

Adina Apartments, Room 802. Filming begins at 3pm sharp. You will NOT be late. -J Storm

Melissa Jones stares at the message again, feeling nervousness wash over her. Half an hour ago, she put a post on VoreFans to announce that she was filming a scene with Jessica Storm today. But she'd underestimated the futanari pornstar's fame. *Every* message she got after that seemed to know who Jessica was.

Holy fuck, you're doing a scene with Jessica Storm and you're friends with Lindsay Smith? They're my favourite predators! You've got some fucking connections!

Riding the White Lightning, huh? You're gonna be sore tomorrow. And pregnant.

shit, JStorm just posted that she was gonna fuck some slut today, is that you?!!!

Isn't Jessica Storm that bitch whos famous for knocking tons of girls up? Fuuuuck, I hope you know what you're in for!

Melissa... didn't. She has no idea who Jessica Storm is, apart from the fact that she was rich, had a big dick, and Lindsay had signed her up to film a scene with her. After how busy the last few days had been, the freckled girl had barely even thought about her upcoming filming session. But now it's almost here, and Melissa can feel her tummy twisting anxiously.

Well, then again, the rumbling stomach wasn't *all* just nerves. Part of it still felt like aftershocks from what digesting Talia had done to the brunette. Melissa's ass still felt a bit fragile after Talia had thundered through her guts.

It has been about a day and a half since Melissa parted ways with Lindsay in front of the hotel. Staggering home half-tired and half-drunk, the brunette had barely managed to take off her clothes before falling on top of her bed, instantly asleep. The small sleep she'd gotten in the hotel room had barely even registered after how much energy digesting a whole person had taken. She'd slept for nearly twelve hours, waking as night began to fall. Stumbling into the bathroom, she'd crapped out the last of Talia's remains, and then fallen back onto her bed naked, until waking again this morning.

Melissa had never eaten anyone before, and it had been unlike anything she'd ever experienced before in her life. She'd seen Lindsay and other predators do it before, but nothing could have prepared her for experiencing it herself. It had been... indescribable. The feeling of heaviness, of absolute *fullness*. The terrible feeling of her own stomach acids melting down a *person*. And then, the hellish experience of what came after, the feeling of desperately needing to empty her colon of an entire person's remains. In hindsight, it felt a bit silly to admit, but Melissa had genuinely feared for her life at a few moments last night. If Lindsay hadn't been there... Melissa shuddered to imagine what might have happened.

Lindsay. Oh god. As if there wasn't enough to stress Melissa out already, her best friend had openly confessed to being attracted to her. Or rather, Melissa had already known that her best friend was attracted to her, but Lindsay had made it clear that she was in *love* with her. And despite how much courage the red-head must have had to declare her feelings, Melissa had only been able to stammer and beg for time to respond.

Intense guilt rushes through Melissa's heart. She owed Lindsay a proper response, but it had been impossible at that moment. Not while her guts were screaming for her to blast Talia's remains out. There needed to be a more... appropriate moment to have that particular conversation. But truthfully, Melissa also feels a slight amount of relief at having some time to consider how to respond to her best friend's confession. Because she doesn't know *how* to respond yet.

What was Lindsay Smith to her? A best friend, certainly, that was easy to see. But, a *lover*? Lindsay was a beautiful woman, Melissa has to admit. No, beautiful was the wrong word, although it wasn't inaccurate. *Hot as fuck* was closer to the truth. Melissa had always known that her friend was hot, and she'd admittedly enjoyed the eye-candy long before Lindsay had moved away for a few years. But the idea that Lindsay's hotness could be *hers to enjoy*...

It was already obvious to Melissa that her response to Lindsay's confession was never going to be 'no'. She was attracted to Lindsay, she knew that now. It had taken Talia pointing it out for her, but she'd always had some flame in her heart for her best friend. Maybe she even *loved* her. If Melissa was looking for a hot girlfriend, the buck stopped at Lindsay.

But there was a difference between attraction and dating. Melissa liked her best friend a lot, but losing a best friend to gain a lover was a difficult equation to her heart. The brunette needed a best friend right now, and she suspected that the red-head did too. And *dating* Lindsay Smith was a world of difference from being friends with her. The red-head had a big, strong personality that easily dominated Melissa's own. Part of Melissa *liked* that, but how would it work in a long-term relationship? Rather than Lindsay becoming Melissa's girlfriend, the brunette had a feeling that *she* was going to become *Lindsay's* girlfriend, if that made any sense. And as a friend, she only saw the boisterous woman every couple of days. As a lover, Lindsay would be around all the time. Was Melissa really prepared to tie herself to her best friend like that? Was Lindsay?

Melissa rubs her temples, wishing she hadn't gone into this train of thought. Now she was even more stressed out, with just as many questions and still no answers. Her appointment with Jessica Storm was in a couple of hours, and she'd promised not to be late.

Kneeling on the end of her bed, the brunette rummages through her underwear drawer, and pulls out a matching red set of bra and panties, her favorite pair. Pulling on the panties, Melissa scowls slightly as she feels the fabric riding up her ass slightly. Had they shrunk, or...? Oh, right. Melissa looks down at her body, and then gets off her bed. Walking over to her mirror, she examines her body properly for the first time since she digested Talia.

Her boobs had always been big, Melissa knew. Not *huge*, just bigger than average. But digesting Talia had apparently had quite an effect on her own assets. Her D-cup breasts had leveled up, now somewhere between DD and E. Turning around slightly, Melissa can see that her ass hasn't missed out either. Her cheeks are clearly quite a bit plumper than before. Talia, the tattooed waitress, died to make them bigger, the brunette realizes dully.

Melissa knows she should feel more guilty about what had happened to Talia, and some part of her feels guilt at her own lack of guilt. Talia had been planning to eat her, but even so, eating another person should have taken more of an emotional toll on Melissa's soul, right? She wasn't exactly celebrating the tattooed woman's death, but the brunette can feel a distinct lack of empathy when she looks at her bigger tits. Is this what it's like to be a predator? To have no care for the people who were digested? Melissa didn't like the feeling. She *wanted* to mourn Talia, but she just couldn't bring herself to.

After a moment's silence, Melissa shrugs. "Whatever," she says out loud. It's about as emotional of a eulogy she can manage for the tattooed waitress. Pulling on the red bra, Melissa can feel that it doesn't fit anymore. "Oh, come *on*..." She tries to hook the bra behind her back, but the straps can't quite reach. Pulling with all her might, Melissa manages to barely catch one hook, and then finally hooks the bra properly behind her. "Fuck, that was harder than I-

With a metallic crack, the ring that holds the two bra cups together at the front snaps. It's not a new bra, and it had already been straining to hold in Melissa's newly fattened tits. The ring halves bounce off the mirror in front of her with a loud *ting*, skipping away across the floor. Melissa is left staring at herself, a broken red bra hanging uselessly from her chest.

Melissa's phone buzzes, and she picks it up from the bed, still in shock at actually managing to burst a bra. When she looks down, she realizes it's a message from Lindsay, and she looks away for a moment, embarrassed that her heart skipped a beat when she saw her best friend's name. After a moment of blushing, she reads the message.

