

“Who *are* you? What do you want from me?”

Azrael’s white smile only widens. “I am that which feeds on the darkness of this city. And tonight, I would like to simply... converse with you, Melissa Jones. For now.”

Melissa Jones closes her hands into fists, and her eyes narrow. Perhaps now, she might get some answers. “Alright,” she breathes deeply. “Shoot.”

It is past midnight now. Melissa had been walking home from the restaurant, after hanging out with Jessica and the other influencers from VoreFans. Lindsay’s apartment was at Pier One, an expensive hotel that was not too far away, on the other side of the Harbor Bridge. From here, Melissa could see a dozen yachts distantly lighting up the water, and the lights of the city all around her in the distance. But, this small patch of the city was dark and quiet.

Most parts of the city would still be bustling with activity, even at this time of night. But this part of the harbor’s edge had been made into a small park, not a busy city street. It was a pretty location, an artificial section of rolling green hills and native trees. During the day, it was probably a lovely tourist destination. At night, however, it was cold and secluded. No doubt most predators were fans of these kinds of places. And Azrael was more than just *most* predators.

The dark predator is clad in a thick black jacket that reaches only to her belly button, unzipped and open, and a tight pair of low-riding leather pants, supported by two black belts snaking up over her bare hips. Underneath Azrael’s jacket, Melissa almost thinks for a moment that she’s naked, but as her eyes adjust, the freckled girl can see that Azrael is only wearing a stylish black bra, leaving her black abs to ripple freely as she walks. On the left arm of her jacket, a police badge flashes in the lamplight. Gotta be custom-made, Melissa thinks to herself.

“How did you know I would be...” It doesn’t surprise Melissa that Azrael found her, but she is curious as to how the dark predator seems to simply appear and disappear.

“The scent.” Azrael holds her hand up to her face, moving her fingers gently next to her nose as if she’s smelling something. “Most people don’t bother with that sense anymore. But if you train it, you can find almost anything. Even in this shit-filled city.” She nods back down the harbor, to where Melissa came from. “For example, I can smell a predator emptying her bowels into the water, a couple hundred meters south. “ Azrael smirks. “A new friend of yours, I take it?”

She could smell Eris from here? That was a little intimidating. But Melissa’s making an attempt not to show it. “She’s not what you’re after. Leave her alone.”

“Correct. I’m not interested in Eris Winters... yet.” The dark predator caresses her abs almost unconsciously. Melissa can’t quite resist the temptation to ogle Azrael’s stomach, and she keeps catching her eyes slowly sliding downwards. God, those abs could have been chiseled from obsidian. How did Azrael manage to look that... *hard*? Nearby, an electric lamp was buzzing, and the light was almost shining off the predator’s pitch-black skin.

Is it just Melissa, or was there a slight curve in Azrael's abs? No, as she looked closer, there was definitely a slight bulge. Somehow, Melissa doubted that Azrael was pregnant. The only other option was that the dark predator must have eaten someone a while ago, and still had some of their remains inside her. That idea shocked Melissa not at all.

And speaking of bulges... there's always the leviathan that's slumbering inside Azrael's leather pants. Melissa fancies that she can see the outline of the monster snaking down the predator's right leg, almost to her knee. Gotta be partially erect, Melissa thinks to herself, feeling a thrill of terror at the thought of how big Azrael must be when she's fully...

Oh no, not good! Melissa comes to her senses, having been lost in a momentary haze of arousal at the mere sight of Azrael. The freckled girl licks her lips nervously, trying to blink herself back into sense. Even though the black-skinned predator is doing nothing more than simply standing there with her arms behind her back, Melissa can feel an aura of sexuality emanating from her. It's almost like a musk, a heavy scent of power, but it seems to be felt through the skin rather than the nose.

"Are you finished?" Azrael asks, sounding amused. Her voice is dark, like it's coming from the bottom of a deep well. Part of it seems to vibrate Melissa's heart as well as her ears. "I know the look of a woman fantasizing about me. Go ahead, I can wait. Patience is a virtue, after all..."

"Shut up..." Melissa takes a deep gulp as she realizes herself. She hopes that she hadn't just been drooling or something, since it's obvious that Azrael could sense her thoughts to some degree. "... I asked who you are." The dark predator considers this question for a moment, and Melissa senses that she's going to say something else that's confusing. "No, no more of this religious crap. If you want to talk, then just tell me *who you are*, really."

"Religious 'crap'..." Azrael rolls her eyes, a mixture of amusement and contempt in their golden depths. "If you're suggesting I've been making things up, then be aware; I have told you only the reality of myself. There is only truth in my words."

Maybe, but that didn't make it easier. "Then, truth or not, speak in a way that I can understand." Melissa shivers slightly. Her button-up shirt is expensive, but not terribly warm. She doubts that Azrael has a similar problem, even dressed like *that*. Heat is almost rolling off the dark predator, even from this distance. Melissa sighs, and decides to take her own advice. "... want to understand what you are. I know your name, Azrael, but you're a mystery to me. I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to know more, but..." Melissa trails off, hoping that her words reach the dark predator.

For a moment, Azrael is silent. Her golden eyes turn to look out across the harbor, and Melissa can see a hint of pride in them. "If that wish is true, then I thank you for it." It seems that she's impressed by the freckled girl's words. Then, she turns back to Melissa, her expression a

little softer than before. “Hmm... very well. I am satisfied that your heart is open enough to hear the truth. Your progress so far is quite... promising.”

“Uh... thank you?” Melissa isn’t quite sure what Azrael means by that, but it’s rather flattering nonetheless. When the dark predator gestures to a bench a few meters away, the freckled girl takes the hint, and sits down. The wood is cold under her butt, but it quickly warms up. A nice benefit of having a fatter ass than she had a few weeks ago, Melissa thinks to herself.

In front of her, the dark predator paces for a moment, looking lost in thought. “Where to begin...” she murmurs aloud, glancing at Melissa every now and then. Melissa puts her hands between her thighs to warm them up, impatiently waiting for Azrael to speak. Finally, she begins. “My *name*... is Azrael Tueuer.” The dark predator’s words are slow and careful. It’s as if she wants to make sure that Melissa is properly listening. “Chief Superintendent in the New South Wales Police Force.”

Ah, that explained the police badge... Melissa’s brain slowly processes the full horror of what the dark predator said. “You’re... a cop?” She asks, stunned. And not *just* a cop. Chief Superintendent was a fucking high rank! Oh god, this was a *lot* worse than she’d initially thought. If Azrael was a cop, then Melissa didn’t even have the feeble protection of the law to call on if the dark predator wanted her dead.

“For the last two decades, yes.” Azrael smirks at Melissa, and the freckled girl realizes that her thoughts must be written all over her face right now. As Melissa tries to fix her expression, Azrael continues. “I joined after I was discharged with honor from the army. I served two tours of duty, first in Afghanistan and then in Iraq.” The memories seem to be happy ones, judging from the slight softening of the dark predator’s face.

