

“I’m Constable Hoffman from the Day Street Police Department.” There’s a flash of light as the cop holds up her badge. It looks legit, as far as Melissa can see. “I wanted to ask you a couple of questions about…” The constable reaches into her shirt pocket, and pulls out a small picture of an unsettlingly familiar face. “Uh, this woman. Talia Vanderberg. Do you know her?”

Uh oh. Between everything that had happened today, Melissa had completely forgotten that the police might be investigating Talia’s disappearance. Lindsay had said that she’d bribed someone back at the hotel, but had it failed? She needed to think fast, or this officer might think she was guilty!

Okay, the officer must know that she’d stayed the night with Talia, or she wouldn’t even be asking her, right? So… “Y-yeah, I know her.” Melissa says, trying not to make eye contact with the tattooed woman in the picture.

“Are you aware that Miss Vanderberg had been missing for several days now?” The constable raises an eyebrow. She’s a few years older than Melissa, but she’s quite a bit shorter. Her hair is red, but clearly dyed to be that color. As she turns to look at the freckled girl, Melissa can see the flash of an earring. She’s a rather non-traditional cop, apparently.

What had Lindsay said? She’d bribed someone to say that Talia had checked out before Lindsay had arrived, right? “N-no! The last time I saw her, she left after… we, um…”

There are people passing nearby on the sidewalk, and Hoffman eyes them suspiciously. “Ugh, what a pain…” She gestures behind her, to the hotel’s parking area. “My car’s in the parking lot, do you mind if I ask you a few questions down there, where it’s a little less public?”

Going somewhere secluded with a random person was rarely a good idea. But Melissa knew she’d just look suspicious if she refused. Besides, she was taller than the constable, and she knew she could do… *that* again, if she really needed to. Not that she wanted to, or anything! “Okay, fine.”

It takes a few minutes for them to walk downstairs, into the underground parking lot beneath the hotel. It’s mostly deserted at this time of day, which Melissa is thankful for. “Um… how did you know I’d be here?” The freckled girl asks, as they approach the police car.

“Huh? Oh, right, you probably don’t know.” The constable points up, toward the ceiling. “When they do a porn shoot here, they let us know in advance.” She grins cheerfully. “Actually, I needed to question you anyway, and your name came up on there when I searched for it, how lucky is that? Usually these kinda cases take *forever* to deal with.”

Yeah, *real* lucky. Melissa avoids the temptation to roll her eyes. As they draw level with the parked police car, the freckled girl wonders what’s going to happen next. Is she going to be arrested or something? She points at the car. “Um, are you going to…”

Constable Hoffman opens the driver side door, and picks up a small notepad from the driver's seat. Closing the door, she waves Melissa's question away. "Oh, you don't need to get in. This'll only take a few minutes, I hope."

Pulling a small pen from her pocket, the constable flips open the notepad. "Ooookay, let's get this done... Can you tell me when the last time you saw Miss Vanderberg was?"

Okay, no mess-ups here... "Um... We met up a few nights ago for a date. Afterwards, we went back to a hotel..." Melissa clears her throat awkwardly. "A-and then, she went home. Around... midnight, I think."

"Midnight." Hoffman nods slowly, staring at her notepad. "The hotel record says she left around that time, so that checks out. I take it that you and Miss Vanderberg had sex in the hotel room?"

The frankness with the constable asks the question throws Melissa slightly. "Oh, um... we didn't, actually. H-have sex, I mean..." It's true, after all. They certainly *would* have, but she'd done... *that* to Talia before they could.

The constable rolls her eyes. "I get that you might find it embarrassing, but please don't lie to me, Miss Jones." Hoffman makes a few notes in her notepad. "Subject... had... sex... with... Vanderberg." She finishes writing, and then scratches her hair with the pen's tip, looking slightly awkward. "Now... and please understand that this *is* relevant... are you a vore fetishist, Miss Jones?"

"What?!" Melissa feels her heart skip a beat in terror for a moment. Did the constable know...

Hoffman holds up a hand to stop the freckled girl. "I'm not here to pass judgment on anyone's habits, Miss Jones. Please, just give me the truth."

The truth... was more dangerous than the constable seems to realize. "I... am." Melissa admits, both to the constable and to herself for the first time. As much as she's liked to hold herself above the idea, and tell herself that she's not *really* one of *those* people, Melissa can't deny it any longer. "I'm a vore fetishist."

"I see." Constable Hoffman makes a note in her notepad. "And, would you say that Miss Vanderberg was a vore fetishist?"

It was hard to imagine a bigger vore fetishist than a woman with a predator tattoo on her shoulder. "Yeah, I'd say she was... wait, *was*?" Melissa raises an eyebrow at the small constable.

Hoffman scowls slightly for a moment. "Is. I said 'is'. Miss Vanderberg is still missing, as I said." she clears her throat, and continues. "And Miss Vanderberg, like most vore fetishists, often had casual sex with other women on short notice, like you?"

Well, that was the stereotype for vore fetishists, to tell the truth. “I... we’d only met a few days beforehand, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Right, okay...” There’s a moment’s pause, as the constable thinks for a moment, biting her lip. “Now, vore fetishists are known for their sexual proclivity. Do you believe it’s possible that, when Miss Vanderberg left you around midnight, she went to meet with *another* vore fetishist?”

Melissa had no idea how to answer that question. “I-I don’t know.”

“You don’t know if it’s possible? How can you not know?” Hoffman presses, with a curious insistence. “Surely, it can’t be *that* hard for you to say if it’s possible or not?”

“I don’t know what her plans afterward were...” Talia’s *actual* plans had been to crap Melissa out into the hotel toilet. That’s why Melissa *had* to... do *that* to her.