You're meeting Jessica today, right? Tell her "hi" from me! She really knows how to dick a girl down, you're in for a treat! I'll be looking forward to seeing you get fucked, like always! Melissa stares at the message for a long moment before she answers.

I'm meeting her in a couple of hours. The brunette responds, and then feels a little guilty. *I'm still thinking about everything, Lin. I promise I won't leave you hanging for too long.*

After a few seconds, Lindsay messages back. *For the girl I love, I can wait as long as you need.* Melissa blushes at that, and her best friend quickly follows up with; *If you need it, I can come over there and convince you, of course.* She's probably not entirely serious, but Melissa doubts that Lindsay is entirely joking either.

Actually, I need help find some new... Melissa stops typing, and thinks for a moment. There's no such thing as a premonition, but she can feel that if she and Lindsay go underwear shopping,

things aren't going to end platonically. There's too much tension between them right now to do something like that, and *not* end up in a hotel room together. And while that idea isn't unpleasant, Melissa doesn't have time for it right now. *I'll text you when I'm done with Jessica Storm*, she replies instead.

Melissa checks her phone's clock. Just over an hour until she's meant to arrive at the location that Jessica texted her. Is it too short a time to buy some new underwear? Would she *need* underwear? The text had just said 'filming', but it was a porn shoot, right? Better safe than sorry. Opening up Jessica Storm's message, Melissa taps the number at the top. Putting the phone to her ear, she waits nervously for the woman to pick up.

After a small eternity, a young girl's voice crackles through the phone. "This is Jessica Storm's phone, how can I help you?"

"U-um, is this Jessica?" Melissa stammers. "This is Melissa Jones-"

"Miss Jones? Ah, good to hear from you!" The young girl sounds quite excited. "No, Miss Storm is... ahem, *busy* at the moment. I am her assistant, Marlene. Is there a problem, Miss Jones. Will you still be able to make it to the filming at three o'clock?"

"Yes, t-that's all fine!" Melissa clears her throat. "Um, I was just wondering... I don't really have any underwear to use for the filming. Will that be a problem?"

"Oh..." The assistant sounds a little downcast. "Well, I think that will be- whoa!" Suddenly, there's a loud rumbling noise, as if the phone has been roughly taken out of her hands.

"Marlene, stop *fucking* introducing yourself as Miss Storm's 'assistant'. *I'm* her senior assistant, you're her *junior* assistant. You're practically a fucking *fluffer*." A new, much sharper voice comes through the phone. "As for *you*, Jones, It's less than two hours until the shoot and you've got no *underwear*. How does that even *happen*?" This new voice is much less pleasant; harsh, angry and commanding.

"W-well, I..." Melissa begins to explain, but she's cut off by a loud sigh.

"You and Miss Storm are going to be getting all *sensual* in your underwear first, before she fucks your pussy like it owes her money. How are you gonna do that without underwear?" From the sounds of it, Jessica is rather frustrated. "Do you *know* how much work it is to set up a shoot like this? I've been setting this up for fucking *days*! You know *you're* the one who's gonna be held responsible, right?" The woman trails off with an angry hiss.

Melissa can feel sweat dripping down her face. "N-no, I can just go and buy some before the shoot! I have time!" Jessica is a predator, she remembers. Getting on her bad side seems like a fatal idea.

Begging doesn't seem to help the senior assistant's mood much. "Fucking better! I can still turn this fucking shoot into a vore shoot if you don't-"

"Sejin." The voice in the background is quiet, but Melissa can tell that both the assistants on the other end of the line have frozen. "What's all this racket? Don't tell me you've made *another* mistake?" Melissa doesn't need to guess who this is. Jessica Storm's voice is quiet, but there's a bite of steel in her tone.

"N-no, it wasn't me this time!" Sejin sounds a little panicked. "Melissa Jones, the girl you're filming with..." She trails off, and Melissa can almost imagine Storm holding up a hand to silence her.

"Marlene, *you* explain what's going on." Storm seems to say to the junior assistant. "I'm tired of Sejin's whining."

There's a pregnant pause for a moment, before Marlene answers. "Um... it sounds like Miss Jones has had a wardrobe issue with her underwear, and she was calling us to let us know!" There's a hiss of irritation from the phone, as if Sejin didn't like that answer. "I'd be happy to go and help her resolve the issue, Miss Storm!"

"...fine." Storm sounds disinterested. "Sejin, you go with them, and make sure they get back in time for the shoot. My balls have been full to the brim for a couple of days already, and if you end up cock-blocking me..."

"I-I'll handle it, Jess!" Sejin sounds terrified. "Leave it to me!"

"Good." There's the sound of Storm walking away. "If you want to make up for your recent screw-ups, Sejin, make sure she gets something sexy. I'm in the mood to procreate."

Twenty minutes later, Melissa is walking down the city street toward Town Hall. This part of Sydney is known for having high-end fashion stores, and part of the brunette is delighted to have the excuse to use said stores for once. In the past, Melissa had bought her clothes in regular shops, but now that her VoreFans income was pouring in...

Uh oh, getting too excited right now was a bad idea. Melissa was dressed in a white shirt and jean skirt, with nothing underneath. None of her underwear had fit properly, so she'd been forced to go commando. Her skirt covered her vagina, but it felt alarmingly breezy. Looking down, Melissa could see that her nipples were already slightly visible through her shirt, even despite the warm air of summer. The shirt had been a loose one before she'd digested Talia, but now it was a snug fit, and the curve of her increased bust size was quite visible. No wonder people kept staring at her as she went past.

The two assistants were waiting for her in front of the Queen Victoria Building. One was short, with blonde hair and a cheerful face. The other was tall, her sour face framed by silver hair tied back in a bun. It didn't take a lot of brain power for Melissa to work out which was which.

Marlene, the blonde girl, waved at Melissa as she approached. For a second, Melissa wondered how the blonde stranger had recognised her, and then remembered that quite a lot of people had seen her online by now. "Oh wow, you look a lot different with your clothes on!" Marlene chirps happily, looking Melissa up and down. The girl is small, but has a surprisingly buxom pair of boobs under black a shirt decorated with a white lightning bolt. Her ass is quite substantial as well, her short-shorts quite tight around her waist.

Sejin looks up from her phone, and seems to notice Melissa for the first time. Instantly, the tall girl's face crumples into irritation. "Fucking *finally*. Did you walk here or something?" Despite being around the same age as Melissa, Sejin has the energy of someone much older. She's wearing a business suit, despite the heat. A black skirt falls to her knees, very prim and proper.

"...yeah?" Melissa can already feel that she doesn't like Sejin very much. "Is there something wrong with that?"

Marlene claps her hands, stepping between the two of them slightly. "It's fine, Sejin! We've still got plenty of time between now and the shoot!"

"It's 'Miss Jeong' to you, *Marlene*." The silver-haired woman scowls and turns back to Melissa. "I've seen your VoreFans page. Aren't you fucking loaded or something? Why not just take a fucking limosene?"

