

PART THREE (ALT):

You awaken with a start, morning sunlight gently filtering into your bedroom. You feel awful, mostly because you slept, splayed out, on your stomach. Your whole body is sore, but your hands are even worse. Your eyes feel itchy, and you try to rub the soreness from them. Pulling yourself to your feet, you stumble slowly out of your bedroom. Opening your apartment door, you walk back out into the hallway.

Knocking at the other apartment's door, you get no response. "Zara?" You call softly, your throat rough from yelling last night. "Zara, are you there?" Still no response. You try the door handle that Zara locked.

To your surprise, the handle turns. The door pops open before you, and you feel a sinking feeling in your heart. Zara might have finished with Rebecca and left.

Pushing open the door, you look into an empty apartment. You don't see your girlfriend anywhere. Oddly, the apartment seems fairly neat, much neater than you'd expect after the fight that must have taken place last night. You'd expected to see a wrecked apartment, maybe with some blood on the floor, even.

"Zara?" You hear a stirring sound from the couch. A moment later, your girlfriend's head appears, blinking at you sleepily. "Zara!"

Zara's clothes seem quite disheveled as you make your way around the couch to look at her. It seems like she slept on the couch. You feel a sense of immense relief at the sight of your girlfriend. You don't know what you expected when you entered the apartment, but despite the fact that your girlfriend is a powerfully built veteran predator, a small part of you feared for her.

"Yuna..." Zara yawns deeply, and when she looks up at you, you see a hint of wariness in her eyes. "Oh shit... I didn't, like..." Suddenly, you see shame on her face. "Oh god, I was so angry when I... I didn't hit you or something last night, did I?!"

"What?!" You blink in surprise. "N-no! No, you didn't!" It's not the first time your girlfriend has gotten drunk and asked you that question, even though she's never done anything like that to you. For some reason, Zara seems to have a paranoid fear that she might assault you, and you have no idea why. You suspect that it's something from her childhood that she bears some scars from, and decide not to pry. Not just for her privacy, but because there's someone else that Zara seemed quite happy to assault last night.

The last time you saw Zara, she'd been forcing her way into Rebecca's apartment, violently angry and ready to kick your new friend's ass after learning that Rebecca had kissed you. You'd seen Zara in such a rage before, and it had never turned out well for the person she was gunning for. The most distinctive memory you have is of Zara punching a futanari who'd been

rather aggressively hitting on you, dragging her out of the bar and brutally devouring her in the alleyway. And then, sucking Zara off as she... er, *expelled* what remained a few hours later.

So, you don't feel like your fears are unfounded. "Zara... Did you..." You want to say the words, but you just can't force them out. "Um... Rebecca..."

"Yuna?" To your immense shock, you hear Rebecca's voice. Looking up, you see her peering out of her bedroom, looking tired. "Oh... Zara said you'd probably come over in the morning."

"W-what...?" You look between Zara and Rebecca, stunned at the realization that they're both still alive. "But you were going to... I mean, I thought for sure that one of you would be..." Dead Digesting? Swirling around the sewers? What do you even say?

"...I'll put some coffee on." Rebecca smiles weakly at you.

"We didn't fight." Zara tells you, sounding a little sheepish as you sit down on the couch. "I mean, I was *going* to... ahem, have some words with her, but..." 'Have some words' was Zara's usual euphemism for raping someone.

"But?" You prompt. Nearby, Rebecca is preparing three coffees, trying to pretend it's not extremely awkward right now.

"Eh..." Your girlfriend looks over at Rebecca, who immediately looks away in embarrassment. "I came in guns blazing and she just... kinda broke down and started crying. And begging." Blushing, the girl nods slowly. "In the face of... *that*, I couldn't really just throw fists, could I?"

Oh. Really? You'd been expecting some epic predator battle, but Rebecca *was* just a young girl, after all. You're pretty used to Zara, but your girlfriend is a tall, muscular predator. It really shouldn't be a surprise that Rebecca folded immediately when faced with a battle she couldn't hope to win.

"So, you just... let her go?" While you can't see Zara just brutalizing a crying young girl, you also can't see her just regaining her cool after the display last night. You'd expected a murder to have taken place. Or a rape at the very least.

