Sure!" Chris has come prepared, after all. Opening her folder, she pulls out her papers and the small card that identifies her as a CSU student. It had been mailed to her a few weeks ago, much to her delight and Matilda's quiet annoyance.

Sadie looks over the documents quickly, and then flicks open the papers on the table before her. From the looks of it, it's a huge list of names. "Chris... Abrams." Sadie puts a tick next to her name. Now that Chris is looking properly, Sadie's actually pretty cute. She's wearing a long sleeve shirt and her red hair is cut short, both things that make her look rather boyish. But a cute sprinkling of freckles under her soft green eyes make her look kinda feminine as well. It's a curious contrast that makes the girl really pretty. And her lips are really... "Chris?" Sadie asks again.

"Huh? Oh! Yes?!" Chris is listening, of course. What else would she be doing?

"Everything looks good here." Sadie smiles at her. Gosh, she's got a really nice smile. "Looks like you're doing Gender Studies and... Computer Science? That's an *interesting* double major, if I may say so...?"

"Oh... Yeah." Chris had forgotten about that. Matilda hadn't been pleased with the idea of her daughter studying something as *artsy* as Gender Studies. Didn't matter that Chris really *wanted* to study the subject, of course. That had caused what felt like *endless* discussions about how she'd get a job once she was out of college or whatever. In the end, Chris had to compromise and apply to study Computer Science as well. That was a very *specific* choice on her mother's part, of course. Matilda still had hopes of Chris changing her mind... "Ah... It was kinda forced on me, actually. I'm hoping to change it later."

Sadie hands the documents back to her. "Oh, don't worry! Gender Studies isn't too bad. You'll probably end up enjoying it! I mean, it's a pretty easy course from what I've heard..." The pretty girl chuckles softly. "I mean, gender studies is kinda my hobby too..."

"Really?" Chris tilts her head curious. "What do you mean?"

Sadie blinks at her for a moment. "Er... Nothing. Just my little joke." She points over at a building in the distance. "You'll need to head over to Calaveras Hall for your Social Studies orientation. The Computer Science orientation is happening at the same time, but you can watch it online later once you're set up on the CSU intranet."

"O-okay, thanks!" Chris feels oddly anxious in Sadie's presence for some reason. "Thank you very much!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" As the young woman turns away, she hears Sadie call out to her. As Chris turns back, the pretty girl rises from the table and looks around at her fellow volunteers for a moment. "Sorry... Uh, come back for a moment?"

"Oh, s-sorry..." Gulping nervously, Chris walks back over to the table. "I'm a bit scattered today, did I forget something?" Ooh, Sadie's surprisingly tall now that she's standing up. And kinda sporty, if her football shirt and tight shorts are any indication.

Sadie smiles at her, reaching into her shorts. "Oh, well..." Looking around again, the pretty redhead lowers her voice. "Well... Since you're new, and I'm a student guide, how about I give you my number? In case you need help with anything?"

"Oh, sure!" Chris isn't sure how much help she'll need, but it couldn't hurt, right? Pulling out her flip phone, she bumps it against Sadie's flip phone. A moment later, there's a ding to indicate that they've exchanged numbers.

The pretty girl seems quite pleased by this. "A-and if you're into music, maybe you'd like to come and see my band playing sometime-"

"Sadie?" Beside the girl, one of the other volunteers has turned to glare at her. "You're not soliciting for your band while you're on duty, are you?"

"N-no! No, of course not, Maggie!" Sadie laughs nervously. "Okay, have a nice day Chris! Have fun at your orientation!"

"Okay, sure!" Chris gives the girl a friendly wave as she turns away again. "I mean, thank you!"

Wow, that went really well! The young woman might have already made a friend. Well, Sadie was a volunteer, so maybe it didn't *quite* count, but watching a fellow student play in a band sounds really college-y, right?

Calaveras Hall was about a five minute walk away. It was a large rectangular building, with two rectangular wings surrounding a small enclosed courtyard. As Chris turned into the building, she could see a small crowd of people gathered on the grass in front of the building, along with a

sign indicating that the Social Studies students were to gather there. To Chris' surprise, almost the entire crowd was female, perhaps ten women to one man.

