

“Please go out with me!”

You stand before the girl you like, your heart in your throat.

Megan Jones stares at you for a long moment, looking surprised. Then, the black girl sighs, folding her arms under her heavy breasts, each one almost the size of her head. She’s a tall girl, who has to look down to see you. Not only that, but she’s quite a bit broader than you, her strong body brimming with tight muscles.

“*That’s* what you asked to speak to me in private to say?” The black girl sounds a little amused. “Who even *are* you, anyway? There’s like a million dudes just like you on campus, guy.” She plays with her long black ponytail idly, clearly already bored.

“Oh...” She doesn’t remember you at all. “I’m... Uh, we worked together on a group project for Sapphic Studies...”

She rolls her eyes. “Oh, *that* project. See, I forgot you were even in my group. There was that chick, Daisy, whose shirt was so stretched that I could see her bra every time. Why would you think I was looking at *you*?”

Ah, right. Naturally, you’re not surprised that Megan was looking at Daisy’s tits. The black girl before you is wearing a short skirt, with a *very* visible bulge in the front. She’s a futanari, and quite a well-endowed one. Exactly your type, but apparently the feeling isn’t mutual.

“Well...” You can already tell that this is a disaster. Might as well get your money’s worth. “I just... Would you maybe want to get a meal sometime?”

“With *you*? Like a date?” Mega gives you a truly incredulous look. “Geez, I know boys are *dumb*, but you really bring down the average, guy.” She stares at you, total contempt in her dazzling green eyes. “Alright, since you’re clearly a *moron*... Hell *no*! I’d say girls only, but even if I *was* into guys, no thanks!”

Well, so much for your heart. Megan Jones has a reputation for being the biggest *bitch* on campus, so it’s no shock that she’s easily able to stomp all over your feelings. It’s why you’re so attracted to her, really. “Please!” You beg, staring up at the black futanari. “Just... Just *one* meal!” At least you’d be able to say you took her out a date, then.

“Jesus, a guy as weak as you has no right being this persistent.” She snorts, grabbing her tits and squeezing them. “Yeah, yeah, you want these, don’t you?” Megan rolls her eyes as you blush, and then grins nastily. “Well, since you were dumb enough to ask to talk to me privately, I think I *will* take that meal!”

You blink in surprise, looking up at the futanari. “R-really?!” You begin to say, your heart soaring. But then, you see the drool dripping down Megan’s chin as she licks her lips hungrily. “Oh... *Fuck.*” You say, realizing that you’re effectively already dead.

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“I’m back, bitch.” Megan says, as she walks back into the hallway. “Miss me?”

Jessie Crown, her best friend, sighs and looks up from her phone. Tucking a lock of brown hair behind her ear, the tall Asian girl turns back to Megan. “Finally! What’d that weirdo want with... Oh, *Megan!*” She groans as she looks down at the futanari’s belly.

Inside Megan’s gut, you whimper pathetically, feeling her stomach muscles crushing you tightly. Megan might smell wonderful on the outside, but her innards are anything but. The acrid scent of acid and death fills your nostrils, the remains of the other idiots that she’s devoured stinking up her guts. Your skin is already beginning to sting...

“Urrp!” Megan lets out a loud belch and smirks, turning a few heads. Those heads turn away just as quickly with blushes on their faces as they see that, yet again, Megan Jones has slurped up some total idiot. “He wanted to take me on a date, so I’m letting him go on a date with my intestines.”

Jessie eyes her friend’s gut, looking vaguely disgusted. “He seriously asked you out? Good riddance. If he did, then you just raised the average human intelligence by eating that moron.” Your shape is very visible through Megan’s dark skin, and the brunette rolls her eyes. It’s far from the first time that her best friend has suddenly eaten someone, after all. “Ugh... You’re gonna clog another toilet later, aren’t you?”

“Maybe!” Megan licks her lips, looking quite satisfied with herself. “I mean, this dumbass isn’t putting up much of a fight. I think my guts won’t have much of a struggle to melt him down.”

She’s not wrong. You can already feel her stomach acids gushing all over you, her stomach eager to melt her latest meal. It doesn’t matter if it’s a cheeseburger, a salad or a full-grown young man, her guts know you’re one and the same: *food* for Megan Jones.

“Ew.” Jessie holds up her hand, looking a little disgusted. “You are *such* a fucking freak, Megan Jones. Ugh, let’s go.” She turns and begins to walk down the hallway.

Megan grins and follows her best friend, catching up with her easily. “Wow, thanks babe!” The futanari’s eyes drop to Jessie’s shorts, a tight pair of denims that really show off the curve of the Asian girl’s butt. “Hey, wanna make a bet as to how big my tits will be when I’m done with this asshole?” She asks, reaching out and grabbing a handful of Jessie’s ass.

“Ah...!” Jessie fails to suppress a moan as the futanari’s powerful grip squeezes her buttock. “Dammit, Megan...!” Her ass is her weak spot, a fact well known by her best friend. “Get your fucking hand off my ass!”

As they walk together, more than a few eyes are drawn to the two girls. Jessie blushes in embarrassment, but Megan grins widely. The black girl loves attention, and she especially loves to embarrass her best friend.

“Nah, I like where it is now.” She gives Jessie’s ass another squeeze, making her friend shudder. Walking together with a hand on her best friend’s ass, Megan enjoys the fact that people probably think that Jessie is her girl. And she especially enjoys the fact that *Jessie* knows that people are thinking that too.

