

Two lines. That's what the pregnancy test in Melissa Jones' hand is showing, as the brunette takes a deep breath to calm herself. Two lines means positive. And positive means that there's a child growing inside her now. Jessica Storm's seed has taken root in her womb, and in nine months, Melissa will be giving birth to the futanari pornstar's child.

Well, it's not really that big a shock, to be honest. After the ferocious pounding that Jessica gave her a few days ago, it would have been shocking if she *wasn't* pregnant. When Melissa closes her eyes, she fancies that she can still feel the futanari's dick inside her, the feeling of hot cum filling her vagina. A week ago, she hadn't even heard of the woman's name before, and now she was going to have her baby. Life as a VoreFans pornstar was fast and wild.

Melissa shifts on the toilet, feeling her bowels begin to move again. She's completely naked, sitting on the toilet as the sound of the morning birds drifts through the open bathroom door of Lindsay's apartment. Her hair is messy, and she's still half asleep, a look that her girlfriend described a few minutes ago as "fucking super hot". Melissa's a bit too preoccupied with the brewing storm in her colon to worry about her appearance, but Lindsay's words did cheer her up a little.

Last night, she'd gone to the Rainbow Serpent and picked up some random Greek-looking woman as a meal, after which she and Lindsay had dragged their engorged stomachs home. Her digestive system had thoroughly pummeled the olive-skinned woman into a literal crapload throughout the very restive night, which is now thundering through her intestines. Her guts are sore in a deeply satisfying way, and her asshole feels almost scorched.

"Ah, come on..." the freckled girl moans out loud as she feels the pressure building up against her backdoor for the dozenth time in the last half hour. She's spent most of the time since she'd woken up emptying her butt of the woman's remains. The process is long and exhausting, and yet somehow deeply satisfying. Melissa steels herself, and then pushes. A wet fart bursts out of her, and the brunette feels instant relief. After a few seconds, a massive log of former-woman begins to crown out of her anus.

This isn't the first woman Melissa has shat out, but it's the first one that she's been able to appreciate the feeling with. When she'd eaten Talia, most of the night had been a panicked blur, and she'd been terrified that she was going to actually die. Lindsay had helped her through it, but she hadn't been in a position to really enjoy it. But Melissa can't help but understand why Lindsay likes being a predator a little bit more now. The absolute satisfaction she feels from emptying the former-woman into the toilet is utterly incomparable to anything else she's felt in her life.

Once the flow has begun properly, Melissa reaches out for her phone, which is sitting on the sink next to her. Usually, she wouldn't be one for using her phone on the toilet, but shitting out a human tended to take a while. Besides, she had an important message to send. Tapping her screen, Melissa pulls up Jessica Storm's number, scrolling through the short list of texts that they've exchanged in the last few days. *Did my test today, having your baby confirmed.* This felt

a bit short, so the freckled girl took a quick picture of the pregnancy test against her bare breasts. Jessica would probably enjoy that, she hoped, as she tosses the pregnancy test and her phone back onto the sink.

The bathroom door is partially open, but Lindsay pushes the door fully open as she enters the bathroom. Melissa looks up in surprise, her buttohole puckering reflexively and has the momentary urge to cover herself as her girlfriend stares at her nude body with a smirk. But that's just a waste of time. Lindsay's already seen everything, and Melissa isn't really in a position to stop shitting right now anyway.

Lindsay's nostrils flare as she takes a deep breath, inhaling the scent that Melissa's already gotten used to. "Ahh... I love the smell of destruction in the morning. Smells like victory." She's clad only in a white shirt, which would hang to her hips if her big breasts weren't in the way, leaving the hem of the shirt above her belly button, not covering the trimmed bush of red hair above her vagina. It's a hell of a sight, and Melissa has to take a moment to savor that this woman is *her* girlfriend.

It must be a pretty strong stench for the redhead to smell it from the bathroom doorway. "Ahh..." Melissa's cheeks redden very slightly as she realizes how unpleasant it must be. "Shit, is it really bad?"

Her girlfriend licks her lips, sniffing loudly again. "Oh god Mel, it's fucking nasty as hell. It feels like it's raping my fucking nose." She sighs happily, looking deeply satisfied. "It's so fucking awesome. Everyone likes their own brand, but I reckon I love yours as well."

"Yeah, well..." Melissa grimaces as another fart pops out of her, echoing off the toilet bowl. "I guess you're just pretty lucky." Even if she'd wanted to stop the olive-woman's progress, there's no chance that her buttohole will stop right now. Whatever, who cared if her girlfriend watched her poop? "Though it's not surprising you're into that kinda shit. You always struck me as a pervert." Back when they'd been best friends, they'd never really discussed their fetishes. That would have been a little too homoerotic for them to handle or something, Melissa guessed.

Lindsay snorts as she kicks the bathroom door closed behind her. "Oh, you haven't even *begun* to see the degenerate shit I'm into, Mel. Now that we're together, you won't believe the awful things you're gonna do to me. And I'm gonna do some really gross shit to you as well." She walks over to the shower in the corner of the door, grinning like a pervert. "Get ready to get some really awful fetishes drilled into you, now that you're with me."

That sounds pretty good to Melissa, honestly. Dignity and pride are concepts that the freckled girl gave up back when she'd sold her soul to the little app on her phone. The brunette shifts in her seat again, as the sound of splashing water echoes out of the toilet beneath her. "Yeah, do what you want to me, Lin. Don't hold back." As her girlfriend enters the shower with her shirt on, Melissa raises an eyebrow. "Uh, are you taking a shower?"

“No?” Lindsay rolls her eyes, and then squats down, pulling the shirt over her knees. Melissa is about to ask what she’s doing, when a stream of gold liquid sprays out of her girlfriend’s vagina. Lindsay is peeing in the shower, right in front of Melissa, without a hint of shame. Actually, the look on her face is the total opposite of shame. “Ahh... *much* better... Yeah, sorry about last night, Mel. I didn’t realize how tired I was...”

Melissa can’t take her eyes off the golden stream. “It’s okay, Lin, don’t worry about it.” Last night, they’d intended to have sex after returning from the Rainbow Serpent, but Lindsay had digested her meal faster than expected, and had to spend a few hours in the dead of night crapping out the unfortunate drummer from the band that had been playing in the club. After that, the redhead was dead on her feet. Then again, Melissa had been more tired than she’d expected as well, so the two of them had just given each other belly rubs instead. “Not to complain, but how come you’re pissing in the shower?”

“What, you wanted me to aim between your legs?” Lindsay gives her girlfriend a smirk.

“Well, no...” That would be a little too close for comfort for Melissa’s tastes. “But, like, you have a toilet next to your room, don’t you?”

Lindsay’s face scrunches up slightly, as her stream begins to dwindle. “Yeah, but... I can’t piss in front of you if I use that one...”

“Pervert.” Melissa rolls her eyes. It feels like her colon has been emptied for now, but the freckled girl can feel that there’s still a great deal of product in her guts to shift.

The redhead sneers at her girlfriend. “Say that when your eyes aren’t glued to my cunt, bitch.” Melissa has to admit that she feels a little disappointed as Lindsay’s piss stream finishes. After a moment of shaking her hips to get rid of the last few drops. “Here, check out this cool shower-pissing tech I learned.” Standing up, Lindsay pulls her shirt up over her breasts and then leans her upper body back. Turning the handles, a wave of hot water splashes over the redhead’s lower body for a few seconds, before she turns the water off again. “There, all clean!”

“Wow... you’re a real ideas woman.” Melissa says sarcastically, rolling her eyes. “Aren’t you worth, like, six figures?”

“You think rich people like us don’t piss in the shower?” Lindsay steps out of the shower and rolls down her shirt again, apparently not caring that half her shirt is now soaked in water. She yawns for a moment, and then strides over to Melissa. The brunette looks up as her girlfriend’s shadow falls over her. “How are you going over here?” Lindsay puts her hand on the sink and leans over, peering in between Melissa’s legs. “Looks like it’s getting pretty full in there.”

Well, that’s a bit more intimate than Melissa had expected to get this morning. Still, she finds it hard to be particularly upset by her girlfriend pushing their boundaries even further. “Lin, are you

really staring at the shit that just came out of me?” she asks, more to poke fun at her girlfriend than any real offense.

“Just taking pride in my girlfriend’s efforts...” Lindsay reaches over to the button to flush the toilet. “Here, let your lover get that for you,” she says with a smirk. “Wouldn’t wanna overflow.” Melissa feels the toilet flush underneath her. The brunette tries to give Lindsay a withering look, but she can’t prevent a smile breaking through her mock irritation. After a moment, the redhead’s face turns a little more serious. “Hmm... looks like you’re handling the digestion a lot better this time around.”