She was a soldier? Well, that probably explained her physique, Melissa thinks to herself. And possibly the attitude as well. But it didn’t explain why Azrael had called herself an angel. “Azrael’s not your real name, though, is it?” Melissa asks, never having heard the name before.

The dark predator shrugs. “It is. My mother and father are quite religious, though I don’t follow their beliefs.”

Melissa senses an opportunity. “And what beliefs *do* you follow?” She asks, leaning forward on the bench.

“Now, now...” Azrael holds up her hands with a smirk, as if she’s mockingly trying to placate Melissa. “I’m quite happy to answer any question you ask, but... only after you answer mine.”

Annoying. Melissa wanted answers, but she knew that trying to pry them out of Azrael was a bad idea. This was a woman who could probably break the girl in half with her bare hands, after all. “Then ask, already.”

“Watch your tone.” Azrael’s voice drops a few octaves for a moment. Melissa shivers, and not because of the cold breeze off the harbor. After a moment, the predator’s white teeth flash in the dim lamplight as she speaks again. “I suppose it’s only polite to ask... how are you adapting to being a predator?”

She knew! How could she know? Even Jessica Storm and the others hadn’t figured it out. “How did you-”

“Don’t insult my intelligence, Melissa Jones.” Azrael rolls her golden eyes. “Tell me, do you really think you can go to a vore bar like the Rainbow Serpent, and then pretend you were only there to party?” As she speaks, the dark predator paces slowly in front of Melissa. “I’m well-aware you have a lot to live for, so you wouldn’t go flirting with death. Not with your girlfriend in tow. And since you didn’t go there to *get eaten*...”

The only other option was that she would have had to go there to eat someone else, Melissa finishes in her head with a sinking feeling. “You were in there, weren’t you?” The idea hardly surprised her. Azrael seemed to come and go with incredible stealth.

“Not *in* there, as it happens.” Azrael snorts. “As you may be aware, the Rainbow Serpent has a strong dislike of anyone with a penis. And I have quite a large one.” Then, she scowls. “And I have a strong dislike of anyone who appropriates the culture of my mother’s ancestors as a shallow and insulting name for a nightclub.” She snorts again at the thought. “I wasn’t aware of that until I was stalking around there last night. But I’ll make sure that they’re shut down soon enough.”

Melissa doesn’t like the sound of that. “You were stalking me?”

“Not last night, no.” Azrael blinks, and then smirks at Melissa. “Sorry, that’s misleading. I *do* stalk you, both online and offline. I was just... pursuing a different target last night.”

Oh god, no. “What? Why?” Panic rises in Melissa’s chest. She’d known that Azrael seemed to have an interest in her, but the idea that the dark predator was actively *stalking* her...

Azrael shrugs, almost indifferently. “Because I enjoy having the privilege of knowing more about you than anyone else, Melissa Jones. Such as that you’re a predator.” Now, that seems to excite the dark predator a little bit, judging by the slight tightening of her jeans. “I’m the only one of your subscribers on VoreFans who knows that, aren’t I? That makes me happy to have that exclusive information...”

“You’re not the only one.” Technically, Lindsay was subscribed to her as well. “My girlfriend knows... and she’s going to be wondering where I am, just so you know.” She doubted that the mention of Lindsay would intimidate Azrael, but it was worth a try.

“Ah, Lindsay Smith...” Azrael sighs theatrically. “A beautiful woman, but in the end, simply another mindless predator. She lives to eat, and kills to eat. And she wants you to be the same, doesn’t she?”

Yes, she did. And Melissa wanted that too, she told herself. But the casual insults towards the one she loved made Melissa’s eye twitch a little. “She’s not *mindless*. She’s smart, beautiful, and wonderful. And I love her. Perhaps you wouldn’t know that’s like?” She narrows her eyes at Azrael, trying to test her courage.

The dark predator simply raises an eyebrow. “I am quite aware of love, Melissa Jones. And the one that I love is an order of magnitude more wonderful than the one that *you* love.” Then, she holds up her hand, to stop Melissa’s retort. “But, I did not come here to insult Lindsay Smith, and I won’t do so any further.”

“Oh... okay?” That rather took the wind out of Melissa’s sails. She hadn’t expected Azrael to back down so easily. Feeling like she’s now rudderless, Melissa flails for something to say to fill the sudden silence. “To tell the truth, I can’t imagine a predator like you loving *anyone*.” It comes out a bit more insulting than she intended.

Azrael scowls. “I am *not* a simple predator. Predators are simple hedonists. I have a greater purpose than that. And I believe that the one that I love does too.”

The one that *Azrael* loves must be quite something. Melissa decides not to sugar-coat her words. “I feel sorry for her, then. I don’t know what you have in store for her, but she must be pretty unlucky.”

The dark predator shakes her head. “I don’t believe that you’re unlucky, Melissa Jones.”

In the distance, a few of the boats on the harbor slowly drift by. Even at this late hour, there are people partying, hanging out, or simply enjoying the city. But they feel far away right now, as if they’re in a different world entirely. In this moment, it feels to Melissa like she and Azrael are the only two people in the world.

“Me?” Melissa says finally, utterly stunned. She’d known that Azrael had an interest in her, but...

“You.” The dark predator says firmly, and her tone suggests that there’s not room for denial.

“...Why?” The freckles girl asks. She certainly doesn’t *doubt* Azrael, but she can’t understand why someone like the dark predator would have fallen in love with *her*.

Azrael slowly looks Melissa up and down, the sound of her low breathing vibrating the air between the two of them. Her gaze puts Melissa in mind of a starving person staring at a hot meal. Which probably wasn’t far from the truth.

“Beauty was the start.” Azrael says finally. “When I found you on VoreFans, I was intoxicated by your face, your body...”

“You wanted my address...” Melissa remembers. It had been a rather memorable message, after all.

“That was back when my interest was mere lust.” There’s a strange look on Azrael’s face now, and Melissa can’t quite place the emotion. It’s something akin to hunger, or desire almost, but somehow more desperate. “You are not the first woman I’ve become obsessed with, on that app or outside of it. I devoured them all, every one. But when I stalked you, I discovered that you were... *are* beautiful, outside and in. I realized that I wanted to make you a part of me, by your own request. So, I chose to appear before you...”

After the filming session she’d done with Jessica Storm. The police constable had said that Jessica had informed them it was taking place, so surely Azrael would have caught wind as well. Actually, come to think of it, having access to police resources would make tracking people incredibly easy, Melissa thinks to herself. No wonder Azrael never seemed to have issues stalking her, or other people apparently.

“You appeared in the parking lot, when the police lady was questioning me...” Melissa begins.

“To seduce you, and take you back to my... *domain*. I knew you’d follow me willingly. It is so easy to dominate the minds of prey. Their minds bend under my power, and they beg for it.” Azrael’s smirk fades, however. “And yet... you did not. You broke free of my power. There, and right here and now as well. I... have rarely seen such power in return before.”