You know all this because you’ve been... Well, stalking Megan for the past few months. Not, like, watching through her windows stalking, but watching her every now and then on campus. Of course, Megan is far too self-absorbed to notice someone like you stalking here. Now, if you were a busty blonde, she probably would have. Well, if you were a busty blonde, you’d probably already be pregnant with her child, just like Daisy now is...

“Shithead...” Jessie hisses in irritation, but she makes no move to push Megan’s hand away. “Nah, I reckon you won’t go up too much in size. He was pretty puny, after all. The kinda guy to take fucking *Sapphic Studies*...” She snorts and looks down at your outline again. “Heh... Mazine’ll be pretty glad to be shot of him, I bet. Now it’s all girls in class, like it’s fucking supposed to be...”

You can’t hear the girls, not really. But you can tell from the tone of their voices that they’re mocking you. You’d taken Sapphic Studies with the hopes of picking up some girls, but it seems that you’re getting a lot more intimate with Megan than you would have liked. You want to scream, to beg someone to save you, but who’s going to step up to the biggest bitch on campus to save *you*?

No, you’re going to die inside Megan. You’re going to die and be digested like *meat*. What a shameful way to die...

“Eh, I wanna get at least a tit size bigger.” With her other hand, Megan grabs a handful of her left tit, squeezing it gently. The futanari really couldn’t care less that she’s in a hallway full of other university students as she fondles herself and Jessie. “I need an excuse to go bra shopping. You wanna go bra shopping, babe?”

Jessie snorts, grinning at her best friend. “Firstly, if you go up a tit size, you’re not gonna need a bra, you’re gonna need some kinda construction equipment to heft those things. Second, Jessie Crown was *born* to shop. Third, not if it’s a fucking excuse to see me in my underwear.” She frowns, folding her arms under her breasts. They’re not as big as Megan’s, but they’re still

almost an E-cup. “Anyway, last time we went shopping for underwear, you ended up having sex with some random chick in the change room beside mine.”

“I did? I don’t remember that.” Megan chuckles, letting her tit fall back down. The massive breast jiggles for a long moment, even though she’s wearing a heavy-duty bra. “I mean, I believe it, but... Wait, wouldn’t the shop attendant have stopped me?”

“It was the shop attendant!” Jessie rolls her eyes as the futanari smirks. “You got her fired, Megan! And you knocked her up too... Oh, hey!”

Just then, another girl walks up, waving at Jessie. “Hey, Jess!” The redhead chirps happily. “I was looking for... Oh!” Her eyes fall to Megan’s hand on Jessie’s ass. “Oh... Is this your girlfriend?”

“Sure am!” Megan raises her voice, smirking, as she squeezes Jessie’s behind and makes the brunette splutter as she tries to answer. “I’m Megan Jones, Jessie’s girlfriend and owner. Who are *you*, cutie?” Her gaze falls to the redhead’s chest. The girl’s pale tits are even bigger than Megan’s.

“Uh... I’m Maya Brown...” The redhead blushes as the futanari leers at her. “Oh, geez, did you *eat* someone?” Maya stares at Megan’s gut, a little shocked.

“Some guy.” Megan shrugs. Then, she raises an eyebrow at nods at Maya’s own belly. “And either you’re hiding a five-month pregnancy under that shirt, or you did too.”

Maya blushes, looking embarrassed. “Er... It wasn’t my fault... She just kinda leapt down my throat all of a sudden...”

“So, a typical day for you?” Jessie slaps Megan’s hand away from her butt and gives Maya a forced smile. “Excuse Megan, she’s a troll who’s been out from under her bridge for too long. What’s up, Maya?”

“Er...” The redhead bites her lip. “About that mixer you invited me to...”

“The one you’re *definitely* going to? That one?” Jessie brusquely pushes past the redhead’s stammering words. “Maya, you’re not backing out now. You’re our star player tonight! I’m already on the outs with the boys on campus, they only agreed to come if I got you!”

Deep inside Megan’s belly, you’re reaching the end of your rope. The stomach around you is so tight and it’s pouring so much acid all over your body... As stupid as it might sound to say, it’s definitely trying to kill you. The thought is so terrifying, but you can do nothing more than vaguely squirm as pain boils all over your body.

On the outside, all that can be seen is a very faint squirming. Even Megan herself just idly rubs her stomach in response, as the girls witnessing your demise don't even notice.

Maya tugs at the collar of her shirt nervously. "Er... Well, it's just that when I go to those types of things, I always end up going home with some guy that I barely know..."

"Yeah, that's why the guys like it when you come. You're super easy, it's great!" Jessie isn't the type to let anyone else take control of the conversation. Unless that person was Megan Jones, however. "Okay, I'm telling the guys that you're a definite 'yes'..." She pulls out her phone and begins to type.

"No, wait, I..." Maya begins, but Jessie's already texting. The redhead sighs in defeat. "Okay... Let me know the time and place... Ah." Her phone dings as Jessie preempts her. "Ugh... I guess I'll see you tonight, Jess..."

"Yes, you will!" Jessie gives Maya a friendly wave as the redhead walks away glumly. "Geez, trying to cancel this late... *What?*" She sees the smug smirk on Megan's face. "Don't you dare smile at me like that, Jones."

"A *mixer*, huh? With girls?" Megan rubs her stomach, grinning at her best friend. "How come this is the first time I'm hearing of this, babe?"

Jessie lets out a tired groan. "Ugh... This is why I didn't tell you. I *knew* you'd bully me into letting you come."

"Why wouldn't I come?" Megan gives her friend an innocent look. "I can't believe this, babe. You wouldn't even invite your own girlfriend?"