“Yeah, last night was... a lot better than the first time.” When Melissa had eaten Talia, it had felt more like she was going to die. The sheer amount of a human body going through her digestive tract had been a monstrous strain on her organs, and Melissa had honestly thought it would be too much for her body to handle.

This time around, though, had been a lot smoother. Melissa had actually been strong enough to stand up with an entire human body inside her this time around, when last time, she’d only been able to make it to the toilet with Lindsay’s help. After walking her bulging belly home, Melissa had felt her guts grinding down her prey on the way, and what had just come out of her had felt a lot easier on her poor anus this time around.

Lindsay reaches out, and grab’s Melissa’s tits. The brunette makes no move to stop her girlfriend, though it did surprise her for a moment. Her breasts feel a little sensitive this morning, and they look a little flushed as well. “Hmm... looks like she pumped up your tits a little, too. I owe her my thanks.”

“Yeah, my butt feels a little bigger as well.” She hadn’t been able to see her behind properly in the mirror, but it definitely felt a little thicker than last night. More of a cushion under her hips. “And my... uh, final phase here feels a lot smoother.” Last time, her need to shit had suddenly surged through her body without warning, and had resulted in all of Talia’s remains rushing out of her in about twenty minutes. This time around, her body had been polite enough to wait until she’d woken up, and the olive-skinned woman was coming out in waves, giving Melissa some much-needed breathing room.

“Yeah, you’re becoming a predator.” Lindsay grins at the thought, looking aroused. “Your body is changing. It’s becoming used to eating asstons of human meat. You’re evolving into a higher form of human being, y’know?”

Oh christ, is that what was happening? Melissa had wanted to become a predator, but the thought of her body changing was a little disturbing. “Um... it’s not as intense as that, though, right?”

“Oh, Melissa...” Her girlfriend smirks at her. “It’s already too late to turn back. Your body can’t go back to not being a predator. Once you’ve given it something as strong as human meat, you can’t go back, *ever*.”

“Fucking hell...” Melissa can’t help but be unsettled by that idea. “I know I asked for it, but you make it sound like an addiction...”

“Oh, it *is* an addiction. We’re both hooked for life.” Lindsay looks proud of the idea. “But don’t worry. You’ll lose any concerns about it after a few years, like me. Then we’ll just be a pair of merciless predators, scything down people left and right.” A little bit of drool drips out of the corner of her mouth. “Between you and me, we’re gonna rack up a kill count in the *hundreds*... hey, what’s this?”

Melissa follows Lindsay’s gaze, at where the redhead’s fingers have brushed against the discarded pregnancy test. “Oh, that’s my...” She trails off as Lindsay snatches up the small plastic stick in excitement.

“It’s positive?!” The redhead’s voice suddenly spikes in pitch, her excitement cracking her voice for a moment. “Oh, Mel! Mel! This is...!”

“Yeah, I thought you’d be-” Melissa’s words are cut off by her girlfriend’s lips. Lindsay plants a sloppy kiss on the brunette, too excited to do it properly. Still, it’s hardly unpleasant.

Lindsay holds the pregnancy test to her stomach, spinning around the bathroom in glee. “Oh, this is so *fucking awesome*! We’re gonna be pregnancy buddies! I was praying for this!”

“Were you?” Melissa is a little surprised to hear that. She’s so surprised, a little log of shit splashes into the toilet beneath her. It’s a testament to how intimate their relationship is, that this doesn’t ruin the moment for either of them.

“Yeah well... I took all the help I could get.” Lindsay crosses herself for a moment. “Worked out, didn’t it?” After a moment, she pulls up her shirt, exposing her bare belly. Pressing the pregnancy test against her stomach, the redhead adopts a look that Melissa could only describe as ‘stupid happy’. “I know you can’t hear me in there yet, but... your other mummy has a sister for you inside her...”

Suddenly, Melissa’s phone buzzes. Picking it up, the freckled girl sees that it’s a reply from Jessica Storm. *Congratulations on bearing my child. Are you coming to the VoreFans meetup tonight? I would like to tender my thanks in person.*

Ah, the VoreFans meetup. Melissa had completely forgotten about that. Jessica had invited her a day or two ago, but Melissa had a lot on her mind lately, so she’d forgotten. Texting back a quick confirmation, Melissa is about to put down the phone again when she gets another text from Jessica. *Thank you for the picture as well. I will thank you for that in person as well.*

“Is that Jessica?” Lindsay asks after a moment, shaking herself out of her contented stupor. “Give her my thanks for knocking you up, would you?” From anyone else, Melissa might have thought that sentence was being sarcastic, but the redhead was being completely sincere.

“You can thank her yourself. Aren’t you coming to the VoreFans meetup with me tonight?” Melissa knew that Jessica had invited her girlfriend as well.

Lindsay shakes her head, to Melissa’s surprise. “No, not tonight. I have a busy day ahead of me.”

The freckled girl gives her girlfriend a quizzical look. “What? Since when?” She’d kinda been hoping to cuddle with her best friend after this. This was the first she was hearing about Lindsay being busy today.

“Since *this*.” Lindsay holds up the pregnancy test with a grin. “Now that we’re doing this pregnancy thing together, I need to get the ball rolling on that apartment sooner rather than later. I’m going to go and ‘convince’ that stupid bitch who doesn’t want to sell it.” She licks her lips, as she pictures something that Melissa can’t see. “I’m gonna explain to her this time that either she sells our apartment to us, or I’ll eat her alive, and buy it off her estate after she’s dead. I’m *done* taking ‘no’ for an answer.” She pats her belly gently, smiling happily again. “Don’t worry, Mummy’s gonna get you some food again soon...”

“Oh, I was kinda hoping to go with you...” They’d only gotten together a few days ago, and Melisa had been hoping that the meetup might be a nice chance to be a couple in public.

Lindsay smirks at her girlfriend. “Sorry, babe. I know how great I am.” Still, she does seem a little apologetic to Melissa. “But while I won’t be there to spice things up, you’re gonna have a good time. Go and hang out with Jess, and her friends.” She gives Melissa a wink. “And, y’know... try not to get eaten alive by the other vorestars.”

Melissa blinks, as a new storm begins to brew in her colon. Well, she hadn’t considered that part of the meetup. But still, a life without a little risk wasn’t a life worth living.

The restaurant that the meetup is taking place in is much fancier than Melissa had expected. It’s on the harbor, in an upper class part of Sydney. For a moment, Melissa has a flash of fear that she won’t be allowed in, before she remembers that there’s a crapton of money in her bank account right now. She’s still getting used to being pushed up a few social levels in the course of about two weeks. To tell the truth, she’s not even sure what kind of restaurant it is, apart from the fact that it looks swelteringly expensive.

Melissa looks down at her outfit, hoping that it's good enough for the occasion. She's dressed in a nice purple button-up shirt, with a pair of stylish jean shorts below. At Lindsay's insistence, she's put on some of her girlfriend's expensive jewelry, a diamond studded bracelet around her right wrist and a pair of metal earring in the shape of female symbols. The heavy chain necklace around her neck is Melissa's choice, though. While she's learning to be a predator, Melissa's still presenting to everyone else and online as a prey, after all.

Underneath, Melissa is wearing one of the expensive sets of underwear that she'd bought about a week ago, the blue set with sapphires studded into the fabric. Melissa had wanted something more comfortable, but Lindsay had insisted on these ones, in case she 'got lucky'. The freckled girl was still a bit thrown about how happy her girlfriend was for Melissa to get laid. The redhead had even told Melissa that she should bring anyone she wanted back to Lindsay's apartment, because it was nicer than her own.

Lindsay had helped her pick out her clothes, so Melissa felt confident that she looked sexy. But without the redhead at her side, she felt a little naked. The freckled girl didn't tend to come to these kinds of events alone, and she felt quite nervous as she waited for the man at the reception desk to check that she was allowed in. The inside of the restaurant was hewn white marble, with elegant red carpet on the floor. An artificial stream runs through the reception area, bubbling richly underneath small bonsai trees. Melissa can *taste* the opulence in the air.

After waiting for another few moments, Melissa feels the air change slightly as someone approaches. It's like the static in the air has built up, all of a sudden. "She's on the list, let her in." The powerful voice of Jessica Storm calls out to the man behind the reception desk. Melissa turns to see the pornstar approaching her with a stony face, as usual. Jessica always seems to look like that, even in the midst of busting a nut.