The constable sighs, sounding a little irritated. “Let me try this again...” She points the pen at the nervous freckled girl. “Do *you* think it’s *possible* that, after she left you, Miss Vanderberg met up with *another* predator that night, and got eaten?”

“What do you mean ‘another’?” Melissa feels a little bit of panic in her chest. “I’m not a predator!”

Hoffman gives her a vaguely irritated glance. “No, I meant Miss Vanderberg. She was a very well-known predator, apparently.” She looks Melissa up and down for a moment, and the freckled girl imagines that she sees a slight glimpse of contempt in her eyes. “Predators tend to be... not like you, let’s say.”

“R-right...” It’s kinda rude, but Melissa’s happy to take that answer. “I think... it’s possible that she might have met up with someone else.” Each time Melissa lies, she can feel it getting easier and easier. “I don’t have any idea who she might have met up with, or where, though.”

“Oh, good, that was my next question.” The constable flips the notepad closed, and clicks her tongue. “Well, that wasn’t very helpful, unfortunately! No more leads! Not like I can just track down wherever some vore fetishist went off to.” She’s trying to sound like she’s irritated, but it’s not hard to work out that it’s an act. “Guess I’ll just hafta hand it over to the cold case department...”

“What, just like that?” Melissa can’t resist looking the gift horse in the mouth. “That’s all you’re gonna do?”

Constable Hoffman sighs dramatically. “Yeah, it’s a shame too. I was supposed to work on this tomorrow, too... Guess I’ll just have to move on to a case that might actually, y’know, *help* someone and not be a waste of my time.” She shrugs. “Well, when it comes to vore fetishists,

there's not much point working too hard on trying to find them. I'm basically just trying to put a name-tag on a turd anyway."

"Corruption still feeds on the heart of justice..."

The voice sends a shiver up Melissa's spine, as it drifts out of the darkness. Beside her, Constable Hoffman flinches at the sound, and the two of them turn to look at the dark shape moving toward them. As the constable beholds the woman who steps out of the shadows, her hand falls to her holster.

"Hey, what the..." Hoffman calls out, clearly rather perturbed by this sudden appearance. "Who're you?!"

"I have many names." The dark-skinned woman smiles as she approaches. Her pale teeth shine against her coal-black lips. She was dressed in a black leather jacket, which was open to show a purple bra. A matching pair of black leather jeans held a worryingly large bulge. She looked disturbingly familiar...

"Who... who are you?" Melissa calls out, feeling terror wrap around her heart. "What's your name?"

A monstrous smile glitters in the dark. "You *know* my name, Melissa Jones."

It's true, she does. "Azrael." Melissa breathes the name, and the dark predator smiles.

The constable scowls at Azrael. "What do you want? We're in the middle of something here."

"I want a great many things..." The dark predator turns back to Melissa, smiling coldly. "I heard that Melissa Jones was here, and came to meet her. I am what you might call a *fan*..." She takes another step forward.

The predator is tall, even taller than Melissa had expected from her profile picture. Every part of her body bulges with powerful muscles, and her face... Melissa hadn't had the privilege of laying eyes on the predator's face when they'd spoken on VoreFans, and she was not disappointed. Azrael's face was sharp, and almost inhumanly handsome. Gold eyes shone hypnotically...

'An apex predator' was all that Melissa could think when she beheld Azrael. The sheer power of the woman seems to roll off her skin, like an aura of dominance. As Azrael approaches, she feels as if her lifespan is shortening. Perhaps this woman represents her doom. Somehow, that idea lights a terrifying excitement in her. Death was terrifying, but dying inside this apex predator would be glorious...

“Stop!” Melissa is shaken out of her trance by Constable Hoffman pushing her aside. Stepping between Azrael and Melissa, the officer scowls angrily at the dark predator. “I don’t know who you are, but it’s obvious what you want from her. And you’re insane if you think an officer of the law is going to stand back and let you kill someone right in front of them!”

Azrael turns back to Melissa, and the freckled girl almost swoons from the pressure of her gaze. “Come with me now, Melissa Jones. Your *destiny* awaits...”

Her death, more like. Melissa knows that the predator only wants to devour her, but the thought is disturbingly tempting. To die at the hands of this woman... or more likely, her stomach, was a darkly delightful thought. Part of her wanted to fall to her knees and beg Azrael to take her, conquer her, *devour* her body and soul... But, something held her back.

Lindsay. Her best friend’s face cut through the mist of her dark desire, like light piercing through a storm cloud. If she gave in here, Lindsay would never know that her best friend loved her back. “N-no!” she blurts out, feeling as if cold water has just been thrown over her. “I won’t go with you!”

Azrael’s smile falters for a moment, and Melissa catches a terrifying glimpse of the woman’s anger. “Is that so?”

“Yeah, it is!” Hoffman reaches out and pushes Melissa back, and then puts a hand on her gun again. “She’s said she’s not interested, you bastard. So leave, before I put a bullet in you.”

Azrael stops, and smiles down at the short officer. “How *brave* of you. You cared little for what happened to Miss Vanderberg. Why do you care about what happens to Melissa Jones?”

“That’s different! I’m not going to... wait, how...” Hoffman’s eyes widen in terror. “H-how did you know about...” Her eyes widen in shock. “Wait, why is your face vaguely...”

“I know a great many secrets, Constable Hoffman.” Azrael’s eyes flash. “For example, I know that it was *Melissa Jones* who devoured Talia Vanderberg, and condemned her soul to Hell!” She points an accusatory finger at Melissa, who flinches in horror. How could this woman know...