Jessie opens her mouth to retort, but then she realizes that she forgot something. "Oh, *fuck!* I forgot to tell Maya that you're not my fucking..." The brunette shoots her best friend an irritated look. "Oh great, now people are gonna think I'm your bitch." She sighs as Megan snorts in amusement. "Yeah, laugh it up, bitch. You know I love you, Jones, but you *know* why I don't want you to come tonight."

"What, did some of those boys complain?" Megan slaps her belly, making you wince in pain. "Look, maybe a *couple* of times, I might have totally hogged all the spotlight and made all the girls at the mixer more interested in me than the boys..."

"*Every* time..." Jessie interjects, rolling her eyes.

"Okay, every time. But it's not *my* fault that boys have no fucking game, is it?" Megan chuckles softly. Deep inside her gut, you can feel the vibration of her laughter. "Anyway... When and where for the mixer tonight, babe? Or will I just come along with you?"

It's over... It's over... You can feel the darkness around the edge of your vision as Megan's stomach squeezes you to death. The futanari who you'd had a crush on doesn't even care that you're going to be digested. You'd hoped that you'd be going on a date with her tonight, but you're going to... You're going to... To...!

...

Darkness claims you, as your mind melts into a pool of stomach acid.

"Oh, *no*." Jessie shakes her head. "No way in *hell* you're coming tonight, Megan!" Her best friend bluntly refuses. "*I* don't, but the boys do. You're fucking blacklisted from mixers with boys, okay?" There is a long pause as the two girls stare at one another. "Megan, you're *not* going. Don't give me the fucking puppy dog eyes! I *know* you're a fucking pervert who's going to try to pick up all the girls!" There's another long pause. "Megan, *stop!*"

The futanari snorts, making her stomach jiggle. You're no longer inside her guts, though your body still is. Your death wasn't even *noticed* by the girl who devoured you. That's how little she thought of you. "I'll be *good* this time!" Megan lies. It's *such* an obvious lie. "I promise, I'll let the boys get some tail this time!" She winks at her best friend. "Come on, when and where?"

"You're such a fucking liar! Don't you grin at me! I can so tell that you're lying!" Jessie shakes her head again. She hasn't noticed your death either, but she almost certainly wouldn't care even if she had. "No. No! You're *not* gonna pressure me into letting you come to the mixer, Megan! You're *not coming!*"

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"So, uh..." Jessie clears her throat awkwardly. The Asian girl is dressed in a pair of shorts, a tight shirt that shows off her midriff and has a black choker around her neck. It's her 'I wanna get laid tonight' outfit, though the girl herself doesn't have high hopes of that actually happening, since... "This is my friend, Megan..."

"Hi, boys!" Megan waves at the half-dozen boys who are sitting along one side of the small room. As the futanari shrugs off her jacket, there is a chorus of groans. It seems that the boys already know that tonight's a lost cause. The black girl just grins even wider, enjoying the sense of *misery* from the other side of the room.

Megan has come dressed to kill. She's wearing a tight sports bra that lets her heavy belly breathe, and a short skirt that *would* show off her cock and balls to any girl, if your soupy remains weren't still bulging out her stomach.

After your death, your body didn't stand much of a chance against a hungry futanari's stomach. You're still mostly intact, but Megan's guts are working on your destruction, viciously turning 'you' into 'her'. On the outside, it looks as if Megan is several months pregnant.

“Oh wow, Megan Jones?” On the other hand, the four girls along the other side of the room visibly perk up as they see who Jessie has brought. “Jessie didn’t tell us *you* were coming!”

Megan smirks. “Yeah well, she thought it’d be a lovely surprise.” From the excited looks on the girl’s faces, it is. The futanari chuckles softly to herself, already feeling how easy tonight will be for her. “Hey, Maya.” She winks at the redhead, who’s sitting closest to the door.

“H-hey...” The redhead blushes slightly as she looks down at Megan’s belly. “Oh wow, that guy you ate earlier...”

“Yup.” The black girl slaps her belly. “He was an easy meal, cutie.”

Inside her stomach, the soup that had been you sloshes around at her touch. The black girl feels the liquid moving around inside her and smirks, pleased that she’s gotten rid of you. She barely remembers who you are at this point, other than some random fuckboy who she’s delighted to have removed from society.

“Yours looks done too.” Megan looks down at Maya’s stomach, and then at the girl’s chest. “Damn, whoever that was gave you a real upgrade.” Indeed, the redhead’s shirt is straining against the size of her chest, her blue bra visible through the tight holes. “Mmm... Scooch over, babe, I’m sitting next to *you*...”

“Hold on.” Jessie grabs her best friend’s shoulder and pulls her back. Lowering her voice, the brunette glares at Megan. “Listen, I know you wanna fuck Maya and the other three, but... Lay off tonight, okay? Let the boys have a chance, or I’m gonna get fucking blacklisted. Or at *least* just hit on Maya and leave the other three available...”

Megan smirks. “Oh, *relax*, babe. I promise I’ll be good.” She winks at Jessie. “You won’t even notice me tonight, okay?”

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“So, there I was, right? Standing over this chick, no pants at all. And her husband’s knocking on the bedroom door!” Megan throws back another beer, chugging the drink down with practiced ease. “And she’s got, like, a *river* of spunk flowing out of her. I mean, we’ve been going at it *all* night. So there’s *no* chance that this guy’s buying the whole ‘I’m just a friend of your wife’ lie for a fourth time...”