That being said, Jessica Storm has certainly dressed up for tonight. The pornstar is wearing a stunningly handsome suit-dress that seems to match with her face fantastically. Her blonde hair cascades to her shoulders, flashing in the restaurant lights like sparks of electricity. Her feet are clad in criminally expensive-looking heels, and the skirt of her suit-dress is showing off a rather obvious bulge.

"Jessica!" Melissa feels like it's been an age since she's seen the lightning-haired woman, although it's only been a few days. "Thanks for inviting me tonight."

Jessica just shrugs as she draws level with Melissa. "Well, if anyone's going to be coming to a VoreFans meetup, you'd be the first choice of invitation. I was intending to meet up with you soon anyway." She looks around, vaguely surprised. "Your girlfriend isn't joining us tonight, I take it?"

Lindsay had left right after she'd picked out Melissa's clothes, to 'sort out the apartment stuff'. Melissa was still a bit sure what she meant by that, but she trusted Lindsay to be able to handle

herself. “No, she... already had plans for tonight.” Come to think of it, Jessica’s missing someone as well. “What about Marl?”

Jessica shakes her head. “She’s meeting up with her sister or something. Besides, I didn’t want to bring her here tonight, the other predators would have a field day with her.” The way she said it seemed to imply that it *wasn’t* too dangerous for her and Melissa, which the freckled girl finds a bit flattering.

“Oh yeah, how is Marl?” Melissa remembers the young blonde assistant. She’d been knocked up by Jessica as well.

“Hm? Oh, she’s well.” Jessica shrugs, and gestures to her belly. “She’s started showing in the last few days. Not a lot, just a little curve.” The thought seems to cheer the pornstar up a little. “Well, shall we go inside? I’d like to introduce you to the others.”

Yeah, that sounds fun. “Please!” Melissa smiles at Jessica. The lightning-haired woman nods, and then to Melissa’s surprise, she grabs the freckled girl’s hand, tugging her gently into the restaurant. Melissa doesn’t resist, but she feels a little embarrassed that Jessica’s treating her much more intimately than she’d expected. Not that she’s complaining.

“I put us in a private room...” Jessica waves away a male waiter that moves to show them the way, instead pulling Melissa along herself. “The bill’s on me tonight, so indulge all you want.”

Well, it seems like Jessica was the one who set up the meeting, so that’s not surprising. The pornstar’s well-known for being disgustingly rich from her porn career, but apparently the futanari only went from ‘rich’ from her VoreFans income to ‘stinking rich’ after investing a lot of it wisely. At least, that’s what Lindsay had explained to Melissa recently. Still, her generosity was pretty nice of her. “I’d binge on some expensive alcohol in that case, but...” Melissa touches her belly.

Jessica’s mouth twitches slightly. “Yes, that must be a little annoying for you. But, you’ll just have to put up with it for now.” As they draw level with a marble door, a pair of young women clad in shockingly short skirts stand on either side, looking nervously at the pornstars approaching them. Apparently, they’re waitresses, not prostitutes. The black fabric of their skirts barely even fall to their hips, and Melissa can catch glimpses of what’s underneath if she looks closely. The girl on the left is packing heat in the front of her panties, the brunette can see. With a flick of her wrist, Jessica gestures for the two waitresses to open the door for her. “These are most of the biggest VoreFans models in Sydney, so I hope you’ll get along with them.

Inside, about half a dozen women are sitting around a marble table, arrayed in chairs with red cushions under them, drinks of various colors in their hands. For a moment, Melissa wonders if this is what a royal council looks like, but then considers that most royalty probably weren’t as rich as the people in the room. As she and Jessica enter, the door is closed behind them and the women pause in their conversations and turn to look.

“Hello everyone, this is Melissa Jones.” Jessica addresses the group, gesturing proudly to Melissa. The freckled girl suddenly feels quite on the spot, and for good reason. A dozen eyes are staring at her. “She’s one of my favorite VoreFans creators. You may have heard of her…”

The woman sitting nearest to the entrance jerks in surprise as she stares at Melissa, putting her drink down on the marble table. “Oh, *that* Melissa Jones? I’m subscribed to you on VoreFans!” The woman speaks with a strong Spanish accent, which makes sense considering her tawny skin. She’s leaning back in her chair with an arrogant expression, dressed in a sports bra and stylish sweatpants which show off her extremely fit body, which makes Melissa wonder if she’s overdressed. “Another prey. That’s good, we had more preds here than prey until now.”

“Let me introduce you.” Jessica puts an arm around Melissa’s shoulder, gesturing to the Hispanic woman. “This is Sofia Santiago, she’s a predator who usually does popular fitness videos, but she’s gotten a big following on VoreFans on the last few months as well.” Considering the massive bulge in the front of Sofia’s sweatpants, it’s not hard for Melissa to imagine why Sofia’s fitness videos are popular. Sofia sees Melissa staring at her cock, but she just smirks in satisfaction.

Next, Jessica points to the young girl next to Sofia. “This is Daniella. She’s a prey, like you.” For a moment, Melissa thinks that she’s a young teenager, but when she looks a little closer, she can actually see that the girl’s an adult, just very small. Her tits are shockingly large for a girl her size, though. Daniella waves at Melissa. “Nice ta meetcha. I know you’re thinking that you wanna pat my head, but *don’t*.” Melissa *had* been thinking that, actually. Daniella’s short brown hair looks strangely inviting…

On the far side of the table, two girls are sitting opposite to Melissa and Jessica. The girl on the left is wearing a long white sundress, and her face is serene and elegant. The girl on the right, however, is wearing a basketball shirt and jeans, and she looks so androgynous that Melissa almost mistakes her for an actual boy on first glance. “Monique and Cynthia.” Jessica names them politely.

Cynthia, the elegant girl on the right, looks vaguely annoyed at that. “I know we arrived together, Miss Storm, but I’d rather not be introduced together.” The girl places a hand on her chest, fixing the freckled girl with a calm look. “It’s nice to meet you, Miss Jones. I am Cynthia Whelken. I produce cosplay and fashion videos.” Her pale cheeks tinge red for a moment, though not as red as the locks that fall to the girl’s shoulders. “I… also make VoreFans content.” She doesn’t elaborate, and Melissa can see that the girl is a little embarrassed by the obvious admission.

“Fuck, Cynth, can you take the stick up your arse for a moment?” The tomboyish girl next to her, Monique, rolls her eyes at the elegant girl. Her red hair is short, and she’s a little more tanned than Cynthia, though it’s clearly from the sun, considering the rest of her is quite pale. She leans back in her chair, putting her sports shoes up on the table, as she looks Melissa

up and down. "What's up, Mel?" She jerks a thumb toward herself, grinning confidently. "Monique Dubois. I do sports shit. I also jam my clam on camera for cash." Next to her, Cynthia lets out a noise of vague disgust, but Monique just sneers at her. "I know, I'm damn fine to look at"

Melissa looks between the two girls for a moment, realizing that they look pretty similar beneath the tan and the elegance. "Are you two... sisters?"

"*Cousins.*" Both the girls say in unison, and then glare at each other. It's clear that this is far from the first time they've been asked this.

"Well, let's move on, otherwise we'll be here all night." Jessica seems a little impatient as she gestures to the next girl. "This is Eris, she's just recently immigrated from America." Eris is a stunningly beautiful girl, now that Melissa actually looks at her. Her golden blonde hair falls almost to her waist, with the ends dyed bright red. A silk string top barely covers her breasts, and combined with the small jean shorts she's wearing, she's one of the sexiest women Melissa's ever seen, which is quite an accomplishment considering the woman next to her.

Closest to Melissa and Jessica on the other side of the table is Sofia, an older woman with a pair of the biggest boobs that Melissa's ever seen in person sits, smiling enigmatically. "Rika Montezuma." Jessica nods politely to the well-endowed woman. "She's been in the business for quite a while."

"Charmed to meet you, Melissa." Despite the fact that she's clearly Japanese, the woman has the thickest Australian accent Melissa's ever heard.

But wait, Rika Montezuma? Melissa recognises that name, somehow. Rika Montezuma. It was a name from a long time ago, from an old porn video that Melissa had loved when she was younger. This was an older pornstar, a *lot* older than Jessica and the others. Despite the fact that she must be in her fifties by now, Rika Montezuma still looks absolutely gorgeous.

The older pornstar winks at Melissa. "Ah, I see my name means something to you?"