"I'm not *that*..." Melissa pauses as she realizes she *is* that rich now. "Whatever. Can we just go inside already?" The air is hot and steamy, and the freckled girl is well-aware that any amount of sweat will turn her shirt almost transparent. It's a miracle that she walked this far without giving everyone she passed even more of an eyeful.

"Good idea, try not to waste *more* time." Miss Jeong jabs a thumb toward the building behind her. "Lead the way, you're the one buying clothes. I'm just here to make sure you're done on time."

The interior of the building is thankfully much cooler than the outside. Not for the first time, Melissa is thankful for air-conditioning. Sydney has a habit of being annoyingly hot sometimes. She looks around, feeling self-conscious. Melissa has never shopped here before, and she'd been hoping to figure it out on her own, not with two girls staring into her back. Eventually, she walks toward the escalators, hoping that a higher-floor might mean a higher-value store.

As she steps onto the escalator, Marlene moves to stand next to her. "Sorry about Se... Miss Jeong. She can be a bit of a bitch." Behind them, the silver-haired woman is back to looking at her phone as she lags behind them slightly.

“You’re Marlene, right?” Neither of the girls had actually introduced themselves to Melissa, and she felt a bit awkward about it. Offering a hand, Melissa tries to put a friendly expression on her face. “I’m Melissa.”

Marlene eagerly takes her hand, shaking it happily. “Oh, I know who *you* are, Miss Jones! I’ve been subscribed to Lindsay Smith on VoreFans since she and Miss Storm did a scene together! And Miss Smith had a link to your account on her page, so I subscribed to you too!” The blonde girl tugs at the lightning bolt on her shirt for a moment. “I don’t usually subscribe to other prey, but…”

Stepping off the escalator, Melissa looks around for a clothing store. Luckily, there’s what looks like a luxury boutique not far down the promenade. The freckled girl starts walking toward it, Marlene by her side and Miss Jeong following along distractedly.

“You’re subscribed to Lindsay?” Melissa asks Marlene, feeling a little curious. “You… like her?”

The buxom girl nods eagerly. “She’s very sexy, don’t you think?” She blinks, and gives Melissa a curious look. “Wait, do you two, like… know each other in real life or something?”

“Yeah, we’re…” Melissa isn’t quite sure how to define her relationship with Lindsay now. Friends? Best friends? Potential lovers? “… we’re close,” is all she can manage.

“Wow, cool!” The blonde girl seems delighted to hear that. “I mean, Jessica Storm is my one true love, but Lindsay Smith is awesome! I had no idea you two were like that!” Melissa just nods, glad that Marlene hadn’t tried to press for more information.

As they reach the store, Melissa pauses for a moment. Everything about the store seems to scream ‘expensive’. There are no price tags on any of the display clothing in the windows, and everything looks painfully clean and white. She still feels a bit nervous about entering a store like this, even if she’s got the money for it. As she hesitates, there’s a growl from behind her. “Just go in and buy something already!” Miss Jeong is looking up from her phone with an irritated glare. “Hurry up, would you? And don’t just pick any old thing, get something good. But hurry up!”

“That’s not very helpful, y’know?” Melissa snipes back. “Aren’t you supposed to be here to help?”

“I’m here to make sure you get to the shoot on time.” The silver-haired girl tugs at the collar of her suit, and stares at her phone again. “I’m in charge of coordinating, like, a dozen people today, not just you. And now I have to do it *remotely*. I don’t have time to hold your damn hand. Just hurry up!”

Marlene takes Melissa's arm before the freckled girl can retort. "Now, now... Let's not argue, okay? Miss Jeong's a busy woman." Probably a good thing too, Melissa reflects, as she lets herself be led into the boutique. Starting an argument right now wouldn't help anything. And Miss Jeong was probably irritated for a good reason, from the sounds of it.

The blonde assistant leads Melissa into the underwear section, looking excited. "I've never been in a store like this before! You must be pretty loaded to shop here, Miss Jones!" She's trying to lighten the mood, and Melissa is thankful for that.

"Please, call me Mel." It's not just politeness, being called 'Miss Jones' feels genuinely uncomfortable to Melissa. She's never been in a store like this either, and she already feels rather self-conscious. Some of the shop attendants eyed them on the way in, but none of the approached. Maybe that was how it worked in high-end shops? Melissa had no idea.

"Sure, I'd be happy to, Mel! You can call me 'Marl' if you like. Miss Storm calls me that sometimes when we're..." Marl clears her throat awkwardly. "Um, what kind of underwear were you looking for?"

'Something expensive' had been the start and end of Melissa's intent so far. "Um... something a bit showy? I think... there might be a chance that someone might be seeing me in them soon."

"Oh, for your VoreFans account, right?" The blonde girl picks up a sea blue bra and panties set, and her eyes widen at the price tag. "Oh *wow*, that's a *lot*. I couldn't shop here, haha..."

"Uh, yeah, for my VoreFans account..." Don't think about Lindsay right now, Melissa told herself, *don't* think about Lindsay right now. She looks down at the set that Marl is holding, and realizes it's a pretty fashionable style. "Hey, these look pretty good..."

Marl hands the underwear over to Melissa, who holds them up to the light. "Your eyes are blue, so they'd match pretty well!" She looks the freckled girl up and down for a moment. "Hmm, maybe something darker to match your tan..."

The two girls shop for a little while, picking out a handful of stylish bras and panties. The price tags on them are rather hefty, but Melissa decides to write them off as a business expense. The people on VoreFans were going to be the first to see them, after all. Besides, with the amount of money she'd probably pull in from the pictures of her in them, Melissa would probably make a profit off the underwear.

"How'd you run out of underwear all of a sudden, anyway?" Marl asks after a minute, as if she's just realized it's rather odd for a girl to not have any underwear all of a sudden.

Melissa freezes for a moment, a red bra studded with small rubies in her hands. "Uh..." 'All my bras broke because I got fatter from swallowing and digesting an entire woman' didn't seem like an appropriate answer. "Oh, um... they all just kinda broke..." The freckled girl looks around,

trying to find something to change the subject. Her eyes fall on Miss Jeong, who's leaning on the railing outside the boutique, looking impatiently at her phone. "Hey, Marl, what's up with Miss Jeong?"

Marl gives Melissa a curious look. "What do you mean? Like, why's she so annoyed?" Her eyes dart to Miss Jeong for a moment. "She's real busy today, so her temper is a bit short. Don't take it personally. I mean, I don't!" The girl smiles cheerfully.

"No, I mean..." Melissa can't quite put her finger on it, but it feels like there's something more at play here. "It kinda feels like there's more than just being short-tempered with a shoot..."

The buxom assistant bites her lip for a moment. "Hmm... you're pretty perceptive, Mel..." She sidles slightly closer to the freckled girl, and lowers her voice slightly. "Well, Sejin would be mad if I told you this, but..."

"Go on..." Melissa *loved* gossip. Having other people's personal secrets shared with her always tickled her fancy.

Marl glances over at the silver-haired woman. "Well, you know Sejin over there is Miss Storm's assistant, right?" Melissa nods eagerly, curiosity burning in her. The blonde girl grins at her. "Well, she's been screwing things up lately. Late cancellations and schedule mess ups. Stuff like that."