“What?!” Constable Hoffman turns to stare at Melissa in horror. “You were the one who- shit!” Instantly realizing her mistake, the officer spins back to face Azrael, but it’s too late.

The dark predator is on her in an instant, her hand seizing the constable’s throat. With apparently no effort at all, Azrael lifts her off the ground, Hoffman’s feet feebly kicking at the ground below. The constable’s hand scrabbles for her holster, but Azrael is faster, grabbing her wrist and twisting it painfully.

Melissa flinches backward in terror, as she watches the officer being effortlessly dominated by Azrael. If a trained police officer stood no chance against the dark predator, who did?

“Too slow.” Azrael laughs softly to herself, as Hoffman struggles vainly in her grip. Her laughter is deep, as if it’s coming from the bottom of a deep hole. “You are *weak*. Why they allow anyone but predators to be officers of the law is beyond my understanding...”

“Go to hell...!” Hoffman chokes out defiantly.

The dark predator’s cruel smile widens. “I’ve already been there.”

The constable’s eyes find Melissa. “Go! Just leave me and run!” Melissa feels transfixed in place, and her legs won’t let her move.

“Yes, run along, Melissa Jones.” Azrael smiles hungrily at the freckled girl. “I’ve taken an interest in you, even more than I did before. This snack will satisfy me... for the moment. But you and I... will have a date with destiny.”

Melissa looks between the constable and the dark predator, and knows there’s nothing she can do to save Hoffman. “You... you can’t just *eat* a police officer!” is all she can manage to squeak out.

“Of course I can.” Azrael has a look of triumph on her dark face. “I’ve eaten them before. They melt *easily*.”

The freckled girl feels a chill in her heart, and her will breaks. Running away, Melissa sprints out of the underground parking lot, back up to the street above. Behind her, she can hear Azrael’s laughter echoing alongside Hoffman’s screams of terror, as the constable is dragged away to her doom...

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“She certainly didn’t waste time in abandoning you.” Azrael’s dark voice hisses into Hoffman’s ear. The constable grimaces, as the predator tightens her grip on Hoffman’s neck, pressing her into the side of the car. In the distance, she can hear the sound of Melissa fleeing. Hoffman knows that the sound might be the only good thing left in this situation.

“Good! You’re in big trouble now!” The constable chokes out, through the painfully tight pressure on her throat. She’s trying to sound confident, but the situation is clearly heavily in Azrael’s favor. Hoffman struggles, trying to break Azrael’s grip, but she knows it’s completely useless. The difference in strength between the two is laughable, and the dark predator seems to barely even register the effort, even with only one hand being used.

Azrael looks over to where Melissa vanished, seeming a little disappointed. "A shame she didn't come with me willingly. Most do." After a moment, she shrugs, and turns back to Hoffman. "Still, a little patience makes the meal even sweeter. And I have a nice little... *snack* to enjoy instead..." The predator licks her black lips, and there's a shine of saliva as she begins to drool slightly.

Hoffman sees the look on Azrael's face, and her heart turns cold. This woman was completely serious about eating her, the constable knew. She didn't have a great deal of experience with predator women, but every young police officer had been trained to deal with combat in close quarters. Hoffman tried to remember back to what her instructors had said on how to deal with predators.

A memory came back to Hoffman, so vivid that it shocked her. Perhaps her life was flashing before her eyes. She'd been in a lecture back at the Police Academy, when she'd been in training. The lecturer, an older woman in a tight skirt, had shown them a video of a predator attacking a police officer. "Never let a known predator get within five meters of you," Hoffman remembered the instructor saying, pointing at the video behind her. In the video, a police officer had made the mistake of being too close, and the predator had crossed the gap in an instant. The entire class had watched in horror as the officer in the video had been swallowed whole.

Hoffman had made that *exact* mistake, the constable realized with no small amount of shame. And Azrael was certainly within five meters right now. Had they said anything else? The instructor had said something else, she was sure of it. What had it... oh! "If a predator has hold of you, the only thing you can do is stall for time and pray." Well, that wasn't particularly reassuring.

"You... what do you want with Melissa Jones?!" That had been the girl's name, Hoffman was sure. She didn't know anything about the girl, other than that Azrael had claimed that she was responsible for the disappearance of Talia Vanderberg. The constable found that hard to believe, though.

Azrael licks her lips, and the smile on her face puts Hoffman in mind of a hungry tiger. "I knew that Miss Jones would be here today... so I came to meet her. I intend to... make her part of me."

"W-why?" Hoffman asks, feeling fear in her heart as she realizes that Azrael must be tracking Melissa to devour her. This woman is a deadly predator, and Hoffman had barely managed to stop her from seizing that poor girl as her prey. But now *she* was in danger instead!

"Hmm?" Azrael considers the question for a moment, and Hoffman feel the grip around her neck weaken slightly. It's not nearly enough to break free, but at least a little air is coming into the constable's lungs now. "Because Melissa Jones is a *sinner*. Sin is in her body and soul." The dark predator grins savagely. "I *consume* sinners, and my belly purifies the world of them. So that their souls might reach Hell for their deserved torment."

This woman was insane, Hoffman was sure. But something about the way Azrael spoke chilled the constable to her bones. "You... how do you know if-

Suddenly, the grip around her throat tightens. "So many questions. Are you perhaps trying to stall for time?" Azrael leans in closer, and lowers her voice. "After all, that *is* what the Academy taught you, right?"

How did... how could she *possibly*... Hoffman swallows down her question and glares at Azrael. "You... go fuck yourself!"

