

Chris Abrams doesn't believe in shit like omens or magic or whatever. Although both her parents are nominal Christians, they'd raised Chris and her siblings in a household built on science. From the very beginning of her life, she'd been taught about the Moon. Frankly, she found it unimpressive. A barren white rock that just happened to be the closest thing to Earth for people to land on. And yet...

The moon hangs in the California sky, a white blotch in a sea of endless soft blue. It looks down on the world, a pale omen of ill fate. Chris knows that omens aren't real, but right now it's easier to believe than usual.

"Okay..." Aunt Vicky's gravelly voice emanates from Chris's flip phone, the holographic sound bars dancing in the air as she speaks. "Yeah... Run this by me again? Who's been eaten?"

Chris had called her aunt right after Becky had ended the call, only a few minutes ago. Now, she and Kit were standing in the alleyway between two of the university buildings, explaining the situation to her aunt. The tomboyish young woman had realized that getting the advice of a veteran predator would be the best chance to rescue...

"My friend, Di." Chris answers, her voice a little shaky. She's managing to maintain her composure, but it's hard to keep calm while she knows that Di is inside Becky Chastity's stomach. "This girl, Becky, she's... She's kinda got it out for me, I think? So when my friend Di was alone, I think she must have grabbed her and..."

Last time she'd seen the tall black-haired girl, Di had been on the phone with her mother. Becky must have come across the girl while she'd been distracted by the conversation. In her tight white shirt, with her black bra visible underneath, the girl's massive bust must have made her quite the tempting target for Becky Chastity. Especially considering how much the blonde had gone on about digesting her breasts...

"So, your friend got gulped." Vicky finishes for her niece, sounding a little brusque. "I mean, I'm kinda impressed that this Becky chick ate her in broad daylight. That's pretty bold."

"Um... Yeah!" Kit seems rather nervous to be talking to Chris's aunt. Or possibly just to a new person in general. "S-so, we need to find her as soon as possible... Um, Mrs. Abrams..."

A snort comes through the phone line. "Mrs. Abrams?" Chris doesn't need to see her aunt to know that the well-built futanari is rolling her eyes. "The name's Vicky, kid." There's a moment of silence, and then Vicky's voice becomes a bit smoother. "And who are you, exactly? One of Chris's college-age friends?"

"Oh! Sorry, I'm Kit..." The small girl blushes, fingering the hem of her oversized hoodie with a slight blush on her pale cheeks. "Um, nice to meet you... V-Vicky..."

“Oh, *Kit!*” The sound bars dance as Vicky’s voice turns slightly *seductive*. “Oh yes, Chris showed me a picture of you the other day, I think. You’re the little cutie, right?”

A slight blush tinges Kit’s cheeks. “Oh...! Ehehe...” She lets out a nervous chuckle. “Um, t-thank you...”

Chris isn’t really in the mood for this. “Aunty, you promised not to flirt with my friends.” She reminds Vicky, a little annoyed. Really? Her aunt thinks *now* is the right time to flirt?

“Did I? I don’t remember that.” She can *hear* the smirk on her aunt’s face. “Doesn’t sound like me...”

“*Anyway*, she wants to play a game with us. If Kit and I can find the bitch before the antacid she took wears off, she *claims* that she’ll let our friend go.”

“Ha!” Vicky snorts again. “Really? That’s pretty fucking funny...” Her aunt makes a choking noise. “Er... I mean, that’s awful! How long did she give you?”

“Sixty minutes...” And that had been about five minutes ago now, so...

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The count is *not* an accurate one. Chris hadn’t been counting from the beginning, and given that the timer is for Becky’s *digestive process*, it wasn’t likely to actually *be* sixty full minutes to begin with. The blonde had likely just picked an hour because it was a nice round number, and her guts probably had a mind of their own...

And apparently, Becky was thinking the same way. As Chris stares at her phone, a message from Di’s phone pops up.

Ooh... Your friend’s squirming inside me, Chrissie. Dumb idea, she’s turning me on. Or maybe she’s doing it deliberately? Did seem like a bit of a gutslut, lol! The more turned on I get, the faster that antacid is gonna wear off and my guts are gonna get back to work... :)

Fuck.

“I... I need your help, Auntie.” Chris tries to pretend that she didn’t just read the message as it fades away. “I don’t want Di to get digested because Becky doesn’t like *me*. How quickly can you get here?”

“Listen, Chris...” Aunt Vicky heaves a deep sigh. “I like you, but don’t take this the wrong way, but this seems like a lost cause and I’m kinda... *busy*. I get that you wanna help your friend, but

I can't see you stopping this chick from turning her into titmeat. Your friend's as good as already digested, might as well come home and we can figure this shit out tomorrow." On the other end of the line, Chris hears the sound of a lighter clicking, an old fashioned flame lighter instead of a modern plasma one. "I mean, you still got one friend left, right? Better not risk your cute friend, one is better than *none*. And I don't want you going around *looking* for a predator, kid. Your mom would literally kill me if I let you do something like that..."

"I can handle myself!" Kit interjects, sounding a little insulted. "I'm Di's friend, I'm not gonna let her get digested!"

Yeah! Kit's right! Matilda didn't raise a quitter. The thought of Di being *digested* is a horrible one. Even if she got reformed afterward, it would still be a nasty experience for the tall girl. Especially if Chris had a chance to save her. "Hell no, auntie." The tomboy shakes her head, even though her aunt can't see her. "If there's even the slightest chance we can save Di..."

"Listen, I *know* you want to help your friend..." Vicky lets out a groan. "But... To be quite honest, kid... This sounds like a fucking trap. If this bitch is crazy enough to eat someone else in broad daylight and get away with it, how the fuck can you trust her to keep her word?" In the background, Chris hears her aunt take a long drag on her cigarette and blow out a gust of smoke all over the microphone. "I hate to tell you this, kid, but your friend's probably dead either way."

"Not if we talk to Becky!" Kit insists, tugging on the hem of her hoodie nervously. "I think she just wants to test us. If we can win her race..."

"Yeah, and there's a gold nugget buried in my colon." Vicky snarks back at the girl. "You believe everything someone tells you, kid?"

Chris does agree with her aunt, of course. The tomboy's not stupid and she doesn't trust Becky one bit. The blonde bully is getting off on this, she knows, and there's no way the bitch is going to make this a fair competition. "I mean, it's not like I *trust* her... But if she digests Di, then I don't trust her to give us the... the thingy you need to reform people after you eat them."

"Reform?" Kit asks, giving Chris a confused look. "What's that?"

"She means a soul jar." Vicky answers for her, to Chris's relief. Her aunt would know much more about it than she would. "When Becky's done digesting your friend and shitting her out, she's supposed to fart... to, uh, *move* your friend's soul into a jar so she doesn't actually... Er, *die*."

"Oh, *that*." Kit blinks for a moment, her face turning slightly less worried. "Oh, I forgot that... people who did vore could do that."

Chris really couldn't imagine Becky just happily handing over Di's soul afterward. And now that her aunt says that... "Honestly, I'm not even sure that she *will* reform Di." The blonde bully

clearly has a sadistic streak, and Chris can just imagine Becky refusing to reform Di at all. "What happens if she doesn't, do you know?"

"Well, her soul would be trapped inside... *Becky's* body. Becky's her name, right?" Vicky sucks in a breath of air, not sounding optimistic. "Yeah, that'd be a... *sticky* end for your friend, spiritually speaking.

"She can't! That... That would be mur..." Kit tries to say the word, but she chokes on it. "No, she won't do that to Di. Becky's mean, but she's not a monster..."

"Uh... Sure, kid." Vicky doesn't sound convinced. "But that's not your problem, Chris. If your friend had paid more attention to her surroundings, she might have lived longer." The tomboy notices that her aunt changed the subject, but she suspects that she might be happier *not* knowing what might happen if they fail to save Di. "You two find somewhere public to wait and I'll come and pick you up when I'm... done. I'll take you somewhere fun to take your mind off-"

"Please, Auntie!" Chris is desperate. "Di could be digesting right now! We can save her, I know it!" She didn't know it, but she wasn't about to admit that. "I'm gonna go looking for her whether you help me or not!

To her relief, her aunt finally relents. "Okay, okay! Geez! C'mon Chris, I'm not trying to abandon you or some shit. I don't think this is a good idea, but I'm not gonna let my niece wander around looking for a predator." She heaves a deep sigh. "Fine, but you just sit tight, okay? I'm going to come as quickly as I can, okay?"

That... was quite a bit of a relief, actually. Aunt Vicky is a *veteran* predator, strong, powerful and experienced. There's no-one better to help them in this situation. Chris feels her heart surge in hope. "Awesome! How quickly can you get here?"

"Ugh... Maybe thirty minutes?" Chris feels her hope fade. "Sorry, kid, you kinda caught me at a... compromising moment."

Half of a fucking hour?! It's already been five, so that only leaves... Maybe twenty-five minutes to search the whole campus? Would it even be possible to find Becky and Di in that time? "Aunty, that's not enough time! We have to start looking now!"

"Hey, hey! Stay calm! Don't go running into a hungry mouth!" Vicky answers quickly, cutting Chris off. "Okay, look... In the meantime, you and, uh, Kit should try and figure out where this Becky is. But do *not* engage, you hear me?" Her aunt speaks slowly and clearly. "Do. Not. Engage. If this chick's bold enough to slurp down a fellow student in broad daylight, there's nothing to stop her from doing it to either of you next."

Chris isn't happy about the idea of waiting for her aunt to arrive, but at least it's a plan. "O-okay..." She says. "Please don't take too long, Auntie."

“Don’t worry, I’ll finish what I’m doing as quickly as I can, kid.” Vicky audibly cracks her knuckles. “Uh... You can’t hear that in the background, right?”