That's... not really the most exciting gossip that Melissa's ever heard. "Is that all? She's just worried about getting fired?"

"Of course not, silly!" Marl giggles softly to herself. "See... and this is a *big* secret... Sejin is also Miss Storm's girlfriend. They're been dating since before Miss Storm started her VoreFans career."

Melissa hadn't expected that. "Since before she became famous? Wouldn't that mean that Miss Jeong wouldn't have to worry about getting fired?"

Marl snorts softly. "Well... lately I've kinda been getting the feeling that Miss Storm is getting tired of dating Sejin. They were dating before she got rich and famous, and I think Miss Storm wants a new girlfriend, so she's been looking for an excuse to eat her." She glances over at Miss Jeong again, to make sure they're not being overheard. "And I'm pretty sure that Sejin thinks so too."

No wonder Miss Jeong was so irritable. Her life might literally be on the line if she screws up. "You'd think they'd just break up if they didn't wanna date anymore..." Well, Melissa isn't surprised to hear that. Talia had told her something to that effect a few nights ago. *I'm just... not interested in seeing you date some jackass who's not me. So, given the choice of seeing that,*

or making you part of me forever, I choose the latter. Predators were rather territorial, in Melissa's experience.

Of course, that was just what she'd heard. Melissa wasn't a predator, not at all. Tearing herself away from that line of thinking, Melissa points to the back of the store. "The change rooms are back there, right?"

Unsurprisingly, the boutique's change rooms are large and luxurious enough for a few people to stand in at once. As Melissa steps inside, Marl pulls the curtain shut behind her, leaving the freckled girl to change in privacy.

Melissa strips off her shirt and skirt, pausing for a moment to enjoy the air-conditioned air on her skin. In the mirror, she can see beads of sweat dripping down her breasts. "So, how did you become Miss Storm's assistant, then?" She asks Marl through the curtain, curious about where the blonde assistant. "Was Miss Jeong upset when Miss Storm hired you?"

"Actually, it was Sejin who hired me." Marl giggles softly to herself on the other side of the curtain. "I'd been a longtime fan of Miss Storm, and I already had experience in being an admin assistant. After Miss Storm got more and more famous, Sejin had trouble managing everything. So, she hired me to lower her workload."

"Lucky you..." Melissa slips the straps on the red bra over her shoulders. "Working with Miss Storm must have been wonderful for you, if you were a big fan of hers."

She hears the buxom girl snort. "Well, Miss Storm mostly approved it because she liked my butt, and she wanted to take advantage of me. Which might explain why Sejin's always disliked me..."

"What? That's horrible!" Melissa tries to hook the bra straps behind her back, but it's rather difficult with this design. The hooks are small and elegant, unlike the bras she's used to.

"Oh, no! Don't misunderstand, I was all for it!" Marl quickly explains, sounding alarmed. "Actually, I was totally down for... are you okay in there?" She must have heard Melissa's grunts of effort. "You need some help in there?"

"Um, a little... can you hand me the-" Melissa is interrupted by the curtain being pulled aside.

Marl turns to the mirror, looking the almost naked girl up and down with interest, as she steps inside the changing room. "Oh damn, I can see why you're so popular. That body's to *die* for!"

Well, someone *had* died for it... Melissa feels a little embarrassed to have Marl staring at her, the freckled girl only half-wearing the red bra. But she likes Marl enough that she didn't really mind. The blonde girl had already seen everything anyway. "Um, can you..." Melissa tugs on the bra straps slightly.

“Oh, sure!” Marl grabs the bra straps eagerly, and helps Melissa hook the garment together correctly. “Yeah, see, Miss Storm is rich and famous, so I was all for it when she started putting the moves on me...” Stepping back, Marl admires Melissa’s body with satisfaction. “So, I’m kinda like her secondary girlfriend right now.”

Melissa grabs the red panties that match with the bra, and slips her feet through them. “Wait, is that why Miss Yeong dislikes you? Couldn’t she just fire you if she doesn’t like you?”

Marl grins cheerfully. “Well, I’ve got one big advantage over Sejin, if you know what I mean...”

“I don’t...” Melissa freezes for a moment, and her eyes flick to the front of Marl’s shorts in the mirror. No bulge there, thankfully. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Huh? You didn’t notice?” Marl blushes slightly. “Well, it *is* early, so fair enough...” The buxom assistant raises her shirt slightly. For a moment, Melissa is confused, until she sees the slightly bigger than average curve in the girl’s belly.

“You’re pregnant?” It’s unmistakable, now that Melissa’s had it pointed out to her. “Wow... congratulations? How far along...” She’s not quite sure how to respond to that, but the blonde girl seems to think it’s a good thing.

“T-thanks!” Marl is trying to look smug, but she can’t quite contain her natural happiness when she rubs her belly. “Um, I think about a month or so? Me and Miss Storm went on a trip up the coast, and we... were quite busy.”

Oh god, Melissa totally forgot! Reaching into the sweaty pile of clothes on the floor, the freckled girl digs out her phone. *Lin, did you do a pregnancy test yet? You were having symptoms, right?* After sending the text, Melissa looks up and sees that Marl is still staring at her stomach in the mirror, looking contentedly at her slightly swollen belly.

“And that’s why Miss Jeong doesn’t like you? Cause Miss Storm got you pregnant?” There’s no immediate reply from Lindsay, so Melissa begins to lower the phone, until she has an idea.

“Well, I think so. Mostly because, y’know, she *can’t* get pregnant...” Marl lowers her shirt again, sighing happily.

“Huh? Why not?” Melissa asks, confused.

Marl turns and gives her a baffled look. “Wait, you didn’t notice *that* either?!” She scratches her blonde hair. “Well, I guess it’s fair to say you’re pretty distracted today...” When Melissa still looks confused, Marl points to the front of her shorts. “Y’know, the... the bulge.”

Oh. Melissa hadn't noticed that. "She's a futanari?" In hindsight, it made a lot of sense. Miss Yeong had the right energy for it.

Marl winks at her. "Miss Storm's been abstaining from ejaculating for a few days for this shoot today. So, I think she and Sejin have... 'crossed swords' in a little while. And she doesn't let Sejin masturbate either." She shrugs. "Might be an extra reason that Sejin is irritable too." She reaches down and picks up a black pair of underwear. "Well, the red looks great on you, so let's try-"

"Wait!" Melissa interrupts her. When the blonde girl looks up in surprise, the freckled girl holds out her phone. "Before that, can you..." The pictures will be better if another person takes them, Melissa knows, but asking someone directly is a bit embarrassing. "Um... for my VoreFans..."

"Oh! Gotcha!" Marl gives her a thumbs up and takes the phone. "Okay, gimme a sexy pose!"

A sexy pose? Melissa has a vague idea of what a sexy pose was, but physically doing one was another matter. "Uh... like this?" She leans against the wall, and folds her arms under her boobs, trying to push them up slightly. The rubies make a rich clicking noise as they bounce.