"Yeah... I'm pretty sure I've seen some of your stuff." It was a vague memory, probably one of the first porn videos that Melissa had ever seen online.. "I didn't know you were..."

"A predator?" Rika laughs softly, her voice pleasantly deep. "I've been a predator for three decades now, but my fetish videos for that didn't sell very well, so I just went back to regular porn." She smirks, as if she's looking back across the years. "Times change, though. Now vore's a massive thing, and I make more money on an app every week than I did during my entire porn career."

"She's my mentor." Jessica explains to Melissa. "Rika retired about a decade ago, but when she met me, she decided to come out of retirement to become a predator again."

Rika smirks at Jessica. "Well, you were a very good apprentice. All you new-predator types won't understand what that means, though."

"Yeah, okay boomer." Daniella smirks at Rika from across the table.

"I'm not so old, girl, that my guts can't grind you into paste within minutes." The older pornstar retorts sharply at the youthful woman. Daniella quietens down, but she seems more happy with being verbally thrashed than upset. "No, only the old guard predators like me would understand. I searched long and hard for a real apprentice before I retired. But, all of the promising ones still ended up on my hips." She sighs at the memory. "But, when I met Jessica, I knew I'd found the one."

"Really? How'd you know?" Melissa asks, looking curiously at Jessica. The lightning-haired woman seems quite proud of Rika's words.

"How do you think?" Jessica pats Melissa's stomach. "I impregnated her." Melissa's eyes widen, but the pornstar shakes her head. "It's a long story, I'll tell you it later."

Finally, Melissa sits down at the table, with Jessica next to her. Around them, the woman go back to talking amongst themselves. Monique and Cythia resume whatever argument they'd been having before Melissa had entered, while Sofia starts picking on Daniella, rubbing the smaller girl's head against her will. Rika smiles warmly at Melissa, and then turns to talk to Eris next to her.

Jessica taps a button on the table, and the doorway instantly opens, the nervous face of one of the waitresses who'd opened the door for them earlier peering in. Without waiting for the waitress to speak, Jessica rattles off her instructions. "Bring me some aged wine, something over a decade old. And make it something expensive, not some cheap three-hundred dollar crap." She nods to Melissa. "And a juice cocktail for my friend here."

"Y-yes, Ma'am!" The girl actually salutes at Jessica, looking terrified as she slips back out of the door, closing it behind her.

"Is it just me, or are they kinda... scared of you?" Melissa says to Jessica in a lower tone.

The lightning-haired woman snorts softly. "They are, and they should be. I bought the place a few weeks ago, so they're scared shitless about what changes I'm gonna make."

Jessica owns this restaurant? That's... a surprise, but not really that shocking. Melissa whistles under her breath in admiration. "You're buying quite a lot of property, aren't you?" Between three whole apartments that she used for just shooting, and this restaurant, Jessica must be keen to throw her fortune around. Lindsay had even told Melissa that Jessica lived in *two* apartments, and moved between them depending on her mood.

“Well, I’d wanted to buy this place for a long time. I’ve always loved this room in particular.” Jessica looks around at the room they’re in, looking satisfied. It’s a pretty big private room, Melissa notes, with plenty of room for the eight women inside to stretch out comfortably. “I would have done it much earlier, but *Sejin* wouldn’t let me do it. Said it wouldn’t be profitable for *us*.”

Ah yes, *Sejin*. Jessica’s former assistant and manager, whom Jessica had angrily devoured right in front of Melissa before their porn shoot. “Us’ being her and you?” That was an interesting way to describe it. “Weren’t the two of you dating or something?”

Jessica shrugs. “We started dating before she became my manager. We were together for... I don’t know, about a decade before she died?” She doesn’t seem particularly upset at the memory. “Hell of a long time.” The pornstar sighs deeply. “And now that she’s part of my body, I guess we’ll be together forever, in a way. Good riddance, though I do regret it a little bit.”

“You do? That was quite surprising to hear. Melissa wouldn’t have expected the predator to have even a shred of remorse. “You certainly seemed eager to get rid of her at the time.”

“Oh, I don’t regret *eating* her. I kept her around out of kindness, but she just ended up holding me back in the end. So, it was well-deserved. But, being single is rather dull as well.” Behind them, the door opens and the waitress returns, holding two glasses in her hands. She sets down the glass of wine in front of Jessica, and then a yellow-greenish mixture in front of Melissa. As the girl turns to retreat, the pornstar grabs her wrist, forcing her to stay for a moment. “What’s your name?” Jessica asks, without even looking at the girl.

“Uh... C-cathy, Ma’am.” The girl gulps, a few beads of sweat appearing on her forehead.

“Cathy... good to know.” Jessica lets go of the girl’s wrist. “Well, go on. What are you waiting around for?” The girl takes the hint and flees as politely as she can. Jessica sighs for a moment, and then continues as if she hadn’t been speaking to the waitress at all. “Yes, being single isn’t much fun. I need to find a nice girl, I think. Someone to snuggle and go on dates with.”

“What about Marl?” The blonde assistant had actually professed eternal love for Jessica when she’d been helping Melissa with her underwear shopping before the shoot. “She seemed pretty into you?” An understatement of the century.

“She...” Jessica’s cheeks redden slightly, and she takes an irritated sip of her wine before continuing. “I approached her with an offer of starting a romantic relationship, and she... turned me down.”

“What?!” Melissa nearly spits out her juice in surprise. “Why on earth...?!”

The lightning-haired woman nods in agreement. "That's what I thought. She's already having my child, after all. But she insisted that she wanted her love to be one-way."

One-way? "What, like she wanted to love you, but without you loving her back?" Considering Marlene's personality, it actually didn't surprise Melissa that much. The girl had come across as a bit of a masochist.

"Exactly." Jessica, an irritated look on her face. "She wants to be my sex slave instead, for the rest of her life, until I get sick of her and get rid of her. Her words, not mine."

"Oh, well... that's a shame." Melissa hadn't expected to hear that. "I guess she's not an option then?"

"Apparently not!" The pornstar takes another sip of her wine. "And the other two people I had feelings for aren't options anymore, either."

Melissa leans back in her chair, curious. "Huh? Why not?"

Jessica gives her a withering look. "Because the two of you started dating each other."

Oh. Right. That was a bit awkward. "Um... sorry about that?" Melissa isn't sure what else to say to that, really.

"It's not *your*..." Jessica shakes her head. "No, I'm not angry at either of you or anything like that." Oh, good. Melissa had been worried for a moment, but it didn't seem like the lightning-haired woman was too upset about it. After a moment, Jessica's eyes light up slightly. "You... I don't suppose I could convince the two of you to break it off and start double-dating me instead, could I? I could go a nice pair of girlfriends like the two of you."

That's quite a bold suggestion. Melissa has to think about this for a moment. Yeah, no. As much as she likes Jessica, the freckled girl isn't interested in breaking it off with Lindsay for any reason. That would mean throwing away decades of build-up. "I mean, we both like you, but..."

"Yeah, I get it." Jessica sighs in annoyance. It's more directed to the whole world than Melissa and Lindsay specifically. "It's a real shame, though. This time around, I want two girlfriends, and you two would have been ideal."

Well, it would never happen, but... "If Lin and I break up for whatever reason, you can feel free to snap both of us up after that." Melissa says with a grin.

The lightning-haired woman snorts, but a hint of a smile appears on her face. "Are you trying to tempt me to try and break you two up? I'm not a home-wrecker, but I appreciate the thought. Lindsay Smith definitely still owes me a child, though." Swilling her glass, Jessica looks around

the table. “But, I’m monopolizing your time. And I wanted you to meet new people tonight...” Her eyes fall on Rika, her old mentor who’s chatting with the American girl, Eris.

Melissa had been enjoying talking to Jessica, though. “Oh, I was kinda hoping...”

“Oh, I fully intend on meeting up with you soon again anyway, Melissa.” Jessica nods at her. “Don’t worry, we’ll have plenty of opportunities to talk to each other. We’re friends, after all.”

Were they? It had been quite a while since Melissa had made a new friend. Her old ones had either been devoured or become her lover. “Oh, I didn’t realize we were already...” she begins, but Jessica cuts her off.

“We are, I’ve already decided.” Jessica nods at the group of girls on the other side of the table. “You should talk to Daniella and Monique, they’re both prey like you. I think you’ll like them.” Melissa was pretty sure she already did.

“What are you going to do?” Melissa asks curiously as Jessica stands up.

The pornstar looks over at Rika and Eris. “Something new and old at the same time... I hope.”