Come to think of it, Chris can faintly hear the sound of something vibrating. “Um... Nope.” She lies. “See you soon, Auntie!” She hangs up the call quickly.

“What did she mean, a compromising moment?” Kit asks, as the screen fades away. “Is she working or something?”

Chris didn’t exactly want to tell the small girl that they’d probably called Vicky while the futanari was in the middle of jacking off. And by ‘probably’, she meant that her aunt’s definitely got a vibrator up her ass right now. “Listen, she’ll get her as soon as she’s... Uh, done.”

Kit nods. And then, to Chris’s surprise, the small girl reaches out and grabs her by the arm. She probably would have grabbed her by the shoulder, but Kit’s not tall enough to do that easily. “It’s okay, Chris. Your aunt sounds like a real sexy badass. She knows what she’s doing, I just know it.” Adjusting her hoodie, Kit gives Chris a surprisingly confident smile. “We’re gonna win Becky’s race, I just know it. So, let’s go and say hi to Becky, okay?”

Well, at least one of them was confident. But actually *finding* Becky and Di was easier said than done...

They started in the place where Chris had last seen Di: outside the building where Chris and Di had watched Professor Mazine’s lecture.

“I saw her here.” Chris points at the spot where Di had been on the phone, taking a morale call from her mom. Naturally, the tall girl is no longer there. In fact, most of the students are gone now, though there’s a group of about a dozen girls sitting under a tree on the other side of the courtyard.

“I wonder if Becky ate her here, or lured her away?” Kit wonders, apparently curious. The small girl stroked her chin thoughtfully. “Surely she couldn’t have just done it in front of people?”

Chris is a little curious about that too. She can’t imagine Becky just *eating* Di while people stood around and watched, but it wasn’t impossible. The blonde did seem to be a bit of a celebrity on campus. Then again, Di’s clearly a bit of a horny girl. It wouldn’t feel impossible to Chris that Becky might have sorta seduced Di into going somewhere more private.

“Probably lured her somewhere else.” Chris decides, and then shrugs. It really didn’t matter, come to think of it. If anyone had been around to watch, they were gone now. Still, the tomboy jerks a thumb behind her. “Maybe we can ask those girls over...”

“Oh! Chris!” A slightly familiar voice calls out from behind them. “Chris Abrams! And, uh, Kit, right?”

“Uh oh...” Chris recognizes that voice, and it’s not really one she wants to hear right now. The dark-skinned president of the Beta Sappho sorority is waving at them from the group of girls sitting under a tree nearby. “Oh... Hey!” She waves back at the girl, giving her a quick smile and then grabs Kit’s arm. “Come on, let’s keep...”

Nope, the tiny president is getting up from her group, isn’t she? She’s clearly coming over here, she’s just walking right over with a big toothy grin and...

“Oh, hey, Monique!” Chris greets the girl, hoping that the smile on her face doesn’t look forced. Beside her, Kit smiles at Monique too, though hers looks a bit more genuine.

Monique Dubois is a petite girl, only a few inches taller than Kit. A red shirt with the words “Blood for the Blood God” is tight around her chest, the very slight curve of her chest completely visible. Her skirt is short, almost as small as that scandalous outfit Chris had been too cowardly to wear. Unlike Kit, who’s dressed in a baggy green hoodie, Monique seems to revel in her small stature, showing her slim body off for the world to see. “Well, if it isn’t Chris and Kit!” The dark-skinned girl grins at them, casually sliding her hands into her skirt pockets. “Would you believe it, me and the girls were just talking about you!”

“You were?” Kit is clearly surprised to hear it. “What about us?” She asks, sounding curious.

“Kit...” Chris squeezes the girl’s arm impatiently. She doesn’t dislike Monique at all, and she’d normally be interested in talking with her. But right now, they don’t have time to stop and chat!

“Oh, just about what we talked about the other day!” Monique answers with a broad smile, failing to notice that Chris and Kit are in a hurry. “Y’know, about y’all joining our sorority!” She jerks a thumb behind her, toward the group of girls she had just been with. It must be some kind of sorority study session or something, Chris guesses. “You two should come and sit with us, have a little chat!”

Chris would love to do that, but she could sense that Di would be trickling through Becky’s bowels by the time the study session ended. Kit seems to be thinking the same way. “Oh...” Kit shakes her head, giving Monique an awkward grin. “Um, actually, that’d be great, but we’re kinda busy...”

“No way! C’mon, come hang with us...!” Monique blinks for a moment. Then, she looks between Chris and Kit, and a slight smirk forms on her face. “Oh! Oh... Heh, I getcha! Two girls hanging out on campus, looking for somewhere private...” She winks at Kit. “You gonna be the snack, cutie, or is that tiny figure of yours getting a buff tonight?”

Kit turns a deep red. “No, t-that’s not...!” She starts to stutter out a rather weak explanation that will probably just make Monique even more certain that the two of them are going to have sex.

“Yeah, we’re looking for somewhere private.” Chris lies, cutting off her friend. Monique had the wrong idea, but if it got them out of this conversation faster... “Yeah, I’m, like... hungry or whatever.” Chris pats her belly. That’s what predators did, right? “So, me and Kit have to...”

“Got it, got it!” The dark-skinned girl seems very pleased to hear it. “Damn, you got room for two?” Monique chuckles and shakes her head. “Nah, I get it, and I’m gonna let you two go and have fun, but I gotta borrow you both for a minute, okay? Don’t worry, I won’t keep you long.”

There was no way out of this without being super rude, so Chris just smiles and nods, hoping that this will be quick. “Yeah, okay. You want to ask if we’ve changed our minds about joining?”

“I mean, I don’t feel like you guys really said ‘no’ in the first place, y’know?” Monique shrugs. “I mean, Becky kinda broke up the whole event. But don’t worry, I spoke to her today and she said it’s totally cool for you guys to join!” The dark-skinned girl is *not* wearing a bra, and Chris can clearly see the girl’s nipples poking through her shirt. “Me and my girls are super keen for you three to join us, not gonna lie.”

“Oh... Er, thanks?” Chris is pretty sure she said ‘no’ last time, didn’t she? Maybe she hadn’t made it clear enough. “That’s... really nice of you to say, but I don’t think we were...”

Monique sighs, her cheerful grin slipping into a grimace for a moment. “Listen... You guys know that Alpha’s gunning for you too, right?” She lowers her voice, as if she’s confessing a secret. “I got a spy in Alpha’s sorority house, and she told me that Rachelle and her girls want to get you and Di in at any cost.” Monique bites her lip. Despite her words, it’s clear that she’s more excited than worried. “Rachelle actually tried to submit a membership request for Kit here the other day. But Becky got wise to what she was doing and slapped Rachelle down.”

“What? Are you serious?” Kit blinks in surprise. As flattering as it is to be wanted so badly, that was a little disturbing for Chris to hear. “Why the heck does she want us that badly?”

“Sneaky girl figured that she could pressure you to join easier than Chris or Di, and if you joined, they would too. Monique grins at Chris. “And also because / want you, and she always has to one up me. Guess she never got over me dumping her. And you’re hot and rich, which is Alpha’s whole MO.” She blinks and looks a little embarrassed. “W-which isn’t why we want you, of course! I mean, being hot doesn’t hurt...”

Oh great. Chris and her friends are being pulled into Alpha and Beta’s cold war, are they? Or, Chris suspects more accurately, Monique and Rachelle’s personal rivalry.

“Anyway, I figure you’re gonna end up joining a sorority anyway, so why not Beta? We’re willing to offer you a lot, y’know? Skipping initiation, your own pick of the sorority bedrooms, free pass

to date any girl you like... Name your price!" Monique hesitates for a moment. "Er... On your own time of course. No pressure, unlike Alpha! Just keep in mind that you're way better off with me... *us!* Uh, including your *super* hot friend who doesn't appear to be here..."

Oh, perfect. Chris jumps on the opportunity to change the subject. "Actually!" She interrupts Monique, making the smaller girl flinch. "We're looking for Becky and Di at the moment. You wouldn't happen to know where she is, do you?" As a president of a sorority, Chris presumed that Monique must have some kind of connection to the blonde leader of the student union. "She's still on campus, right?" Chris didn't really trust that Becky hadn't just gone home laughing at the idea of them searching all over campus in vain.

"Becky?" Monique blinks for a moment, and then strokes her chin. "Well yeah, I spoke to her a couple hours ago about you guys, but she went off somewhere. I think she was looking for your friend, actually. Dunno if she's still on campus though." The dark-skinned girl smirks. "Why? I thought you two were looking for private time? You hoping to add Becky to your little session?"

Chris... really isn't sure how to answer that question. "Um..." She starts, but Kit interrupts her.

"Um... We gotta talk to Becky about something super important, so we need to find her right away." The smaller girl says quickly, giving Monique a pleading look. Oh God, those eyes are so cute...!

Monique thinks so too. "Ooh... You little rascal." She grins at Kit. "Okay, keep your secrets, cuties. I don't know where Becky is, but... Oh!" The dark-skinned girl pushes past the two and beckons for them to follow her. "Here, come with me real quick!"

Chris and Kit exchange a look of confusion. But it's not like they have anywhere else in mind to search, so they oblige and follow Monique away from the courtyard.

Walking up the stone path through the park, Chris easily catches up with the short-legged sorority president. "Where are you taking us?" The tomboy asks, since Monique seems rather confident. Behind her, Kit is having a bit more trouble keeping pace, breaking into a light jog to move up beside the dark-skinned girl.

"Car park." Monique points ahead. Indeed, Chris can see one of the campus parking lots in the distance. "Becky's got her own parking spot, so if her car's still here, then she's still on campus."

"Couldn't she have left with someone else?" Kit asks, holding the hem of her hoodie tightly as she walks. Looks a little awkward from Chris's perspective.