"Yeah, like that! Very sexy!" The buxom assistant takes a few photos, looking excited. "Well, you'd look sexy doing *anything* really, with your body." There's a slight blush to her cheeks, and Melissa realizes that the girl is getting aroused. "Can you turn your hips a bit toward me? Otherwise, you're not quite getting your big butt in the shot..."

It was probably a bit late to be asking, but... "Marl, are you like... gay?" Melissa asks, curious. The blonde girl had said some things that implied it, but she'd never actually stated it.

Marl doesn't look up from the phone. "What? Oh, yeah. One hundred percent!" She taps on the screen a couple of times, looking satisfied with her work. "I mean, if I wasn't *before*..." She blinks for a moment, and then looks up, her smile fading for a moment. "Oh, is that... am I being weird or something?"

"No, you're fine. I was... just curious." To be honest, Melissa is less bothered by Marl being openly attracted to her than she might have expected. When Marl offers her the phone back, Melissa swipes through the pictures, and is surprised to see that they came out rather well. "Hey, you're pretty good at this!"

"Well, it is *kinda* my job..." Marl scratches her head, looking a bit bashful. "Actually, I kinda just assumed that *you* were... y'know, gay as well."

Melissa feels herself blush. "T-that's... it's a bit complicated right now." It felt too early to be admitting that she was... bisexual. The freckled girl still felt a bit uncertain about everything. She'd only realized it a couple of days ago, after all.

Marl puts a finger to her lips, thinking for a moment. "So wait, when you said before that you and Lindsay Smith were 'close'..."

"Like I said! It's a bit complicated right now..." Melissa trails off, feeling her blush deepen. Controlling her emotions has never been her strong suit. "Hey, I should try on some more underwear, right?" Changing the subject, Melissa picks up a blue bra studded with small sapphires. "How about this one?"

"Ooh, I know that brand!" Thankfully, Marl has enough tact to not try and pursue the previous topic. "That's by that celeb that got famous by eating that rich dude, right? Saffron Chastity, yeah. That's part of her designer collection."

"Oh, cool." Melissa had heard of that, vaguely. Some rich guy had willed his entire fortune to the woman that ate him, and now she was a fashion mogul or something. "Should I try it?"

"Yes." Marl wipes a little bit of drool from her mouth. "I mean, if you wanna. No pressure."

Melissa laughs a little, and then opens the VoreFans app on her phone. "Okay, just give me a second." Not posting this on VoreFans right now would be a waste. *Trying out some new clothes with a new friend, lemme know if they look good on me!* Closing the app, Melissa feels a pleasant sense of satisfaction, as she realizes that posting on the app no longer makes her embarrassed at all.

The blue bra and panties make for some good photos, it turns out. As do the green pair that Melissa tries on after that. Marl takes a lot of photos, from a lot of angles, some of which are quite personal. Neither of them notice that they're starting to lose track of time...

"Hey, Mel, you got a text." Marl says suddenly, in the middle of taking a photo of Melissa's backside. She hands the phone over to the freckled girl, who sees that it's from Lindsay. *Just bought a preg test, wish me luck!* Melissa wasn't sure what result her best friend was hoping for, really. A few seconds later, another text followed. *Sick bra photos, by the way. Preg test gonna wait until after I'm done with them!*

What did she mean by... oh. Melissa feels warmth in her cheeks as she realizes what Lindsay was implying. Well, Lindsay had paid money to see the pictures, right? It was only fair that she could masturbate to them like everyone else. Melissa tried to ignore the sudden heat between her legs when she thought of her best friend taking off her shorts and...

Suddenly, there's a loud stomping noise outside the changing rooms. Both Melissa and Marl freeze as the footsteps come to a stop outside the curtain. "How fucking long are you two gonna take?!" The voice of Miss Jeong makes both of them flinch. "It's been more than thirty minutes! We've got less than an hour to get back, are you two just fucking around in there?!"

"We're almost done!" Marl squeaks nervously, handing the phone back to Melissa.

“Oh, *bullshit!* I just got a notification on my phone! You’re fucking posting on *VoreFans* right now!” A hand grabs the curtain and pulls it aside. Miss Jeong’s furious face glares at the two of them. “You’re just taking your sweet time, while *my*... uh...” Her eyes fall to Melissa, the freckled girl’s body only clad in a green bra, and the anger in her face drains away. “I mean, you... um...”

There’s a moment of silence as the tall girl tries and fails to find her words. “Um... are you okay?” Marl asks her co-worker, looking between her and Melissa in slight confusion. Then, the blonde girl’s mouth twists into an amused smile.

Miss Yeong clears her throat awkwardly. “It’s fine. Everything’s fine. With me. You two just... hurry it up, okay?” She shifts in place awkwardly, and Melissa’s eyes drop to her groin. As Marl said earlier, there’s a large bulge in the front of Miss Yeong’s professional skirt. And as the freckled girl watches, the bulge is getting even larger...

The silver-haired girl tries to close the curtain again, but Marl grabs her hand. “Well, actually, now that you’re here...” She tries to pull Miss Yeong into the change room, but the tall girl resists for a moment. “This would go a lot faster if you were here to judge, wouldn’t it?”

“Would it? No, I mean...” Miss Yeong blushes heavily, and tries to pull her shirt down slightly in a highly ineffective attempt to cover her growing erection. “I can’t! You know that... I mean *you* know that I can’t... Miss Storm would be...” Her eyes dart to Melissa, as if she can’t openly say what she wants to say in front of her.

“You’re the one who knows Miss Storm’s tastes best, right?” Marl’s voice is pleading, and she leans forward, ‘accidentally’ pressing her large boobs into Miss Yeong’s arm. “Come on, we were just saying to each other that we wanted to know what you thought about Melissa’s outfits...”

“You were?” The bulge in Miss Yeong’s skirt twitches slightly. “W-well, I guess if it’s for the shoot...”

“Exactly!” Marl chirps happily, and leads the no-longer resisting Miss Yeong into the change room, closing the curtain behind her. “Alright, let’s try the purple pair next!”

It’s a good thing that the luxury boutique’s change rooms are huge, Melissa reflects. As Marl walks back over to her, the freckled girl lowers her voice so that Miss Yeong can’t hear. “What are you doing?” She hisses to Marl.

The buxom assistant winks at her, and whispers back. “Just follow my lead, okay?” Raising her voice again, Marl holds out a purple bra and panties for Melissa to try on. “Okay, let’s show Miss Jeong what the boss is gonna be enjoying soon!”

Melissa takes off the green pair, and slips the purple panties on, feeling rather self-conscious about the tall girl staring at her from behind. As she slips the purple bra on, Marl steps around behind her to help fasten the hooks. "There," Melissa says, as she adjusts the bra in the mirror. "How does that look..." She looks up at Miss Jeong in the mirror, but her gaze only reaches the tall girl's groin.

There is no longer just a bulge in Miss Jeong's black skirt. Melissa can now see the outline of an erection, snaking down the silver-haired woman's thigh. It almost seems to reach her knee, easily nine or ten inches long. Miss Jeong's face is red and she's still scowling, but now it seems like her frustration is less from irritation and more from trying to suppress her arousal. If that's what she's trying to do, she's not succeeding.