From the looks of it, the orientation hasn't started yet. Chris checks her phone for the time and sees that it's twenty past nine. She isn't quite sure when the orientation starts, but it's probably not too much longer. Walking forward, Chris becomes part of the crowd, leaning against a small tree as she takes a moment to relax.

Last night had been a lot, sure. But in the light of day, those memories suddenly feel much more distant. Yes, Aunt Vicky and that redhead... whose name Chris realized that she *still* didn't know... had been having sex. And she'd watched Aunt Vicky *devour* that girl. But the redhead was fine, apparently. So, she didn't have to worry about that anymore. Heck, in hindsight, the redhead had probably *enjoyed* what Chris would have imagined was a terrible fate...

Stomach acids pour across the redhead's body, hissing cruelly as they sear the poor girl's flesh as red as her hair. "Ah!" The redhead lets out a groan of pain that slowly morphs into a moan of pleasure. "Oh, fuck! Fuck, it fucking hurts! Ugh, yeah, rip me apart, Mommy! I'm just your food now..." Her hands are buried between her legs, furiously masturbating despite the pain she feels. Or perhaps because of it. "Oh God, I'm gonna die... I'm actually gonna fucking die! Yes! Kill me, Mommy!" Reaching down, the redhead fills her palms with stomach acid and opens her mouth, pouring the brutal acid directly into her...

...Chris should probably talk to someone, right? Everyone else seems to be talking to each other, and she's just standing here, thinking about... Stuff.

Right now's the best time to make friends, right? Everyone's new and curious. Looking around, the young woman wonders who she should talk to. From the looks of it, there's a few people doing the same as her, looking around nervously, as if sizing their fellow students up.

Of course, actually going up to a random person and talking to them wasn't as easy as it sounded. From personal experience, Chris knows that most people here are hoping that someone *e/*se will walk up to them and talk, rather than risking the effort themselves.

Well, Chris experienced that enough in high school. She's not going to make that mistake again in college.

Just then, her gaze falls on a tall girl standing nearby, dressed in a longcoat and looking at her phone. Chris's eyes are instantly drawn to the pale girl, to the purple streak in her long black hair. Ooh... Now that's a college girl look. Not to mention the *piercing* in her lip. Ooh! Chris is instantly excited. She's always been curious about piercings and tattoos, but such things were very not allowed in her old home. Yeah, Chris wants to talk to this girl. Time to bite the bullet.

Mentally steeling herself, Chris takes a deep breath and walks up to the tall girl. As she approaches, the girl looks up from her phone, giving her a curious look. Oh shit, Chris needs to say something! “Hey, I like your piercing.” She blurts out without thinking. “I mean, hi, I’m Chris!”

The dark-haired girl raises an eyebrow at her. “Hi... Chris. Can I help you?”

Uh oh. Had she been alone by choice? “O-oh, I just saw you and I wanted to talk to you...” Chris confesses nervously. “Ah, I probably should have thought of a better icebreaker...”

For a moment, the pale girl stares at her. Gosh, her skin is almost marble white. Then, to Chris’s relief, she lets out a soft snort. “Eh... Wasn’t bad, really. Thanks, I got it a couple months ago.” She pokes her lip piercing, a small piece of metal that gives her an exciting, almost dangerous look. “I’ve wanted one since I was, like, ten, and my mom took me to get one on my eighteenth birthday as a present.”

“Really?” Chris can’t even fathom the concept of a mother allowing her daughter to get a piercing, let alone taking her to get one herself. “It looks really good. I kinda want one...” It’d certainly give Matilda a heart attack if she ever saw it.

“Really? A girl like you?” The dark-haired girl looks Chris up and down for a moment. “That’d be... *interesting*.” Then, she shrugs and holds out her hand. “I’m Diana. Call me ‘Di’. It sounds cooler.”

“Nice to meet you, Di.” Chris shakes the girl’s hand and is surprised to feel how soft the girl’s hand is. “Uh, I’m Chris...”

“You said that already!” Di chuckles as Chris blushes. “Oh, wow... that’s a stronger grip than I expected... Hey, no need to be nervous. I’m not gonna bite your head off... Unless you want me to.” She winks at Chris, which makes the young woman chuckle in return.