"And left her Mom's Ferrari in a university parking lot? Fat chance." The small girl turns to the smaller girl and grins. "By the way, loving the hoodie look, kid." Monique looks Kit up and down, taking in the small... *smaller* girl's outfit with an approving look. "You wearing anything under there, or...?" She grins as Kit blushes.

“I, um...” Kit glances at Chris, as if she’s hoping that her friend might change the subject. No chance of that though. Chris has wanted to know the answer to that all day. Kit’s pale thighs have been *really* tempting her to imagine that the girl is naked under there... “That’s...”

“Oh, I’m just joshing ya!” Monique chuckles, waving a hand at the embarrassed girl. “I know you’re wearing shorts or something...” She trails off as Kit’s expression becomes nervous. “Oh. Wait, you’re actually not wearing anything underneath...?”

The small girl is trying to look nonchalant, but it’s ruined by the enormous blush on her cute face. “I didn’t say that! But, isn’t... Isn’t that what you’re supposed to wear with a big hoodie? It’s like a dress, right?” She gulps and lowers her voice. “I’m not saying I’m *not* wearing shorts, but... I mean, it’s fine *if* I’m not, right?”

Chris and Monique both stare at the girl for a long moment as they walk. Chris knows that they’re both imagining it. And that the both of them know that each other is imagining it. The tantalizing thought of just reaching over and pulling up the almost defenseless girl’s hoodie to reveal...

“Hey, no judgment from me if you’re riding free down there!” Monique gives Kit a thumbs up. “I mean, I’m in no position to complain, I’m not even *wearing* panties!”

“Scuse me?” Chris isn’t quite sure what she just heard. There’s no way the small girl isn’t wearing... In a skirt that short?! “You’re not wearing...?!”

“Nope.” Monique shrugs nonchalantly, as if she hasn’t just admitted that she’s going commando. “See?” As she walks, the girl pulls up the side of her skirt to reveal a dark thigh that’s bare all the way to her hip... Oh *wow*, Monique’s telling the truth. She’s completely naked under there! “It’s a lifestyle thing. Trust me, when you get used to freedom down there, you can’t go back. And the girls love it. They’ve spent half the study session looking up my skirt.”

Chris *really* wants to know more, and she can tell from the look on Kit’s face that the smaller girl wants to know more too, but the dark-skinned girl seems to have no trouble just plowing through the conversation.

“Actually, speaking of looking for people, I’m kinda looking for someone as well.” Monique’s skirt is *really* distracting now. Chris really wants to see, but she can’t just *ask*... “Either of you seen a girl named Allison? Mousy looking girl, wears glasses? She was supposed to be at our study session, but she never showed. Didn’t answer her phone either.”

“No, sorry, I don’t...” Oh wait. Chris *does* know this person, doesn’t she? “Oh wait. Brown hair and big glasses?” When Monique nods eagerly, the tomboy bites her lip, unsure of how to say this. “Um... Last time I saw her, she was going into a toilet stall with Candice and two other Lambda Hermos girls.”

Monique grins at that. "Yeah, sounds like her! I figured that she'd found a dick to sit on." The dark-skinned girl rolls her eyes. "She's probably fattening up Candice's tits right now, so I guess I don't need to worry about where she is. Hopefully Herмос will remember to give her soul jar back tomorrow."

"Ha..." Chris tries to smile at the girl's joke. "I mean, she has to, right? Otherwise, it's murder..."

"Ha! Good one!" Monique rolls her eyes. "Becky'd be in jail if *that* were true." Then, she points ahead. "Ah, yep! Blue Ferrari! Becky's on campus somewhere." To Chris's disgust, there's a blue Ferrari sitting in the parking lot, the sleek blue vehicle sitting in its own lavish parking spot.

"Is that an actual fucking 296 GTS?" Chris asks, appalled. It's a vintage model car, and it annoys her that Becky gets to drive such a sexy beast. "Damn, I figured she was rich, but damn."

"Oh yeah. The Chastity family's fucking *loaded*." Monique bites her lip as she casts an eye over the beautiful vehicle. "Her mom owns a shitload of fashion lines, you seen the famous sets of underwear studded with jewels? That's her mom." She raises an eyebrow at Chris. "You're a car chick? How'd you know the model so easily?"

Is it weird that Chris is a little more attracted to Becky now? Maybe it's right what they say about people with expensive cars picking up chicks easily. Not that Becky would need help with *that*. "Uh... Little bit. Mostly picked up info from my sister's magazines." Marcy, her eldest sister, is a *massive* gearhead for cars, planes and swoops. A trait that was probably serving her well in the Zoo right now. "Well, the ones that weren't porn."

"Your sister sounds like my kinda gal." Coming to a stop next to the car, the dark-skinned girl puts her hands into her pockets. "Guess you can just wait here, Becky will have to come here eventually."

It's nice to know Becky *is* actually on campus somewhere. Maybe this game isn't as rigged as Chris had feared. But waiting here certainly isn't an option. The tomboy knows that Becky would have all the time in the world to digest their friend in that case. She and Kit would end up meeting Becky here eventually if they waited, but their friend have long since been absorbed into blonde's tits. "Ah, we need to talk to Becky pretty urgently, so I guess we'll keep looking. Thanks for your help, Monique..."

"Hey, no problem!" Monique doesn't seem to notice Chris wanting to leave as soon as possible. "Always happy to help a possible new recruit!" She winks at the two of them. "By the way, speaking of help, how would you two like to do *me* a favor?"

“Uh...” Shit. The sorority president got them right where she wanted them, Chris knew. It was impossible to refuse now that she’d actually already helped them out. “I mean, depends on what you need, but I guess?”

“Great!” Monique reaches into her skirt and pulls out her phone. “So, Beta Sappho is having a *date night* next weekend, and I’d love it if you two could join us! And Miss Simons, of course! We’ll be playing some games together, getting to know one another, maybe even having some fun together...” The small girl winks at Chris. “And we’ll be mixing with Alpha Sappho for some extra fun too. Those girls might be rich bitches, but they *are* hot. And hungry...” She shivers, clearly excited by the prospect.

Honestly, Chris is more than a little interested in the idea. She’s not looking to join a sorority just yet, but a date night sounds pretty good... Or it would, if she didn’t have a very pressing issue at hand.

Her friend seems a little less enthusiastic, though. “Oh... If it’s, like, a lesbian thing, I probably shouldn’t go...” Kit actually seems a bit disappointed by that.

“Sure you can!” Monique grins at the smaller girl. “Normally, you’d need to be in our sorority, but we’ll make an exception! And anyway, trust me, tiny girls like you and me are top prizes in these events. You’ll be beating off hungry girls... I mean, beating hungry girls off with a stick!” The dark-skinned girl chuckles and winks at Kit. “Possibly including *me*, heh heh...”

Chris blinks in surprise. “Wait, *you* want to eat her? I thought you were a prey.”

Monique shrugs, smirking. “Well, yeah. But with a girl this cute, no-one’s *that* much of a prey to not wanna taste her.” She winks at Kit. “And wouldn’t it be extra humiliating to get gulped by another prey?”

“No, I mean...!” Kit’s face seems to have ‘blush’ on a hair-trigger. “I mean, it’s for vore stuff, and I’m not a prey...”

Monique raises an eyebrow at her. “Oh, you’re not out of the closet yet?”

“Yes!” Kit answers gratefully. Then, she blinks. “Wait, I mean ‘no’! No, wait...”

“Well, you’ll make a splash either way, I’m sure!” The girl steamrolls right through Kit’s feeble refusal. “I mean, possibly *literally*. I don’t plan on surviving the date night, so maybe all of us will end up in the same toilet. Wouldn’t that be fun?”

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“Uh, yeah, maybe!” Chris decides to just take the path of least resistance. They don’t have time for this, so just... “Me, Kit and Di will come if we’re available...” And in Di’s case, if she was *alive*. The tomboy felt a bit bad for accepting on her friend’s behalf, but she doubts that Di would have done anything other than enthusiastically accept if she were here and not... possibly digesting.

“We will?!” Kit turns and gives Chris a shocked look. “I mean, okay then?!” The small girl seems a bit annoyed, but she doesn’t try to disagree.

“Really?!” Monique seems a little surprised that they accepted so easily. “You’re going to come? Oh, awesome! I’ll be holding you to that promise, Chris Abrams!” The small girl opens up the holographic display of her phone and types in something, presumably three more names for the list of attendees. “Oh, just so you know, you’ll be a guest of Beta Sappho if anyone asks.” She snickers to herself. “*Especially* if Rachelle asks, okay?” Without waiting for an answer, Monique turns and starts to walk away. “Okay, I’ll let you guys get to it! Hope you make a nice meal for Chris, Kit! Bye!!!”

The small girl has a surprising turn of speed. Maybe it’s her inbuilt prey nature. Chris feels exhausted just from having a five minute conversation with the girl, she can’t imagine what an entire date night with her would... *will* be like.

“Thanks for that.” Kit glares at Chris, folding her arms. “Now I’m going to a lesbian date night! Why’d you sign me up for it too?” She grimaces. “I don’t want to end up *eaten* like Di, Chris!” Oh God, Chris has to suppress a desire to smile at the pouty look on the girl’s face. It’s so cute!

“It was the fastest way to end the conversation, Kit.” Chris does feel a little bad about railroading her friend into a lesbian date night. But only a little. “Oh come on, you’ll have fun anyway! Those girls won’t eat you if you don’t wanna get eaten.” Unlike Becky...

Kit clicks her tongue, clearly annoyed. “Whatever. We don’t have time to discuss this now, clock’s ticking.” The small girl casts an eye around the wide campus, grimacing. “Let’s split up. We’re gonna rescue Di, but it’s not going to be easy. We need to cover more ground, ask more people.”

“Are you still mad me? I said I’m sorry...” Chris doesn’t like it when people are angry with her, even if Kit looks adorable when she’s annoyed.