"Myself?" The dark predator laughs, a deep boom that vibrates in Hoffman's chest. "Why would I fuck *myself*, when I could fuck *you*, Constable Hoffman?" Her eyes turn down, toward the constable's chest. The police uniform is tight, and not particularly flattering, but it can't quite hide Hoffman's larger than average breasts. With a wince, the constable feels Azrael's other hand seize hold of her right breast, squeezing painfully through her shirt and bra.

"Get... get the *fuck* offa me!" Hoffman cries out, her voice echoing through the underground parking lot. But there's no-one to hear her voice. "Don't fucking- OW!" Azrael's fingers brutally pinch her right nipple, and the constable flinches in pain. She feels the dark predator begin to twist... "Ow, ow! Fuck, stop, STOP!" The pain is unbearable, even though it only lasts a few seconds before Azrael lets go. Once she does, Hoffman can feel her nipple already stinging with soreness.

"Ah, sensitive there, I see." Azrael snorts derisively. "I'll keep that in mind for later." Letting go of Hoffman's breast, the dark predator licks her lips. "You've got bigger tits than most officers, I'll give you that. But what I'm more interested in is..." Hoffman feels the grip around her neck slacken slightly, and with a powerful pull, Azrael flips the constable over. Hoffman is left with her face against the car window, her cheek painfully squashed against the glass.

The police uniform comes with a tight pair of blue pants, and Azrael has no trouble getting a good grip on Hoffman's right asscheek. "You fucker..." the constable hisses, as she feels the dark predator roughly groping her. "H-hey, what's..." She can feel something hard poking her in the butt, even through her pants. "Oh god, tell me that's not..."

"Oh, it *is*." Azrael's erection is stretching her own black pants considerably. Hoffman can't see it, but it feels *big*. The constable is no stranger to futanari, but she's never met one quite as well-endowed as Azrael. The idea was far from reassuring.

"You... you think you can just violate me in a fucking *public parking lot*?" Hoffman demands desperately. "Anyone could come down here and see what you're doing! And they'll call the police! Fucking use your brain, idiot!"



*“I agree.”* Azrael leans in and hisses in her ear. “Which is why I’m going to do it in the back seat of your car.”

Hoffman’s eyes widen. “Wha... it’s locked, you idiot!” She struggles in the dark predator’s grip, to no avail. “And if you think I’m giving you the key, you’ve got another thing com-” Suddenly, Azrael’s shoulder presses into Hoffman’s back, forcing the constable up against the car quite painfully.

“Hold on just a moment...” The constable can feel Azrael moving around, like she’s doing something to the car... “There, easy!” There’s a clunking sound, as the car unlocks.

Hoffman can’t believe what just happened. “You... how... how did you...” The keys to her car were still safely in her shirt pocket, Hoffman could feel them in there. How had the predator unlocked the car? Had she somehow picked the lock, with one hand? That seemed impossible. “How did you-”

“Enough talk!” With incredible strength, Azrael grabs Hoffman and pulls her back, wrapping an arm tightly around the constable’s shoulder. The dark predator flings open the back door of the car, and then grabs hold of the back of Hoffman’s head. “In you go!” With a sharp push, Hoffman is sent stumbling into the back seat of her car.

The constable falls heavily onto the leather seat, a little stunned at how easily Azrael just manhandled her. Recovering her senses, the young constable tries to rise, but then feels Azrael enter the car and close the door. With the massive predator behind her, there’s absolutely no room to move at all.

Azrael wastes no time, swiftly climbing on top of Hoffman’s prone body. She’s heavy enough that Hoffman can barely even struggle with the weight of a heavily muscled apex predator on top of her. Still feeling a bit of defiance in her chest, Hoffman glares up at Azrael. “You idiot... we’re still visible... in here!”

“So what?” The dark predator sneers. “Do you really think anyone will think twice about seeing someone being fucked in the back seat of a police car? After all, police in this city are known to... take advantage.” Hoffman’s eyes widen as she realizes that Azrael is correct. She’s about to stammer out a comeback when she hears a loud unzipping sound.

To describe the *thing* that springs out of Azrael’s pants as ‘big’ would be a drastic understatement. Almost long as the constable’s forearm, Azrael’s penis is as jet black as the rest of her body, apart from the head of her cock, which is tinged purple. Virile veins pulse along her shaft, as the penis somehow continues to harden and lengthen. Two massive black orbs hang at the base, looking worryingly full. The end of her penis is shining, heavily coated in precum already. It is, simply put, the largest penis that Hoffman has ever seen.

“Oh god...” Hoffman’s nose wrinkles as a powerful smell emanates from Azrael’s dick. “What... *is* that...?” It’s a brutal stench, an unholy mixture of sweat and precum that utterly overpowers the constable’s poor nostrils. Hoffman tries to hold her breath, but it’s a pointless attempt. As soon as she tries to breathe again, the musk invades her nostrils, and it feels as if her brain is reacting it without her control.

“Breathe deep.” Azrael commands, in an aroused tone. “This is the scent of a *true* hero. Of the many people who have had the privilege to enjoy this scent, *none* are still alive.” Reaching down, she hooks her fingers into Hoffman’s shirt...

The constable has no time to react before Azrael roughly rips open her shirt, torn buttons bouncing away below the car seats. Hoffman’s ample breasts are revealed, clad only in a black bra now. “You little...” she tries to hiss, but trails off as the cock is pointed at her face.

Azrael grins cruelly. “Can you feel it? My cock desires you, Constable Hoffman.” She reaches down again, grabbing Hoffman’s hand and placing it on her dick.