It was hard, very hard, to resist. Melissa could feel Azrael’s energy crashing against her own. Part of her was begging to give in, and submit utterly to the predator. But, she wouldn’t. Melissa could resist... for now. “Is that a compliment?”

“Yes, a great one.” The dark predator stares down at Melissa, and the freckled girl feels like Azrael is staring into her very soul. “In you, I sensed something truly incredible, truly erotic, truly... *divine*. And I fell in love with it.”

“W-what was it?” Melissa isn’t quite sure she wants to know the answer. “You fell in love with...?”

Azrael smiles widely, her white teeth shining in delight and malice. “*Myself*.”

“You?!” The dark predator saw herself in Melissa? No, that was impossible. She was power and strength made into black flesh, and the freckled girl was just... “I-I’m not like *you*!” Melissa insists, furious at Azrael’s words. The idea that the two of them were the same was just... “You kill people for pleasure. I don’t!”

“And the girl you devoured in the nightclub?” Azrael asks, with a hint of amusement in her voice.

The dark predator knowing about that somehow shocked Melissa not at all. “That... she...” The freckled girl stammers, trying to find the right words. “Look, she deserved it, okay?!” It’s not much of a defense, but it *is* true.

“I agree.” Azrael hisses, leaning back against the railing, almost casually.

That... wasn’t the response that Melissa had expected. “You... agree?” What hell did that mean? Wasn’t Azrael trying to tell her that she was a killer or something? “What do you *mean*?”

“I mean exactly what I said. She deserved it.” Azrael pulls open one side of her jacket, reaching into a pocket. Melissa catches a glimpse of a huge black chest, barely restrained by an overworked bra. And beside the predator’s colossal breast...

“You’re armed?!” Melissa takes a step back, as she sees a handgun holstered under the dark predator’s armpit. “Isn’t that, like, *super illegal*?!”

Azrael seems to care very little. “It *is* illegal. Would you like to call the cops on me?” She flashes Melissa a smug grin. “Unless they’re above my rank, they’re not going to do anything at all to me. And even if they *are*...” She snorts at the idea. “Anyway...” Pulling an expensive looking phone out of her jacket pocket, Azrael taps on it a few times, and then turns the screen toward Melissa. “Antonia Artene. Or perhaps you know her better as ‘last night’s meal’?”

Yeah, that was the Greek-looking girl from the club last night. Probably more Italian if the name Azrael had said was accurate. Melissa bites her lip for a moment, and then just nods at the dark predator. She didn’t know how Azrael had figured it out, but she couldn’t bring herself to be shocked at this point.

“It would seem that Miss Artene’s girlfriend put in a missing person’s report this morning, after she didn’t come home from ‘visiting family’.” Azrael snickers at the idea, a deep rumble that makes Melissa’s heart beat a little faster. “It seems rather safe to assume that she wasn’t aware that her girlfriend was an active and prolific predator... and a serial cheater, apparently. Thankfully, I had the pleasure of informing her of all that just a few hours ago.”

“Did you... eat her?” Melissa’s eyes flick to the predator’s still bulging belly. It’s clear that she’d eaten *someone* recently.

Azrael’s golden eyes flash. “No, why would I have?” She asks the question as if it makes no sense. “She’s done nothing wrong, as far as I know. And she seemed quite enamored with me, too.”

Melissa couldn't blame her. She was rather enamored with Azrael as well. It was hard not to be, considering how powerful she felt. Next to the dark predator, Melissa practically felt naked. Part of her *wanted* to be naked... "Uh, well..." Melissa tries to change track in her mind before she ruins her expensive underwear. "I assume that you didn't come here to arrest me for 'murder', then?"

"Of course not." Azrael snorts, and leans back against the lamp-post. The metal pole bends slightly, under the dark predator's strength. "You haven't committed *murder*, after all. If someone *had* committed murder, I'd have to punish them. It's my purpose, to punish evil."

The freckled girl's eyes narrow. "What about that police constable you attacked?" Melissa didn't remember whatever her name had been. "You murdered her, didn't you?"

"No." Azrael's teeth flash in the darkness. "I merely devoured her. It was a righteous execution, not murder. In fact..." The dark predator pushes off the pole, holding her arms wide. "I would go so far as to admit that I've never committed murder even once. I simply *punish evil*."

Oh, okay. That... *kinda* made sense? Melissa sighs, and shifts uncomfortably on the bench. "That's... a hell of a way to think about it."

"It's not 'a way to think about it'. It is the *truth*. Those who have been destroyed by me deserved their fate, every one." The dark predator looks around, as if she's confirming that they're still alone. "Tell me..." Azrael smirks, holding out her arm to gesture at the harbor behind her. "What do you see?"

Like a flowing shadow, the dark predator moves aside. Melissa blinks, and stares out across the water. In the distance, the city skyline rises above the dark water, electric lights shining into the sky, blotting out the stars. She can hear distant sounds; cars driving, music pulsing, police sirens blaring and a hundred other sounds mixing together into a dull roar of nightlife. Somehow, Melissa doubts that this is the answer Azrael's looking for. "North Sydney." The freckled girl replies, after a moment of thought.

"What a dull answer. Do you really see the world in such a bland way?" Azrael just shakes her head, looking almost amused.

A flash of anger ripples through Melissa's chest. "If you want someone to answer riddles or whatever, get someone else." She scowls at the dark predator. "I'm dumb. Ask someone smarter."

For the first time tonight, Azrael's face twists into something terrifying. "I dislike those who lie about themselves, Melissa Jones. You are not *dumb*, you are intelligent."

"Oh, you know me, do you?" Melissa can't help but laugh at the idea that Azrael thinks she's more of an expert on her than Melissa herself. "You know more about me than I do, is that it?"

“That is likely, yes.” Azrael’s voice is so clear and confident that Melissa is suddenly a little less sure of herself. “People know very little about themselves, in my experience. It comes from the fact that people can see each other all the time, but can only see themselves in a mirror. In the end, the person you look *least* at, is yourself.”

Melissa doesn’t say anything for a moment, unsure of what to even say to that. “I, uh...”

But Azrael’s not interested in listening to her right now. “You call yourself dumb, and I know why. It’s because you have a habit of running away from greatness. Instead of challenging yourself, you choose to say that you’re weak, and that means that you can avoid the pain of failing.” The dark predator moves toward the freckled girl, her shadow falling over her. “You know you have great potential, but in fear of not reaching that potential, you decline to even try. You tell yourself that you have no potential to waste, so that you don’t feel bad for wasting it. Allow me to disabuse you of that belief; you, Melissa Jones, have the capacity to be truly *great*.”

“W-well, you’re wrong about most of what you just said...” Melissa stammers, aware that Azrael won’t fall for such an obvious lie. “But... what do you mean by capacity to-”

“You still haven’t properly answered my question.” Azrael just shakes her head as she interrupts. Moving aside again, the dark predator gestures again to the city behind her. “What do you see?”

“I... a city?” Melissa answers, still feeling rather confused by the question. “Buildings, people? What? I don’t understand.”