"Oh no, of fucking course not!" Your girlfriend snorts, shooting a nasty look at Rebecca. "I calmed her down with a light backhand, and demanded to know why she kissed my girlfriend." Then, she frowns, looking a little unsatisfied. "I was *hoping* she'd just be some predator slut who was gunning for you, like usual."

As Zara falls silent, Rebecca looks up and realizes that your girlfriend is indicating for her to speak. “O-oh! Um... Yes. I told her about...” The girl hesitates for a moment, blushing even deeper. “A-about you awakening my sexuality...”

“Awakening...?” She kissed you yesterday, and you’d had that conversation about how you knew you were gay, but... Oh. Oh. Yeah, okay, that made sense. “R-right. I might have... done that.”

“You did.” Rebecca nods slowly. “Er, I mean, I don’t know if I’m really *gay*, but... you made me realize that I am... whatever I am.” She looks away, clearly a little ashamed. “It... It wasn’t easy to come to terms with. And when I *did*, I might have... come on too strong with you, Yuna.”

You lick your lips slowly, considering her words. “Yes. Yes, you might have been a bit too aggressive.” Kissing you and declaring that she intended to steal you from Zara was a little bit more than simply coming on too strong, but you get what she means.

“I just...” Rebecca glances at Zara, who’s watching her with wary eyes. “Seeing you and Zara together... *Together* together...” The girl’s cheeks flush red again. “It made me really jealous. So I decided to do something really stupid...” Rebecca trails off, looking ashamed.

“I forgave her.” Zara says, after a moment of silence.

What? Excuse you? You spin around and stare at Zara in shock. “You *forgave* her?” Zara, the futanari who uses sexual assault as a punitive measure, decided to forgive the girl who’d kissed her girlfriend. The girl who she’d just been about to possibly *literally* murder. “Are you serious?”

Zara grimaces and looks away, but you can see a glint of embarrassment in her eyes. “Yeah? So fucking what, Yuna? You think I can’t do that?” Your stunned silence indicates your answer. Zara frowns and begins to play with her hair, a rare sign of discomfort on her part. “Look, when I grew my cock after eating that bitch, Sarah Blanche, I went through a whole crazy-ass period. You remember?”

Yes, you do. Back in high school, you and Zara had merely been best friends and Zara had a boyfriend. “Yeah, you were openly straight and quite happy dating... er, whatever his name was.” To your young gay disappointment. But after eating the futanari, Sarah Blanche and growing a penis, Zara had found herself slowly shifting her attraction to girls... and you in particular.

“Jack Wade.” Zara rolls her eyes. “But yes, when that happened, I tried to resist my emotions and tell myself that I could continue to date him. I spent so long lying to myself and failing to figure out that what I wanted... What I *really* wanted, was a pussy to sink my cock into. And when I *did*, everything became a mess when I started banging you in secret...” Yeah, that had been a real mess. You’d gotten a hell of a kick out of Jack eventually finding out you’d stolen his girlfriend, though. “So... I can understand behaving like a jackass when you’re having trouble

figuring out your sexuality... And maybe still behaving like a jackass when I think someone's trying to steal my girl."

"We talked for a while!" Rebecca smiles at you warmly, as she finishes making the coffees. God, you could use some coffee right now. As the girl walks over to you, holding the three mugs by their handles. "I really appreciate her... er, not attacking me. And then, she slept on my couch."

Zara grimaces again and looks away from you. You know your girlfriend will never admit it, but she slept on the couch because she was too embarrassed to face you after making you think she was going to kill Rebecca. "I was *tempted* to follow her into the bedroom and get payback for that kiss. Kinda still am, honestly..." You hear Rebecca gulp loudly and the girl picks up her coffee with a anxious smile.

Well... that went far better than you could have hoped. Both of them were alive, if rather uncomfortable in each other's presence. Though Zara had forgiven Rebecca, she was clearly still angry at her to some degree. And Rebecca was clearly a little wary of the predator, even if she clearly wasn't going to attack her.

"What did you talk about?" You ask, as you pick up your mug of coffee.

"You." Zara says simply, taking a sip of her own coffee. "Ugh, this coffee is... whatever, good enough."

"Me?" You ask, feeling a little surprised. "What about me?"

Rebecca licks her lips nervously. "Why I liked you... why you and Zara have been distant lately... that kind of stuff."