Oh god, this was it, wasn’t it? Hoffman scowls as she unhappily wraps a hand around the massive black member. There was no way out, no way that she could stop Azrael from taking what she wanted. No backup was coming, none of her colleagues knew she was in trouble. Nervously beginning to stroke the monstrous cock above her, Hoffman resigns herself to the fact that she’s going to be raped by Azrael. At least that girl, Melissa, got away. Even if she’d been the one who’d killed Talia Vanderberg, the constable feels a slight satisfaction that she’d at least saved her from being brutally devoured.

Azrael is a rather impatient predator. Her next step is to break open Hoffman’s belt, and then tear off her pants and black panties. The constable does not try to stop her, having already realized that she can’t even remotely match the dark predator’s strength. Resisting would just mean that she would be hurt further, Hoffman knows.

Once there’s no more obstructions to her desire, Azrael slaps the constable’s hand off her cock. “Enough feeble masturbation.” Seizing her own cock, the dark predator positions it directly in front of Hoffman’s bare vagina. “Are you ready?” she asks mockingly.

Hoffman could never be ready for this. The cock that was poised to enter her was colossal, bigger than anything she’d ever taken before. It was *too big* for her, but Hoffman already knew that wouldn’t dissuade Azrael even slightly. The constable’s will breaks. “P-please don’t...” she begs pathetically, as if the predator on top of her was capable of mercy.

“Why would I stop?” Azrael laughs softly at her. “Can you not feel it? You claim to not want this, but your body *disagrees*...”

“Wha... n-no!” Suddenly, Hoffman realizes that the predator is right. There’s a terrible heat between her legs now. Looking down, she can see that her vagina is sopping wet, looking eager

to accept the monster that was cruelly rubbing against her entrance. It was the smell, Hoffman knew. Something about it was burrowing deep into her brain, firing every neuron that wanted to breed. "I... I don't want this!"

"Your body betrays your degeneracy." Azrael laughs cruelly at Hoffman, as the constable blushes deeply in shame. "You are a sinner, *Samantha Hoffman*. And you have been on my list for a long time..."

Hoffman squirms underneath Azrael's massive weight, but only manages to further amuse the dark predator. "Sinner?" she asks aloud, baffled. "How am I a sinner... wait, you know my first name?!"

"I know many things about *you*, Samantha." Azrael's teeth flash as she speaks, pale white lights in a sea of darkness. "For example, I know that you *never* intended to properly pursue the investigation about Talia Vanderberg's disappearance. And I know *why* as well..."

"N-no!" Fear fills Hoffman's heart. How could this woman know her secret? "Don't say it..."

Her pleas are pointless. "You are a vore *sympathizer*, Samantha. You have never partaken in the fetish yourself, but you have a history of deliberately botching investigations relating to vore victims." Azrael does not say this as a question, as it's undeniable truth. "And your superiors have allowed it, because they are the same..."

A deep blush breaks out on Hoffman's face, as one of her secret shames is revealed. "N-no, I'm not a... OH, FUCK!"

All of a sudden, Azrael pushes forward, entering Hoffman's vagina. She cuts off the constable's feeble pleas in an instant, laughing in triumph as she buries her dick deeper and deeper into the young constable's body. To Hoffman's shame, there's far less resistance than she would have hoped, and her vagina seems shockingly eager to accept the dark member. Still, having a cock that large forcing its way inside is far from easy. The words die in Hoffman's mouth, as she involuntarily struggles to get away from the monster impaling her.

"And you have done worse than simply covering up crimes, haven't you, Samantha?" Azrael seems to barely register that she's brutally entered Hoffman, instead continuing to speak without a single hint of effort as she drives her dick as deep as it can go. "What *else* have you done? Come now... confess your crimes. Perhaps you can still avoid an eternity in Hell..." Finally, she stops at Hoffman's cervix, with barely over half her cock inside.

"N-nothing!" Hoffman chokes out, feeling sweat breaking out on her face. As Azrael begins to move inside her, the constable is horrified to feel, not pain, but an overwhelming pleasure exploding through her vagina. She can feel that her body is no longer obeying her mind, instead succumbing to the sheer power of the predator's penis. "I've... fuck... haven't done anything else...!"

Azrael stares down at her with contempt. "You are a fool and a *liar*, Samantha. You are guilty of taking *bribes*, don't bother denying it."

Hoffman can't deny the truth, mostly because her breath is knocked out of her lungs each time the dark predator thrusts into her.

"I *know*... that you are part of a ring of officers who regularly take bribes from the fascist Australian Phallus Party. I know you deliberately look the other way when it comes to violence committed by their followers. I know that your last three girlfriends have been futanari supremacists" Azrael reaches out, snaps open Hoffman's bra, and then roughly seizes the constable's breasts in both hands. "Your superiors know that you are not only a vore sympathizer, you are a *fascist* sympathizer as well."

"You...!" Hoffman is deeply disturbed to have one of her deepest secrets revealed. How could this woman possibly know she was an ardent fascist? "Supporting fascism isn't..." Hoffman begins angrily, before a powerful thrust knocks the wind from her. "... just because I support fascism in Sydney, doesn't mean I'm a sinner. It means the total opposite!"

Azrael's face twists, losing all manner of humor. "I *disagree*." Reaching out again, she wraps a hand around Hoffman's throat and painfully pulls the constable closer to her face. "Fascism is a vile sin, and *you* are a vile sinner for being one. I will make this quick..."

Throwing Hoffman back down, Azrael suddenly increases the pace of her thrusting. The constable squirms, unable to deal with sheer pleasure being fucked into her. The dark predator seems to have lost interest in conversation for a moment, as she pounds Hoffman into utter submission. For a few long minutes, only the sound of animal grunting and wet slapping fills the car. Finally, Hoffman loses control completely.