Up close, Chris can see that Di is dressed in a longcoat, but underneath the girl’s clothes are surprisingly light. As the girl turns toward her, Chris is shocked to see that Di’s boobs are *huge*, almost as big as Aunt Vicky’s. Her tight white shirt leaves her toned stomach visible and her black bra is clearly visible underneath. A tight pair of jean shorts indicates that she’s a full girl like Chris, unlike Aunt Vicky’s heavy bulge from earlier. But her chest is the main star here.

Small breasts are useful sometimes, but *God*, Chris wishes she could have tits like that sometimes. Why had the big boobs gene somehow gone into her aunt, but Matilda hadn’t gotten it? She’d gone more professional for her first day, but Chris wants to dress a bit more provocatively now that she is out of her mother’s reach. But it’s hard to look sexy when she only has B-cups. With a chest like that, Di just *naturally* looks sexy, no matter what she wears...

“If you ask nicely, I’ll let you take a picture of ‘em.” Di smirks with a teasing note in her voice.

Chris realizes that she's been staring at the girl's cleavage. "Oh... Oh my god, I'm so sorry...!" She can feel herself turning red.

But Di just rolls her eyes with a grin. "Oh, relax! I'm used to it by now, almost everyone does that the first time I meet 'em." She fans the collar of her longcoat for a moment. "Hey, I put 'em out for people to look at, right? I mean, people are gonna stare at 'em anyway."

"Right..." Chris takes a deep breath, centering herself. Be normal, she tells herself. Be a normal fucking person. "I'm doing Gender Studies. What are you doing, Di?" The young woman asks, trying to sound normal.

Di doesn't answer for a moment. Instead, she looks Chris up and down again, and then grins. "Hmm... I'm doing LGBTF+ Studies, actually." She's giving Chris a rather curious look, which the young woman doesn't quite understand.

Ah. Chris just now notices the rainbow badge on the side of Di's shorts. Wow, okay. Di's a... Well, she's gay! That's unexpected. Well, not really, in hindsight. "Oh, cool!" Chris feels a rush of excitement. "I think Gender Studies and LGBTF+ Studies are pretty similar. We're probably going to be sharing a few classes." Chris is doing Gender Studies, but her course consists of a number of both preselected and elective classes which would almost certainly overlap with Di's course.

"Oh, good." Di smirks at her. "Yeah, I like the sound of that. I'm thinking about checking out the clubs and stuff when orientation's done. You wanna join me, Chris?"

"Er..." Chris hadn't even thought about clubs. Gosh, she had so much to think about today! "Uh, yeah, sure! Checking out the sororities sounds like fun!"

"Sounds like a date." Di smirks at her. "Wow, I know LGBF+ society is huge on this campus, but I didn't think I'd meet another lesbian so quickly. I've heard there's a full-on lesbian sorority as well. The next four years are gonna be fucking *lit*."

Huh? Has Chris done something to suggest that she's a lesbian? "Um." She begins, but is interrupted.

"Oh man! Am I late?" There's a nervous voice behind her. "I'm late, aren't I?!"

Chris turns and sees a teenage girl behind her, out of breath... No, that's not a teenage girl. The young woman behind her is clearly the same age as Chris, but she's remarkably short, barely above four feet tall. A small backpack hangs from her shoulder. Her black hair is tied into a ponytail, and she's wearing a light jacket over a gray top and cargo shorts. Wow, she is *tiny*! When the girl looks up, Chris is unsurprised to see that she's Asian... actually, maybe half-Asian and half-white?

“No, I think you’re fine.” Chris looks around for a clock, but she can’t see one. “Orientation hasn’t started yet, if that’s what you mean.”

Di pulls out her phone. “You’ve got five minutes to spare.” She says, giving the petite girl a slightly wary look.

“Kit Chen.” The girl says, holding out her hand to Chris. Chris blinks for a moment, before realizing that the girl’s introducing herself.

“Hi, Kit, I’m Chris Abrams.” She shakes the girl’s hand, feeling Kit’s small palm against her own. “Nice to meet you. Are you doing Gender Studies as well?”

“Yes!” Kit might be small, but her smile is the brightest Chris has ever seen. “You’re doing it too? Awesome!” She turns to Di. “Hi! You’re...” Her eyes drop to the tall girl’s chest for a moment. “Wow. I mean, uh... Yeah!”