Something about that makes you a little annoyed, for some reason. "Oh?" You turn back to Zara. "And what did you discover, hmm?"

Your girlfriend swishes her coffee for a moment, thinking carefully about her next words. "I think... we think it's because I've been away so much lately. And you've been feeling lonely here without me." Zara takes a deep breath, looking strangely apprehensive for the first time in a long time. "And... that's why you were tempted to cheat on me."

"Cheat... on you?" You repeat, feeling a rush of irritation. Not least because it's true and you don't want to admit it. "What are you...?"

"Yuna, please don't treat me like an idiot." Zara cuts in, her voice soft but sharp. "I know I'm not the brightest bulb, but come on."

You have no response for that. It's true, you *were* tempted to cheat on Zara with Rebecca and all three of you know it. Your ashamed silence serves as just as much of an answer.

Finally, you manage to find the will to speak. "In the last two weeks, Zara, I've seen you twice. Once when I moved in and once when you came over a few days ago. And when you *did* come over, all you talked about was another woman."

Zara looks up at you, growling in annoyance. "No, I was talking about that bitch at work! Not someone I'm attracted-"

"Zara, don't treat *me* like an idiot!" You echo back at her, and your girlfriend wisely shuts her mouth. You know her well enough to know when Zara's attracted to someone. Or at least wants to fuck them. "And, because of that, I've been feeling..." Lonely? Angry? Horny? "...insecure." You finally settle on.

Your girlfriend frowns at you. "Right, I can understand that. But it's not like I've been away because I *want* to be, Yuna!"

Oh boy. Here it comes. "Are you sure about that?" You ask, finally putting into words something you've suspected for a long time.

Zara opens her mouth to respond, and then closes it. "Huh?" She gives you a confused look. "What do you mean?"

Okay, this is going to start an argument, but it really needs to be said. "Zara, we've been together for almost a decade." You put down your mug of coffee and glare at your girlfriend. "And in that entire time, you've *never* been interested in moving in together!"

Zara flinches slightly, as if she's been stung. But she hesitates for a long and fatal moment. "That's not true." She lies, but her hesitation already revealed the truth.

"Why?" You feel the words finally spilling out of you. This isn't just from last night or even the last fortnight, but from years of very subtle irritation at the woman you love. "Why don't you want to live with me, Zara? Are you scared of being with me? Of hurting me or something?" You can see Rebecca sinking back into the couch, clearly feeling rather superfluous to the discussion. But you're a bit too busy to care about her right now. "Or do you just think of me as something you only like to be around some of the t-"

"Because I'm a *predator!*" Zara bursts out, a stricken look on her face. "Jesus *Christ*, Yuna!"

Immediately, you feel ashamed of yourself. Years of small resentments have built up, causing your insecurities to fester. But as you look at the wounded expression on your girlfriend's face, you realize it's nothing like that.

"It's just..." Your girlfriend reflexively pats her muscled stomach. "If I'm digesting someone and disposing of them, I need my own space to relax in."

What, did Zara think you were too innocent to watch such a horrifying sight? "Zara, I've watched you *rape* people before." You say bluntly, and Rebecca flinches on the other couch. "I can get used to you taking a two-hour dump every week or so."

"No, you don't get it." Zara frowns, as if she's trying to find the right words. "I just can't stand to live with someone else in my space, no matter how much I love them. I moved out of home the moment I turned eighteen and that felt years past when I *wanted* to move." She clicks her tongue in irritation. "Anyway, I don't understand why you didn't tell me about this shit if it annoyed you so much."

"You're not exactly easy to talk to about 'this shit', Zara." You raise an eyebrow at her.

Zara seems very slightly amused by that, to your relief. "Well... fair enough, I guess." Then, she closes her eyes. "But... I know you have a thing for Rebecca now." She takes a deep breath. "So, when I was failing to fall asleep last night, I made a decision."

You don't like the sound of that. "What *decision*?" You ask, feeling a hint of worry.

"The decision between me... and Rebecca." Zara says, gesturing to the young girl next to her on the couch. "Yuna, I love you, but I know I don't make it easy for you." She sighs deeply, and you can sense a fair amount of guilt in her eyes. "If... If you *want* to try something new with Rebecca, I won't stop you. I want you to be happy. Whether that's with her or with me."