“No.” Kit lies, pouting a little. “Anyway, you search over here and I’ll search near in *that* direction.” She points eastward. “You give me a call when your aunt gets here, okay?”

Oh man... Chris really wants to lift up that hoodie and take a look at what Kit *isn’t* wearing... “Huh? Oh yeah! Yeah, I’ll call you. Just be careful okay?”

The smaller girl's annoyance fades for a moment. "Yeah, you too. See you in a little bit, Chris." Kit turns and hurries away, a determined look on her face.

So... Becky's somewhere on campus. Not exactly a small search zone. Chris checks her phone for a moment, hoping that her aunt might have texted her. But there's no luck in that department. No messages from Vicky. Maybe that means she's driving? Chris can only hope, but she suspects that her aunt might still be jacking off.

Well, nothing for it, but to start looking. Standing around just guaranteed that she'd never find Becky. Chris walks down the path, the opposite way from where Kit went, toward the more populated part of the campus.

[39:04...]

The inner areas still have plenty of students around, most of them either chatting or studying. As Chris walks down the main pathway of the campus, she casts an eye around for Becky. She doubts that the blonde bully would be walking around with a belly full of Di, but she has no better ideas at the moment. The next step would be picking a random building and trying to search every nook and cranny on the off chance that she might find Becky, but that sounds like a poor...

Oh! Chris spots someone who might be able to help!

Breaking into a brisk run, the tomboy sprints to catch up to the girl walking ahead of her. She's not quite sure if it's the right person... Yes, it is! "Hey! You're, uh, Cathy, right?" She recognized the girl's pale-blond hair.

The girl that Chris knows as 'Cathy' is a small bookish-looking girl with thick glasses. As Chris says her name, she turns with a look of surprise. But she smiles politely when she sees the tomboy approaching her. "Oh! Yes, can I help you?" She's holding her phone, but she slips it back into her gray skirt as Chris stops in front of her.

Chris had last seen Cathy back during the orientation day, speaking as a student council representative. She'd gone on about student equality or some shit, Chris hadn't been listening. But Becky was head of the student council, wasn't she? "Um... Sorry to bother you out of the blue..."

"Oh, that's fine!" Cathy has a nice, reassuring voice, and Chris immediately feels a bit calmer. "As a student council representative, I'm happy to help if people need it! Especially if..." The blonde trails off, and then smiles at Chris. "Well, anyway. Yes, I *am* Cathy Kent, to answer your question."

“Ah... Nice to meet you, Cathy.” Chris hesitates for a moment, wondering how to ask where Becky is. “Um, I’m Chris...”

“...Abrams?” Cathy finishes for her, and the blonde gives a soft chuckle. “Yes, I know who you are, Chris. A... friend of mine told me about you.”

“Oh, that’s nice.” Chris doesn’t want to be rude, but she’s not exactly flush for time. “Um, I need your help. Do you know where Becky Chastity is?”

Cathy blinks for a moment, seemingly surprised by the question. Then, the bookish-looking girl laughs softly. “Oh! That’s a good question, isn’t it?” She pushes up her glasses, smiling again. “You know, I’m looking for her as well? Isn’t that funny?”

“You are?” Oh. That probably means that Cathy doesn’t know where Becky is...

The student council rep puts her hands on her hips, shaking her head. “No, we’re supposed to be having a student council meeting, but she’s quite late.” Sighing, the blonde looks up at the sky. “Honestly, she does this all the time. I’m always the one sent to find her. But she’s in none of her usual places! What am I supposed to do, honestly?”

Not only was the bully trying to digest her friend, she’s also skipping her duties! Chris knows that’s not really something that matters, but getting indignant about that helps a little too. “Listen, I *really* gotta find Becky ASAP. Do you have *any* idea where she could be?” The tomboy is desperate at this point.

“Well, I don’t know...” Cathy begins, but then she seems to notice the desperation on Chris’s face. “Gosh, you’re really in a hurry, aren’t you? What’s got you in such a need to see the president, Chris?”

“I... er...” *Because she could be digesting my friend right now*, Chris wants to say, but how the fuck can she say that to Cathy? The girl has such an innocent look in her eyes that the tomboy can’t bring herself to say something so vulgar to her. “I... I can’t...”

Cathy stares at her for a long moment. Then, she looks around, seeming to realize that they’re still in public. “Oh! Well, if it’s something you’d rather say in private...” She points toward a building nearby. “Here, follow me, Chris. I don’t know where Becky is right now, but if we put our heads together, we might be able to find her!”

“Really? Thank you!” It doesn’t sound too likely to help, but Chris is grateful that the student council rep is willing to at least try to help her out. “What about your meeting, though...?”

The building is almost deserted as they enter, Cathy leading Chris up a flight of steps. A few minutes later, the blonde opens the door to a private office. “Come in, make yourself at home.” She ushers Chris inside, closing the door behind them.

The room is decently sized, but it's only got a cheap desk that sits in one corner. A laptop sits on the desk, probably one owned by CSU that Cathy uses for her work as a student rep. Cheap carpet blankets the floor. This is clearly the room of someone who's been shoved into whatever space that had been left.

"Ah... Nice place!" Chris lies, as Cathy closes the door behind her. "Very... roomy!"

"Thanks!" Cathy smiles at her. "Go ahead and check my laptop for any messages from Becky!" She gestures toward the desk.

Huh? Chris blinks for a moment, a bit confused. "Isn't it your...?" She begins, but Cathy just smiles at her, still indicating to the laptop. "Um... Okay?"

As the tomboy grabs the device and turns it toward her, Cathy takes off her glasses and places them gently on the desk next to it. "Any luck?"

The laptop... is off? Chris presses the power button, but all that happens is an AppleSoft logo popping up. "I don't see any messages..."

"Oh, that's probably because she's digesting whoever you're trying to save." Cathy smiles warmly at Chris. "At least, that's why I *assume* you're trying to find my boss."

The hair on the back of Chris's neck stands up. "Hey, wait a minute..." The tomboy suddenly remembers something else about Cathy that she'd forgotten. The *bulge* in the front of the bookish-looking girl's gray skirt!

"Uh oh..." Cathy seems to notice that Chris has noticed. "You like what you see, Chris? How about I *shove it up your fat ass?!'*" And the student council rep suddenly lunges at her!

Chris tries to turn, but she's entirely vulnerable right now. She hadn't been on guard *at all!* For fuck's sake, Cathy's *smaller* than she is! Before she can stop her, the blonde has Chris's hand in hers, and her mouth is opening wide...

Fuck!

FUCK!

Chris is being swallowed! Her hand slides into Cathy's mouth almost immediately. Before the tomboy can blink, her entire forearm is inside, her hand lodging inside the blonde's throat! Warm, wet saliva soaks her shirt sleeve. Chris can feel Cathy's tongue on the underside of her arm, licking frantically as if she's trying to taste...

What the *fuck* is happening right now?! Chris is in utter shock. The student council rep is trying to devour her, like Becky devoured Di! Like Aunt Vicky devoured Holly the other day! Oh fuck... She's not *trying*, she *is* devouring Chris!

It's so fast! Cathy's throat desperately sucks down her hand, the small blonde eagerly swallowing as fast she can. Despite her size, the blonde's surprisingly strong! Chris can sense that if she doesn't do something now, then she'll quickly end up inside Cathy's belly. Indeed, the more of her that gets swallowed, the harder it will be to fight back.

However...

Chris was not born in a civilian household. Both of her mothers had been, and one of which still was, a soldier. Granted they'd been an officer and a mechanic respectively, but Matilda and Rose hadn't bred weak kids, nor had they neglected their three daughters' physical education. It had been in service of a goal that she never wanted, but Chris had been trained since before she could remember to run, to endure and to *fight*.

Feeling her elbow passing Cathy's lips, Chris's mind finally snaps back into place. "Oh no you don't...!" She growls, planting her feet on the ground and grabbing the desk with her free hand. "You fucking..."

"Mmm!" Cathy tries to laugh, but it comes out as a muffled gurgle of amusement. Then, as Chris gets a good grip and begins to fight back, the bookish-looking girl suddenly looks *less* amused. "Mmmh!" The girl tries to shout, looking alarmed.

It's hard fucking work, but Chris is stronger than Cathy's throat. If she'd managed to swallow the tomboy any more, or if the blonde had managed to get both of Chris's hands, then the young woman knows that the fight would have been already lost. But quick reaction time was a trait that Chris had been trained to have.

She'd also been trained to keep calm under pressure. Most girls might have panicked in this situation, flailing around and trying to wriggle their hand free. And if Chris had done that, then Cathy would have slurped her down like a tomboy noodle and digested her into lesbian slurry.

Slowly, Chris braced herself and pulled back with her entire body. If Cathy was stronger... or smarter, the girl might have tried to knock Chris down before she could react. But it seemed like the blonde had been wagering on a lightning strike attack to get Chris into her belly before she could react. Now that her momentum is gone, Cathy's fighting a losing battle.

Chris feels her arm slowly sliding back out of the blonde's lips, her hand reaching the back of the girl's throat. Whatever gag reflex Cathy has is obviously long gone, but it's still quite an unpleasant experience, from the look on her face. Chris had thought the girl was cute and friendly, but now the student rep is giving her a nasty glare.

Well, if she thought this was nasty, Chris was going to give her something to *really* be unhappy about. Wrenching her hand out of the hungry blonde's mouth, Chris lunges forward and grabs the student rep's shirt by the collar.

"Guh..." Cathy makes a wet choking noise as a shitload of saliva splatters onto the carpeted floor. "Ah... Ya fuckin'... OOF!"

The predator's words don't get too far. Chris's knee smashes into her groin, driving all the air out of the small girl's lungs. Cathy lets out a gasping wheeze as she gently folds up, crumpling onto the floor in front of the tomboy. Belatedly, the tomboy realizes she could have kicked the girl in the groin, but judging by the way she's collapsed, it probably would have been overkill.