Gosh, it's quite big, isn't it? Melissa doesn't have a high opinion of Miss Jeong, but even she can't help but be impressed by the tool in the tall woman's skirt. When she manages to tear her gaze away, Melissa can see that Marl has her eyes fixed on Miss Yeong's erection as well.

"Are you alright there, Sejin?" Marl asks innocently, not turning around. "Is there something wrong with your skirt?"

"I told you not to call me that, only Miss Storm is allowed to call me that!" Miss Yeong tries to cross her legs to hide the outline of her penis, but it only manages to make it more visible. "This... it's not related to you! I was thinking about the scene! Not you two!"

Oh, *that's* what Marl wanted, Melissa thinks to herself. She can't blame the buxom girl, really. Not while her own interest in what's under the tall girl's skirt is growing. "Are you sure?" The freckled girl asks, adjusting the back of her panties in a way that she hopes will tease Miss Jeong. "Your eyes keep darting to my butt..."

The tall girl's gaze turns toward the ceiling. "I'm not looking there!"

"Yes, you are..." Without turning around, Marl reaches behind her and touches the bulge in the tall girl's skirt. Miss Jeong flinches, but she doesn't try to move away. The blonde assistant runs a hand all the way down the erection, her fingers playfully dancing over the head. The tall girl twitches slightly, letting out an involuntary grunt. "It's okay, Sejin. I know you're in a bad mood because you haven't gotten a good release in a while. Do you want me to help you blow off some steam?"

"B-blow off some steam?" Miss Yeong's eyes are slightly unfocused, and Melissa can see that the tall girl is clearly having trouble thinking straight. "What do you mean?"

Marl winks at Melissa, and turns around to face Miss Yeong. "I think you *know* what I mean." Then, she kneels down, until her face is level with the bulge in the tall girl's skirt.

“Huh?!” Miss Yeong shakes her head. “I can’t... if Miss Storm found out... And we don’t have time either! And it’d be a big mess...”

“She’ll only find out if one of us tells her!” Marl runs her hand up the tall girl’s leg, grinning at the shiver that follows. “And there won’t be a mess if I swallow it all, right?” She leans forward and kisses the outline of the head of Miss Yeong’s penis. “Come on, Sejin... the whole reason you hired me was so that I could take your load, right?”

“Oh, god...” Miss Yeong groans. It’s not a ‘no’, and that seems to be enough for Marl. The buxom girl begins to slide up the fabric of the skirt, with not resistance from Miss Yeong. Then, she turns to Melissa. “You wanna get in on this too, Mel?”

Oh, fuck it. Melissa couldn’t deny that she was interested. “Yeah, sure.” Kneeling down next to Marl, she helps the blonde girl lift Miss Yeong’s skirt until...

Getting slapped in the face by an erection wasn’t how Melissa had expected the day to go. Well, she kinda had, but not like this. Not that getting slapped in the face by a big dick was unpleasant, in Melissa’s experience. In fact, it was quite enjoyable.

At over nine inches long, Miss Yeong is quite well endowed. Along its length, her penis pulses with thick veins, carrying the enormous amount of blood needed to keep her erection. At the tip, precum was already dripping from a dark head. At the base, her shaft protrudes from a thick forest of black pubic hair. Clearly, the tall girl’s silver hair must be dyed. Her balls were still snugly stored in her black panties, but Melissa could see that they looked full to the brim.

“Fuck, that’s big...” It’s been a while since Melissa has seen a dick like this. Not since before Lindsay came back to Sydney. As she speaks, the dick in front of her twitches excitedly, and the freckled girl isn’t sure if it was from what she said or from being stimulated by the heat from her breath. After a moment’s admiration, Melissa leans in and kisses the side of Miss Yeong dick, and a moment later, Marl does the same on the other side.

“Ooh, fuck...” Miss Yeong lets out a shameful moan, as the two girls gently kiss their way down the length of her member. “Oh, fuck that’s *good*...” As they bury their noses in her pubic hair, she hisses in pleasure. “God, I fucking *hate* you, Marlene...” Reaching down, she tangles her hands in their hair. “Okay... but we only have time for a blowjob, okay?”

As Melissa takes a long whiff of the tall girl’s pubic hair, she can smell the heady mixture of sweat and cum. Lindsay would probably be rather jealous of her best friend, Melissa notes to herself amusedly. It’s quite a powerful smell, and she can feel her own vagina beginning to soak the expensive panties she’s wearing. Oh well, she was planning on buying them anyway.

Marl pulls back from the erection, reaching up to stroke it as she looks up at Miss Yeong’s blushing face. “Yeah, I know you hate me, Sejin. But the feeling isn’t mutual. Not while this

delightful monster is hanging between your legs..." She turns the dick towards Melissa. "You wanna go first, Mel? I have an idea..."

The freckled girl hadn't expected to go first, but she's not about to refuse some good dick. Taking Miss Yeong's cock in both hands, she opens her mouth and slowly descends onto it, hearing Miss Jeong moan pathetically above. The head of the tall girl's penis feels even bigger in her mouth, and it's quite an effort to start swallowing her length, even after swallowing something much larger a few days ago.

"Oh, wow... You're pretty good at giving blowjobs, aren't you?" Marl whispers to Melissa. Melissa can't answer, not with her mouth full of Miss Yeong, but she nods. The freckled girl might be a bit submissive, but she knows her way around a dick or two. At one point in Uni, she'd taken five at once. Miss Yeong was one of the biggest she'd ever taken, but Melissa had enough experience to take on the nine-incher with relative ease. "Okay, keep going, I'm gonna..."

Pumping along the length with her mouth, Melissa feels the head of Miss Yeong's cock descend down the back of her throat. Learning to suppress her gag reflex was about the only thing that Melissa remembered from her time at Uni. Suddenly, she feels Miss Yeong's hands seize her brown hair, forcing the dick even deeper. "Oh god, take it all, slut..."

Out of the corner of her eye, Melissa sees the blonde assistant hold up her phone, and she realizes that Marl is taking photos of her blowing Miss Yeong. "Don't mind me!" She winks at Melissa.

"Hey, what are..." Miss Yeong has noticed Marl taking photos as well. "Don't..."

"It's for her VoreFans!" Marl waves away Miss Yeong's complaints. "Just relax, okay?"

Miss Yeong doesn't put up much of a fight, as Marl happily snaps a few more photos. Once she's done, she puts her phone back into her shorts, and then reaches down to the hem of her black shirt. As she pulls it over her head, Melissa sees that the buxom girl is wearing a white bra that seems like it's straining to hold in her boobs. After watching for a few more minutes, Marl taps Melissa on the shoulder. "My turn..."

Melissa can tell from the dick twitching slightly in her mouth that Miss Yeong isn't far from orgasm. The silver-haired girl is clearly quite pent-up, and she might cum too quickly if they don't let her cool down for a moment. Pulling back, she feels the long member slide back out of her throat, and the tall girl whines in disappointment. With a wet pop, Melissa feels the head slip out between her lips, and she wipes her mouth. "All yours, Marl."