Di raises an eyebrow at the small woman. “I mean, you’re definitely studying my gender right now.” Kit blushes and looks away from the tall girl’s chest.

“S-sorry...” Kit stammers, self-consciously pulling her jacket a bit tighter around her body. Chris wonders if she’s having similar thoughts of jealousy about Di’s chest, considering that the small woman has even smaller breasts than Chris herself. “Ah... Sorry if I’m a bit hyper. I’m just... *pumped* for university!”

Chris can *definitely* empathize. “Yeah, me too!” She says to Kit, drawing the small girl’s excited gaze. “I just moved out from my parent’s house, and I’m so pumped to live by myself!”

“Wow! You’re just like me, for real, for real!” Despite her rather tomboyish outfit, Kit has quite a girly face. “I just moved to California from...” She grimaces. “Ugh... *Idaho*.”

Ouch. Beside her, Chris sees Di wince. “Oof.” Chris pats the small girl on the shoulder. “Well, I’m from Sacramento, but I moved up from Elk Grove...” It dawns on her that Kit probably has no clue where anything was in this city, but the small girl nods politely anyway. Did Idaho even *have* cities? “Anyway, you’re here now!” Out of the corner of her eye, Chris can see that Di looks a little bit less interested in the conversation. The young woman realizes that she’d basically turned her back on the tall girl. “A-and where are you from, Di?”

Di shrugs, adopting a rather cool expression. “Los Angeles.” She folds her arms under her chest, looking vaguely bored.

“Really?!” Chris and Kit say in unison, spinning to look at Di. Well, look *up* at Di, in Kit’s case. “LA?! You’re from LA? That’s so cool!”

The tall girl seems a little taken aback. “Oh... I guess? I mean, I’m pretty used to the place. It’s not really as cool as Hollywood makes it out to be...”

“So cool...” Kit practically has stars in her eyes. “I wanna go to LA someday...” Chris nods quickly in agreement. She’s lived in California her entire life, but she’s never been to the City of Angels. She *has* been to San Francisco, but that’s nothing to brag about.

Di coughs awkwardly, but she can’t help but crack a bit of a smile. “Oh... Yeah? Well, maybe I can show you girls around if you’re ever there.”

“Are you doing Gender Studies as well?” Kit asks excitedly. Really, she seems to do everything excitedly. There’s so much energy in her small body somehow.

“Something like that. Yeah.” Di looks away and her eyes widen at something in the distance. “Hey, I think orientation’s starting.”

Oh! It’s time to actually start class. Chris can’t wait. “You... You wanna sit together, Di?” She asks nervously.

Di rolls her eyes. “Who else would I wanna sit with?” The crowd around them is beginning to slowly put into the building. As Chris and Di start toward the doors, the tall girl turns back, smirking. “Are you coming with us or not, Kit?”

Kit had been hovering nervously behind them. “Oh yeah, sure! If you’re fine with that!”

“Why wouldn’t we be?” As the small girl falls in beside her, Chris feels a thrill of excitement. Orientation isn’t really a *class*, but close enough. It’s time for her college life to formally begin, and she’s already got a couple of friends.

The Social Studies orientation is set in one of the building’s lecture halls, a wide sloping room filled with chairs that look down on the central stage. Chris sits near the center of the room, Di and Kit on either side of her. Pulling out the small chair attachment that functions as a miniature desk, Chris opens her folder and pulls out her notebook.

The orientation itself is informative, but perhaps not terribly exciting. The head of the campus’s Social Studies department welcomes them briefly. She’s a tall older woman with a kindly face, and her warm smile feels quite genuine. And her chest is pretty damn big. Chris is starting to wonder what the heck these people ate and why she and Kit didn’t seem to have eaten any of it.

After that, a couple of other professors go through a short breakdown of the courses and classes that the department will be covering. It’s mostly things that Chris already knew, to tell the truth. Which days certain lectures will be on, how to connect to the school’s intranet for more

personal information about each student's courses, more general information about the campus itself.