As Jessica sits down next to Rika, Melissa looks over to the other girls, who are having what looks like an animated conversation, with Danielle making a lot of curious hand gestures. It’s been a long time since Melissa has spoken to new people in this kind of atmosphere. The last new person she’d tried to make friends with had... died rather horribly. But Talia probably didn’t count, really. She’d kinda forced Melissa into it anyway. Feeling nervous, Melissa walks over and sits down next to Sofia.

The Hispanic predator glances at Melissa for a moment, and then turns back to the conversation. Next to her on the other side, Danielle seems to be reaching the end of a story. She’s leaning forward on the table, small enough that she can sit on her knees and still reach the table on her elbows. “...slipped out through the bathroom window while the twin sisters were arguing with each other about which one of them was gonna eat me. Just as I was trying to get my boobs through the window, one of them grabbed the other and they started devouring each other feet first! I started watching, cause I wanted to know which one would win.” She pauses for dramatic effect. “And then, my oiled-up ass slipped through the window and I fell into the bushes. Never went back to that hotel ever again.” Around her, the other girls start laughing, and Danielle grins. She flops back onto her butt, giggling to herself. “Yeah, anyway, that was the worst collaboration I’ve ever done on VoreFans. And probably the worst threesome I’ve had in like fifteen years.”

“Fifteen years?” Cynthia asks, looking confused. Like her rival, she’d been listening intently to Danielle’s story. “Wait, how old *are* you?”

The small woman wags her finger at the pale girl. "You can't ask a lady her age, that's just rude." Danielle sighs. "But I *have* been an active prey for ten, and on VoreFans for three. Best years of my life so far." The youthful-looking woman is indeed tiny, now that Melissa gets a better look at her. She's barely five feet tall, from the looks of it. After a moment, the small woman grins and turns to Melissa. "But, I'm not the only prey here now, am I? Have you have any narrow escapes so far, Miss Jones?"

"Call me Melissa." Miss Jones made her sound like a teacher from a porn movie. Melissa thinks for a moment. "Well, I don't have many prey stories, but I have... a friend who's a predator. So, I got to see a lot of action." Admittedly, she hadn't been into it back then, but still... "Well... I *did* have a narrow miss with a really scary predator last week, I guess." Even the vaguest thought of... *that* woman sent a shiver through her spine.

"Goddamn, what kinda shit are you guys doing on VoreFans?" Monique looks incredulously between Melissa and Danielle. "I didn't know people actually met up with their fans. That seems... really dangerous." The tomboy is sprawled out on her chair, looking as if she owns it.

Danielle snorts. "Well, yeah. That's the *whole point*." She licks her lips, her big breasts juggling in her jumper. "When you meet up with a fan, it's such a fucking gamble if they're gonna try and eat you or not. Some of 'em are upfront about it, but some of them try to trick you..." The small shivers, looking excited. "Every time I go to their place, it's a gamble if I'm gonna walk out again at all. And when I do manage to escape, every time, it makes my blood fucking *sing*. Life's no fun without a risk every now and again. Right?"

Melissa realizes that Daniella's looking at her now. "Oh, uh... I don't really... meet with fans." She bites her lip, wondering if she should even go into this topic. "Um... I had a fan track me down and try to eat me, though."

"What, really?!" Both Danielle and Cynthia exclaim at the same time. "That's so..."

"...scary!" Cynthia finishes, looking a little disturbed at the idea.

"...*fucking hot*." Danielle finishes, and then looks around at the appalled expressions around her. "What? It is!"

Sofia finally pipes up, having been quietly listening with a smile so far. "I'll never understand you prey," she says with bemusement. "Wanting to be put inside a predator's stomach and digested... it's like having a fetish for giving rich people money. It just seems so..." The Hispanic predator seems to be struggling to find the right words. "I love to devour people, but the idea that people would actually give up their lives to fulfill *my* pleasure... I just can't fathom it."

"I suppose I can understand it..." Cynthia says thoughtfully after a moment. "Danielle seems to like risking her life for the rush she gets out of it. I can understand the pleasure she gets from that. It's the same as people who bungee jump, just more extreme..."

Beside her, Monique smirks. “Oh, I *bet* you can,” she remarks sarcastically. “Since when have you ever done anything like that? In high school, you forged notes from your mum to get out of PE!”

“I didn’t *forge* those!” Cynthia’s serene face changes to irritation for a moment, as she glares at her rival. “Mummy... I mean, my mother wrote those notes for me.” Monique just raises an eyebrow at her, until the pale girl is forced to admit; “Well, I did *ask* her to do it, but still!”

The tomboy snorts, and rolls her eyes at the others. “That was because I always beat her at PE. Couldn’t handle the idea of losing to me...” She snickers to herself. “Or that I had an excuse for having small boobs.”

Cynthia’s pale face turns slightly red. “You’re sitting there with A-cups and you’re making fun of *me*?” Indeed, Monique’s chest is almost completely flat. It was one of the reasons Melissa had mistaken her for a boy for a few moments. Next to her, Melissa can see that Cynthia’s chest is quite small as well, a curve just barely visible in her white sundress.

“Yeah, but unlike you, I don’t worry about it.” Monique tugs on her basketball shirt, showing off her flat chest. “Flat as a tack, and I like it that way.”

“She’s right, y’know Cynthia.” Daniella sounds like she’s trying to make the pale girl feel better. “Big boobs are a real problem to deal with.” She gestures down to her own chest. The small woman is wearing a large jumper and tight shorts, and her large breasts are stretching out the poor garment quite badly. “They’re heavy and they get in the way... and they’re really appetizing for predators, too...”

“Yeah, but I *want* those problems...” Cynthia mutters under her breath, and the others giggle. “Well, maybe not the predator thing, I guess, but still...”

Monique is a bit less reserved than her rival, Melissa is starting to realize. The tomboyish girl points at Danielle’s chest, and without a hint of delicacy asks; “Yeah, what’s up with your tits? You’re not a pred. How come they’re so big and you’re so small?”

“Eh, it’s a long story...” Danielle trails off, leaving Melissa to wonder if they’re not quite natural. “Anyway, the secret is that my boobs aren’t actually *that* big...” Danielle leans forward, pulling down her loose shirt to reveal a stylish blue bra. Despite what she’s saying, her bra looks like a rather formidable bulwark of wire and cloth. “I mean, yeah, they *are* E-cups. But the rest of my body just makes them look massive.”

Good thing Melissa’s already figured out her sexuality, or the erotic view she’s getting of Daniella’s chest would have badly confused her. Part of the freckled girl’s brain is relieved that she can just recognise that she’s getting aroused by Daniella’s boobs, without needing to face a

crisis of sexuality. Next to her, Sofia seems to be enjoying the sight as well. “Well, if you keep showing off your chest to everyone you meet, you’re not going to last very long as a prey.”

“Ha ha *ha*.” The youthful woman laughs mockingly, rolling her eyes. “Look all you want, Santiago. I’ve been a prey for more than a decade.” As if to prove it, she pulls her shirt down a little more, a mocking look on her face. “I have plenty of experience getting out of sticky situations. Being small helps a *lot*.” Daniella grins again, and Melissa can see that tiny spark of madness in her eyes once more. “Well, I mostly get *myself* into sticky situations. Risks are the spice of life...”

“Better be careful with showing off that bra, or Cnythe might ruin her pretty dress...” Monique says wryly, sneering at the girl next to her.

“Oh, *shut up*, Monique.” The redhead shoots her rival a nasty look, before turning back to Danielle with a slightly strained smile. “Please, continue.”

With a clearly feigned look of concern, the tomboy does not shut up. “I’m just concerned about that lovely *white* dress you’re wearing, y’know? It might get badly stained if you get too excited... Ow!” Monique suddenly flinches, and reaches under the table to grab her leg. Looks like Cynthia might have kicked her in the shin. For a moment, Melissa wonders if the tomboy might respond in kind, but instead she just subsides with a look of amusement.

Danielle pulls up her shirt again, which Melissa finds a little disappointing. Next to her, Sofia raises an eyebrow with a smirk. “What’s this about getting too excited?” She asks, leaning back in her chair. Melissa can see that the Hispanic futanari’s bulge is a little bigger than before.

Cynthia gives Monique another nasty look, and then turns back to the others with a blush. “Well,” she sighs, “since Monique is apparently going to keep mentioning it, I suppose I should get out in front of her. It’s not really that important, though.” Gracefully, the pale girl places a hand on her chest. “What this oafish girl is referring to is that I am a futanari. Yes, Monique, I have a penis. I don’t know why you find it so amusing, but I do.” Her blush deepens. “And, yes, I sometimes... h-have premature ejaculations. It’s not something I can control, but it hasn’t been an issue in any of my romantic relationships.” She turns back to her rival with a haughty glint in her eyes. “There, is that sufficient for you?”