"You." You say, without hesitation. The choice is quick, but not easy.

"And I hate to be the asshole who asks their girlfriend to choose, and I can understand if that makes you angry. Because I *am* choosing to be an asshole right now." Zara glares at Rebecca. "But I'm not holding you to ransom... Huh?" Blinking slowly, your girlfriend looks up at you. "Wait, what?"

You frown at her. "I choose you, Zara." It should be a sweet moment, but all you feel right now is irritation. Why on earth would your girlfriend expect you to choose anyone other than her? "Zara, are you fucking kidding me? Of course I choose you. What kind of question is that?" Frankly, you feel a little insulted.

You see your girlfriend's eyes widen in shock. "R-really?" She stammers, her cheeks turning a little red. "I... Oh, thank *god*." Apparently, she'd harbored some doubts, for some reason you can't fathom.

"Zara, we've been together for almost a fucking *decade*!" You really want to yell at her, but you know it won't help. "We both know people who've met, gotten married and divorced in less than

half that long. You might as well be asking me to cut off a limb!" Suddenly, you become aware of the third wheel. "U-um, no offense, Rebecca."

The girl looks up at you, and you catch a glint of betrayal in her resigned eyes. "Yuna..." She sighs, as if she'd really hoped you'd choose her over your girlfriend. "I mean, I get it, but..."

"Rebecca..." You sigh deeply and turn to speak to her. "You're a cute girl, and you're drop dead gorgeous." Even on the ground, the girl has somehow managed to lie in a way that gives you a perfect view down her top. "And if I were *single*, I would have dragged you into bed right after you kissed me." You glance up at Zara meaningfully. "But I'm in a relationship with a girl that I love. And as *difficult* as she can be sometimes, I couldn't live without her." As frustrating as Zara is, she's a part of your world. A world without her would be like a world without *air*.

Rebecca stares at you for a long moment. Then, the cute girl looks down in defeat. "I... I understand. I'm sorry, Yuna." Then, to your surprise, she looks up at Zara. "Yuna loves you, Zara. Please don't try and throw her away."

Your girlfriend seems rather taken aback at how angry you are. "No, I wasn't trying to... W-well, I feel the same way!" She stammers awkwardly, as you glare at her. "I'd never want to... Well, if you'd picked Rebecca, I honestly would have bought some rope and... Well, y'know." Yes, unfortunately, you do know. Zara's an emotional person, for better or for worse. That being said, fear for her health wasn't the reason why you'd choose her every time.

An awkward silence descends.

"Can I make a suggestion?" Rebecca says finally. The two of you turn to look at the young girl, as she stares into her coffee mug. It's empty, so whatever she's seeing in there isn't something you'll be able to see. "Zara should live here, in my apartment. That way, you can be together, while still having the personal space she needs. And there won't be any reason for either of you to feel insecure when you're so close."

Zara blinks for a moment. "Rebecca, if I can't live with *Yuna*, what makes you think I can live with... Oh!" She stares at Rebecca for a long moment. "Oh! Really? That's a hell of a suggestion."

Is Rebecca seriously hinting that she wants to be *eaten*? "N-no, Rebecca..." You shake your head, turning to the girl. "If Zara eats you... God, you'd fucking *die*! I don't want to watch that!"

"I'm not going to eat her." Zara says, and you feel a rush of relief. Your relief only lasts a few moments, however. "*You* are."

Beside her, Rebecca nods eagerly. "I... Fuck, I love you, Yuna." She admits, to the surprise of both you and Zara. "I want to be with you. But if I can't be with you, I can at least be *with* you."

“Uh...” Oh *hell*.

You're not a predator. Vore has always been something you've been aware of through Zara, but not something you've ever taken part in. Your girlfriend has always pushed for you to try it, and you honestly probably would have let yourself be pressured into trying it sometime in the future. But it's never been something on your mind. Especially in regards to Rebecca.

On the other hand... was there really a better time to try it? Rebecca was clearly genuine with her love confession just now. Would there be a better prey for you to try than her? She might as well be serving herself on a silver platter for you. Beside her, you can see excitement spreading across Zara's face, and you know that your girlfriend is silently praying to whatever god she can think of that you'll accept.