A little while later, a young woman who looks like a student gets up on stage and starts speaking. "Hi! Welcome to all our new students today, I hope you guys have a wonderful time here at CSU!" She was a slight girl, thin and small, but she had a friendly grin on her face. "I'm Cathy, and I'm here as a representative of the CSU Student Union. Here at CSU, we have a commitment to social inclusivity and representation, and we're proud to push for equality between the three genders..." The girl is a little older than Chris, probably a senior at the university. She's wearing a prim and proper shirt, and her glasses give her a rather bookish appearance. That being said, her skirt is... surprisingly short, barely reaching her thighs. It's honestly a little distracting as she walks around on the stage.

"Equality..." Di chuckles in the chair beside Chris. The young woman turns to give her a curious look. "Oh... The Student Union's pretty biased toward futanari apparently. Some of the members are outright futanari supremacists." This doesn't seem to be a complaint on the tall girl's part though, if her smirk is any indication.

"Please note that since 2041, our campus has been proud to have entirely unisex bathrooms." Cathy continues, smiling happily. Chris can't tell from this distance, but is that a bulge in the front of her skirt? "While we have many clubs and groups dedicated to specific races and genders, our goal is to make sure that no-one feels uncomfortable or unwelcome on our campus..."

"Unisex?" Kit scratches her head, looking a little confused. "Like, the small one room bathrooms?"

"No, they're normal bathrooms, it's just that everyone can use them now." Chris had grown up in a high school that had mixed-gender bathrooms and change rooms, but she knew they weren't that common across the country. "Might take a little bit of getting used to if you've never used one before."

"W-wait, so a boy or a futanari might see me using the toilet?" The small girl seems a little alarmed at the idea.

Di rolls her eyes. "So what? There's plenty of girls who'd want to watch other girls use the toilet too, y'know? What's the difference?" She asks, fingering her lip piercing.

"Weird..." Kit shrugs and slumps in her chair slightly, watching Cathy speak with her elbow on the table. As she leans, her shirt rises, accidentally revealing her tummy... and a pair of black panties that seem a bit more showy than Chris would have expected from the nervous girl. Carefully, making sure the small girl isn't looking, Chris takes a good long look. Despite her size, Kit's got a surprisingly toned belly...

Hmm... That reminds Chris. After the whole debacle of last night and her aunt seeing her in a rather revealing outfit, she'd kinda forgotten, but she *did* want to wear more skimpy outfits from now on. She wanted to be more professional for her first day, but the young woman has always been a bit enamored with whale tails and tight shorts. She'll need to take a trip to a clothing store soon and pick up something more enticing...

Cathy's still going on with her speech. "We're holding Union elections in March, so if you're interested in joining our student union, applications are available online! Now, I'd like to briefly go over the structure of our union, and how we select our..."

Blah blah blah. Chris has no real interest in politics, and especially student council politics. She listens to the girl for a moment, before slowly tuning her out. The young woman's mind wanders. She wonders what Aunt Vicky is doing right now...

The digested remains of the redhead slowly trickle into her aunt's bowels, an unrecognizable soupy mass of nutrients that's no different from any other meal Aunt Vicky has eaten. What had once been a cute redhead's body is now destroyed, utterly defeated by the older woman's stomach acids. And somehow, Chris can only imagine that the redhead would be delighted to watch herself being absorbed by Aunt Vicky's body. The redhead would become a part of those unfairly large breasts that Chris's side of the family somehow didn't inherit...

"Chris." The young woman feels someone poking her shoulder. "Huh, what? Sorry, is it over?"

"Yeah, orientation just finished." Kit raises an eyebrow at her. "You okay? You were staring off into space..."

"No, I was... just thinking about something." Ugh... Chris couldn't get the thought of the redhead's fate out of her head. "And I wasn't staring into *space*..." She didn't want to be reminded of *that* either. "Um... What's happening now?"

"We gotta collect our tablets and supplies, and then we've got free run of the campus for the rest of the day." Di says as she rises from her chair. Indeed, most of the other students in the room are beginning to rise, chatting as they slowly leave the room. "Hey Kit, me and Chris were gonna check out the clubs and... stuff afterward, you wanna join?"

The small girl nods eagerly. "Really? Sure!" Kit picks up her backpack, throwing it over her shoulder. "That sounds awesome!"