“Holy *fuck!*” The girl on her left side gasps, completely enraptured by Megan’s story. The black girl’s arm is around her shoulder, and she’s looking up at Megan with all her attention. The two other girls are behind her, also listening intently.

Megan lays back against the couch, her stomach rumbling as she chuckles. Inside her, your shape is almost gone, softened into a pleasing curve of dark skin. Melted by her stomach acid, all that remains of you is a soupy mess that's being hungrily sucked down by her intestines. Megan's other hand gently massages her belly, casually helping her guts slurp you down.

"What'd you do?!" Maya asks, Megan's other arm around her shoulders as the redhead lays against the black girl's right side. "I mean, you threw your pants out the window earlier, so you only had your shirt..."

"Um... Excuse me?" One of the girls turns to one of the boys.

The boy looks up, clearly surprised to be talked to. "Uh... yeah?"

The girl shoots him a glare. "Could you turn whatever you're doing on your phone *down*? Megan is *talking*."

That about summed up the night, really.

Behind Maya, Jessie sits sipping her own beer, a vaguely irritated look on her face. On the other side of the room, the half-dozen boys are silent, staring at their phones as they wait for the night to end. They already know it's a lost cause at this point.

Inside Megan, your remains are filtering through her bowels, her intestines greedily sucking out any nutrients from your body to fuel the black girl's muscles. As burials go, this is a pretty humiliating one. But it's likely to get even worse when you reach the end of her intestines.

"Heh..." Megan smirks, satisfied that she's totally derailed the mixer. No chance any of those boys are getting laid tonight. Even the 'easy-mode' girl, Maya, is totally only watching Megan. "Yeah, so I figured... Fuck it." She takes another swig of her beer and grins at the memory. "I walked over to the door and opened it up. Guy took a long look at me, then at my big cum-soaked black cock, and then at his cheating wife on the bed. I pushed right past him, walked over to his wardrobe, took out a pair of his jeans and said 'I'm taking these. Might wanna call a lawyer that specializes in divorce... and paternity as well!'"

All the girls around her burst into laughter. "Holy *crap*..." Maya shakes her head, grinning. "You're a total badass, Megan."

"Oh, you're such a sweet-talker, Maya!" Megan lays against the couch, spreading her arms out smugly. "But yeah, I am."

Inside the black girl, your soupy remains are trickling through her bowels, your nutrients being absorbed into the futanari like any other meal. Megan's gut lets out a loud rumble, shaking slightly. Instead of horror, the girls around her giggle with excitement as the black futanari digests you in front of them.

On the other side of the room, one of the boys clears his throat. Apparently, this one hasn't learned his lesson yet. "So, um, Jessie..." The Asian girl frowns and looks up at him. "Um... What are you looking at on your phone?"

Jessie stares at him for a long moment, apparently stunned by how weak the ice-breaker is. "Uh..."

"None of your business, guy." Megan answers for her best friend. "And don't go talking to my girl, okay? Hey Jessie, why are you sitting so far away from me? I don't like my girl being so far away from me!" She reaches past Maya and grabs her friend's shoulder, squeezing it fondly. "Hey, can I tell them about the time we went bra-shopping?"

"Ha ha, you were right about them dating, Maya!" One of the girls grins at the redhead. "Lucky Jessie..."

"Ugh..." Jessie rolls her eyes. "Yes, you can tell them, but..." She gives the half-dozen boys on the other side of the room a vaguely disgusted look. "Oh, fuck it. This night's a wash." The Asian girl waves a hand dismissively. "No point wasting our time any more, boys. Get lost." Jessie tells them in her bitchiest tone.

You might have thought there would be an argument, but the boys know well-enough that Megan's a master cock-blocker. "Yeah, whatever." One of them says, as they all rise to leave. "Your mixers *suck*, Jessie."

"Really? They're pretty fun for *me*!" Megan slings a few more insults as the boys leave. "Hey, what're you looking so glum for, boys? Come on, there were six girls here and you couldn't pick up *one* between you, how's that my fault?"

"She's not *fucking wrong*!" Jessie shouts after them too. "Ugh... No chance I'm getting invited to mixers after this..."

Megan chuckles, making her swollen belly jiggle. "Who cares? You don't need a *guy*, babe." She grins and pulls out her phone, looking around at the girls gathered around her. "Alright, names and numbers, ladies. I'm expecting a nude picture from each one of you by the end of the night. Jessie, I've already got your number..."

As each of the girls happily types their number into Megan's phone in turn, one of the girls holds up her hand. "My parents are out tonight... How's about an afterparty at my place with Megan, girls?"

"Yeah!" The other girls happily agree, looking flushed and aroused. Megan could almost laugh at how *easy* it was to pick up chicks like this. How the fuck were guys so weak at this? Oh right, because Megan's a *stud*. Even Maya is raising her hand, blushing in embarrassment.

“Count me out, *thanks*.” Jessie stands up and pulls on her jacket, stuffing her phone into her pocket. “I’m going home. Goodnight.” And with that, the brunette stomps out of the room.

Megan sighs, shaking her head. “Oh dear... I think my girl’s a bit angry at me, babes.” She winks at them. “Sorry, I gotta go after her. We’ll hold that afterparty tomorrow, cuties.” Despite a chorus of disappointment from the blue-balled girls, the futanari throws on her jacket and walks out the door, after her best friend.

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The black girl doesn’t look even slightly worried as she steps out of the building, immediately walking in the direction that she knows her best friend has left in. Night has fallen, and her stomach has shrunk enough that her bulge is now visible again, the heavy curve outlined against her skirt as she walks.