This was a stupid decision for Rebecca. The girl wasn't thinking straight, you know that. She's making an offer in the heat of the moment that she'd certainly regret later, if she was alive to do so. But, fuck, it's the best solution isn't it? If Zara moves into Rebecca's apartment, you'd be able to be together every day. You can be together, sleep together, fuck as much as you like, and Zara can have her own space to keep her happy. It'd solve all your *immediate* problems. Your relationship still clearly needs more work than that, but it'd be a great start.

“O-okay!” You say, realizing you need to act fast. “I'll eat you, Rebecca!” Fuck, hurry up before the girl starts thinking clearly! As much as you don't like the idea of eating someone, you like the idea of letting this chance slip away even less.

“Yes!” Zara yells out, pumping her fists into the air. “Let's goooooo!” As you and Rebecca stare at her in shock, your girlfriend blushes slightly with a grin. “Alright, let's do this!” The futanari pulls up her shirt and begins to unzip her pants, the bulge between her legs already swelling.

“Wait, right now?” Rebecca seems a little taken aback. “I thought we might wait until tonight...”

'Tonight' was at least eight or nine hours away. Which meant eight or nine hours for Rebecca to sober up and realize that being digested by a girl she'd known for a fortnight was a stupid idea. “No, if we're gonna do it, we should do it now.” You say, reaching for your shirt.

Rebecca stares, eyes wide as you pull off your shirt. Her eyes follow your bra as you undress. You feel a little bad about this, distracting the young girl with your body so that she doesn't have second thoughts. After a long moment, the girl nervously begins to undress as well, unzipping her jean shorts.

You're pretty skilled at undressing, really. You'd always managed to impress Zara back in high school with the speed at which you'd gone from clothed to naked and back to clothed during your secret trysts with her. It's one of the things that had first made her fall for you, you suspect. As Rebecca struggles to pull off her shirt, you're already naked, waiting for her to strip.

Zara, on the other hand, hasn't bothered to get naked at all. Like the lazy futanari she is, your girlfriend has simply unzipped her pants, pulling them down just enough that her cock and balls are now free. She's already gently stroking her dick as she watches the two of you, her naked girlfriend and another young girl stripping naked.

"Ah..." Rebecca finally manages to pull off her shirt, tossing it aside. She's now standing in her underwear, a cute red set that's rather showy. Perhaps she'd been hoping to impress you with them. She's succeeded, honestly. "So, now wha... Oh!" Her eyes fall to Zara's cock. "Holy *fuck*, that's big!"

Zara chuckles as she continues to jerk off. "You saw it before, didn't you?" She smirks at Rebecca. "You want a ride before you climb inside my girlfriend?"

The girl blushes. "Um... No, I'm fine, thanks." You're a little impressed at the girl's willpower. It's rare even among lesbians to be able to resist an interest in a futanari. "I'm more just... admiring." Rebecca sighs wistfully as she stares at Zara's dick. "If I could, I would eat you right now and claim that prize, Zara. Yuna told me how you got it."

"Yeah well, if you'd tried that, I'd have kicked your ass and blown a load into every hole in your body I could find." Zara grins at Rebecca. "Not too late for that, by the way."

"Save it for Yuna." Rebecca smiles at Zara. "Promise me you'll make her happy, would you?"

"Don't need to, I was gonna do that anyway." Your girlfriend snorts in amusement as she continues to beat off. "But sure, I promise."

Rebecca seems a little relieved at Zara's words. The girl then turns to you. "So, now what, Yu-Whoa..." Rebecca looks your naked body up and down. Your body is rather lithe, with very little fat on it. Your breasts are fairly big for your body, around C-cups, something you've always been proud of. Though, they're likely to get an upgrade soon. "Wow, you have a really nice body, Yuna." Rebecca might be unsure of her sexuality, but you're pretty certain from the look she's giving you that she's certainly not *straight*, at the very least.

As Rebecca undoes her bra, you admire the young girl's body in return. Rebecca is thin, and her body is very tight and fit. Her breasts are small, but pleasantly round. And, as she slips off her red panties, you can see that Rebecca has a surprisingly round ass. "Wow." You say, nodding your head admiringly. "It's nice to finally see your butt."

You hear Zara let out a chuckle, and Rebecca blushes. "N-now what?" She asks, looking at you expectantly.