"Really? You want to join a club?" Chris asks, curious.

"A sports club, maybe..." The young woman hadn't really looked closely at Kit's body outside of her size, but she's actually pretty fit. "What about you?"

"Eh..." Chris hadn't really thought about it. "Why don't we go and see?" She suggests, as they exit the hall.

A long table has been set up outside. Joining the long line of students, Chris and her two new friends have to wait a little while. The time isn't unpleasant though, especially because the girls in front of them are wearing rather tight shorts. It's a pleasant view to kill for ten minutes. Chris, Di and Kit chat for a little... Well, Chris and Kit chat while Di looks cool and offers a word or two every now and then... until they reach the table and receive their edu-tablets and a small cache of notebooks and stationary, as well as a brochure with a campus map.

The edu-tablet is light, a frame of sturdy plastic with a layer of holo-glass on the inside. As soon as she taps on it, a CSU logo pops up, and then a list of her courses for this term is shown, with auto-downloaded textbooks and material. "Ooh, nice!" Chris says out loud, noting that the device is immediately more responsive than the crappy little high-school model Chris is used to. "Hey, it uses thumbprint recognition! Look, I'm already logged in."

"Huh?" Di is looking over her shoulder. "Your thumbprint's in the national database?" She and Kit are still trying to log in. "Wait... your last name is 'Abrams'?"

Chris blinks for a moment, grateful that the tall girl didn't pursue the topic of her thumbprint. She probably shouldn't have mentioned that, in hindsight. All of her family was in the national database because of her mother's rank. "Yeah, I said that earlier. Why do you ask?" She answers, slipping her tablet into her folder.

Di shrugs. "It's... an interesting name." She says, looking back down at her own edu-tablet. Chris can see the dark-haired girl's full name for a moment, Diana Simons. She hadn't said her surname earlier, curiously.

Hmm... Chris can't tell if that's true, or the tall girl is politely avoiding the topic. Surely her mother can't be *that* famous that someone like Di would have heard of her. Abrams wasn't even that uncommon a name, right?

"Can you believe people had to pay for this couple of decades ago?" Di scrolls through her tablet for a moment before slipping it into a large pocket on the inside of her longcoat. Wow, that thing is damn useful for storage, Chris notes.

"Wait, really?" Chris had no idea. "They had to pay for their edu-tablets?"

Di shrugs. "Well, for their books and shit back then." She chuckles softly. "Apparently, before Congress made education supplies free, they had to pay out the fucking nose for the stuff."

That's pretty funny, actually. Chris grins at the idea of people back then paying for education supplies. "Kit, you good?"

The small girl seems to be having trouble with her own tablet. “Uh... My login isn’t working...”

Chris and Di stare at Kit fiddling with her tablet for a moment. Just then, Chris becomes aware of an uncomfortable feeling in her abdomen. Ugh, all that water from last night was catching up with her. “Uh, I’m just gonna go to the bathroom.”

“Yeah, me too.” As Chris turns toward the nearby toilets, Di falls in beside her. “Are you coming, Kit?” The small girl shakes her head, clearly still distracted by her tablet. Her shirt is a little loose and as it slips down, Chris notes that she can’t see a bra strap. It was a little amusing to think that Kit’s chest was so small that she hadn’t even bothered to wear a bra... Kinda hot, in a curious way. “H-hey, can you hold my folder while I’m gone?” The small girl nods, taking the folder from Chris.

The campus bathrooms are surprisingly clean for a public toilet. Passing the urinals near the entrance, Chris and Di each enter a stall. Kit waits by the door, still fiddling with her tablet. Undoing her jeans, Chris sits down on the toilet and breathes a sigh of relief. A moment later, she begins to pee, emptying her bladder into the toilet. In the stall next door, she can hear Di doing the same.

Wow... Chris already feels tired. Orientation went for about an hour and half, and it’s not even midday yet. Part of her wants to skip the rest of the day and go back home to her bed. But Chris doesn’t want to miss out on the chance to walk around campus with her new friends.

As Chris is seated on the toilet, she feels a pressure in her bowels as well. Without hesitation, she pushes, feeling a small log pushing out of her anus and splashing into the toilet below a moment later.