Inside Megan, you’re mostly digested and absorbed by now. Her stomach is still holding a substantial amount of your liquid remains inside, but it’s only about a third of your body mass now. The rest of you is either absorbed into her body or filling up her colon.

As she walks, the black girl can feel that her bra is a little tight, and her skirt is riding up slightly. Both signs that you’re fattening up her assets.

Jessie doesn’t get too far before Megan finds her. As she hears footsteps behind her, the brunette turns around and frowns. “Oh... It’s you. What do you want?” She rolls her eyes. “What happened to your afterparty? Shouldn’t you be balls deep in Maya right about now?”

Megan grins as she catches up with her best friend. “What? I can’t walk my best friend home?” She raises an eyebrow at Jessie, smirking.

The Asian girl sighs. “Ugh... Fine.” She slows down slightly, falling into step with the black girl. “Are you happy now, Megan?”

“Pretty happy, yeah.” The futanari chuckles. She hooks a finger into the hem of her skirt, pleased at the tightness. “That idiot I swallowed earlier’s part of my hips now. And I had a lot of fun and sent a bunch of boys home hungry. What more could I want in life?”

“You are *such* a cunt.” Jessie shakes her head. “I swear, Jones, if I didn’t know you from fucking elementary, I’d...”

“Oh, *please!*” Megan grins at her best friend. “You fucking love me, babe.” Reaching out, she puts an arm around Jessie’s shoulders. “Come on, you were annoyed at the time, but you can’t tell me it wasn’t hilarious how those girls were eating out of the palm of my hand.”

Jessie looks up at her best friend, a slight smile on her lips. "Yeah, I admit it was fucking funny, okay?" Then, she frowns. "But it was still a shitty thing to do after I asked you not to."

The black girl squeezes her best friend's shoulders. "Hey, I'll break a thousand promises if it means doing what's best for my bestie, Jessie. Those boys didn't deserve any of those girls, and they *especially* didn't deserve *my* girl. I don't like people touching my stuff."

The Asian girl heaves a great sigh. "Possessive bitch..." She complains, but a slight smirk crosses her face as she looks up at her best friend. "You are *such* an asshole." She reaches up and squeezes Megan's hand fondly. "Look, I know you don't like the idea of me dating anyone, but do you really have to do shit like that?"

"Yeah." Megan rolls her eyes. "You're my best friend, Jessie. I'm not letting some guy or girl get between me and my girl." She leans in and kisses the top of the brunette's head. "Come on, what do you even need a boyfriend *for*? I got plenty of dick to share if you need it..."

"For romance and emotional connection?" Jessie blushes as her best friend smooches her hair. "Ugh, you're *drunk*."

"Mmm... You want me to stop?" Megan chuckles, pressing her face against Jessie's soft hair as they walk.

Jessie snorts in amusement. "I want you to watch where you're *going*, bitch." She slaps her best friend's belly, making your remains slosh around inside. "I know my hair is awesome, but you can't even see where you're walking."

"I trust you, babe..." Megan pulls her best friend into her embrace, hugging her tightly. "You didn't even thank me for putting off getting my dick wet for you..."

"Ugh... Thank you, Megan. I feel sorry for your balls." The brunette lets Megan hug her, and rolls her eyes. "Damn, I feel that boner you've got. It's poking me in the fucking thigh, Megan."

"Oh, sorry..." The futanari pulls back from sniffing Jessie's hair and looks down. "Yeah, that guy marinating in my guts has made my balls go fucking wild. I feel like I've got a double shot of sperm in there."

She's not wrong. The energy and nutrients you've been turned into has been put to good use by Megan's virile body. Her powerful balls have been hard at work, filling her nuts with a dangerously potent load of sperm. Digesting another human being, even one as weak as you, makes a futanari's body go into overdrive. The black girl's entire body is now on edge, eager to breed. Her nipples are hard, her skin is sensitive and her cock is on high alert. Even the slightest touch will make Megan rock hard.

The Asian girl bites her lip, glancing down at her friend's bulge. She can clearly see the outline of Megan's boner, the familiar shape of her black cock against the fabric of her skirt. As friends since elementary school, Jessie's quite used to the sight. "Sheesh, I haven't seen you this horny in a while. Guess I really *should* thank you for coming after me instead of getting your dick wet." She's not kidding either. The willpower needed for Megan to tear herself away from four eager girls while she's like this is nothing short of a miracle.

"Ugh, if your thigh rubs on my cock any more, I'm gonna paint those shorts of yours white..." Megan tries to pull back, but her best friend grabs her hands, holding her in place.

Jessie smirks at her. "Who said you could stop hugging me? It's cold tonight, if you're gonna be doing this shit, at least warm me up, bitch."

Megan smirks, a lecherous glint in her green eyes. "Yeah? Even though we're at your place?" She nods up at the apartment building that they're passing.

"Huh? Oh... right." Jessie seems a little disappointed, but she pulls back from Megan's embrace. "Alright, thanks for walking me home..." She catches the look in her best friend's eyes. "Oh, *god*... No way, Megan. I know what that look means."

Megan just grins at her, biting her lip playfully. "Hey, you were the one who wanted me to warm you up..."

Jessie groans. "You little fucker... I know what's going through your head now, bitch. You're *not* coming into my apartment tonight."

"I just thought..." Megan smirks, enjoying her best friend's embarrassment. "Maybe you and I could have our own afterparty, bestie..."