Her tomboy rival looks a little put out. “Well, it’s not as fun *now*.” She rolls her eyes, and leans back, putting her boots on the table again. “Anyway, when’s the food getting here?”

“Ah...” Jessica hears this, and turns from her conversation with Rika. “If you’re hungry, I’ll call them in now then.”

For a moment, Melissa is rather confused at what the pornstar means. Come to think of it, the freckled girl doesn’t even really know what kind of restaurant this is. But then, it becomes clear.

Jessica pushes the button on the table again, and the door opens once more. The terrified waitress enters the room again, holding her notebook with a shivering hand. "Yes, Ma'am?" she asks Jessica.

The lighting-haired predator smiles at the waitress. It's not a particularly pleasant smile, more like a predatory sneer. "Ah, Cathy, was it?" After the young girl nods, Jessica slowly stands up. As she moves toward the girl, Cathy takes a step back in fear, but the futanari pornstar puts a firm hand on her shoulder. "Yes, show them in, Cathy."

"Y-yes, Ma'am..." The waitress gulps, and then reaches down to her belt. On it hangs a small silver bell, which she pulls out and rings slowly. A few seconds later, a line of naked girls proceeds into the room, lining themselves up on the far end. Most of them are regular girls, but a few of them are sporting a dick and balls. Melissa can see that their hands are tied behind their back, and the girls are terrified.

"As you can see, Melissa..." Jessica winks at her. "I've made some... changes to the menu." She turns to the others, who are looking on with interest. "Ladies, place your orders!"

Sofia goes first. "I'll have the Chinese one on the end." She points at the girl, who suddenly looks stricken with horror as she realizes that she's been chosen.

Cathy makes a gesture for the girl to approach Sofia, and for a moment it looks like the girl might refuse. But then, she takes a deep breath and resigns herself to her fate. "A-actually, I'm Korean..." she begins, but Sofia cuts her off.

"Whatever. You all taste the same." The Hispanic predator slaps her knee, where the Korean girl sits down hesitantly. She flinches as Sofia puts an arm around her, but doesn't try to flee.

Daniella looks on with a keen interest. "Are you gonna..." She gestures at the girl, but Sofia shakes her head.

"It's bad manners to eat before everyone else is served, you know?" The predator smirks, and looks around the room. "Who's next?"

"Me!" Eris holds up a hand, looking excited. "I'll take... um, that one, I guess." She selects a dark-skinned futanari, who seems surprisingly eager to get picked. The girl immediately whoops for joy, and then skips over to Eris, sitting down next to the beautiful American.

"I suppose I'll go next..." Rika points, letting her finger run down the line and then back along. As her finger passes over them, the girls cringe in fear. The older predator seems to be aware of this, and rather enjoying the power of life and death she holds in this second. "Well, I would normally choose two, but I'm not going to be greedy tonight... I'll take you." The girl she's selected seems to take a moment to process that she's been selected. Her hair is cut very short

and dyed blue, which Melissa actually thinks is a rather cute haircut. The blue-haired girl looks to Cathy, as if the waitress might somehow save her.

Instead, Cathy gives her an irritated glare. "Get over there!" she hisses at the girl. "You wanna forfeit your pay?" The blue-haired girl shakes her head, and then slowly walks toward Rika. She shivers as the older predator licks her lips, and gestures for the girl to sit in her lap.

There's a moment's pause, and Melissa wonders who's next. She looks over to Monique, who's looking at the naked girls with cruel amusement. "Monique?" she asks, trying to prompt the girl.

"Huh?" The tomboy looks at Melissa with confusion. "Oh! You think..." She laughs with a snort, slapping her knee. "Oh, I'm not a predator! I was just looking forward to watching!"

Well, that threw Melissa for a loop. She'd assumed the confident and brash girl was a predator. But if not Monique, then who...?

Cynthia holds up her hand, looking embarrassed. "Um... can I go next?" Jessica nods at her, and the pale girl starts rubbing her hands together nervously as she looks up and down the line. After a moment, she looks at Cathy. "Um... I'm not sure... who would you recommend?"

"Uh..." Cathy looks as if she'd never expected to be asked this question. She turns and looks at the naked girls for a moment, and then points at one girl who's a little bit more plump than the others. "Well, Zelda's got a bit of meat on her..."

Zelda takes a deep breath, closing her eyes. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph..." She takes a deep breath, and looks at Cathy pleadingly. "My... my family will get the payment when I'm gone, won't they?" The girl's eyes have tears in them. "My sister's operation is..."

"Yes, yes!" Cathy waves a hand irritably. "Hurry up already, this is a restaurant, not a pity party." Steeling herself, Zelda walks forward, and around the table, kneeling before Cynthia. The pale predator seems rather nervous with her meal in front of her. Beside her, Monique looks quite excited, however.

Jessica licks her lips, and looks at Cathy. The waitress closes her eyes, turning a little pale. "Mmm... I think you've done enough good work to stave off getting devoured tonight, Cathy." The waitress heaves a sigh of relief, and Jessica releases her. The futanari predator seems to think for a moment. "I would like... *that* girl." She points to a girl with a dick between her legs, and Melissa can see the naked futanari's cock twitch.

The young futanari snaps to attention, saluting the older futanari who's going to eat her. Melissa notes that she's not tied up, unlike her comrades. When Jessica beckons to her, she steps forward smartly, without hesitation. Melissa can see that there's a few tattoos on the girl, one of a merged female and male symbols, and the words "Glied und Blut" above her groin.

Cock and Blood. This girl was a fascist, no doubt about that. Well, at least it meant that Jessica was going to do something moral by eating this one, at least.

“Thank you, Cathy. Keep up the good work, and you’ll go far in my restaurant. You may go.” At Jessica’s words, the waitress nods quickly and rings the bell. The line of naked girls, now quite a bit fewer in number, turns and walks back out, followed quickly by the waitress. Cathy seems quite happy at the praise she received, but she clearly knows better than to stick around too long.

As the door shuts, the five predators look at each other’s prizes with smug amusement. Daniella and Monique seem quite interested in what’s about to happen as well. Only Melissa feels a little left out. To be honest, she’d been tempted to put up her hand as well, but she knew that the others thought she was a prey, and she wanted to keep it that way... for now. Then again, her guts were still recovering from last night, so maybe it was wiser not to push her luck there anyway.

Sofia licks her lips and looks around the room. “Are you girls ready to experience Hell?” she asks, addressing the naked girls who are waiting, terrified.

Zelda, the plump girl kneeling before Cynthia, is the only one who answers. “I’m... I’m aware that this will be unpleasant. Please make this quick...”

The Hispanic predator snorts at her. “I didn’t mean the part where you get eaten, girl. I meant after that. You know that you’re going to Hell, right? That’s what the Bible says happens to prey like you once you get digested.” She smirks as Zelda’s eyes widen in horror. “Well, in that case, let’s not keep the Devil waiting. He’s an impatient one, after all...” She leans down, grabbing her meal’s neck and pulling her toward the gaping maw.

Once Sofia’s started, the others don’t hesitate to join her. Jessica’s prey, the futanari fascist, holds out her arms for the pornstar, who eagerly starts slurping them down. Eris pushes down her prey, sucking down her head with a surprising amount of greed. Cynthia begins swallowing a terrified Zelda, who seems to be having seconds thoughts, but Monique grabs the plump prey’s arms, forcing her deeping into her rival. Rika simply shoves her prey into her mouth, gulping the blue-haired girl down with shocking speed.

It’s impossible for Melissa to watch all five of the predators devouring their prey at the same time. They’re all fascinating, but she only has one set of eyes. She settles on watching Rika vacuum up her meal, stunned at how easily and swiftly the veteran predator devours her meal. Within seconds, the older predator is sucking on the girl’s waist, looking like she’s enjoying the flavor. Ten seconds later, she’s shoving the girl’s feet inside her maw, wasting no time in swallowing them down with a big gulp.

Melissa feels someone poking her shoulder. When she turns, she sees that Danielle is elbowing her softly, looking a bit less feisty than she usually does. “Sobering sight, huh?” The

youthful adult nods at the older predator. Even as her belly swells to accommodate her meal, Rika's face is already turning neutral, as if she's already lost interest in the girl inside her. "It's incredible how quickly they can go from chatting to someone, to just thinking of them as meat to digest."