"N-no, fuck! Fuck, FUCK!" The constable's whole body starts to shake, unable to prevent her own orgasm. Azrael, however, does not seem interested in stopping, and continues to thrust into the young constable. Now utterly at the dark predator's mercy, or lack thereof, Hoffman feels a second orgasm right behind the first, and then a third...

The sheer amount of pleasure is agony for Hoffman. Impaled on a dick, unable to escape or even move, she can only squirm feebly as orgasm after orgasm washes over her. And finally, as Hoffman wonders if her gratifying torture will never end, Azrael reaches her limit.

With a monstrous grunt, the dark predator drives her dick deep inside Hoffman, and the constable feels the massive member twitch violently for a few seconds. Heat begins to spread through her womb, as a colossal load of cum fills her vagina. Azrael's huge balls pulse quickly, eagerly emptying themselves into Hoffman. Very quickly, the volume of cum exceeds the nearly non-existent space left inside the constable's vagina, and it begins to splatter all over the leather seat below her butt.

After what feels like an eternity, Hoffman feels the flow of cum slow down and then finish. Azrael herself takes a deep sigh of relief, and then to the constable's horror, begins to pull out. The process takes a while, and continues to splatter more and more cum onto the back seat of Hoffman's car. With a shockingly loud pop, the head of Azrael's dick slides out of Hoffman, already beginning to soften. Hoffman herself is left with a disturbing feeling of coldness and emptiness, where the massive cock had drilled into her. It's quite possible that she'll never feel tight ever again.

"There's no chance of your body not having just been impregnated." Azrael sneers down at her, sweat dripping down her dark face. "But fear not. You will not live long enough to bear my offspring."

Hoffman can barely move, her body utterly destroyed by wave after wave of orgasms. "You..." she manages to breathe out, barely. "You would... eat someone pregnant with your *child*?"

"Oh, *Samantha*..." The dark predator's voice is silky and terrifying. "Hypocrisy is a sin as well. Or have you forgotten 'Stephanie Brown'?"

Oh no. Oh god, how did Azrael know that name?! Hoffman had never told a single soul about that. "I wasn't... I didn't have anything to do with that girl!" Hoffman pleads desperately. "You *can't* know about that!"

Azrael smiles indulgently. "Oh, but I do. I know that you were very close with your partner three years ago. I know that your partner had an incident, where she arrested young Stephanie on false charges. I know that your partner dragged that poor girl out into the woods, and shot her dead in cold blood, for her own pleasure." Hoffman stares up into Azrael's eyes, and sees only a black abyss inside. "And I know that you helped your partner cover up the murder, because she was a fellow cop. And cops look out for each other, *don't we*?"

"You can't know that!" Hoffman cries out, tears rolling down her cheeks. She'd intended to take the secret of Stephanie Brown to her grave. "You *can't* know that! Who are you? *What* are you?"

Azrael smiles down at the young constable, like a hungry cat staring down at a mouse. "You haven't realized what I am yet, have you?" She leans in, whispering softly. "What do you *think* I am?"

"You..." Hoffman can feel her end approaching, and knows it's no time to be an atheist. "Are you... a demon? Are you a demon in human guise? God, please don't eat me!"

Azrael's face contorts for a moment, and then she begins to roar with laughter. "A *demon!*" she laughs, the vibrations of her amusement rocking the police car slightly. "I'm flattered that you actually think that's a possibility." A wicked grin covers her face. "No, I'm not a demon, you foolish sinner."

“Then, what...” Hoffman tries to ask again, but Azrael’s hand covers her mouth.

“Let me *show* you...” Leaning over, the dark predator reaches into the front of the police car, seizing the small radio next to the driver’s seat. Hoffman watches in utter confusion, as Azrael turns the device on. “Dispatch?” she says into it, winking at a terrified Hoffman.

There’s static for a moment, and then a crackly voice responds. “Officer Hoffman?”

Azrael sneers down at Hoffman. “No, Dispatch. This is Chief Superintendent Tueuer.”

“Tueuer?” The dispatcher sounds confused for a moment. “Our schedule says you’re off-duty today...”

The dark predator rolls her eyes. “Must be the system glitching out again. I bet it says I’m not even calling from my car again, doesn’t it?”

There’s a moment’s pause, and then the dispatcher returns. “Yes, it does, Superintendent. You had the same issue last week, didn’t you?” The voice on the radio is apologetic. “I thought we’d fixed it, but...”

“Don’t worry about it.” Azrael cuts the voice off. “I’ve finished my investigation into the Vanderberg case, and I’m clocking off for today.”

Hoffman stares up at the dark predator, unable to comprehend what she’s hearing.

“Y-yes, Superintendent.” The dispatcher hesitates for a moment. “Ah, I have it on the system that that case was assigned to...”

“The Day Street Police Department, I know. But I took it over.” Azrael gives a big theatrical sigh. “It’s a complicated matter, Dispatch. When I come in tomorrow, I will...” Her eyes lock onto Hoffman’s. “...*correct* all the necessary records.”

“Yes, I’ll leave it to you, Superintendent!” The dispatcher agrees eagerly. With a look of contempt, Azrael clicks the radio off and tosses it into the driver’s seat.

Once the dark predator lets go of her mouth, Hoffman sucks in a desperate breath of air, her lungs almost empty. “You...” she gasps, partly from almost being suffocated and partly from shock. “You’re a *cop*?!”

Azrael raises an eyebrow. “Do I really look *that* different out of uniform? Although I admit you only would have seen me very rarely. But I never forget a face, Samantha Hoffman. Or the contents of your personnel file...”

“You knew Melissa Jones would be here the same way I did...” Hoffman realizes with horror, as the pieces begin to fall into place in her mind. “You knew about Talia Vanderberg’s disappearance... and you said you didn’t under why they let anyone but predators be cops...” She blinks in horror. “And you knew that my superiors allowed me to take bribes because you’re *one of them*...”