Naturally, Chris isn't going to give the girl who just tried to *swallow* her a moment to recover. Surging forward, she plops her ass onto Cathy's waist. The small girl resists heroically for about two full seconds before collapsing with an even louder grunt of pain. Chris grabs the girl's hands and twists them behind the girl's back.

"Ah!" Cathy cries out as Chris pins her to the floor, holding her wrists tight. "Oh... Shit... You're... You're stronger than I thought you'd be..." The bookish-looking girl coughs and tries to struggle out of the tomboy's grip, but Chris holds her tightly, and Cathy is left squirming impotently on the floor underneath her.

"You... What the *fuck* is wrong with you?!" Chris demands, still feeling Cathy's nasty saliva all the way up her arm. "You just tried to fucking *eat* me!" Obvious perhaps, but the young woman's still in shock about it.

"Hey, I was *gonna* reform you! Honest! Just wanted ta get ya outta the way so Becky can finish off yer friend!" Cathy looks up at her captor with a rather lecherous grin. "Hey, can't blame me fer giving it a shot, right? *You're* the one who got lured in here like an idiot!" The bookish-looking girl lets out a gremlin crackle, and Chris can see a maniacal energy in her eyes that's entirely at odds with her first impression of Cathy. This girl isn't some calm friendly student rep. She's some fucking predatory bitch!

Chris growls in anger, tightening her grip on Cathy's wrists. "You *cunt!* I ought to give you a black fucking eye!" She snarled, glaring down at the girl underneath her. Chris had half a mind to give the gremlin bitch underneath her a good *thrashing*, as her mother liked to describe it.

Cathy's eyes blaze with delight. "Oh! Please do!" She squirms on the floor, but now it's in excitement. "Heh, heh... Ya won, Abrams. I'm all yours!"

"Huh?" The tomboy hadn't expected this change of tune. Suddenly, Cathy had gone limp, all resistance in her body vanishing. "What the fuck are you...? Aren't *you* supposed to be a predator?!"

"I prefer *scavenger*." Cathy corrects her with a smirk. "I only go after chicks weaker than me. I'm the nasty little *brat* that cleans up all the *scraps* that Becky an' the other sexy badasses leave behind." She lets out a crude snicker, clearly lacking any shame at all. "Heh... I thought *you* were a scrap that Becky had tossed ta me, but turns out I bit off more than I could chew... *Literally!*" The blonde's breathing is becoming heavy. "Oh dear... Looks like yer gonna to teach me a lesson, ain'tcha?"

Chris had been considering it, but now she's not so sure. Even beating up this little bitch is sounding less like a punishment and more like a *reward* for Cathy. "You... Shut the fuck up!" She blinks for a moment, confused. "And the fuck happened to your accent?!"

Cathy's nice soft Midwestern has shifted to what Chris now realizes is the blonde's *real* accent; a *hard* Southern-ish drawl that could only be described as *redneck*. "Ah... Fightin' me must have made ya hungry, right?" The blonde girl bites her lip, clearly excited... Actually, *aroused* might be a better description of the look on her face. "You beat me, Abrams... Ya totally squashed me like the *bug* that I am..."

Chris stares down at Cathy for a long moment, utterly baffled. Then, she feels something stirring between her legs. "Oh, *Jesus*." She groans, as she pieces together what the little gremlin is offering. "I'm not gonna fucking *eat* you! Stop getting a fucking hard on, you *freak!*"

"What?!" Cathy actually seems quite shocked to hear it. "Oh, *c'mon!* I promise I won't resist or nothin'! Ya won, I surrender!" She grins up at Chris and gives her a lecherous wink. "C'mon, Abrams! Teach me a lesson like ya said ya would!" Chris is unsurprised that the blonde futanari has a boner, but having it *rubbed* against her own groin is uncomfortably stimulating. She's grateful once again that she wore normal shorts instead of that obscene outfit today. If she had, Cathy would likely be penetrating her right now.

"Shut *up*." The tomboy tries twisting the blonde girl's arm to shut her up, but this only elicits a *delighted* moan from Cathy's salivating lips. "Oh my fucking... You need *Jesus*, holy shit..."

"Oh yeah, send me to him!" The student council rep begs eagerly. "Come on, those guts of yours must be *aching* fer a nice squirmy meal, Abrams! I promise I'll squirm like a good little slave for you! Becky and the other girls give me a lot of practice!" Her face is a deep red, and Chris can feel the girl's body heating up underneath her. God, this chick is actually getting off on this! "Mama taught me how ta get a belly nice an' excited! And I won't give ya indigestion or nothin', promise! I swear, only Monique Dubois is a better prey than me!" She bites her lip, giving the tomboy pinning her to the carpet a smoldering look. "C'mon, ya can slurp me up and shit me out, I won't even take that long ta digest..."

Chris... is horrified to feel her stomach beginning to rumble a little. She hasn't eaten in quite a while, actually. Wait, no... "That's... Shut the fuck up!" Reaching out, she grabs Cathy's blonde hair and shoves her nasty smirk into the carpet. Chris isn't a fucking *predator*. No, this was a

distraction, Chris knew. She doubted that Cathy was *faking* her arousal, but... "You're still trying to buy time for Becky, aren't you?"

"Sure am!" Cathy admitted, her gremlin voice muffled by a mouthful of carpet. Chris frowns and pulls the girl's head back, glaring down at her. "Ugh... I love it when sexy babes like you put me in my place... Ya can rough me up before ya chow down, m' body's gonna be chunked anyway..." Between her legs, Chris can feel that the blonde's now rock hard, the head of her cock poking exactly at where the tomboy's pussy is.

Oh *god*. Chris can feel her heart beating harder. To her shame, Cathy's not the only one getting aroused right now. Chris might be pissed off, but she's not made of fucking stone. She's a lesbian and there's a surprisingly nice cock being rubbing against her groin. It's not *big*, but still... "S-shut the fuck up and tell me where Becky is, before I give you a black eye!"

"Fuck no!" Becky sneers in amusement as the tomboy tries to threaten her. "I'm not telling you where Becky is! She's gonna turn your big titty goth gee-eff in ta molten *slop*, Abrams!" She cackles like a goblin, saliva running down her chin. "Go ahead, beat the fuckin' shit outta me! I'll love every second of it!"

Chris doesn't have time for this. Di is in Becky's guts *right now*. That antacid's not going to last much longer... "When I met you, you said you were look all over for Becky, right? But I already know she's still on campus." Chris isn't going to get any more information from Cathy, she knows. So she needs to look at what the nasty little scavenger has already given her. "So, that means that she's not anywhere on campus that you'd expect, right?"

Suddenly, Cathy's eyes turn a little worried. "Nuh uh!" She awkwardly tries to shake her head, but Chris's grip on her hair is too strong. "She's probably hanging out in a girl's toilet somewhere! Why don't you go and search all of 'em?" The blonde tries to squirm, deliberately rubbing her cock against Chris's groin. "Or, like, *don't* and just waste the rest of your time by fucking me up!"

"So... She's somewhere on campus that *you* don't know about, so it must be somewhere unusual for her..." Chris continues, trying to ignore the growing warmth in her genitals. God, Cathy's cock was surprisingly enticing... "S-so, she's hidden somewhere unusual for her..." That meant that Becky could only be in a handful of places on campus, which would narrow things down... Except that Chris didn't know what those places *were*. Dammit.

"Oh, who cares about Diana Simons?!" Cathy complains, sounding a little irritated. "Come on, Abrams, ya know ya wanna fill yer belly! I promise you'll have the time of yer life turning me inta soup! Mama always said I'm smooth as fuck on the way out!" She groans, sounding desperate. "C'mon, ya know ya wanna turn me into a nice turd and squeeze me out!"

Chris considers this for a long moment. Then, she sighs. Letting go of Cathy's wrists, she stands up, lifting her weight off the small girl's back. Cathy gasps for air, but the blonde makes

no effort to clamber to her feet. Her erection springs free, slapping against her gray skirt, leaving a trail of precum.

“Thanks for your ‘help’, rep.” The tomboy rolls her eyes. Looking down, she’s disgusted to see that her shorts are strained by Cathy’s precum as well.

Cathy is not pleased that she’s not being scarfed down like a side of meat. She glares up at Chris. “What? Ya gonna leave me here, Abrams? What kinda fuckin’ little bitch *are*...?”

Chris kicks the student rep in the balls *hard*. She’s only wearing casual shoes, not a pair of boots, but it must still hurt like fuck. Cathy lets out a breathless grunt of pain and folds up, clutching her stomach as her eyes begin to water. The tomboy watches for a moment as the blonde struggles to breathe.

“I don’t like hitting girls, but I’ll make an exception for you, *cunt*.” Chris is sorely tempted to do worse to the bitch who just tried to eat her, but... “Or, I *would*, if I had enough time. But, I don’t.” She turns to leave the office, reaching for the door handle. “Don’t expect my vote in the future if you run for council president.”

“Dammit...” Cathy chokes out, coughing harshly. To Chris’s disgust, the girl starts shuddering violently as cum starts to leak through her panties... Holy fuck, is she *cumming* from being kicked in the balls?! “Ugh... F-fuck...” As her dick twitches violently inside her black panties, a small amount slips through the fabric and dribbles a load of cum all over the cheap carpet. Cathy shudders, somewhere between heaven and hell. She gives the tomboy a nasty glare. “J-just you wait, Abrams... I’m...” She coughs, splattering yet more saliva onto the carpet. “Ugh... I’m goin’ down that throat of yours whether ya like it or not! I’m gonna get inside yer fuckin’ tits...”

“Whatever, bitch.” Chris walks through the door and slams it shut behind her, leaving Cathy furiously jizzing herself.