It was a little jarring to watch for Melissa, though not for the reasons that Danielle thought. She'd done the same thing to that olive-skinned woman last night. Not just in terms of eating her, but Melissa had gone from talking to her last night, and just seeing her as a load of waste to poop out in the morning. Melissa knew that it probably *should* have made her care, but it just... didn't. Maybe that was her body evolving as well. "Are you... does it bother you?" she asks Danielle, wondering what a veteran prey would think about it.

"Huh?" Danielle just shrugs. "Fuck, no. We might be prey, but there's no connection between us and them. They're idiots who got caught. But we're real prey, aren't we?" Yeah... we. Melissa just nods, hoping that Danielle isn't too set on the idea of Melissa and her being comrades. The youthful adult might get a nasty surprise in that regard.

After a few minutes, there's nothing left of the cute waitresses but wriggling outlines against the surfaces of a few bellies, and muffled terrified screams. After a moment, Cynthia and Eris let out loud burps. Inside their bellies, Melissa can see their prey struggling in vain desperation. Eris seems unperturbed, but Cynthia's serene face is now stricken with discomfort. Sofia looks between them, and then lets out a much louder burp. Her belly is struggling as well, but it's obvious that the girl inside isn't putting up nearly as much of a fight as the other two. "Ha! Looks like my burp is-" The Hispanic predator begins, but an even louder burp cuts across her words.

On the other side of the table, the older predator fixes Sofia with a smug look, and then opens her mouth again. "UUURP!" The sound of Rika's burp almost makes the marble table shudder, and it's easily the loudest and most impressive burp Melissa has ever heard. Inside the older predator, she can see that the girl that Rika swallowed is barely visible, and definitely not struggling. Rika smirks, seemingly satisfied that she's humbled the younger predators.

Sofia seems taken aback for a moment, but then she grins. "I can't match that. Impressive skills, Miss Montezuma." She gives the older predator a little clap, and Melissa and the others join in after a moment.

"Half a hundred people dedicated their lives to making me the way I am today." Rika basks in their adoration, which is well-deserved in Melissa's opinion. Judging from the supremely heavy breasts straining against her dress, the older predator wasn't exaggerating. Rika catches Melissa's gaze, and smirks. "Now, do be respectful with your staring, Miss Jones. That's the burial site of many brave souls."

Daniella stands up on her chair and leans across the table, to get a closer look at Rika's breasts. "Damn, those are fucking *huge*. What fucking cup size is that?"

Rika leans forward, to give the youthful woman a better look. "Well, I used to have to order my bras in J-cup size. But now I just have them custom-made to fit." Whatever she's got under there must be an impressive piece of clothing, to hold those beasts in.

"I get mine custom-made, too!" Daniella says excitedly. "I mean, I don't *need* to. But it's just such a waste of money!" She says it like it's a good thing, which Melissa can kinda understand, actually.

"Mmm..." Cynthia lets out a muffled moan, her face red. Melissa turns to see that the pale redhead's stomach is now under attack, the girl inside fighting even harder. "Oh, no... fuck..." She's trying to hide it, but Cynthia seems to be having a hard time.

Beside her, Monique gives her rival a look of concern. "Huh? What's your problem, Cynthe?"

"Nothing! I... I am fine." Cynthia tries to smile and look unconcerned, but her eye twitches slightly as her belly shudders. "P-please continue. What were we talking about?"

She really doesn't look well. Melissa reaches out and touches the pale redhead's shoulder. "Are you sure, Cynthia? You look like you're about to-"

Suddenly, Cynthia shivers and closes her eyes, her face screwing up as she doubles over. "Ugh... no... no!" she moans to herself, trying and failing to keep quiet. Daniella and Rika pause in their conversation about custom-made bras and stare at the pale girl. "Shit... not here... ugh! UGH!" Cynthia's whole body shudders. For a moment, Melissa thinks that the girl might throw up, but she just doubles over, shivering for a few seconds.

The others watch the pale girl for a few seconds, looking in between themselves. None of them really know what to do. Except for Monique, that is. The tomboy is just staring at Cynthia with a look of vague irritation. Finally, the pale girl stops shivering, and then looks up, her face deeply red. Her shivering has stopped, but she's still twitching every now and again.

"Cynthia..." Monique clicks her tongue, rolling her eyes. "Did you just cum in your dress?"

"...no." Cynthia lies in a small voice, seeming to suddenly realize that everyone just watched her fill her panties. Inside her belly, the struggling seems to have stopped. Melissa wonders if Cynthia's orgasm crushed the girl inside. That would be a poetic irony, really, if the girl's own struggles had driven her predator over the edge and caused her demise. Cynthia clears her throat, looking a little more composed. "Well, so what if I did?"

"A futanari should never be ashamed of spreading their seed." Jessica says to the young girl, smiling in a reassuring way to her. Sofia, the other futanari nods in agreement. "Besides, an involuntary emission happens to all of us, at one time or another."

Monique smirks. "Yeah, and it's happened a lot of times to someone in particular..."

Cynthia takes a deep breath and sits up straight again. She fixes Monique with a haughty glare. "Just for that, Monique, I'm not going to clean myself up. Since you're so obsessed with my... well, you can enjoy sitting next to the mess, if you're so interested in it!"

"Oh no... what will I do?" The tomboy rolls her eyes, acting as if she doesn't care. But Melissa can see a little hint of red in her cheeks as well.

Daniella winks at Cynthia. "Well, I was going to offer to climb under the table and help you out, but..."

"Huh?" The pale girl seems rather confused for a moment. "But, you don't have any towels, how would you...?" The small woman sticks out her tongue and points at it, the small piercing glinting in the light. "Oh! You meant...!" Cynthia's face reddens again. "Um... Thank you for the offer, but... no thank you."

Daniella looks rather put out by the rejection. "Damn, I had you picked for the one who'd take me home tonight..." She looks between Cynthia and Monique, who are still shooting each other nasty glances, and then a cheeky grin appears on her face. "Ah... Guess I shouldn't try and get in the way of *that*, huh?" Both the girls seem a little confused by Daniella's words, but Melissa gets what she means.

"Aww, how cute!" Sofia pats the youthful girl's head again. "Has someone got a little precocious crush?"

"Oh, shut up!" Daniella tries to bat the Hispanic predator's hand away, and fails, so she just has to sit there and look annoyed instead. She pouts in a way that reminds Melissa of a small child being told they can't watch their favorite cartoon. "I might be little, but if you were subscribed to me, you'd know I love to get fucking *laid*."

Cynthia giggles softly. "Well, you could always try going home with Miss Montezuma. She seems to like you."

"She is correct." Rika winks at Daniella. "I love smaller girls like you."

Daniella's eyes widen. "Hey, I'm a gambler, but I'm not *suicidal*, ya know?!" That gets a laugh from everyone, even from Rika herself.

The next couple of hours are a pleasant blur for Melissa. She chats with the other VoreFans stars for a long time, feeling in proper company for the first time in quite a while. Sofia makes lewd jokes every now and again. Melissa pats Daniella's hair, and is amused at how easily she can fend off the youthful woman's feeble attempts to stop her. Monique and Cynthia break into an argument every ten minutes or so, and it's rather obvious to Melissa that the two of them are inseparable despite their rivalry. Jessica, Eris and Rika are fairly quiet, seemingly content to let

the others drive the conversation with just a rare comment or joke, but they seem quite comfortable as well.

Eventually, Melissa finds herself outside of the restaurant, with the others saying their goodbyes. It's been a long dinner, and it's nearly midnight now. Melissa shivers slightly as the cold breeze caresses her legs, cursing the one drawback of sexy clothes.

"It was nice to see you again, Melissa." Jessica is saying to her, as the pornstar is saying her goodbyes. Her hair is still flashing as the moon shines down from above the city skyline around them. "Let's meet again soon. I'll text you a time and place?" Melissa nods, happy to be seeing the wealthy pornstar again. Beside her, Rika gives her a pleasant nod. Then, she and Jessica leave, walking away along the harbor. Melissa doesn't fail to notice that the two of them are leaving together. She silently wishes her friend good luck.

A short distance away, Monique is complaining at Cynthia. "See? What'd I tell you? You ate that girl, and now you can barely walk!" She points a finger at Cynthia, who looks away in irritation. "You did the exact same thing when we went on that trip in Derek's Commodore! You don't bloody listen to me!" Cynthia looks like she's about to retort, but a loud burp comes out instead. Monique pulls up her jeans and grabs her cousin's belly, slapping away Cynthia's hands when the elegant girl tries to resist. "Come on, I better take you home, then. Can't trust you to get home on your own like this..."