“Tsk.” The dark predator clicks her tongue, sounding vaguely annoyed. “Perhaps I can see what you do not. In that case-” Suddenly, she stops, and inhales deeply. Her golden eyes dart around, as if she’s looking for something. Melissa almost asks what’s wrong, but Azrael inhales deeply again. “Ah... Providence is with us, as usual.” She holds out her hand. “Come, Melissa Jones. I want to show you something.”

Going somewhere with a predator was a bad idea. Going somewhere with *this* predator was practically suicide. Melissa eyes the dark hand with suspicion. “Go where? Why?”

“If I simply wanted to eat you, you would have been dead long ago.” Azrael drawls, sounding almost amused at Melissa’s caution. “Come now. I want you to observe something, not far away. But we must go there now. The night is not infinite, after all.”

Azrael wasn’t wrong, Melissa knows. The dark predator clearly has *some* reason to want her alive. As bad an idea as Melissa knows it usually might be... “Fine,” she says, rising from the bench. “Where are we going?”

The answer, as it turns out, was 'not that far away'. Just to the far side of the park, where the hilly paths overlooked a small area of flat gravel. Concrete seats had been placed, facing out south toward the water. During the day, it would have been a nice scenic outlook, somewhere for tourists to catch their breath and admire the view.

Tonight, however, there was entertainment of a different kind. After a night of drinking and revelry, it seemed that a predator had successfully tempted their prey into dropping their guard and following them to a deserted part of the park. Now, they were enjoying their prey one last time before the feast began.

Melissa and Azrael stand on a thin gravel path, overlooking the outlook. As expected, the dark predator has chosen a spot that shrouds the two in a deep shadow, making them almost invisible. Below them, the two lovebirds are in the lights of the park, and are quite visible, and loud.

The predator below is Asian, though Melissa couldn't quite tell what her exact ethnicity was from this distance. She was unusually tall, probably about six and a half feet, and her muscles were quite well defined. Between her legs, Melissa was unsurprised to see a large cock and balls, reaching almost down to her knees. Her white shirt had been pulled down to expose her large breasts, which looked like they had a dark tattoo in between them, and her shorts were discarded on the seat next to her. All in all, a rather typical futanari predator in Melissa's experience.

The prey between her legs had dark skin, and she was probably Indian, though it was a little hard to see her skin in this lighting. She looked short, though that was probably more because of the size of her partner. The prey was kneeling in the gravel before the predator, completely naked. No doubt her clothes were floating in the harbor somewhere, the predator having disposed of them already. As Melissa and Azrael watch, the Asian predator seizes the Indian prey's hair and pulls her head in, pressing her young face up against her erect penis.

"Does this sight shock you, Melissa Jones?" The freckled girl almost flinches as Azrael's soft voice drifts into her ear. Beside her, the dark predator was almost invisible in the night, save for her golden eyes and pale teeth. Around her, the shadows seemed to gather, clinging to her like a dark cloak. "It does not shock me. These places are a haven for degenerate activity like this."

The dark predator must have scented these two. She hadn't led Melissa far, only a few minutes walk across the park. Melissa herself had come past here earlier, though she wouldn't have seen this area from where she had walked nearby. Besides, these two were clearly just getting started. "Another one for your list?" Melissa asks, nodding at the predator below.

"No." Azrael shakes her head, but her dark smile doesn't leave her face. "I've never seen or heard of this woman before. I didn't need to. Sin is not always old, more is committed every day... but usually more at night, like this." Her golden eyes drift down to the predator below, who

is managing with some success to force her prey to suck her erect cock. “Look at her, dominating her prey with ease. Can you see this sight, and say that predators are not superior in power to all others?”

Oh, was *that* where this is going? “Ah, right... yeah, I can see what you mean.” Well, it’s hard not to. The predator is clearly dominating her prey, even as the young Indian girl tries to resist. As Melissa watches, the Asian woman succeeds in forcing her dick into her prey’s mouth, and begins to thrust hard. After a few powerful strokes, the Indian girl gives up and sits still, allowing the futanari to fuck her mouth with a look of defiance, but without resistance. “She... just gave up. I guess she’s really a prey at heart...”

“A rather cruel dismissal on your part, I find.” Melissa blinks, and turns to stare at Azrael in surprise. But the dark predator just shrugs. “But, not an unfair one. After all, this scene has been played out a thousand times over in this city. It’s playing out in other places too right now. No doubt there’s somewhere in the city where a predator is dragging her prey off to die. And there’s somewhere, as well, where a predator has already succeeded in devouring her prey.” One of the golden eyes winks at Melissa. “The same as last night, wouldn’t you say?”

“Ugh...” Melissa had been part of the latter group last night. Actually, now that she thought about it, there wasn’t really much difference between what she’d done last night at the Rainbow Serpent, and what was playing out below them right now. “Is that your point? That we’re the same as *her*?” She gestures to the futanari below, who’s now moaning loudly as her prey sucks her off.

“No, not quite.” Azrael turns her gaze back to the futanari below. “You and I are different from her. Do you know why?”

Melissa shivers in the cold, wishing she’d brought a jacket or something. Azrael’s jacket looked pretty warm, and the freckled girl felt a little jealous. “We’re... moral, or whatever?”

Azrael snorts, staring down at the Asian predator with a sneer. “No, because we’re *human*. All I see when I look at this pathetic sight is an animal.”

“An animal?” That wasn’t what Melissa had expected to hear from the dark predator. To be honest, she’d expected Azrael to go on some sort of tirade about how predators were born superior or something. “I thought you said predators are superior?”

“In strength, yes. We are.” Azrael’s eyes narrow, and a vague hint of contempt flits across her shadowy face. “But in morality, predators are degenerate.”

Well, she wasn’t *wrong*. “Are you calling yourself degenerate?”

The dark predator does not seem to hear her. “An animal does not have morality. It cares only for food and sex.” Melissa opens her mouth to ask her question again, but suddenly feels a

powerful arm around her shoulders. Azrael's grip is monstrously strong, and Melissa can feel her bones grinding slightly under the dark predator's fingers. But thankful, all she does is gently bend Melissa toward the scene below. "Look there. Do you see any higher thought? Or do you see only a degenerate desire for sex and food?"

Below, the Asian futanari is breathing loudly. After a few seconds, she puts her right leg up on the seat, so she can better crush her prey's face into her hairy crotch. "Oh, yeah..." Melissa can hear the futanari's loud voice, even at this distance. "Yeah, suck my fucking cock, you idiot bitch!" The futanari's other hand grabs at her shorts on the seat next to her, and then pulls out her phone. "Yeah, lemme get a good shot for my followers..."

"I have seen this sight a thousand times." Suddenly, Azrael's voice is directly next to Melissa's ear, whispering softly into her brain. If it hadn't been for the dark predator's grip on her shoulder, Melissa might have jumped out of her skin. But all she can manage is a feeble shiver. "All the world over. When I was in the Army, when I served as a regular police officer. I have watched predators joyfully give in to their basest desires, giving in to the desire to destroy others for pleasure."