“I prefer to deal with corrupt officers *secretly*...” The dark predator sneers. “You’re not the first, and you certainly won’t be the last sinner I cleanse from *my* police force.”

And as Chief Superintendent, Azrael had the power to make Hoffman simply disappear. A deep chill settles in the young constable’s heart. In fact, she’d almost certainly done the same thing to others like her! As the dark predator leans down, Hoffman can’t let herself be eaten without satisfying a few final questions. “B-but how did you know that Melissa Jones killed Talia Vanderberg?”

Azrael hesitates for a moment, snorting in amusement. “Admittedly, that was partly luck on my part. I’d been stalking her ever since I’d fallen in love with her VoreFans account. I saw her enter that hotel that night, along with Talia Vanderberg. The hotel records claimed that Vanderberg left at midnight, but I stayed there for hours, waiting for Melissa to leave. Neither of them did.” The predator grins. “And after that, I could tell that Melissa’s boobs were several cup sizes bigger...”

“O-okay...” Hoffman can feel death approaching, closer and closer... “B-but what do you *want*? Why are you eating sinners? What’s your fucking *goal* here?!” she asks desperately, trying to stall for time.

Azrael simply shakes her head. “You don’t deserve that answer, Samantha Hoffman.” Her hand closes around Hoffman’s throat again, cutting off her words. With a deep intonation in her voice, the dark officer’s face turns solemn. “I, Azrael Tueuer, sentence Constable Samantha Hoffman to death, on charges of corruption, taking bribes, and falsifying evidence of murder. I condemn you to Hell, and hope that God does not have mercy upon your soul.” A drop of drool slips out of her dark lips, and lands on Hoffman’s bare breasts. “Goodbye, Samantha Hoffman.”

And then, the dark predator descends.

The next few minutes are a kind of hell on earth for Hoffman. The predator stuffs the young constable down her throat with a skill only born from copious practice. Jammed into a space much too small to properly fit her, Hoffman finds that it’s her body that gives way, not the muscles in Azrael’s throat.

In a way, it’s a kind of relief when Hoffman’s head enters Azrael’s stomach. Not in the sense of suffering or pain, but in the sense of realizing that her suffering won’t last much longer. As the predator unceremoniously stuffs the constable’s feet into her mouth, Hoffman is painfully shoved deep into Azrael’s stomach. The whole process was terrifyingly quick.

Inside Azrael, the stomach walls seem to press down on Hoffman, squeezing her into a fetal position. There's literally no room to move at all for the constable, as her skin begins to sizzle painfully. The smell is unholy, and there's a disgusting litany of sound as stomach acid begins to seep through the pores in the stomach walls. Hoffman can't prevent herself from screaming out loud, as the pressure begins to build...

Outside, Azrael lets out a loud burp, a satisfied look on her face as she looks down at her grossly distended stomach. The clear shape of a constable is visible, struggling feebly against the predator's stomach muscles and losing. Azrael lays down in the back seat of the police car, seemingly unperturbed by the sound of the dying constable, or the sensation of her meal being boiled inside her.

Inside, Hoffman is in agony. Covered in vicious acid, and with brutal stomach muscles pressing in on her, she wants to flail and wraith in pain, but there's no room. The best she can do is feebly move her arms and legs, in a pathetic attempt to get away from her doom. But there's no escape for Hoffman. There never was. "Oh god, please..." the constable begs to no-one in particular, "please god, I don't want to die like this..." It seems she has little choice in the matter though, as the stomach walls press in harder and harder, until...

Azrael hears a choked cry of agony from inside her belly, and smiles as the constable's death rattle settles into her memory. There's a final, horrible shiver as Hoffman's whole body convulses. Then finally, the constable succumbs to the monstrous pressure of Azrael's stomach, crushed to death by the dark predator's muscles.

Azrael sighs in relief, as she feels her stomach acids begin to cover Hoffman's body. Lying back, the dark predator closes her eyes as her guts begin to destroy the former constable. Tomorrow, she'll have to destroy the rest of the evidence that Hoffman was here. It won't be that hard, she knows. After all, she has enough experience in destroying evidence to know that no-one will ever find out what happened to the vile sinner.

The dark predator closes her eyes and begins to snore, as her guts rumbles loudly...

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A few hours later, the door to the police car opens. Rubbing her eyes wearily, Azrael steps out of the car, pulling out her phone to check the time. It's past midnight now, she can see. She's been asleep this entire time, while her body digested the remains of Constable Hoffman.

Azrael looks down, to assess her meal's progress. Her belly is now much smaller, with any trace of a body inside completely gone. Hoffman, as an independent entity, has been erased from existence. Instead, part of her body now jiggles in Azrael's purple bra, and another part has fattened up the predator's dick as well. The rest is waiting patiently in Azrael's bowels, ready to be deposited into a toilet.



Not that Azrael has any plans to use a toilet. That would be far too dignified of an end for a disgusting sinner like Hoffman. The dark predator looks around, and her eyes settle on a nearby concrete pillar. Yes, that will do nicely.

Walking over to it, Azrael pulls down her pants and squats down, leaning her ass against the cool concrete. Her belly rumbles loudly, and the dark predator sighs. Another sinner erased from this world, and another corrupt officer erased from her police force. She was one step close to her destiny. After all, Azrael was the hero who was destined to purify the world of evil, after all.

Relaxing her anus, Azrael pushes hard for a few seconds. There's a loud fart, and then the predator feels Hoffman's remains shift inside her, moving down and down, until...