The four remaining women watch them depart, as the sound of Monique whining at her rival echoes in the distance. Daniella makes a whistling noise. "So, are they gonna fuck or what?"

"That, or kill each other." Melissa remarks, grinning. Then again, the two of them are into vore, so those might not be mutually exclusive. The freckled girl turns to Daniella. "So, you're cool with me giving a speech at your funeral?"

The youthful woman glares up at Melissa. "Oh, not this again!" She jerks her thumb at Sofia behind her. "I *told* you lot, I'm only going back to Sofia's place cause she's got the Castle on Blu Ray! I'm just borrowing a movie!" Behind her, the Hispanic predator gives Melissa and Eris a thumbs up and a wink, and quickly hides it when Daniella spins around with a glare.

"Don't worry, our eulogies will be very complimentary." Eris assures the youthful woman with a poorly-concealed grin. Melissa can't help but giggle as well.

"Whatever! Come on Sofia, let's go!" Daniella huffs and turns to walk away. "You're all bastards, and I hate you!" She walks a few more steps, and then turns back. "We're meeting up again like this soon, right?" Sofia chuckles and follows her, and the two of them begin to wander down the harbor in the opposite direction to Melissa's way home. To be honest, Melissa's not sure if Daniella will make it through the night. But, the youthful woman seemed to be an experienced prey, so she'd probably be fine.

Beside Melissa, Eris cracks her knuckles with a happy smile. "Shall I walk with you for a little bit? I think we're going in the same direction."

"Sure." The freckled girl is a little grateful. There's not a lot of people along this part of the harbor, and something in the air is giving her goosebumps. "How long have you been in Sydney?"

"About four months now?" Eris stretches her arms above her head as they walk, and Melissa can't help but be drawn to her belly, which is pleasantly round already. Apparently, American girls have a quick digestive system. "I used to live in New York, and that place was just... dangerous. Too many predators crowded into one place. Sydney's much better."

Well, it wasn't just *that* that made Sydney better, in Melissa's opinion. "Oh, well, I hope you're enjoying it here. Are you planning on staying permanently?" The freckled girl doesn't care much for politics, but she's always loved the idea of people immigrating to Sydney. It's objectively the best city in the entire world, after all, and it made her when other people realized that.

"Yeah, I think so." Eris grins at Melissa, rubbing her stomach slowly. "There's so many beautiful people here. And I just don't feel as in danger here, y'know?"

New York must have been pretty scary for her to find Sydney safe. "Yeah well, what's one more beautiful person joining the rest of us here?" Melissa jokes and then points at Eris's gut. "Looks like you're kinda in the opposite of danger there, though."

"Hmm?" Eris slaps her belly as she looks down at it for a moment. "Oh, yeah, she melted pretty quick. Normally, I would prefer a man, but a futanari is fine too, I guess. As long as they can knock me up. I like to give them a shot at knocking me up first, it's kinda my tradition ever since..." She looks like she's recalling a fond memory for a moment. "Yeah, if you think that's fast, you should see how fast French girls can..."

Suddenly, a nasty gurgle makes Eris's gut noticeably shudder. "Ooh..." The cute girl moans out loud, and Melissa can't tell if the American is distressed or aroused. Possibly both. "Oh man... I might have to let you go on ahead, Melissa..."

"Hmm?" Melissa pauses for a moment as Eris walks over to the edge of the harbor, where black waters lap against the concrete. The American begins to fumble with the zipper of her shorts. "Ah, I see." Eris clearly didn't have time to find a bathroom, so Sydney Harbor would have to serve instead. "I'll, uh, leave you to it, then."

To tell the truth, Melissa would have liked to watch, but it would have been rather impolite to ask that of someone she'd just met. Eris gives her a friendly wave as the freckled girl departs, now by herself.

It's nearly midnight, and there's very few people around this part of the harbor at this time of night. Not that Melissa's complaining. It's actually quite pleasant here, as she walks along the quiet edge of the water. The cold breeze has died down, and she's moving around enough to stay warm now. In the distance, Melissa can hear cars going across the Sydney Harbor Bridge in the distance. It was a kind of serenity, really.

It had been rather surprising how earnest Jessica had been about becoming friends with Melissa, but it was very welcome. Lindsay was wonderful, but she was only one friend, and Melissa kinda thought that she didn't really count as a *friend* now that they were together. She was filling a different slot in her heart now. Melissa wonders how her girlfriend got on today with her apartment stuff. It had clearly been something that had been on Lindsay's mind for a while. But, her girlfriend was a badass, so Melissa knew she'd succeed.

Yes, tonight had been a lot of fun. If Melissa was lucky though, she might be able to make friends with some of the others she'd met tonight. Inside her stomach, the freckled girl fancies that she can feel a little twinge, a tiny feeling indicative of the new life inside. It was hard to imagine what could ruin the night at this point.

And then, the air changes. It's an almost imperceptible thing, and Melissa can't quite put her finger on what's different. Perhaps it's the breeze, or the strange energy in the air, or the goosebumps that just broke out on her skin. And while Melissa can't tell what it is, she can certainly tell what it means. Something is here... or more accurately, *someone*. And only one person in the world could be heralded by such a bad omen.

Azrael.

For a moment, Melissa considers running away. The freckled girl knows a lot of predators, but none of them can match the sheer awesome power of Azrael. The last time Melissa had seen her, the dark predator had eaten a *cop*, for fuck's sake. What kind of person could face that, and not understand that fleeing was the only option?

And yet, it wasn't an option, Melissa realizes. Azrael had found her here, in this random place.. If she'd found her *here*, she could find her anywhere. And Melissa had no doubt that the predator was faster and stronger than her. If she ran now, and Azrael decided to chase her down, then Melissa would only die exhausted, she knew.

Besides... Melissa takes a deep breath, and feels her blood flowing throughout her body. Inside her, she knew the strength of Talia Vanderberg was residing. Jessica Storm's seed was inside her. Lindsay's love was in her heart. And in her womb, the daughter that she had to protect. She was just a tiny spark right now, but it was enough to ignite the flame in Melissa's soul. She wouldn't run, not tonight.

Like a ghost in the darkness, the predator is suddenly just... there. Melissa looks up, and sees glittering white teeth below cruel golden eyes. The face behind them seems like it had been

forged from coal, so black is the woman's skin. There is a long moment of silence, as Melissa feels her entire body freeze. And then, Azrael speaks. "Be not afraid, Melissa Jones." It is a voice as smooth as velvet, and deep as rolling thunder.

Melissa feels her heart shiver, and wonders if she's going to have a heart attack. For a moment, she wavers, her courage close to breaking. But then, she reaches down and touches her belly. Melissa feels the power and fear coming from Azrael retreat, just a little bit. "I'm not afraid," the freckled girl lies. "What do you want? If you want to speak to me, come out of the darkness."

"Oh, I'm afraid that might be difficult for me. I am not an angel of *light*, after all." Azrael does not move, but her head tilts to the side just slightly, as if she's studying Melissa. "I am impressed with you, Melissa Jones. You... are interesting to me."

"Why?!" Melissa calls out to the dark predator angrily. "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."

(End of Part TEN)

STATUS OF CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART TEN:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility:	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	In a relationship with Lindsay Smith	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	Her night has been very pleasant, but it may soon turn fatal...
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.
Azrael Tueuer	Alive	Hunting sinners	???	Very Virile	Error: Data Corrupted!
Jessica Storm	Alive	Single	Opulently wealthy	Very Virile	Intends to rekindle an old flame with her mentor tonight, and will succeed.
Daniella	Alive	???	Opulently wealthy	Fertile	Intentionally putting her life at risk to play around with a dangerous predator. Same as usual, really.
Sofia Santiago	Alive	???	Wealthy	Virile	Knows what Daniella wants, and is more than happy to oblige. But her aversion to condoms means that the small prey will be risking both her body and her womb tonight.
Eris	Alive	???	Average	Fertile	Apparently, something in that futanari girl wasn't quite right, so she's shitting her guts out into the beautiful Sydney harbor.
Monique and Cynthia	Alive	Trying to pretend they're not desperately in love with each other.	Average	Fertile/Virile .	It's not the first time Monique's had to escort her rival home, and it won't be the last.
Rika Montezuma	Alive	Single	Wealthy	Fertile (despite her age)	Decades of vore have kept her surprisingly youthful, to the point that her former pupil will succeed in breeding her tonight.