Melissa is silent, knowing that Azrael has no desire to listen to her at the moment. She can feel the dark predator beside her, the presence of a powerful heat next to her chilly skin. The night air is cold, but that coal-black skin is burning hot...

"I was one of those predators. Killing, raping, eating. All as I saw fit. No-one challenged my power. No-one resisted me. I stood at the apex of glory, and saw all the evil below me." Her lips are right next to Melissa's ear now. "And then, I knew."

Melissa is almost too afraid to ask. "Knew what?"

"That hope, and justice and *God*... are no longer *real*." Azrael spits the words out, her face twisting into hatred. "There is no higher power in this world anymore. He will not come, no matter how hard we pray. And He was right to do so. Because our sins are so great, they weigh down the world. "

Below them, the futanari predator gives an almighty shudder. "Ah, fuck! Take my load, you dickless piece of subhuman scum!" Her balls begin to contract, and the base of her shaft pulses violently as she orgasms, emptying her nutsack into the poor Indian girl's open mouth. For a moment, the prey is able desperately suck down the load of cum, until the volume becomes too much and it begins to spill out of the sides of her mouth. The Asian predator doesn't seem to even notice, focussing instead on simply emptying her balls as hard as she can.

"More and more people are figuring it out. Every day that people indulge in their degeneracy, every day that they fuck and eat each other, they slowly realize that the world is empty of punishment for their crimes." Azrael hisses coldly. "Belief in the higher power has kept us in the

dark. We were in ignorance of the emptiness of the world. But now, the light begins to trickle in. And it illuminates an empty world.”

“I... I thought you were religious?” Melissa shivers, and this time it’s not from the cold. “Like, aren’t you, like, an angel or something?”

Azrael’s grin is utterly terrifying. “I was... and then, when I saw what the world had become. I lost my faith, because prayer and worship were simply not as fun as fucking and eating people. And then, one day...”

“...one day?” The freckled girl prompts nervously. She’s scared out of her mind, but she hasn’t come this far to only hear half the story.

The dark predator licks her lips, a movement that Melissa feels rather than sees. She feels Azrael turns her body to face Melissa’s, and feels a powerful weight against her thigh. Azrael’s dick is straining against its leather confines. Then, to Melissa’s shock, the dark predator leans forward and takes a long sniff of her hair. Against her leg, the freckled girl can tell that Azrael is enjoying the scent.

Inhaling deeply, Azrael’s voice is ragged as she continues. “One day, when I was stationed in Iraq, I had gone with my unit on an... *off the record trip*. We went up north, and *inflicted* ourselves on every village we found along the way. We fucked anyone we wanted, ate anyone we wanted. And we did.”

Melissa can feel the dark predator grinding against her, and she would be lying to herself if part of her wasn’t getting aroused at her touch as well. She knows that Azrael wants her, right here and right now. “You killed people?” It was a stupid question.

“*Dozens*. No-one cared. The army looked the other way.” Azrael presses her face into Melissa’s hair, and the freckled girl feels the dark predator scowl against her skin. “Disgusting and degenerate we were, all of us. But I was destined for more.”

Azrael’s other hand slides up Melissa’s stomach, gently caressing her bare skin. Inside her, Melissa can feel the new life shiver at the dark predator’s touch. “Ah! I’m... I’m pregnant!” She gasps out, almost involuntarily. She doesn’t really know why, but it feels like the words were forced out of her mouth somehow.

“I know.” Azrael’s voice is soft, and Melissa can hear a note of amusement in her tone. “A shame that I wasn’t the first one to claim your body, but it simply means another soul for me to take possession of...”

Her hand continues upward, and seizes the freckled girl’s left breast, squeezing her chest through her shirt and sapphire encrusted bra. Melissa’s breath hitches, but she does nothing to resist the predator’s harsh touch. “W-what happened next?” she asks instead.

Azrael is breathing heavily now, her dick straining to be free of her tight pants. "It was after my unit had *indulged* in a small village near the Tajik border. I'd found a real treasure; three identical triplet girls. They were just barely adults, all soon to be married. So I decided to pluck the fruit before it could fall." Her grip on Melissa's breast gets even stronger. "I left my unit to their plunder, and dragged them off into a nearby cave. Two hours later, I was full of meat, having eaten two of them. The third, I was fucking, *hard*."

From the feel of it, Azrael was hoping to fuck someone else hard as well. Melissa knew better than to interrupt right now, the dark predator was clearly reliving a happy memory.

"She'd seen me eat her sisters alive, and watched them die as I fucked her. Even still, she couldn't resist me. Her pussy was sopping wet, and I fucked her to an inch of her life." Azrael continues to grind against Melissa, and the freckled girl can feel the dark predator's arousal building. "It was a show of dominance. I destroyed her home and her family, and still she submitted to me. It was then, when I felt the presence of God."

Holy shit, this story is insane, Melissa thinks to herself. But it's also possibly the most erotic thing she's ever heard. Below them, she can see the Asian predator and her Indian prey. Somehow, the two of them haven't noticed the two above, but that's probably because the futanari has decided to go for a second round on her prey's mouth.

"God came to me, as that girl bounced on my cock." Azrael's breathing was ragged, but her voice was utterly firm. "I felt Him, on my cock, bouncing with her. He told me that the world was void and empty, because mankind had thrown away their morals. But I was different. I was *chosen*. I was the most powerful, the greatest human being *alive*. It was my destiny to bring the world back into God's love. He anointed me as a holy angel, and I came inside Him."

There is absolute conviction in Azrael's words. Melissa knows that this is not a story she's invented for fun, nor is it a lie to convince Melissa. These words are what Azrael genuinely believes. And she speaks with such utter certainty, that part of Melissa actually wonders if it's not untrue. "T-then what happened?"

"Ah... I came back down from Heaven, remade as an angel in human form. My sins were cleansed and banished forever. God made it so that my flesh could never sin, no matter what I do." Azrael is grinding faster and faster. "My first target was the girl on my cock. She begged me to let her go home, to see her family again. But God said she was a sinner. So I put my gun in the sinner's mouth, watched the terror in her eyes and pulled the trigger."

Suddenly, Azrael's grip on Melissa's shoulders tightens, and her other hand squeezes Melissa's breast so hard. The freckled girl can feel the predator's body shiver against her, and it takes her a second to realize what's happening. Inside it's leather confines, Azrael's cock violently pulses as she orgasms, spurting cum down the leg of her pants with a wet slopping

noise. After a few seconds, Melissa sees the white liquid running down the predator's black boots. Clearly, the memory was a pleasant one for Azrael.

It takes Azrael a few moments to catch her breath again. "This... this world cannot survive without justice. And if that justice does not exist, then it needs to be *created*." She pulls her face away from Melissa's hair, staring deep into the freckled girl's eyes. There's something odd in those golden orbs. A strange yearning for something. "I *am* that justice. I will save this world from degenerate cruelty."

"And who will be God, then? You?" Melissa asks, a bit more defiantly than she'd intended.