"We are not having sex *again*, Megan!" Jessie folds her arms, glaring at the black girl. "I told you last time, we're not doing that again! I *told* you, it was never going to happen again!"

Megan holds up her hands, shaking her head. "Okay, geez! I got it!" She grins at Jessie's irritated expression. "Worth a shot, right?"

"Worth a shot..." The Asian girl rolls her eyes. "We had sex *a couple of times*, and you think you can seduce me any time you like." She shakes her head. "Look, I get that it happened a couple times in high school... and there was that one time when we got stuck in that cabin a couple years back... But that was *it!*"

The black girl just can't resist. "What about Coachella?"

Jessie shoots her a glare, making her best friend chuckle. "That was...! That was *one time!*" The infamous Coachella trip was something that the brunette would never live down.

“One time? We did it *six times a day for three days straight*.” Megan licks her lips seductively. “Only time a girl’s managed to suck my balls dry...”

“So what? That still only counts as one time!” Jessie groans. “You’re such a fucking... Megan, we are *not* having sex again!”

“Okay, geez...” The futanari can’t help but laugh at her best friend. “I mean, you enjoyed it so much last time, I just thought...”

The brunette narrows her eyes. “Look... You can come in, but we’re not having sex, okay?” Jessie sounds adamant as she glares at the black girl. “*Megan*.”

“And you didn’t get laid tonight from one of those boys, which was my fault, so I thought maybe I should make it up to you...” Megan shrugs. “But I mean... I’d never force you to do something you don’t want... So I’ll just head home and let you get your beauty sleep, Jessie.”

There is a long moment as the two best friends stare at one another. The Asian girl glaring in frustration, the black girl smirking in triumph.

Finally, Jessie sighs. “Oh, you are such a fucking...”

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“...Such a fucking *cunt*...” Jessie moans, as the futanari climbs on top of her. The brunette is naked, her pale skin already glistening with sweat. Her pink nipples are hard, and her thighs are already soaked. The girl’s blue eyes are glued to her best friend’s thick black cock, which is swinging dangerously close to her naked vagina. The girl’s brown pubes are neatly shaved. She *had* expected to get laid tonight one way or another, after all.

“Hey, we can stop any time you want, babe.” Megan knows that her best friend won’t stop. Jessie wants this too, the Asian girl just can’t admit it. “You know I’d never hurt you...”

Indeed, Jessie just shoots Megan a furious glare. “Shut the *fuck* up and enter me already. I’ve already lost my dignity, make it worth my while, Megan.”

“Then be a good friend and guide me in, babe.” Megan’s forehead is dripping with sweat as she holds her best friend’s hips, her erection already coated with precum. “Come on, both my hands are full with your fat ass.”

Jessie’s bedroom is small, and the two are huddled under her bedsheets. In the corner, a cheap music player is blaring out Megan’s playlist of songs to fuck to, a playlist that is shamefully very familiar to Jessie.

“You and your stupid synthwave... Fucking hate how big your stupid dick is...” Jessie complains as she reaches down, grabbing her best friend’s organ with both hands. Her palms are immediately filled with boiling warmth, the futanari’s erection thundering with blood. “Stop fucking twitching, you... Ugh!” She groans, as she guides the head of Megan’s cock into her wet pussy.

Megan lets out an almost identical groan as she feels her best friend’s pussy enveloping her cock. “Oh, *fuck* yes... I fucking love your pussy, babe...”

You’re effectively gone now. Megan’s stomach is back to her usual flat, hard abs. All of your body has been broken down and melted into her bowels. There’s still plenty of you tricking through her intestines, but whatever makes you distinct from Megan has been erased.

Neither of the two girls take much notice of this, of course. They’re far too busy *making* life to care about yours ending.

“Then fucking *fuck* me already!” Jessie is beyond caring about shame now. She’s just eager to get what she sacrificed her dignity for. “Come on, it’s your only fucking talent, bitch.”

“Ooh, you trying to rile me up, babe?” Megan lets her tongue hang out of her mouth. Leaning down, she runs her tongue along Jessie’s face. “Cause it’s fucking working...” With the breeding frenzy her body’s going into, *anything* could rile the black girl up at this point.

“Gross, bitch...” Jessie complains as her best friend licks her face. Even so, as Megan’s tongue moves over her lips, the brunette opens her mouth and lets their tongues mingle for a moment. “Geez, if you’re gonna do that, then just fucking kiss me already.”

Megan pulls her tongue back, looking somewhere between shocked and intrigued. “Really? I thought kissing was one of your boundaries, babe?”

“Yeah, like you respect *those*.” The Asian girl rolls her eyes. “Ugh, fuck it... You’ve torpedoed my chances of getting a boyfriend, so you might as well. Not like you’re gonna let me make out with anyone else...”

The black girl doesn’t need to be told twice. Leaning down, she messily shoves her tongue inside Jessie’s mouth, the Asian girl letting out a whimper as she’s orally assaulted by her best friend. The brunette reaches up and tangles her hands in Megan’s hair as they furiously make out.

Eventually, apparently having almost forgotten, Megan thrusts forward and sinks her cock into Jessie’s pussy. The brunette whimpers even as she kisses the black girl’s lips, feeling her best friend’s magnificent girth stretch her out in a way that makes it hard to enjoy sex with anything smaller.

As their lips break apart, a long stream of saliva drips down the brunette's cheek. "Oh my *god!*" Jessie grimaces as the head of Megan's cock pushes deep inside her. "Jesus... Megan, you're not fucking wearing a *condom*, you idiot! You're gonna get me fucking *pregnant!*"

"Ha!" Megan doesn't even bother to slow down. "Should have made me put one on before we started, babe! Now I'm gonna nut right inside your weak-ass pussy!"