The first log plops on the ground with no great ceremony. A few seconds later, a second log of shit lands on the cold concrete floor, followed by a third. The dark predator sighs in relief as she begins to empty her colon of the former constable. There's a *lot* of remains to get through, she's delighted to know.

A few minutes later, Azrael hears some voices in the distance. Actual people coming down into the parking lot? That's a first for the day. The dark predator doesn't bother to stop what she's doing though.

"Marl, bring the car around." A sharp voice calls out.

"Yes, Miss Storm!" There's the sound of someone scurrying away across the underground parking lot. A few seconds later, there's another sound; someone's footsteps walking over to where the police car is. A woman in a fine fur coat walks around the car, her expensive red heels clicking on the concrete as she peers curiously into the windows. In the white artificial light of the car park, her pale blonde hair seems to flash like lightning. Eventually, the woman shrugs and turns away, finally noticing the predator nearby.

For a long moment, Azrael and Storm's eyes are locked. The dark predator does not stop, and continues to shit while holding eye contact with the lightning-haired woman. After a moment, Storm blinks and then shrugs again. "I didn't expect to see another predator down here... especially one doing *that*."

Azrael sneers at the woman. "I hope you don't expect me to stop."

Storm shakes her head. "By all means, continue. I just finished going through a similar process." She turns away, seeming disinterested. "I'm simply waiting for my assistant to bring the car around."

The dark predator snorts in amusement. “How callous of you. This could be someone you know.”

“I doubt it.” The lightning-haired woman rolls her eyes. “And if they’re not someone I know, why would I give a damn?”

“That’s rather cruel of you.” Azrael’s eyes glitter. “You’re Jessica Storm, aren’t you?”

“Of course. It’s not hard to recognise me.” There’s not a hint of arrogance in the woman’s voice. “I’d give you an autograph, but I can see you’re rather... *busy*. Perhaps next time.”

A sleek silver car pulls up in front of Storm, and the back door opens automatically for her. The lightning-haired woman goes to get into the car, but she hesitates for a moment. Turning back to Azrael, the lightning-haired woman pulls out a pair of sunglasses. “You know, if you ever wanted to do *that* professionally, I could arrange that.”

The dark predator raises an eyebrow. “How unexpectedly generous... I’m flattered, but I already have a job.” She grins savagely. “And I *love* my job.”

Storm smirks and puts on her sunglasses. “A shame. Good luck out there, and goodbye.”

Azrael watches with interest as the expensive car vanishes into the distance. Another woman for her list, after Melissa Jones. As the final vestiges of Constable Hoffman exit her rear end, Azrael pulls up her pants and stands back up.

Without looking back at the steaming pile of Constable Hoffman, the dark predator pulls out her car keys. They’re not the keys to Hoffman’s car specifically, but they open any police car in Sydney. Just one of the perks of being a Chief Superintendent.

Sitting in the driver’s seat, Azrael pulls out her phone again. Opening her VoreFans app, the dark predator instinctively navigates to Melissa Jones’ account. After all, she usually checks the girl’s account for new posts every fifteen minutes, so it’s practically second nature at this point.

There’s no new posts, so Azrael just stares at Melissa’s profile picture. “I finally met you...” she says out loud, as if the picture can hear her. “Every woman I’ve hunted on this app has submitted to me instantly... except for you. Why?”

There’s no response from the image. Azrael reaches out a finger, gently caressing Melissa’s digital cheek. “Are you the one I’ve been searching for, Melissa? The one who will finally...” She trails off, licking her lips. “No, I can’t be sure yet. I need to test you, thoroughly and brutally. *If* you survive, I might believe you’re the one.” A cruel smile blossoms on her face. “Don’t worry... I will *annihilate* anything that stands between me and you, until there’s only *us*.”

Closing her phone, Azrael starts the car's engine. She has work to do tomorrow. Covering up Hoffman's death wouldn't be particularly hard, not after the last six officers she'd made disappear. Stepping on the gas, Azrael floors the accelerator, and the car shrieks into the night.

The rapidly cooling remains of the constable remained beneath the concrete pillar. A few days later, they would be washed away by a disgusted janitor, never to be identified as Constable Samantha Hoffman.

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## End of Part SEVEN

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

<b>Name:</b>	<b>Status:</b>	<b>Relationship:</b>	<b>Finances:</b>	<b>Fertility :</b>	<b>Activity:</b>
<b>Melissa Jones</b>	Alive	Single	Wealthy	A gargantuan load of sperm is swimming toward an egg...	Being hunted by a powerful serial killer with an unknown goal. Has something deeply important to talk to her best friend about...
<b>Lindsay Smith</b>	Alive	Single	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Unaware of how close the girl she loves came to death. Has a very important question for Melissa, too...
<b>Talia Vanderberg</b>	Dead	Digested by Melissa Jones	Dead	Dead	With Hoffman's death, the slim chance of any form of justice for her death is now gone forever.
<b>Jessica Storm</b>	Alive	Newly single	Opulent	Very Virile	Going home to one of her apartments, to cuddle with one of her pregnant lovers.
<b>Azrael Tueuer</b>	Alive	Hunting Melissa Jones	???	Very Virile	Mentally adding one more to the vast list of people she's eaten. Unlikely that Hoffman will be remembered at all in a week.
<b>Sejin Yeong</b>	Dead	Digested by Jessica Storm	Dead	Dead	Bouncing on her ex-girlfriend's chest. A common fate for Jessica's former lovers.
<b>Samantha Hoffman</b>	Dead	Digested by Azrael Tueuer	Dead	Dead	Despite her corrupt morals, she died protecting a civilian from a monster. Azrael will make sure that no-one will ever know that, though.