Fuck, how the hell would you know? "Er..." You look at your girlfriend.

Zara smirks at you. Taking her hands off her cock, the futanari points at Rebecca. "You, sit your surprisingly nice ass down on that couch and lean forward." The girl blinks for a moment, and then obeys Zara's order, sitting down on the couch in front of you and leaning forward, until you're staring at the top of her head. "Yuna, you..." Zara begins, and then chuckles darkly. "Nah, you'll figure it out."

It does seem rather elementary at this point. Leaning down, you take a deep breath, hesitating for a moment. You've seen this happen before, both with your girlfriend and others. Not to mention, you do this with food all the time, right? Maybe not in the same *volume*, but...

"Yuna, stop stalling." Zara calls out, and you flinch. "She's not gonna get any easier to swallow, y'know?" The futanari leans back and begins to stroke her cock again. "Come on, it's best if you don't hesitate. It's okay to go slow, just as long as you *start* quickly."

Right. You can do this. You can do this.

Leaning in, you kiss the top of Rebecca's head, feel her hair against your lips. Beneath you, Rebecca shivers slightly at your touch. Closing your eyes, you open your mouth wide and let the girl's head slide into your mouth, hoping you don't choke.

It's both easier and harder than you expect. Zara had always made it look easy, gulping down her prey with contemptuous ease. Even with Rebecca not resisting, you have to awkwardly swallow over and over again for like a full minute to swallow her head. "Don't panic and speed up!" You hear Zara call out behind you. "Just keep a steady rhythm!"

Okay. Steady rhythm. Trying to keep your cool, you slowly and awkwardly suck down Rebecca's long, slender neck. Now that you've had a moment to process what you're doing, you can say that the girl actually tastes rather good. It's not a taste like anything else you've tasted before, though, and it's quite impossible to describe. But it's fucking *amazing*. Of course, those pleasant thoughts are interrupted as you reach the girl's shoulders. Uh oh.

"Don't hesitate!" Zara calls out to you, continuing to masturbate as she watches you devour Rebecca. Perhaps it's pleasure from watching the girl who tried to steal her girlfriend getting eaten, or perhaps it's the pleasure of watching her girlfriend devour someone, but Zara seems to be enjoying the sight immensely.

Working your way past her shoulders, you feel Rebecca's breasts against your lips. This time, you take Zara's advice and simply continue swallowing without hesitation. It turns out to be good advice, and you're tasting Rebecca's nipples in no time. The girl inside you lets out a squeal of pleasure as you lick her nipples, and it's a little disturbing to have that squeal echo from beneath your own breasts.

As you finally swallow the girl's boobs, you feel Zara stand up behind you. "Okay, this part might be a little hard for you." Suddenly, you feel your girlfriend's strong hand grab your ass, and you

flinch in surprise. Zara places her other hand on your shoulder, slowly pulling you back. "Can you hear me in there?" Your girlfriend calls out to the small of your back. "Yuna needs you to stand up now."

To your amazement, Rebecca is not only still conscious, she's also still willing to continue. As you're pulled back, the girl awkwardly stands up from the couch. A moment later, Zara steps around you and grabs Rebecca's ankles, lifting her legs up as if they're light as a feather. Rebecca herself lets out a muffled shriek of alarm.

"You good, babe?" Zara asks you, completely ignoring the girl inside you. You try to nod, but it's rather difficult for obvious reasons. Your girlfriend seems to get the message, though. A moment later, she grins at you. "Okay, stay calm and breathe through your nose. Just keep swallowing as steadily as you can." Then, she begins to push the girl's legs down into your mouth.

This time, progress goes much faster as you swallow. Aided by your girlfriend, you're very quickly coming up on the impressive curve of Rebecca's peach. Getting her rear-end down your throat is a daunting task, but Zara doesn't slow down, so you can do nothing but trust your girlfriend. Which you do.

"That's it!" Zara grins at you as you begin to slurp down Rebecca's ass. Her dick is still fully erect, sticking out of her pants like an extra limb. Every now and then, it twitches happily, as if you needed proof of how much your girlfriend is enjoying this.

Oh *god*. You suddenly become aware of a strange feeling in your gut. Your stomach is expanding, far more than it's ever done so before. You can feel Rebecca's head and shoulders filling you up, as more and more of her body slides down your throat and enters your waiting stomach. Oh *fuck*, this a weird feeling! You feel disgustingly full already, and you know you've still got a fair bit to go.