Come to think of it... On the topic of what Aunt Vicky was doing right now, *this* might not be that far off...

The older woman sits on the gene clinic’s small toilet, her normally handsome face now distorted by effort. “Come on...” She groans, her eyes narrowing. “Come on!” A moment later, a loud fart rips out of her, the sound bouncing off the white tiles in an almost disturbingly loud echo. Out of her toned ass, a small log of redhead begins to make its way...

No, that wasn’t quite right, was it? It wouldn’t be the same size as Chris’s was, her aunt had eaten an entire person, so...

The older woman sits on the gene clinic’s small toilet, her normally handsome face now distorted by effort. “Come on...” She groans, her eyes narrowing. “Come on!” A moment later, a loud fart rips out of her, the sound bouncing off the white tiles in an almost disturbingly loud echo. Out of her toned ass, a titanic stream of redhead is descending into the toilet below. The girl’s cute face is gone, her newly adult body reduced to ruin, everything she’d physically been turned into a powerful torrent of...

Suddenly, Chris feels a buzzing from down near her knees, from her pulled-down jeans. It's her phone! Who the heck would be calling her at this time of day? Most people she knew would be busy with work, and Rose would be busy with housework. And her sisters probably didn't even have access to their phones at their boot camp. Reaching down, Chris pulls her phone out of her pocket with some effort.

The number on the holographic display is unfamiliar. Feeling a bit curious, Chris answers the phone quietly. "Uh... Hello?"

"Chris!" The voice on the other side of the phone is cheerful. "Hey! What's up?"

Beside her, Di flushes the toilet and exits her stall. A moment later, the young woman hears her talking to Kit. "Uh, hi...?" Chris wracks the brain for a moment, wondering who the heck this is. The voice sounds oddly familiar. "Sorry, who is this?"

"It's me, Holly!" The girl laughs softly. "Don't you remember me?"

Holly...? Chris doesn't know anyone named... Oh! Holy crap! "You're the redhead from last night!" She says aloud, her heart jumping in surprise. Luckily, Di is washing her hands outside, so she and Kit probably can't hear her.

"Oh, shoot... Did I never actually introduce myself?" Holly chuckles at the thought. "Yeah, your aunt's a real hurricane. Swept me off my feet..." She sighs happily. "Hey, listen, Vicky told me you kinda... walked in on us last night. Sorry about that."

Oh crap... Chris lowers her voice. "No, I'm... I'm the one who should be apologizing, Holly. You and Aunt Vicky were doing something private and I..." She'd hadn't just peeped on her aunt, she'd peeped on Holly too, hadn't she?

"Hey, don't worry about it. I'm not complaining about a cute girl watching me get dominated." Holly's voice is more than a little amused. "Anyway, your aunt said you were a little shaken by what you saw last night, so she asked me to call you now that I'm back in the world."

"Huh?" Aunt Vicky had? Chris was actually kinda surprised. She wouldn't have expected her aunt to really care about that. "Oh... I didn't think she'd noticed..."

"Oh, really?" Holly sounds a little surprised. "Your aunt seemed pretty worried about it, actually. Must have been pretty shocking to see for your first time, right?"

That was putting it mildly. "I'd... I'd heard of..." Chris covered her mouth, nervous at the idea of her friend hearing the word. "...vore, but I'd never seen anything like it in real life. Are you... okay?"

"Yep! Good as new!" There's a ding from her phone, and Chris winks at the device to open the message. A small holographic screen pops up with an image of Holly sitting in a doctor's office in a medical gown. She's smiling and waving at Chris. "See? Just doing a quick checkup at the gene clinic and I'll be back at uni tomorrow!"

That's... a huge relief for Chris. It wasn't that she hadn't *believed* her aunt this morning, but there was a big difference between believing something and actually seeing and hearing it. "Well, I'm glad you're okay. If I'd known it was totally safe, I wouldn't have worried so much about it."

"Oh... I definitely wouldn't say *totally safe*..." Holly trails off, sounding a little amused. "But yeah, I'm fine this time around."

Chris... honestly still had a million questions. "Wow... That's good, I guess." She bit her lip. "Um... But your body... Sorry, I just..."