"Alright, let's make this nice and-" Marl reaches for Miss Yeong's dick, but the tall girl grabs her hand halfway.

“Nah, fuck that.” With her other hand, she grabs Marl’s hair and roughly pulls her toward her penis. “I’m not letting you set the pace, asshole.”

Miss Yeong forces Marl’s face against her groin, her penis slapping the buxom assistant in the face. “Yeah!” Marl seems rather excited by Miss Yeong’s aggression. “You’re soooo frustrated, right? Take it out on me!”

“Shut up and *open* up.” The silver-haired girl hisses. Marl obediently opens her mouth, and Miss Yeong instantly forces her dick down Marl’s mouth. The tall assistant takes a step forward, pressing the back of Marl’s head to the wall. The blonde girl now can’t move at all, as Miss Yeong begins to thrust forward.

Melissa feels a bit left out for a moment, but Miss Yeong’s other hand reaches down and gently strokes her hair. It’s oddly pleasant, especially as she watches Miss Yeong fuck Marl’s face. The tall girl is nothing but brutal as she shoves her cock down the blonde girl’s throat. There’s no love or intimacy at all, just a raw desire to empty her balls. Marl doesn’t seem to mind though, as her arms reach up and wrap around the tall girl’s thighs.

Finally, Miss Yeong reaches the end of her rope. “Fuck, fuck, *fuck*... Yes, take it you little *whore!*” Driving her hips forward, the silver-haired assistant crushes Marl against the wall. Melissa can see her balls pulsating as she cums down the girl’s throat. “Come on, swallow it all... You said you would, so I’m gonna punish you if I see even a single drop...”

After a small eternity, Miss Yeong finally finishes orgasming, and she takes a step back. Marl slumps forward and coughs hard as the now softening dick is pulled from her mouth. Despite that, not a single drop falls from her mouth. Given the way she was being face fucked, not a single drop actually made it up to her mouth, Melissa realises with amusement. “Are you done?” she asks Miss Yeong, smirking slightly.

The tall assistant gives her a nasty look, as she stuffs her half-erect penis back into her black underwear. “Yeah, I’m fuckin’ over the moon,” she snarls. Despite the harsh tone, Melissa can see that Miss Yeong is actually slightly more relaxed than she was before. “I’m done, so stop wasting time and get up already.”

To Melissa’s surprise, the tall assistant offers her a hand. She takes it, and Miss Yeong pulls her to her feet. As she steadies herself, Melissa looks down at the blonde girl who’s still lying against the wall of the change room. “Are you gonna be okay, Marl?” She doesn’t answer aloud, but she gives Melissa a weak thumbs up.

“Who cares? She’s just a secondary assistant, even if...” Miss Yeong scowls, and pulls out her phone, a sleek and expensive model. “Whatever. How much time do we still... Oh, *shit*.”

Fifteen minutes past three, the three girls are standing in an elevator, which is taking them up to the apartment where the porn shoot is happening. Miss Yeong is ranting nervously. "This is fine, we just need to stick to our story! It's fine." She's been saying some variant of those sentences the entire trip over here.

Miss Yeong had waited with extreme impatience as Melissa and Marl had put their clothes on. As soon as Melissa had put her shirt back on over her new underwear, the tall assistant had practically manhandled her over to the cashier, and watched with sweat beading on her forehead as Melissa had purchased her new clothes. They'd come to a total of over a thousand dollars, but if the notifications that Melissa had seen when she'd glanced at her phone were any indication, she was probably going to make enough from the VoreFans posted she'd made in the change room to pay for them anyway.

After Marl had stumbled out of the room, wiping her mouth on her shirt, Miss Yeong had bundled them both into a taxi and told the driver to 'step on it', as if they were in a movie. As the taxi had carried them back over to the Adina Apartments, where the filming was supposed to be taking place at that moment, Miss Yeong had ordered the two girls to say that they'd run late because of traffic. "She can't be mad at me for traffic! I can't control the traffic!" She'd ranted, sounding almost hysterical.

There was a ding as the elevator opens, and the three girls step out. Miss Yeong goes first, striding quickly down the corridor. Melissa and Marl follow her, as the tall assistant stops before a closed door. Reaching into a pocket in her skirt, Miss Yeong unlocks the door and walks quickly inside.

The apartment looks like, well, a normal apartment, apart from the camera equipment and boxes that litter the entrance hall. Melissa had expected some grand studio for the filming session, but it looks like Miss Storm's studio was just an apartment she uses for filming, Melissa guesses. There's no-one in the entrance hall, but Melissa can hear a few people talking loudly in the other room.

Miss Yeong gestures for the other two to enter. Marl closes the door behind her, and the sound makes the silver-haired assistant flinch. There's a long moment, as the three of them wait nervously. Melissa isn't even sure what they're waiting for. Finally, Miss Yeong breaks the silence. "Okay, I think we're okay..."

"Are you okay, Sejin?" The cold voice cuts across the room, and the three girls spin to see the woman entering the hallway. The first thing that strikes Melissa about Jessica Storm is her hair. Yellow-white, and flashing in the afternoon sun, it almost looks like lightning. The second is her expression of cold anger. She's dressed in a white robe, and it's obvious there's nothing underneath. "What happened to getting back in time for the shoot?"

“Wait, I know what you’re thinking, but it wasn’t my fault this time!” Miss Yeong holds up her hands, sweat dripping from her face. “We were *going* to be here on time, I swear! But the traffic...”

Storm sighs, and Melissa can hear the deep frustration in her voice. “Sejin, I can’t keep tolerating these dumb cock-ups. This shit might have flown when I was a nobody, or even when I was only *kinda* famous, but I’m Jessica *fucking* Storm now.” She jabs a thumb behind her. “These kinda shoots earn me hundreds of thousands of dollars, Sejin! I can’t have some *idiot* arranging them.”

“J-Jess...” Miss Yeong seems rather taken aback at Miss Storm’s tone. “I-I know I’ve messed up in the past, but I swear this time, it wasn’t me screwing up...” Her eyes fall to the floor, unable to look her boss in the eyes. “I can’t control *traffic*, Jess...”

“You can fucking *plan* for it, Sejin!” The harshness in Storm’s voice makes all three of them flinch again. “Honestly, this is what I get for hiring my girlfriend to be my assistant back when I started my ascension. I should have got someone competent back then, or at least at *some* point, so this shit doesn’t happen.”

Melissa wonders how on earth she got stuck in this situation. This might be the most tense and awkward conversation she’s ever heard in her entire life. Next to her, even Marl seems to be shrinking back.

“Jess, I’m doing my best! I’m not trying to screw up, I’m just...” Miss Yeong looks lost for words. “Look, I’ll do my best from now on, okay? I love you, so...”

Storm rolls her eyes. “Yeah, well, the feeling’s not mutual anymore.”

“That’s... what?” Miss Yeong takes a moment to process what Storm just said. “You... you don’t love me anymore?” Her eyes are stunned.