Rebecca's ass turns out to be the biggest hurdle, thankfully. As you finally work your way down the curve, you reach her smooth thighs. You've always been partial to a girl's thighs, and they swiftly prove your favorite part of this whole ordeal. Her skin is so silky, it's as if she's gliding into you. As Zara slowly pushes the girl's legs down your throat, you find yourself properly enjoying the process for the first time. If this is how Zara feels every time she eats someone, then you can't blame her for being addicted to it!

"Okay, last part!" Zara says, to your immense relief. "Open wide!" You open your mouth as wide as you can, and your girlfriend shoves Rebecca's ankles into your waiting mouth. "Now! Swallow as big and hard as you can!"

That's the trick. As you perform the biggest gulp of your life, you feel Rebecca's body finally slide down into your belly... Oh *shit*. All of a sudden, just as you're feeling relieved from being able to breathe through your mouth again, you groan and lean forward. The weight inside your belly is *immense*, as if you've just eaten... well, an entire person's body weight. Holy fuck, you

literally can't move! Luckily, Zara grabs you and leans you forward, resting your belly against the couch as you awkwardly lay on top of Rebecca inside you.

"Rebecca?" You moan, touching your stomach. Oh *Christ*, you can see the outline of her body against your hideously bulging stomach. "Are you... comfortable?"

"Ah!" You feel, rather than hear Rebecca's muffled voice. "I'm... Don't worry about me, Yuna. I'm... I can stand it!" You fancy that you can hear a little bit of pain in her voice. You're presuming that Rebecca might be just now learning that her fantasy of being eaten by you might not be as rosy and pleasant as she had been hoping. The inside of a stomach is dark, hot and painfully acidic, you've heard from Zara.

Well, it might be unpleasant for her, but it's definitely not for you and Zara. You can feel your girlfriend's hands massaging your back, and it's either that or the act of devouring a girl that's made your pussy so wet. You're glad you're naked, or you would have soaked any clothes you were wearing. "How are you, babe?" Zara asks, giving you a vaguely worried look.

Oh, fuck. You're not just a little aroused, you're fucking horny as hell. Oh *fuck*, is this why Zara gets so frisky after eating someone? "I'm fine!" You say, and you see relief on your girlfriend's face. "Ah...! Put that dick of yours to good use, please!" You awkwardly jab at your backside. Perhaps not the most eloquent choice of words for such a momentous occasion, but your brain is rather preoccupied with horniness and a painfully full gut.

Zara needs little encouragement. Without even answering, she eagerly steps around behind you. As she seizes your hips in both hands, you feel the familiar heat of her penis between her legs. It and your vagina are old friends, and your vagina is quite eager to let it inside.

Moments later, the head of her penis drives into your pussy. Normally, you'd need a little bit of foreplay to get into the right mood, but eating someone has served quite well for that. Zara squeezes your hips in her grip as she pushes into you, just the way you like it. That's one of the benefits of being someone's lover for so long, she's intimately familiar with all the things you love during sex.

Inside you, you can feel Rebecca beginning to squirm. "Ah!" You hear her muffled voice. "Yuna... Ah, this really stings! Can you slow down?!" Your belly rumbles ominously.

"I can't!" Even if you could, you wouldn't anyway. "I'm sorry, Rebecca!" You lie, as Zara begins to fuck you slowly. The girl made her choice. If she regrets it now, well... Not your fault, right? She was the one who'd suggested it.

You tune Rebecca out as Zara drives her cock into you, plunging deep into your vagina. You can feel the head of her cock stretching you out, a feeling you know you'll never tire of. You can feel how hot and wet her penis is, already coated in precum from jerking off earlier.

“Y-Yuna!” Rebecca groans loudly. “Fuck, this really hurts! I’m not asking you to *stop*, but... C-can I catch my breath...?” But her words fall on deaf ears.

You can feel Zara’s balls slapping against your thighs, both full of cum ready to be sprayed inside you. God, you love your girlfriend’s penis. No wonder you were going stir-crazy after almost two weeks without it. If it were up to you, you’d fuck Zara twice a day or more. And maybe, thanks to Rebecca’s generosity, you now will!