Standing out in the hallway, the tomboy adjusts her bra back into place, fully aware that she’d just escaped the depths of Cathy’s bowels by mere seconds. It bothers Chris a little bit that her nipples are rock hard as they rub against the soft fabric of her bra. Then, the tomboy sighs in relief.

Well.

That could have gone better.

[27:34...]

As Chris stumbles out of the building, still feeling a bit shaken about almost being *eaten*, she feels a buzzing in her pocket. It's her phone, vibrating to indicate that there's a message. For a moment, she feels a flash of hope and pulls out her phone. Is it her aunt, here and ready to help?

Of course, there's no chance of that, not while that damned moon hangs above in the slowly darkening sky. When the holographic display blazes into life above her phone, Chris sees that it's a message from Becky.

Where are you, Chrissie? Did you give up? Your friend is waiting for you. She's not having a good time inside me. DW, I told her you and the little snack are on your way, better not disappoint her...

Becky's loving every second of this, it's entirely obvious. Chris would bet good money that the blonde is masturbating wherever she was. Feeling a flash of irritation, the tomboy taps out a reply.

We're not going to give up. Wherever you are on campus, we're gonna find you.

Chris sends the message and goes to put the device back into her pocket, but almost immediately there's a reply.

I hope so, Chrissie. The message can't convey tone, but Chris can sense the sneer on the other side. I'm really rooting for you, y'know? Here, I'll give you a clue just because I like you; I'm not in the toilets or any kinda public place like that. I've picked a special place on campus that you and the midget should find, okay? And if you fail, I'll let you feel up the additions your friend makes to my tits. Seems only fair. CU soon, mwah!

The tomboy might dislike the blonde, but she's not about to pass up a clue. Somewhere special that she should know? Chris only arrived on campus less than a week ago. How many places could she possibly know?

Evening has arrived on campus before Vicky. Above the university buildings, Chris can see that the afternoon light is beginning to fade away. There's still students around, but they're thinning out now. She has no clue how accurate the timer in her head is, but it's been at least half an hour. More than half the time they had to find Becky and Di has gone. And she's no closer to finding Becky.

[26:57...]

Chris stands in the middle of the courtyard, looking around desperately. Just fucking... Where?! The lecture hall? No, that isn't a special place. One of the sorority houses? No, that doesn't make any sense. Those weren't even on campus, as far as Chris knew. Around her, there's at least a dozen other students, just going about their usual daily routine as if Di isn't in danger.

No communication from Kit, so she hasn't found anything either. Chris has no reason to think something might have happened to the small girl, but... Fuck.

Fuck!

So where? Where can Becky be? What 'special' place on campus does Becky think that she'd know?

Maybe this is just all a giant trick and Becky had actually gone home. Chris is good at remaining calm under pressure, but it's proving harder and harder by the moment. Her friend is essentially being pressure cooked right now, and every second that Chris...

All of a sudden, a powerful pair of hands grabs Chris by the shoulder.

Chris flinches, her brain immediately in defense mode. Has Cathy come back for Round 2?! In front of all these people?! For a split second, she feels the urge to spin and clock the bookish-looking girl in the nose...

No. Whoever's grabbing the tomboy is taller than her, and Cathy had been slightly shorter. It's not Cathy, it's...

"Long time, no see!" The redhead says, grinning as Chris turns her head. "Did I scare ya?"

Chris is immensely relieved that she didn't listen to her instincts. "Holly?"

"The one and only!" Yes, it's the redhead who'd been her Aunt Vicky's date on the day she'd moved in. And then her aunt's *dinner*. Holly looks quite a bit more *alive* than the last time Chris saw her. She'd been a rather painful looking bulge in her aunt's guts back then. And the next morning, she'd left their house through the plumbing.

Apart from her clothes, Holly looks almost identical to how she had the other day, despite being entirely digested and reformed. As Chris turns around, she sees that the sporty redhead is wearing a loose shirt and jeans, purple bra straps looping over her tanned shoulders. She's sporting a pair of silver earrings and a necklace with a cross around her neck.

Holly seems to notice Chris looking her up and down. "Yup! I'm in one piece again, Chris."

"Oh!" The tomboy hadn't realized she had been staring. "S-sorry..."

"It's fine! You can check with your hands too, if you like!" The redhead has a disarming smile that immediately puts Chris at ease. And unlike Cathy's, this one is genuine. "Told ya I'm good as new, didn't I?"

Yes, she clearly was, much to Chris's relief. She hadn't believed that the redhead wouldn't be, of course, but it was nice to see it in person. "I... I'm glad to see you, Holly." Chris admitted with a slight blush. "I forgot that you study here too..."

"Aw, thanks!" Holly plops down on a small brick wall behind her and pats the spot beside her. "Yeah, I would have come and hung out with you on orientation day, but I was a little... *ghostly* for most of the day." She chuckles at the idea. "I was thinking about calling you to see if you wanted to hang, but then I ran into you! How lucky is that?"

Certainly a lot luckier than Chris is right now. The tomboy wants to sit down and chat with Holly, but she refrains. "Um... You're okay now?" She asks, politely.

"Oh, I'm *great!*" Holly stretches her arms, clearly quite happy with herself. "I swear, I've never felt more alive now that I've experienced death, y'know?" She slaps her thighs together, grinning. "Being inside your aunt's body after she digested me was so awesome. Vicky's *sooo* strong and her dick is *sooo* big..." The redhead chuckles.

Chris sighs, thinking back to that night. "Yeah, I saw it for myself." She admits to Holly, feeling her cheeks flush. "Looked like you two were having a lot of fun..."

"Yeah, after I died, she told me you'd walked in on us." Holly grins at Chris. "I don't mind though, Who wouldn't want to look? God, your aunt is the best." She sighs in contentment, and then looks up at Chris again. "How have you been since I called you? Made any friends?"

"Oh, I'm... I'm fine. Overall." It's technically true. "I've made a couple friends, and class seems like fun. Especially Sapphic Modern Culture..." The events of the last hour or so had mostly dominated Chris's mind, but it was still hard to process that that class had actually happened.

"Oh, with Mazine?" Holly nods eagerly. "She's the best fucking teacher ever. I did Sapphic last year, it was awesome."

Somehow, Chris isn't surprised to hear that. "Is that class... Is it really just looking at lesbian porn?" The question sounds ridiculous, but that's exactly what Professor Mazine had shown her and Di.

"Sure is! Why do you think every girl on campus takes it?" Holly chuckles in amusement.

"Mazine's a wild woman. She gave me extra marks because I made out with another girl during class." The redhead winks at Chris. "Hey, here's a little advice: Pretend to be straight at the start of class. Mazine loves to brag that her class has a 100% conversion rate, she's got a hardcore fetish for turning straight girls gay, she'll be all over you." Holly smirks at the thought. "Oh, and if she offers to invite you to one of her private study sessions, fucking *accept.*"

"Good to know." Chris is a little preoccupied with her friend being digested right now, but hopefully there will be a day where she can use Holly's advice. "Um... Listen, can I ask...? Chris

lowers her voice, to stop anyone else from hearing. "I mean, getting digested must have hurt, right?"

"Oh, it hurt like hell!" Holly admits cheerfully, giving Chris a great big smile. "Vicky's guts mulched me like a wood chipper. I won't go into detail because I know you're a newbie to all this... and because I'd get a little bit too, uh, *doki doki*, let's say. It was amazing though, I loved being inside her. The best part was being inside her body after I died... But yeah, it's a real savage experience." The redhead blushes slightly and crosses her legs, apparently not joking about getting aroused just from talking about it.

That being digested *hurts* isn't surprising, but it's not exactly what Chris wants to hear right now, to be quite honest. "Oh..." The tomboy gulps. She reaches into her pocket and quickly checks her phone again. No messages from Vicky, Kit or Becky. Dammit. "Um... Okay, well, you know Becky Chastity, right?" Holly had been the first one to mention Becky to Chris, if she recalled correctly.

"Hmm?" The redhead tilts her head, clearly a bit surprised at the change of topic. "Oh yeah, of course I know Becky. She's a friend of mine."

"Really?" Chris had known that Holly knew Becky, but not that they were... "Friends?"

"Well, maybe *friends* is a strong word. I don't think people like Becky Chastity *have* friends. She's way too rich and powerful." Holly tugs at the hem of her shirt, and Chris catches a glimpse of abs beneath. "But yeah, I guess we're friendly. She's pretty fun to hang out with, Becky. Why?" She raises an eyebrow at Chris. "Oh... Did she catch your eye? Gosh, you're a bold one, Chris. Going after one of the Four Princesses of the campus already!"

Chris blushes as the redhead smirks at her. "No, that's not what I... Wait, Four Princesses?" She hasn't heard that term before.

"Well, it's what some people call them. The four hottest chicks on campus. Dating one of them's something you could brag about for the rest of your life. Would earn you instant street cred around here too." Holly bites her lip, thinking. "Becky Chastity, the hottest chick in Sacramento. Rachelle Jameson, the alpha lesbian. Maya Brown, who turns every chick she talks to gay. And, uh..." She clicks her fingers, trying to remember. "Lena Kailen, that European futanari exchange student."

Chris had already met Rachelle yesterday, and the description of her being an alpha lesbian is certainly an accurate one. "Oh, I'm not... trying to date Becky, I'm..."

"Hey, don't give up so easily!" Holly grins at Chris. "I'll help you meet her, if you want! You're her type, y'know? She loves turning tomboys feminine, it's her favorite hobby."

"I'm feminine..." Chris blushes, suddenly feeling a bit self-aware of how masculine her outfit is. "I mean, that's not why I'm asking about Becky..."

"Oh?" Holly raises an eyebrow. "Why are you looking for the most popular girl on campus, then?"