"You fucking... Ngh!" Jessie lets out a grunt of pleasure as her best friend's cock fills her, making her abdominal muscles twitch. "Ugh... If you knock me up, you better fucking take responsibility, Megan..."

Megan snorts in amusement. "Yeah, like *that'll* ever happen. You know what happened to those chicks I knocked up in high school, Jessie. You think I'm paying any of *them* a cent to raise my kid?"

"Bitch, you brag non-fucking-stop about that shit! All those dumbass girls you've knocked up..." Jessie lets out a chuckle, but then she grimaces. "Ugh... I guess I'm finally joining them, huh?"

The black girl grins as she thrusts into Jessie. "Hey, I'll try to pull out if you *want*..."

"No, you fucking won't!" The brunette rolls her eyes, and then winces as Megan's dick finally pokes her cervix. "Ugh... I know your shit, Jones. 'Oops, one stroke too many! Accidently painted your innards white!' What am I, fucking stupid? You don't think your best friend is fucking stupid, do you?"

"Ah..." Megan moans as she feels the wonderful tightness around her cock. The futanari craves this feeling with every waking moment of her life. Every second she's not inside a girl, she's counting the seconds until she can feel this again. "No, I think you're fucking *hot*, Jessie..." She groans as she fucks her best friend, losing herself in the pleasure around her penis.

"Y-yeah, you grab my fucking ass every fucking day, bitch..." Jessie's trying to stay calm, but a massive black cock pummeling her pussy would make anyone shaken. The brunette shudders as she feels a boiling heat inside her abdomen, the length of Megan's cock burning with blood and arousal. "Ah... Oh my fucking *god*, you're good at this... Dammit!"

Megan laughs and presses her weight down on her best friend, pinning Jessie in place. Locked into a solid mating press, her best friend is now totally at her mercy. Exactly where Megan loves her girls. "My one fucking talent, right?" She smirks down at the shuddering brunette, enjoying breaking the girl's dignity. "You love my fucking cock, don't you, Jessie? Geez, why do you even pretend otherwise, I've known how much you love this dick since we first got drunk and fucked in your mom's car." She laughs, enjoying the feeling of her best friend tightening around her penis as she shudders. "Ugh... Why do you even *bother* looking for a boyfriend, babe? Just let me take care of your needs..."

The furious activity only excites Megan's bowels, making your absorption even quicker. The black girl is burning the energy she turned you into as she plows her best friend. The nutrients you provided for her helped make the potent load that's waiting for Jessie's hungry pussy. *You* no longer exist. You're just Megan's tits now.

Well, that and the remains that are now waiting patiently in the black girl's colon.

"Because you won't fucking *commit*, asshole!" Jessica's eyes snap open, glaring up at the black girl. "You're a total slut..." She smirks as Megan starts to laugh. "Yeah, yeah... But you are! You have *no* interest in dating me, do you?"

"Oh, like you'd date *me!*" Megan stops thrusting for a moment, making the brunette whimper softly. Shifting positions slightly, the futanari lifts up Jessie's hips to make them easier to thrust into. "I drive you mad, babe."

"You do, but I love that..." Jessie frown, blushing as Megan's cock sinks back into her depths. "Ugh... Are you serious? I'd fucking date you in a heartbeat, you dipshit. I've been in love with you since elementary. I'm just not fucking *stupid* enough to think you'd be exclusive."

Megan chuckles. "Yeah, you're down bad for me, I know. You've told me a hundred times. Why do you think I flirt with you so much?" She smirks at her friend as she thrusts into the Asian girl's pussy. "Ugh... Fuck, you're so fucking tight... Yeah, sorry babe, I'm not gonna go exclusive anytime soon..."

Jessie rolls her eyes. "Yeah, I know. Your mom wants you to spread your seed around until you're at least thirty, or some shit."

"Hey, is she wrong?" Megan grins at her best friend. "I wanna have at least a couple hundred kids before I settle down, you know that." She leans in and licks Jessie's cheeks, enjoying her friend's shudders of pleasure. "But hey, if we're both single when I hit thirty... And I'll make sure *you* are... Then we can get married! How's that for a promise?" She kisses the brunette on the forehead. "In the meantime, you can be my little toy!"

"Asshole..." Jessie tries to roll her eyes, but a wave of pleasure makes her eye twitch. "Fine, I'm holding you to that, bitch. I'm tell your fucking mom you promised me, she'll weld the fucking ring to your finger..."

"Sure, deal!" The futanari grins and plants a sloppy kiss on Jessie's lips. "You can lay back and relax, you've got a done deal as Mrs. Jessie Jones in the future, babe!" She lets out a moan, as feeling her balls flexing as she pumps into her best friend's wet hole. "But none of this 'boyfriend' shit anymore, okay? You're single, and that's the way I want you, okay?"

Jessie groans out loud, both from pleasure and exasperation. “Oh... *Fine!* I’ll be your little bitch from now on, happy? You’re gonna knock me up anyway...” Despite her complaint, the brunette doesn’t actually sound that unhappy about it.

“Oh, I’m gonna knock you up, babe...” Megan feels a rush of pleasure throughout her body. Her orgasm is close. “Oh god, say it again! I’m gonna fucking cum...”