“Ah...” Rebecca is squirming harder now. “I’m sorry... I don’t want to move, but I can’t... Ah!” She shudders as a new belly rumble splashes acid all over her. “Ah... I love you, Yuna... I’m going to be a part of you forever...” Well, that’s a happy ending for her, of sorts. Right?

“I love you, babe!” You feel Zara’s grip on your hips almost crushing you, and you can feel her cock twitching violently as she thrusts into you. Your girlfriend is almost at her limit, you can feel. She’s not wearing a condom, and come to think of it, it’s probably not a safe day for you. Oh fuck, are you about to get knocked up? You and Zara have always been so careful...

Oh, fuck it! If you get pregnant, you get pregnant. You and Zara have been together for almost a decade now, pregnancy is long overdue. Maybe it’ll give you that final push to propose to her if you get knocked up. “Uh, Zara! I love you.” Fuck, she’s not the only one nearing orgasm...

“Fuck!” Zara loves to swear as she cums, and this time is no different. “Ah, fuck me! Holy *shit!*” Her dick stiffens inside you, and a moment later, you feel a satisfying warmth beginning to spread throughout your abdomen, as Zara ejaculates inside you.

Ah! That’s it, that’s the final tipping point. As the heat inside you blooms, a powerful orgasm explodes through your vagina. You feel pleasure thundering through your nerves, as your vagina eagerly slurps up all the cum that it can. Zara’s sperm is probably already racing to knock you up, a thought that only seems to improve your orgasm.

As you cum, your muscles twitch violently. Inside your guts, you can feel your stomach muscles contracting and expanding, far more than they usually do. You can feel Rebecca struggling all of a sudden, and you realize that she might be in pain, possibly even being crushed inside you. But *fuck*, you’re way too deep into the white haze of pleasure to even think about her right now.

A few moments later, as both your orgasms begin to fade, you feel Zara leaning against you, her heavy body a pleasant weight on your back. “Holy shit, babe...” She gasps, slowly stroking your hips. “That was one of the best I’ve ever had...”

“Me too.” You say, though heavy breathing. Somehow, fucking on a full belly was just even more incredible than normal.

Inside you, Rebecca has gone still. You don’t know if she’s just relaxed, or... No, let’s go with relaxed. You don’t really want to think about the alternative right now, that there might be a

corpse inside you. So, you don't. Rebecca must be resting. You can feel your tummy rumbling pleasantly, as you digestion begins in earnest.

Then, you feel powerful arms around you, as Zara lifts you up. Despite you now weighing double what you did fifteen minutes ago, your girlfriend seems to have no trouble princess-carrying you and your engorged belly in her arms. "Now..." Zara winks at you, and you feel your heart melt. "Let's *snuggle*, my little predator."

You lay on the bed, Zara holding you from behind, her powerful body hot against your own. Rebecca's bed is soft, and small. It's only made for one, so you have to lay on top of Zara's muscular body. It's not an unpleasant problem. You assume you're probably going to sleep in your bed next time, which is built for two. The fact that you're already thinking about next time is something that surprises you for a moment. But why wouldn't you? After all, you're already planning your life with her.

Zara is snoozing softly underneath you. Her face is buried in your hair, and she seems content. Her arms are around you, holding you close, as she always does. This isn't the first time you've slept together, and it's going to be very far from the last.

Of course, the girl inside your guts is a little different. You can feel Rebecca weighing you down. You'd always imagined that the weight of a prey inside a predator must be awkward and uncomfortable as hell. And it is, of course. You feel like you've eaten six steak dinners, and you've never had indigestion this bad before.

But somehow, you can't get enough of this feeling. As your guts rumble and gush, you can feel your stomach treating Rebecca as nothing more than food, melting her down slowly to be absorbed into you. You're not looking forward to what's to come in a few hours... or are you? Ah, fuck. Zara was right. This *is* awesome. Fuck, are you a predator now? How smug is your girlfriend going to be when you admit it to her. God, she's going to be fucking *insufferable* about this, you just know it.

Oh well. There's worse things in the world than your loving girlfriend making fun of you. As you snuggle against Zara, feeling her warm cock against your thigh, you close your eyes. You drift off to sleep with your girlfriend, dreaming of things to come.

END