Storm adjusts her robe with a scowl. “Jesus Christ, Sejin. You’re a *nobody*. The only reason you’re with a girl like me is because you got lucky by finding me before I got famous.” She clicks her tongue. “I was nice, and kept you around for sentimental value. But fuck, it’s high time I got a *real* manager. And a *real* girlfriend too...”

“No! No, no, no!” Miss Yeong pleads pathetically. “Please don’t dump me, Jess! You’re the only one for me...” Storm glares at her, and the silver-haired girl trails off.

“Um...” Marl’s voice breaks the silence. “I... have something to say, if that’s okay?”

Storm looks over at the blonde girl, and her face softens slightly. “Yes, you can talk, Marl. I won’t be firing *you*.”

“The reason why we’re late is...” Marl pulls out her phone. “Sejin got too horny and forced the two of us to give her a blowjob...”

Melissa flinches and turns toward the blonde girl. She hadn’t expected Marl to betray Miss Yeong so easily... wait, had this been her plan all along?!

Miss Yeong’s eyes widen, and she turns angrily toward the smaller girl. “You little *cunt*.” She begins to growl, but suddenly Storm’s hand seizes her neck, shoving her into the wall. “L-let me go!” Miss Yeong shouts feebly as she struggles in Storm’s powerful grip. “S-she’s lying!”

“I have proof...” Marl offers the phone to Storm.

The robed woman takes the phone in her other hand, and stares down at the screen, where a picture of Melissa deepthroating Miss Yeong’s cock is displayed. Anger, *deep* anger, spreads across the beautiful woman’s face. “Sejin, you... you fucking lied to my *fucking face*?!” Tossing the phone back to Marl, her hand curls into a fist. “You’re fucking *dead*!”

“No, it’s not true! I swear, I didn’t lie to... urk!” Miss Yeong’s pleading is cut off by a fist crashing into her belly, knocking the air out of her lungs. Storm lets go of her, and the tall assistant slumps to the floor, doubled over.

“*No-one* lies to my fucking face!” Storm grabs Miss Yeong by her silver hair. “You piece of shit, I’m gonna turn you into shit!” Miss Yeong screams loudly, but it’s cut off again, as Storm grabs her and opens her mouth wide.

Melissa and Marl take a step back as the robed woman begins to devour her former girlfriend and assistant. Storm is clearly quite experienced at this, as Miss Yeong’s head is quickly swallowed. Her struggles are weak, and Storm’s grip is powerful.

Tearing her gaze away from the terrible and erotic sight before her, Melissa turns to Marl. “Why’d you *do* that?” she whispers to the blonde girl.

Marl winks at her, grinning cheerfully. “What do you mean? I’ve been trying to get rid of Sejin for months! Why do you think I was sabotaging her for so long?” she whispers back.

“Sabotaging her?” Understanding dawns for Melissa. “Wait, so the reason she was screwing up so much was because of *you*?” She grins as she finally understands. “That’s fucking genius, Marl!”

Marl winks again. “It really wasn’t *that* smart. Changing around the schedule, and pinning a couple of cancellations on Sejin was pretty easy.” In front of them, Miss Yeong is having her boobs swallowed down, her legs kicking pathetically as she tries in vain to struggle out of Storm’s grip.

“But... why did you want to get rid of her in the first place? For her job?” Melissa wonders what Lindsay would have thought about this. Her best friend would probably be cheering for Storm right now.

“Well, mostly. I figured out pretty quickly that Miss Storm was getting sick of her, and that she liked me more.” She shrugs happily. “And then there’s...” She touches her belly gently, her hand gently tracing her baby bump. “Miss Yeong won’t get in out way now.”

Melissa looks back over at Storm, and sees Miss Yeong’s feet being slurped down. Once they’re inside, Storm does a big swallow, a huge bulge sliding down her throat. Her belly is massive, sticking out of her robes with the obvious shape of Miss Yeong stuffed inside. Melissa can see the feeble struggles of the girl inside. Oh god, is that what Melissa looked like when she was eating Talia? The idea was strangely exciting.

Storm lets out a loud burp, and begins to stand up. The massive weight of her belly makes it difficult. Without hesitation, Marl runs over and helps Storm up. The pale-haired woman sways on her feet for a moment, but she seems to have little trouble shouldering Miss Yeong’s body weight. “Thank you, Marl.” Turning her head, she smiles warmly at her assistant. “You’re inheriting Sejin’s responsibilities, you know that right?”

“Yes, Miss Storm!” The buxom assistant nods eagerly. “I’ll do my best!”

“Good.” Storm reaches out and touches the blonde girl’s belly. “You’re already carrying a great responsibility, don’t forget that. This child isn’t *yours*, she’s *mine*. Don’t do anything to jeopardize her. Do you understand?”

“Yes!” Marl does a mock salute. “Shall I get the shoot started, Miss Storm?”

“Of course. Let them know it will be a combined vore and sex shoot, too.” She dismisses Marl with a wave.

Marl sprints away, turning back to wink at Melissa. “Good luck!” she mouths, and then vanishes into the other room.

“Melissa Smith.” The freckled girl flinches as Storm turns to her. “I... apologize for what you just witnessed. It was a personal problem, and I’d appreciate it if you could forget about it. Did you sort out your wardrobe issues?”

“Y-yeah.” Melissa isn’t sure if she’ll ever be able to forget what she just witnessed, for a number of reasons.

“Excellent.” Storm shrugs off her robe, and Melissa’s eyes widen in shock. Beneath the robe, the pale-haired woman’s body is incredibly buff, at least in the parts that aren’t occupied by Miss Yeong. But that’s not what’s drawing Melissa’s eye. Hanging down between Storm’s legs is a

truly monstrous cock, at least eleven inches long. Well, that explained why Lindsay had liked her so much.

Storm puts an arm around Melissa's shoulders. "Are you ready?"

Melissa can hear Miss Yeong screaming, her cries muffled by a thick layer of muscle and fat. "R-ready for what?"

The lightning-haired woman grins savagely. "To get knocked up, of course."

End of Part Five

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

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility :	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	Single	Wealthy	!In danger!	Not sure if she's horrified or aroused by the day's events so far. Almost certainly both.
Lindsay Smith	Alive	Single	Wealthy	Pregnant	Just got a positive result from her pregnancy test.
Talia	Dead	Digested by Melissa Jones.	Dead	Extinguished before she could procreate	Now sitting snugly inside a new, emerald studded bra. Not the worst kind of afterlife.
Tiffany	Dead	Digested by Lindsay Smith.	Dead	Has proved that death is no barrier to knocking someone up	Has succeed at filling up Lindsay's belly in two separate ways.
Jessica Storm	Alive	Newly single	Opulent	Very Virile	Digesting an ex-girlfriend, and eager to empty her nuts into Melissa.
Azrael	Alive	Hunting	???	Very Virile	Caught wind of a filming session in Adina Apartments...?
Marlene	Alive	Happy to serve as a breeding mare for her one true love.	Average	Pregnant	Her plan worked perfectly, and her rival for Jessica's love is now soon to depart from this world.
Sejin Yeong	!Danger!	Just dumped	Average	Technically fertile, but unlikely to reproduce.	Has about 'five' to live. Five what, you ask? Five, four, three...