Azrael smirks. She recovers from her orgasm quite quickly, Melissa is unsettled to see. "Of course not. I am simply His angel, anointed to cleanse the sins of His world." As terrifying as it had been to hear Azrael ranting while she was aroused, hearing her continue when she was sober was even more disturbing. "Order must be imposed on this world. I will create order, I will reinforce the rules of this world. I will become the Judgment of the world."

Melissa can't help it. "That's insane!" she squeaks out, and then covers her mouth in shock.

Azrael doesn't seem to take offense. "Is it? You already know what I'm capable of. Every day, I grow in power. And so do you."

Below them, the two lovebirds are reaching the end of their second play-session. This time, the futanari is muttering loudly to herself. "...subhuman scum..." she's saying to the poor girl sucking her cock. For a moment, Melissa thinks that the predator is being a filthy racist, but her next words prove otherwise. "You don't even have a dick, where do you get off being so fucking hot?" Her grip on her prey's hair is strong, and she impales the Indian girl's face deeper onto her cock. "Fucking... you're not a real woman, you fucking dickless whore. Suck a real girl's dick and get ready to fucking die..."

"A futanari fascist. The tattoo on her chest marks her as one of their ilk." Azrael whispers to Melissa, confirming the freckled girl's suspicions. The "People like her believe that futanari are genetically superior to men and women, and some of them even want to devour everyone who's not one of them." The dark predator grins, her pale teeth flashing savagely. "But the truth is, only God can choose who is superior."

"She's gonna kill her..." Melissa realizes. It's a rather obvious thing to say, but it's clear that the futanari predator is taking pleasure in not just the thought of eating the prey, but also of actually ending *her* life specifically. "Should we... should we call the cops?"

Beside her, Azrael shakes her head. "Ever since the police let in futanari, it's been slowly filling up with corruption. And when predators like me joined, it just got worse." She reaches into her pocket, and pulls out her phone. It's an expensive model, clearly worth a few grand alone. Azrael taps three zeros into the screen, and holds it out for Melissa to take. "Go on, call them if

you like. Even if you can convince them to come, that girl will be soup funneling through a fascist's intestines long before they arrive."

The freckled girl takes the phone numbly, but she doesn't hit the call button. Azrael is right, the police can't help right now, even if they wanted to. "Then, what?" Melissa doesn't want to watch someone die, especially not this poor Indian girl. Dragged off into a park, forced to suck a smug fascist's dick, and then devoured for the crime of not being a futanari? The poor girl hadn't done anything wrong. It wasn't a fair way to go. Below them, the futanari seems to finally grow bored of being sucked off, and pulls the prey's head away from her dick, licking her lips in anticipation. "What will-

"Ah, if that's your question..." Azrael smiles in triumph. "It is simple. We fulfill God's mission. We deliver Justice."

And with that, the dark predator lets go of Melissa and leaps off the gravel path.

With a mighty crash, Azrael lands in the gravel next to the pair. Despite falling a few meters, she rises swiftly, her shadow falling across the predator and prey.

"What the f- oh, shit!" The futanari predator shoves her prey away from her, sending the Indian girl rolling in the gravel as she struggles to rise. "Who the fuck are you?"

"God's instrument." And with that, Azrael lashes her fist out, knocking the futanari predator off her seat and sending her sprawling in the gravel alongside her would-be prey. Her phone bounces away across the ground. Stunned for a moment, the Asian predator tries to rise again, but Azrael is far, *far* swifter than her. Seizing her hair, Azrael drags the predator toward her open mouth...

Behind her, Melissa is still hurrying down the path, holding Azrael's phone. Part of her wonders if she should take this opportunity to run, but if she'd wanted to do that, she should have done that long ago.

By the time the freckled girl reaches Azrael, only the Asian futanari's legs are sticking out of the dark predator's mouth, flailing feebly. Without much effort, Azrael rises, standing up straight. She turns her head upward, pointing the predator's legs toward the sky. Gravity kicks in, and the predator's legs slowly slip down, into her gullet.

A few moments later, it's all over. Azrael's lips close over the futanari's bare feet, and she takes a big swallow, successfully gulping the woman down into her stomach. The bulge she leaves in Azrael is disturbingly small. It's still pretty large, but it looks much too compact for a human's body to be inside. Or rather, it's obvious that the person inside has been compacted to fit inside. God, was that how powerful Azrael's abs are? There's no movement inside Azrael's gut, and Melissa is horrified to realize that the person inside has already been crushed to death. Clearly, the dark predator has no patience tonight.

Azrael lets out a loud burp. "What do you think?" She says aloud, her golden eyes turning to Melissa.

The freckled girl feels her heart shiver, and she turns to look at the girl who had almost become a snack. "Are you okay?" she asks the girl, who is still groggily sitting up on the ground. Reaching out her hand, she helps the almost-prey to her feet.

"T-thank you..." The Indian girl says to Melissa, glancing fearfully at Azrael. Her eyes dart to the dark predator's belly, and she looks away quickly, back to the freckled girl. "I almost... she was going to..."

"It's okay, you're safe now." Melissa feels a profound sense of relief, that they've changed this girl's fate. The poor girl is naked, and shivering, probably from cold and terror at what she'd almost just become. "What happened? Did she bring you here against your will?"

The Indian girl shakes her head, still looking confused. "I... I don't know... When we were speaking on the app, she was so... nice."

"App?" Oh, crap...

Azrael leans down and picks up the predator-cum-prey's phone. "Ah, I have discovered the culprit." She holds up the phone, and shows Melissa a depressingly familiar interface. "An app named VoreFans. One you're familiar with?"

Melissa blushes heavily at the dark predator's smirk. "T-that aside... are you hurt?" she asks the girl. "What's your name?"

"P-Padma. And no, I'm..." The almost-prey touches her neck and grimaces. "She was rough, but it's not the first time someone's done that kinda thing to me. I'll be okay." She blinks and looks down at herself, and seems to just now realize that she's completely naked. "Ah, s-shit!" Quickly, the girl tries to cover herself with her hands. "I, um... shit..."

Melissa sighs deeply, realizing what she has to do. It's only decent, really. Reaching down, the freckled girl quickly unbuttons her shirt, and then shrugs it off, holding it out to the shivering girl. "Here, take it." The girl stares at her in shock, her eyes darting to Melissa's sapphire studded bra. "Come on, I can see that you're freezing. It's not much, but it's better than being naked."

"N-no, I can't..." Padma tries to say, but she's interrupted by a shiver. Once she stops, the girl sighs and gingerly takes the shirt from Melissa, slipping it over her shoulders. It's surprisingly large on her, and it takes Melissa a second to realize that *she's* actually quite a bit taller than the Indian girl. Has she grown recently or something? Had Talia and that Italian girl added to her height as well? That might explain Azrael's intimidating stature.

Once she's buttoned up Melissa's shirt, Padma adjusts the outfit nervously. She looks back at Melissa. "T-thank you, but... are you gonna be okay? You're only wearing a bra..."