“Oh, *fine.*” Jessie wraps her arms around Megan’s back, pulling her best friend in close. “Come on, knock me up, bitch!” She demands, opening her legs even more, to signal to the black girl to cum inside her. “I know you’ve been waiting to do this ever since your dick started getting hard... Well, you finally won, Megan. Come on, just fucking knock me up... UGH!” All of a sudden, the Asian girl seizes up, her body shuddering as her own orgasm arrives before Megan can cum.

“Oh my god, I’m gonna fucking *nut!*” Megan groans, as she thrusts into her best friend again and again, until... “UGH!” The tip of her dick explodes with pleasure, which surges down her shaft and spreads through her body like lightning along her nerves.

Instantly, her balls begin to pulse, spurting their contents up her urethra. Megan has a stupid grin on her face as she feels her cum spraying into her best friend, each rope of spunk sending a wave of pleasure through her body. Even better is the near-guarantee that she’s finally going to get something she’s dreamed of for years... Jessie getting pregnant with her kid... “Ugh, fuck *yeah...*”

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*PFFT!*

*Plop!*

*Plop!*

Oh right, you still kind of exist. Everyone else had forgotten about you.

“Ah... Nothing like a *dump* after a fuck.” Megan groans, as she sits on Jessie’s toilet. You come sliding out of her ass as she lays back on the porcelain throne, smirking to herself like a queen on her throne. “Hey, you wanna see that weirdo I ate earlier? He’s pretty smooth!”

“Ugh, no thanks.” Jessie scowls at her phone as she lays on her bed. Her thighs are soaked with sweat and cum, and there’s a river of Megan’s sperm flowing out of her vagina. She’s making no attempt to clean herself. The brunette seems to have made peace with the fact that she’s going to have Megan’s baby after tonight. “Ugh, those dipshits from the mixer are already badmouthing me...”

“What?!” Megan growls in irritation, as another steaming load of you splatters into the toilet bowl. “Don’t worry, babe, I’ll kick their asses...”

Jessie rolls her eyes. “Oh please, don’t bother. Our mutuals are already tearing them apart. Not to mention your *legion* of fangirls and baby mommas...” She gives her best friend a side eye. “You just gonna shit on front of me like that?”

Indeed, the bathroom door is wide open. Megan is sitting on the toilet not ten feet away from her best friend. “What? You’ve seen me shit before. I have no shame, babe.”

“Yeah, you’ve got no shame, I know *that*, bitch.” Jessie smirks, looking up and down Megan’s naked body. “Eh... At least this kid’s gonna get some good genes.” She snorts. “But I’m not telling our kid that you said ‘I’m gonna fuckin *nu!*’ when we tell them how we conceived them.”

“Tell ‘em whatever you want, babe!” The black girl squeezes her abdominal muscles, shifting another thick log of your remains out of her ass. “I’ll leave it up to you...”

“Leave it up to me...” Jessie shoots her best friend an irritated look. “No, you fucking won’t, bitch. If... *when* I get knocked up, you’re fucking taking responsibility. Unlike those morons you’ve knocked up before, I know how to make you pay child support...”

Megan smirks at her best friend. “Oh, *relax*, Jessie. You know my mom would castrate me if I tried to pump and dump you.” She shakes her head, grinning. “Anyway, I wouldn’t do you dirty like that, babe. Not like you’re gonna stop being my best friend just because you’re now my baby momma too.”

Jessie groans, appalled that she’s actually a little touched by those words. “Fucking... Ugh. Yeah, I know you won’t, Megan.”

“Damn right.” The black girl shits out one last nugget of you and sighs in relief. “There we go. One weirdo from class digested and dumped... Well, mostly. I think there’s still some of him stinking up my bowels.”

“Lovely.” The brunette makes a disgusted face. “Also, those girls from the mixer have been texting you nudes for like the past hour. You gonna respond to them, or...?”

Megan washes her hands, admiring her now flat stomach. Her abs are nice and tight, just the way you liked the back when you weren’t... Well, her abs. “Nah, I already texted them that I’m with my girl tonight.” She turns and winks at Jessie.

The Asian girl sighs as a blush comes to her face. “That’s not *fair*, bitch. Stop making me swoon.”

“Nah...” The futanari wanders back into the bedroom, her huge black cock swinging between her legs. “I’m gonna keep doing it. I figure you’ll be so in love with me by the time we’re both thirty, you’ll already have had, like, six of my kids.”

“Yeah, I probably will...” Jessie shifts over on the bed as Megan slips back under the sheets. “Fucking asshole...”

“Hey, you think my tits are bigger?” Megan snuggles in close to Jessie, pressing her dark tits to the side of the brunette’s face. “What do you think?” Her best friend makes a muffled answer, and the black girl chuckles. “Yeah, me too. At least a cup size. Guess we’re going bra shopping.”

Jessie breathes deeply as Megan pulls back. “Fine. But if you wanna fuck someone in the change rooms, you gotta do me as well.” She lays back in bed, and gives her best friend a meaningful look. “Hey... Let’s snuggle tonight, Megan. You at least know how to do aftercare, right?”

“Course I do!” Megan grins and snuggles in bed beside Jessie, embracing her best friend. “Here, just snuggle into my titties, babe.” The brunette does so, the tension finally leaving her face as she closes her eyes.

There’s a long and beautiful moment as the two friend cuddle one another. Deep inside Megan, your remains are being absorbed into her, fattening out her chest and butt. Deep inside Jessie, a sperm cell penetrates an egg. It’s a wonderful moment.

“I mean, guess you were wrong about inviting me to the mixer, right?” Megan can’t resist.

Jessie’s eyes open. “You are *such* a cunt!”