Oh god. Does Chris have time for this? For a moment, the tomboy hesitates, weighing up whether telling Holly the truth is a good idea. The redhead seems nice enough, but she's a friend of Becky. And Cathy had seemed quite nice too...

No. Chris is being paranoid, she realizes.

"She... She ate my friend." The young woman admits, in a low voice.

Holly stares at her for a long moment, blinking in surprise. "Huh?" She says, clearly not quite processing what Chris just told her. "She what?"

Chris looks around for a moment, making sure no-one else can hear them. Then, she sits down beside Holly. "On orientation day, I kinda... had a run in with Becky. We kinda got into an argument about Aunt Vicky..."

For a few minutes, Chris explains what's happened between her and Becky over the last couple of days. About Kit trying to mend the gap between the two, and then Becky devouring Di alive. And now, the race to find Becky and Di before the former's antacid wore off...

By the end of the story, Holly looks quite stunned. "Holy crap, are you serious, Chris?" The redhead asks, her eyes wide. "Your friend is Diana Simons? The new chick that everyone's talking about?"

"Well... Yes." Chris feels like Holly might have missed the point. "And Becky's eaten her."

"Damn... And I was thinking about adding Diana and making it the *Five Princesses* of the campus." The redhead grins, but then catches the concerned look on Chris's face. "Sorry. That's gotta be pretty awful for you."

Chris raises an eyebrow at Holly. "It's not awful to you as well?" She asks, incredulous.

"Well, it sounds hot as fuck, honestly." Holly bites her lip, her cheeks flushed slightly. "I mean, your friend with big tits being eaten by Becky Chastity? That's super hot. I'm surprised you haven't spent the hour she gave you playing with yourself..." The redhead trails off and then takes a deep breath. "S-sorry... I'm letting my prey nature get the better of me. This really must be awful for you."

Chris takes a deep breath. "Thank you." She can tell that Holly means it, even if the redhead's clearly quite aroused by the story she'd just heard. "It's... It's been a tough day."

"Yeah, I can imagine." Holly reaches out and puts an arm around Chris's shoulder, to the tomboy's surprise. "Listen, I know Becky. She's playing with you now, but that just means that she probably likes you, okay?"

"Okay..." Chris gulps nervously as she feels the redhead's surprisingly strong hand on her shoulder. In fact, she can actually feel Holly's muscles on the back of her neck. "U-um... Do you maybe have an idea where she is? We know she's on campus, and she said she's somewhere 'special', but I have no idea..."

Holly thinks for a moment. And then, to Chris's disappointment, she shakes her head. "Nope. Sorry. I know Becky, but I don't know enough about her to know where that is."

"Oh..." The tomboy feels her heart sink. This had been her last hope, to be quite honest.

The redhead sighs deeply. "Oh, don't feel too bad, Chris. It's not your fault. Becky's pretty wild, she probably just wants your attention, y'know?" She squeezes Chris's shoulder. "Listen, I'll talk to her sometime this week, I'm sure. I can probably get her to cool off a bit on you. Or at least not get rid of any more of your friends..." She shakes her head. "Hey, how about you and me go and get a coffee together? Or, like, a movie? Avengers 11 started last week."

Chris... would be sorely tempted to accept, but she's not going to give up now. "She'll reform Di, right?" The young woman turns to look at Holly. She needs to know that her friend will be alright.

"Uh..." The redhead hesitates for a moment, biting her lip nervously. "Well, probably." Holly shrugs.

That wasn't as reassuring as Chris would have hoped. "She... She really might not reform Di?" Chris can certainly believe that Becky would be cruel enough, but could she really get away with it? "Isn't it, like, illegal?"

"Oh sure." Holly nods, but she doesn't seem that eager. "But I study vore, and there's *tons* of cases of people 'forgetting' to reform their prey in time. I mean, Becky herself has gotten away with it before."

"She has?" Chris is disturbed to hear that.

The redhead nods, grinning at the memory. "Yeah, back when Becky first ran for president of the student union, there was this goth chick who ran against her in the election. Her and Becky fucking hated each other. She used to tell everyone that Becky had rigged the election."

Chris doesn't like where this story is headed. "And did she?"

“Oh yeah. Her and her mom bribed everyone to hell. I heard her mom even had an affair with the faculty head.” Holly snorts in amusement. “Funny thing is, Becky would have won in a landslide anyway. She’s hot as fuck, no one cares now that she cheated to win.” The redhead shrugs. “Anyway, the night after winning, Becky broke into the goth girl’s apartment on campus and ate her alive. She *claimed* it was consensual, which is why she got away with it. And she promised to reform the girl, but...”

“But?” Chris asks, against her better judgment.

Holly smirks. “Well, she kept putting it off, saying she was too busy to go down to the gene clinic. The girl’s family kept begging her, but Becky put it off for a whole month. By the time she went to a gene clinic, the girl’s soul was totally absorbed by Becky’s. No chance at reforming her. I think Becky bragged that the clinic said it would be like trying to separate two whisked eggs.”

“So the girl’s just... *dead*?” Chris is horrified at the concept. Becky had absorbed her *soul*?

“Yep. No heaven or hell, just being part of Becky until the day she dies.” Holly shrugs again. “And depending on what the afterlife’s like, maybe even after that.”

That’s such a horrible way to go. Chris can’t imagine something worse.

And yet...

It’s not that Chris is turned on by the thought of her friend being digested, or Di’s soul getting devoured by Becky’s soul. It’s just that it’s... an interesting thought. No, she’s probably getting turned on because Holly’s got her arm around her shoulders. But honestly, that story about Becky going into that girl’s apartment and eating her is really...

It’s really...

Wait a minute.

Wait a minute!

An idea comes to Chris, perfect in clarity and with the force of a divine revelation. “Shit!” She swears out loud. “I know where Becky is!” Well, she’s not *certain*. But it’s the only place Becky *could* be, isn’t it?

“Huh?” Holly looks more than a little confused, which is entirely understandable. “What th- Oh!” Chris turns and hugs the girl, feeling huge grin spreading across her face.

“Thank you, Holly! That story was amazing!” Chris feels her heart beating a mile a minute. Pulling back, she’s so drunk with excitement that she plants a kiss on Holly’s surprised lips before she even realizes what she’s done. “Oh, er... Sorry! But you really helped me out!”

Where on campus would Becky have easy access to, would be somewhere Chris would know of *and* wouldn’t be a place she would think to look? The answer is almost obvious in hindsight. So wonder Becky’s getting off on this, she must be truly pleased with the place she’s hiding in.

“N-no need to apologize...!” Holly seems a little dazed at suddenly being kissed. “If that’s the way you thank people, then I’ll help you out anytime!”

“Sorry, I know it’s a bit rude, but really I gotta go, Holly.” Chris stands up, smoothing down her shirt. “I owe you big!”

“Ah... D-don’t worry about it...” The redhead nods eagerly, an almost catlike smile of happiness on her pretty face. “I know you gotta dash!”

“Catch you round.” Chris needs to go... east. Yes, east. With a brusque pace, the tomboy sets off, and then calls back to the redhead. “I owe you a coffee date, okay?” And a makeout session, if Chris is brave enough.

[12:29...]

Leaving a stunned Holly behind her, Chris pulls out her phone. There’s two messages on it, apparently having come through while she was talking to the redhead. One is good news, one is bad news.

OMW, will be there soon. Wait for me. It’s a short message from her Aunt, but Chris loves every word. The other message, on the other hand...

Oh fuck, that antacid’s worn off already! Must have been a cheap one, sowwy! :D Better hurry up, Chrissie, your friend’s going to start beefing up my tits any second! Included along with the taunting message is a sound file. When Chris foolishly presses ‘play’, she hears a cacophony of stomach noises, rumbling and churning. If Becky’s stomach sounds like that even through a microphone, Di won’t last long...

“Chris!” The tomboy hears Kit’s voice behind her. Turning as she walks, Chris sees the small girl running to catch up with her, awkwardly holding them hem of her hoodie as she runs. “Becky and Di... Do you think they might be in...”

“Di’s apartment?” Chris finishes, giving Kit a triumphant smile as the small girl catches up with her. “I figured it out too!”

“Yes!” Kit seems quite surprised. “I figured that if she ate Di, then she probably has Di’s apartment keycard! How’d you figure it out?”

Holly’s story hadn’t been very helpful... except for the mention that Becky knew how to break into the apartments on campus. Di’s apartment was a ‘special’ place that Chris and Kit would know about too. “A friend of mine helped me out! Remind me to introduce you to her, she’s awesome!” She gives Kit a determined look. “You know where Di’s apartment is, right?”

“Yeah, she told me on orientation day! We live in the same building!” With a surprising burst of speed, Kit pulls ahead of Chris. “Follow me!”

High above, the moon has been obscured by a cloud. Chris doesn’t believe that omens exist, but she hopes that this is a good one if they do.

[8:21...]

On the eastern side of the campus are a number of tall buildings, home to many students studying at CSU, including Di and Kit. As Kit leads the way between the towering blocks of apartments, Chris can feel a slight chill as the evening begins to arrive in earnest. The small girl runs up to one of the entrances and reaches into her hoodie pockets, fishing around for what Chris presumes is her keycard.

Chris herself would have been living here too, if Aunt Vicky hadn’t lived such a convenient distance away... Well, actually, Chris had chosen this campus because of her aunt in the first place, so maybe not. But it’s still interesting to see where her friends live. Or, it would be, if they weren’t running out of time. “Hurry up, Kit! We’re running out of time!”

[7:49...]

Di is being soaked in stomach acid right now, Chris knows. It isn’t a timer for how long until Becky’s stomach starts digesting her, it’s how long until Di *melts*. And seven minutes is a truly *generous* estimate, Chris suspects.

“Got it!” Kit pulls out her keycard, managing to pull up her hoodie slightly as she did so. Chris gets a tantalizingly brief glimpse of the girl’s thighs, bare all the way up... With a *ding*, Kit scans the card and the glass doors beep.