A bra's hardly the skimpiest thing Melissa's worn. "It's okay, Padma, I'm a pornstar. I'm used to people seeing me in no clothes at all."

That seems to reassure the girl a little. Padma cracks a weak smile. "Oh... could I have your shorts as well, then?" For a moment, Melissa thinks the girl is joking, but Padma just stares at her nervously.

"Uh... are you serious?" Melissa raises an eyebrow at the young Indian girl.

Padma nods. "Yeah." After a moment, she shivers. "Um, can you hurry up? I'm pretty cold, and I don't wanna walk home looking like a prostitute... no offense."

With an irritated sigh, Melissa unzips her jeans shorts, and hands them over to Padma, who takes them eagerly. As the Indian girl quickly slips them on, Melissa shivers in the night air. She'd tried to be confident with her line about being a pornstar, but it was even chillier than before. And as thin as her clothes had been, a bra and panties were no protection at all.

"Well... thanks!" Padma smiles warmly at Melissa. "I... should go home." The freckled girl nods at her, and the Indian girl nervously turns to leave, avoiding looking at Azrael.

Oh, shit, wait a moment... "Hey, hold on a sec!" Melissa calls out, and the Indian girl stops. The freckled girl points to her thigh. "My phone! It's in your pocket!"

"Oh, s-sorry!" Padma pats down her pockets, and pulls out Melissa's phone. Walking back over to the freckled girl, she stares at the device. "Um, this phone's pretty nice... are you sure you need it back?" The girl's eyes are a little bit pleading.

"Yeah, I do." Her VoreFans app was on it, along with her bank account. Not to mention, all her phone contacts. After a moment's hesitation, Padma drops it back into Melissa's hand with a weak smile. "Thanks. You don't need to worry about returning those clothes, by the way."

"Oh, um..." Padma blushes. "I... wasn't going to."

...Huh, okay. Guess it wasn't really a big deal then. With a nervous wave, the Indian girl departs in Melissa's clothes, walking quickly out of the park and vanishing out of view. Melissa sighs deeply, and then feels a strong hand on her shoulder.

"Charity is often thankless." The dark predator shakes her head in amusement. "I know that more than anyone."

Melissa opens her mouth to answer, but then feels a warm weight around her shoulders. It takes her a moment to realize that it's Azrael's black jacket. It's surprisingly heavy, and the weight makes Melissa stumble for a moment. But as she rebalances, she can feel the warmth flowing from the garment. It's Azrael's body heat, and it almost seems to scorch Melissa's skin. The freckled girl is unable to avoid the temptation to pull the jacket around her cold body, basking in the heat of the dark predator.

Next to her, Azrael, her upper body now only clad in a stylish black bra, is glaring down at the former predator's phone. The gun on her hip is now fully visible, but Melissa doesn't even entertain the thought of trying to take it. On the phone, Azrael scrolls through the messages, looking through the recently deceased futanari's information. "Degeneracy pollutes this world more and more every day, but this app... is the worst of all."

VoreFans? No, Melissa used it, so it couldn't be that bad. "What... what's wrong with it?"

"It's immoral. It's disgusting. It's not what a human's life should revolve around. But, we do now." Azrael stares down at her prey's phone, a contemptuous look on her face. Below, Melissa can see her stomach pulsing, already brutally digesting its occupant. Azrael seems not to even notice. "Commercialized degeneracy. Murder made into a pornographic form. It will ruin the world." The dark predator turns and hurls the phone into the harbor. A few seconds later, Melissa hears a distant splash.

"I use VoreFans." Melissa says in a small voice. She knows that Azrael knows that, but still.

"You..." The dark predator narrows her eyes at Melissa. "Are *different*."

Melissa's heart beats faster as Azrael glares at her. "I am?" she says, feeling a little confused. Her thoughts feel a little slower than before. What is this feeling? The jacket, she realizes after a moment. The dark predator's smell is thick and musky, and right under her nose. It's hard to think with that tickling her brain...

"You are." Azrael insists in a firm tone. She moves toward Melissa, and before the freckled girl can open her mouth to respond, the dark predator kisses her on the lips.

The taste of fire burns in Melissa's mouth, scorching her lips. Azrael was kissing her. God, this was incredible. Melissa wasn't sure if she would survive this kiss. There was a chance she'd just be burnt to cinders any second. Is it just her imagination, or could she taste just a hint of sulfur and ash? Whatever it was, it was intoxicating.

After a small eternity, Azrael breaks the kiss, and grins down at the girl she loves. "You are different, Melissa Jones. You are a predator, but your soul is not weighed down by sin. You are *not* a degenerate sinner." Suddenly, Melissa feels herself being spun around, and Azrael points her out to the harbor again. "Look at the city. What do you see?"

And now, Melissa knows that Azrael wants to hear. "A city of animals, is what you see?" She asks the dark predator, still feeling a little woozy.

Azrael wraps her arms around the freckled girl, holding her tightly. It's an incredible feeling, to be held so tightly, and yet so gently. Melissa is pressed into the dark predator's chest, an incredible combination of rock-hard muscles, big breasts and a gurgling gut. The dark predator buries her face in Melissa's hair, and the girl can feel her smile against her skin. "Yes, Melissa. A city of people who need to be cleansed of their sin. I am anointed by God to rule in His name, but I cannot do so alone."

"You want me?" Oh, no. Somehow, this madness was starting to twist into sense, in Melissa's mind. If she went down this path with Azrael, what would she become? A madwoman like her? A divine being like her?

"Yes." Azrael hisses, triumphantly. "Finally, you understand. I can *feel* it in your soul. God has given me my destiny, and yours as well. Together, we will devour sin itself. Already, I can use my influence to change how justice proceeds in this city, but I need *more*. More power."

"W-what do you mean?" Not good... Azrael's energy was too strong. It was utterly overpowering Melissa.

"You will only be the first soul that will ascend, Melissa. I will train you, and shape you, into power *incarnate*. I will make you into *me*, and there will be no difference between us as we sit in the throne of the world together. The universe can be corrupted into degeneracy, and it can be corrupted back to justice in return. But, I need more than just myself. I will rule the universe in God's name, and those who sin against God's love, against *me*. And when the universe is cleansed, when God returns to our pure world..." Azrael's breath hitches, as she reaches the peak of her soul. "**God will submit to me, as He has promised me... and I will devour Him.**"

The line between reality and madness is fading away. It no longer matters if what Azrael is saying is madness or truth. As the wind blows, Melissa feels goosebumps rising on her skin. In the dark predator's grip, she can feel Azrael's heart beating next to hers, a powerful drumbeat that almost overpowers her own. Involuntarily, she snuggles closer to the heat that seems to steam off that coal-black skin. Right now, it feels that the world is utterly cold, with only one source of heat.