"Oh, that body's *history*!" Holly laughs at the thought. "Your aunt's stomach didn't take any prisoners last night. Holly 1.0 got melted into slop over the course of like thirty minutes and it hurt like a sonofabitch the entire time."

"What?" Chris couldn't fathom why the girl sounded so happy. "Then, how are you alive again?"

"Oh God... It's not that I don't want to, but I don't think I have *time* right now to explain shit like spiritual retention and genetic rebinding..." Holly sighs. "Listen, I'd be happy to tell you more next time we see each other. I'm actually studying genetic reconstruction and vorarephilia over there, y'know?"

Chris blinks. "Wait, you can *study* vore on this campus?!"

"Well, of course..." There's a moment's pause on the other side of the phone. "Oh, wow." Holly sounds more than a little amused. "Chris, you have no idea how important vore is in our university, do you?" Before Chris can answer, there's a commotion on the other side of the line. "Oh! The geneticist is calling my number. TTYL, Chris! By the way, make sure you don't piss Becky off!"

With a beep, Holly hangs up the phone, leaving Chris with possibly more questions than she'd started with.

How the heck was the redhead still alive? What did she mean by her old body being destroyed? Did she have a *new* body now? What did she mean about vore being *important* at CSU? And who the *heck* was Becky?

"That took a while." Di says as Chris steps out of the stall. The tall girl had been checking her piercing the mirror. "You on the phone with someone?"

“Just a friend of mine...” The young woman washes her hands, her thoughts all cluttered as she tries to process the conversation she just had. “Where’s Kit?” The small girl seems to have left the bathroom already, but Di is holding her folder.

The dark-haired girl shrugs, leaning against the bathroom wall. God, her tits are so big. What the heck is her bra made from? “Went to get her tablet looked at, probably only gonna be a minute.” Once Chris turns the tap off, Di pushes off the wall, holding the folder for her to take. “Let’s go.”

Chris takes the folder, but realizes that it’s a good moment to ask Di. “Wait!” She says, and the tall girl turns back to her with a look of surprise. “Hey, Di... You know a lot of stuff about this campus, right?”

Di gives her a curious look. “Yeah, I’ve done my research. One of my cousins went here a couple years ago, so I’ve got a lotta goss, if that’s what you mean?”

Is Chris really gonna ask this question? “Um... Do you know anything about...” She hesitates, taking a deep breath. “...vore?”

For once, the dark-haired girl seems a bit taken aback. “Oh! Well...” She looks away, her cheeks coloring. It’s a surprising change from her usual cool expression. “The vore community here on campus is pretty big, if that’s what you mean? Apparently, our campus has one of the biggest vore clubs in the state, and there’s this really popular vore podcast...” She suddenly looks a little worried. “I mean, I’ve had some, er, *friends* who were into it, so that’s why I...” Di bites her lip, giving Chris an enigmatic look. “Is... vore *your* sorta thing, Chris?”

“No!” Chris can feel herself blushing a deep red. “I mean, I... I have a couple friends who are into it, and they said it was pretty important here, so...”

“Me neither, me neither!” Di chuckles nervously. “Yeah... Couldn’t hurt to check it out if we run across it when we’re looking at clubs and sororities, right?”

Chris thinks about this for a moment. “Um... Yeah!” Just out of curiosity, the young woman will take a look. You know, if they happen across it. Just so she can know a bit more about Aunt Vicky’s lifestyle...

End of Chapter TWO (Introduction Arc Part 2 of 3)

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Feeling:</u>	<u>Status:</u>
Chris Abrams	Happy	I'm tired, but still excited to be checking out the sororities and clubs with my new friends.
Aunt Vicky	Empty	Ugh, it's satisfying that my guts finally are cleaned out, but what the fuck am I gonna say to Chris later on...?
Diana Simons	Curious	Abrams... Where do I remember that name from? And Kit kinda reminds me of Dad, weirdly... Oh well. Let's hope that lesbian sorority is accepting new members...
Kit Chen	Excited	It's funny that Di dresses so badass and goth, but she's got a little rainbow badge on her shorts. It's kinda cute. I guess even cool girls like rainbows!
Holly	Alive	Fuck, those stomach acids ripped me to shreds... How quickly can I slide down another gullet?
Becky	!Unknown data!	!Unknown data!