The two girls push through, into the rather bare hallway. Two elevators are at the end of the narrow room, and Kit pushes the button to call them down.

[7:27...]

“How long does this usually take?!” Chris complains as the seconds tick by. The elevators feel like they’re taking forever. “Come on…”

Finally, one of the elevators arrives, and the two girls squeeze into the small room. Kit presses the button for the fifth floor, presumably the one Di lives on. “It’s okay, we’ve got plenty of time.” Kit says, patting down her hoodie. “We’ll go to Di’s room and Becky will let her go. And then we can look back on this and laugh, y’know?”

Chris is pretty sure that Becky doesn’t need to wait to laugh. “Let’s not count our chickens before the hatch. Vicky says we need to wait for her too.”

“We have time for her to arrive. You said she should be here by now, right? It’ll only take her a couple minutes to get here.” The small girl seems to be looking for something. “Dammit, where is it…?”

“What are you looking for?” Chris asks, as the elevator seems to take forever to pass by each floor.

“My phone.” Kit blinks for a moment. “Oh shoot, I forgot it in my apartment, didn’t I?”

Chris feels a little exasperated, but she knows it’s not the girl’s fault. “You don’t need your phone, I have *my* phone!”

[7:01…]

“Our apartments have keypad locks, Chris, how are we gonna get into the room?” Kit bounces in place, clearly full of nervous energy. “Di and I exchanged codes the other day, it’s on my phone!”

“Ugh… Fine!” Chris has to concede that she has no idea how to get into Di’s apartment. The blonde bully was probably aware of that, perhaps it had been Becky’s plan for them to get to the door of the apartment and be trapped outside. Clearly, Becky must have some way of getting in, probably something to do with her position, but Chris doesn’t. Maybe the bully has a masterkey or something… “Get the code and text it to me while you’re on the way, I can text it to my aunt.” It might cost them precious seconds, but the tomboy supposes that having two phones on hand to record or call for help would be better. Chris doesn’t really trust Becky to keep her word when they win the race.

“Are you sure?” When Chris nods, Kit sighs. Reaching out, she presses the button for the fourth floor. The elevator’s so slow they haven’t even reached it yet. “Okay, you go on ahead, I’ll grab my phone and send you the code. See you in a minute!”

That sounds like a good idea. As the elevator finally comes to a stop on the fourth floor, Kit hurries out of the doors, sprinting to her apartment. Chris doesn’t wait to see which one, she just

hits the button to close the doors over and over again. Finally, the doors close and again and the elevator begins to ascend to the fifth floor.

[6:23...]

Stepping out of the elevator, Chris turns and looks down the hallway. There's a row of doors before her, probably about a dozen or so. She has no idea which one is Di's, but each door has a name beside it, thankfully. Walking along with her heart in her mouth, the tomboy reads the names of each person. "Denise Allers... Daniel Scott... Jack Reed... Diana Simons!"

It's here! This is Di's apartment, the fourth one along! The door is plain and gray, with a dull metal handle. Chris can hear no sounds from within, but of course she wouldn't. Becky's probably heard her coming up the hall.

She wants to burst through the door right now, but Chris knows she needs to wait for her aunt to arrive. Becky won't be happy to lose, and the tomboy doesn't trust the blonde to release Di without her aunt there to back her up.

[5:47...]

Chris stands in front of the door, feeling the evening chill begin to creep in. Her outfit is a light one, and she's getting quite cold. It's perhaps good that she didn't wear that obscenely small outfit she'd been considering, or she'd be freezing right now. Then again, Chris probably wouldn't be in this situation if she had...

[4:33...]

The tomboy checks her phone. No code. What's taking Kit so long?! It's only been two minutes, granted, but two minutes is a long time when her friend was *digesting* as each second passed. Di's being soaked in stomach acid, dammit!

And how long was 'soon' anyway? Vicky's on her way, sure, but her aunt really didn't seem to have any urgency at all. Chris knew that her aunt had never *met* Di to be fair, so it would be hard for the veteran predator to care much, but still...

[3:39...]

Looking at the keypad, the tomboy is surprised to see a green light on the tiny screen. *Open*, it says, unlike the apartments on either side of Di's. Out of curiosity, Chris reaches for the door handle and turns it, feeling it click open. It's unlocked, much to her surprise. This *must* be the right place, then. Di wouldn't have left her apartment open, and Becky must have left it that way for them to find. The blonde had presumably been hoping that they'd find her *after* she'd digested Di.

[2:59...]

No, Chris can't wait any longer. Kit's taking forever to grab her phone. The small girl knows which apartment is Di's, she'll know where Chris is when they arrive.

Turning the handle, the tomboy flings open the door. "Becky!" She calls out, into the dark apartment. The lights are off, but Chris knows better than to think that no-one's home. Inside, there's the sound of someone jumping in surprise and the familiar squeak of mattress springs. "I know you're in here! Let Di out, you...!" She steps inside and reaches for the light switch beside the door. Light floods the room to reveal...

Farrah smirks up at Chris as she lounges on Di's bed. Or is it Senna? They are twins, after all. Either way, Chris doesn't like the smug look on her face. "Hey, cutie-pie! I gotta say, I'm impressed you made it this far. Guess I owe Becky a twenty..."

"You...?!" Chris looks around, taken aback at *not* finding Becky. "What the...? Where's Becky?!"

"Oh..." There's a second voice from behind her. Chris spins around to see the other twin, presumably Senna, close the apartment door behind her. "Sorry, *fuckmeat*. Good guess, but you chose the wrong place. Now your friend's titmeat!" And then, she locks the door behind her.

Chris is a novice at anything vore-related, but she's not stupid. There's only one reason these girls would lock her into the room with them. "Fuck!" She swears, and breaks into a run toward Senna.

Immediately, Farrah tackles her from behind, wrapping her arms around Chris's legs. The tomboy stumbles, but manages to stay upright.

That is, until Senna charges into her, the girl's shoulder connecting with Chris's chest...!

...

Dazed, Chris finds herself on the floor a few seconds later, her ears ringing. Senna and Farrah are sitting on top of her, pinning her down. "Sorry, cutie. We don't like hitting girls." Farrah chuckles.

"*You* don't. I love knocking hot chicks on their asses!" Senna is leaning over, and Chris feels something around her wrists...

Still dazed, Chris only realizes what's happening a second too late. The handcuffs click shut, locking her hands behind her back. "Huh?! Fuck!" She struggles, but these things aren't some cheap knockoff. "Dammit! You fucking liars! That bitch tricked us!"

“No, I didn’t.” The voice comes from the corner of the room, making Chris’s heart almost stop. That voice had been smug before, but now it’s almost unbearable. “I’m just *smarter* than you, Chrissie. Well that, and your friend Di gave me the idea...”

Giggling, the twins roll Chris over, to look at Becky. Or rather, to the screen where Becky’s face is being displayed. “Didn’t say *which* friend of yours is titmeat, did I?” Senna whispers nastily in her ear.

A phone has been set up in the corner, projecting a holographic image across the wall of Di’s apartment. It’s a fantastic quality image, almost as if Chris is looking into the next apartment through the wall. No doubt Becky set this up beforehand, because it’s too perfect to be spur of the moment.

The screen displays a perfect view into another apartment. Becky looks through the screen, down at the captured tomboy. She’s sitting on the bed, lounging with all the luxury of a queen. “Mmm... Oh hey, Chrissie.” The blonde is wearing only her underwear, blue sapphire studded garments that show off her incredible curves. Of those curves, nothing is more stunning than the curve of her belly, inside which Chris can see the shape of Di’s body. But to her alarm, the shape is soft and indistinct... and not moving. “I forgive you for calling me a ‘bitch’, by the way. It *is* true after all. I’m just weak to yummy-looking girls like you”

“Heh...” Farrah whispers into Chris’s ear with a triumphant sneer. “Two minutes *late*, cutie. Tough luck. Shame you got to miss your friend’s death throes though, Becky straight up *came*...”

And what’s even worse is the person sitting on the bed next to Becky, the blonde’s arm around her shoulders. Kit’s face is a mixture of terrified and defeat, her eyes darting between Becky’s face and her belly. “S-sorry Chris...” The small girl sighs. “Guess I was wrong about which apartment Becky was in...” The blonde bully smirks, puts her smirking face next to Kit’s and gives the camera a lecherous wink.

Becky isn’t in Di’s apartment. She’s in *Kit’s* apartment.

End of Chapter Four

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Feeling:</u>	<u>Status:</u>
Chris Abrams	Defeated	Fuck... We lost. Becky was playing us for fools this entire time...
Kit Chen	Defeated	Oh God... Why is Becky in my apartment? Is Di still alive in there? Maybe we can still win...
Becky Chastity	Triumphant	Fuck, this bitch is digesting inside me so good! I love melting sluts with big tits, how big are they gonna be after this? Doubt the pipsqueak's gonna make much of an impact though...
Diana Simons	Digesting...	Held out heroically for almost a full hour. Now she's rapidly becoming Di soup. At least her tits will be put to a good use; beefing up Becky's own...
Aunt Vicky	Confused	Ugh... Didn't get to finish draining my nuts. Hope Chris doesn't mind me trying to seduce her cute friend... What, where the fuck <i>is</i> Chris? Why isn't she answering her phone?!
Monique Dubois	Satisfied	Heh... Let's see Rachelle's face when I rock with Diana Simons and Chris Abrams on date night. She's gonna be pissed...
Cathy Kent	Furious	Damn bitch... Leave me blueballed, will ya? You owe me a digestion, Abrams! Mama always said ya gotta finish yer meal...
Holly	Horny	Oh fuck, I don't know if I want Chris to lose or win that race of hers... Either way, I'm gotta get home and rub one out!