"Come with me, Melissa Jones." The freckled girl feels a burning kiss on her forehead, as Azrael lets her lips trail across Melissa's cold skin. "Come back to my domain with me. Let me strip you away of all fear and cold. Let me conquer you. Let me *claim* you..." Another burning kiss, this time on her left ear. God, Melissa wanted that heat. She wanted that touch to burn her until she was nothing but ash. "Let me claim your tired soul. Our souls will meld as I sunder your body. I will break you down, and remake you a hundred times..."

No, Azrael was not mortal. How could she be? Her touch was like fire, her grip was like iron. She was beyond strength. Melissa could only bask in the dark angel's glory. Somehow, everything that had seemed insane only moments ago felt real. She was in the presence of a divine being. Perhaps, if Melissa knelt before her, she could beg for a scrap of Azrael's power?

"Join me, Melissa. You were destined to be mine to mold into greatness. You belong to me, and I belong to you. The both of us will ascend to godhood..." Finally, their gazes meet. Melissa stares into Azrael's eyes, and she can see no bottom in those golden depths. "Between us, you and I will create a pantheon to rule this world..."

But as their lips meet, Melissa can feel something cold around her neck. Talia's gift, the red ruby flashing in her mind. Red, like red hair. Beautiful and silky, and attached to the most wonderful woman in the world. She can hear her laugh, and the taste of her lips. Not these scorching lips that belong to Azrael, the lips of the woman she truly loves.

And then, it's as if Melissa has broken a spell. "No!" she cries out, feeling like she's just come up for air after almost drowning. She pushes Azrael away, and to her surprise, the dark predator seems so shocked that she simply lets go.

Melissa stumbles backward, away from the terrible, intoxicating heat. When she looks up, she sees Azrael's glowing eyes in the darkness. For just a second, she can see hurt in those eyes, and it twists her heart. But then, it vanishes, replaced by cold irritation.

"And you claim that you're not worthy..." Azrael snorts, a sound of bitter amusement. "Yet, even when I pour all of my power into dominating your mind, you still break free. Why is it that when I try to steal your heart, you end up taking even more of mine?"

"You can't steal what's already stolen, Azrael." Melissa shrugs off the heavy jacket, feeling the cold seep in again. As chilly as the night air is, the heat is even more terrifying. "I'm a taken woman. Lindsay Smith is the one I love." With that, she throws the jacket back to Azrael, who catches it deftly.

For a moment, the dark predator stares at Melissa, her eyes burning with outrage and betrayal. "Yet, you feel something for me as well. Can you say that's a lie?"

No, she couldn't. Melissa knew that she could resist Azrael's love, but she couldn't prevent a flame burning in her heart when she looked at the dark predator. "No, I can't say that's a lie. I can't stop myself from loving you as well. But that's nothing to the way I feel about Lindsay." Melissa reaches down, and touches her belly. "And not just her."

Azrael's eyes flash, and Melissa shudders. For a single terrible second, the freckled girl wonders if the dark predator will reach for her gun. Instead, Azrael simply then smiles triumphantly. "Well, it doesn't matter. You almost fell tonight." Azrael shakes her head, looking

utterly smug. "One day soon, you'll give yourself to me." She licks her lips. "The more you deny me, the greater my joy at your eventual submission will be. You *will* be mine."

And then, Melissa is sure. "No, I won't." The temptation is certainly there, but the freckled girl can resist it.

Azrael's smug grin falters, just for a second. "No?" She asks, almost surprised. Then, her teeth flash in the darkness. "Ah, I understand. As long as Lindsay Smith is occupying *my* rightful place in your heart..."

No, that was too far. Azrael could threaten Melissa all she wanted, but threatening Lindsay? Melissa would not take that lying down. "You... fuck off!" The freckled girl snarls angrily at the dark predator, all fear forgotten in her rage. "If you try and even *touch* Lindsay..."

"I will do more than just touching..." Azrael is not intimidated by Melissa's threat, and her voice drips with cruel arousal. "I will devour that woman, *and* the unborn child inside her. They will both go straight to Hell. And then, you will join me as my apprentice."

Melissa is intimidated, but she stands tall all the same. "I won't let you." She declares, scared but resolute. As she reaches up to touch the ruby around her neck, Melissa can feel Talia Vanderberg's strength inside her. She will protect the woman she loves, even if it means going up against Azrael Tueuer.

Azrael's eyes soften slightly, and for a moment, Melissa almost thinks she sees a hint of regret in her eyes. "I know you won't."

And then, Melissa Jones turns and walks away from the dark predator. For a moment, she wonders if Azrael will stop her, and she can feel those golden eyes boring into her back. If Melissa looks back now, she'll be lost to the dark predator's embrace. It takes a titanic effort, but Melissa resists the temptation to turn and look behind her. After a few more steps, she feels the predator's presence vanish, like a weight being lifted from the world.

Sweat is beading on Melissa's forehead, despite the cold air blowing in from the harbor. It's long past midnight now, and Lindsay must be wondering where she is right now. Reaching into her cleavage, Melissa pulls out her phone, and calls her girlfriend.

After a few rings, it picks up. "Hey, bae! Where you at?" The warm voice of Lindsay fills Melissa's heart. "I had a hell of a day, and so did you, if you're coming home this late, huh?"

"It's... been a long day." It really had. "I love you so much, Lin."

"Yeah, but I love you more, though." Lindsay laughs softly, and the sound is like medicine for Melissa's shaken soul. "Are you coming home now?"

“Yeah...” Melissa touches her stomach, feeling the life within. “I’m coming home. And I’m only wearing underwear.”

“Shit, really?” It sounds as if Lindsay just fell off whatever she’d been sitting on. “Well, damn. You musta had a hell of a night.”

“Yeah...” Melissa sighs deeply. “I sure did.”

(End of Part ELEVEN)

STATUS OF CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART ELEVEN:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility:	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	In a relationship with Lindsay Smith/Has feelings for Azrael Tueuer	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	She's managed to survive another encounter with the apex predator, but has not escaped unscathed. Part of her heart has been captured by the monstrous predator, after all...
Lindsay Smith	Alive	In a relationship with Melissa Jones	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Has succeeded in securing her dream apartment. It was a long and painful process, though not for her. Now eagerly awaits her half-naked girlfriend's return.
Azrael Tueuer	Alive	In love with Melissa Jones	Opulent	Very Virile	Despite being ultimately refused tonight by the woman she loves, Azrael remains in high spirits. After all, there's only so many times someone can say 'no', as Azrael well knows. And a minor, and delicious, irritation in the form of Lindsay Smith. In the eyes of the dark predator, Melissa's destiny as her lover is already set in stone.
Padma	Alive (barely)	Was hoping to be in a relationship after tonight, but her love interest tried to eat her alive.	Poor	Fertile	Against all odds, Padma has survived the night. Despite arguably not deserving to escape, she's managed to limp home in Melissa's clothes. Privately, she's a little annoyed that Melissa didn't give her that nice phone, and she's starting to get annoyed that Melissa didn't hand over her underwear as well! Thankfully, Melissa forgot about the cash she'd left in the back pocket of her shorts, so Padma can at least call it even between them.