

Jessica Storm opens her eyes slowly, as her head pounds like a drum. Above her, she can see a ceiling that's bare and white, apart from a single lightbulb hanging from the roof. It's dim, but the light stings her eyes, so she closes them again. The futanari breathes for a moment, as she tries to remember where she is. Her head hurts, as if she's got a mild headache.

Oh... right. She has no idea where she is. She, Lindsay and that woman, Dana, had been in Melissa's old apartment to gather her things, when the police had battered down the door. They'd been dragged away into a police car...

There's a soreness in her right shoulder, Jessica suddenly becomes aware. Oh right, when they'd been pulled into the police cars, they'd been restrained and injected with... some kind of drug. After that... her memory was just a blank. It must have been some kind of sedative, Jessica realizes numbly. Her wrists hurt, and she can't seem to move her hands apart. That's... odd.

Sitting up slowly, the futanari pornstar tries to take inventory. Apart from the soreness in her arm, both her arms feel fine. Her chest feels fine, her heartbeat normal-ish. Her dick is still snug between her legs, and her legs don't feel hurt either. She's even still got her clothes on, which is a big relief, honestly. Jessica decides to risk opening her eyes properly. To be honest, she kind of doesn't want to. She knows that whatever's out there is definitely going to be less pleasant than the warm darkness behind her eyelids... But even still, she opens her eyes.

The room is small, and almost completely bare. White walls around her, and what looks like a blanket and ragged pillow in the corner. Then there's... well actually, that's about it for the room. Apart from Lindsay Smith sitting in the corner, of course.

The redhead looks... not too worse for wear actually, Jessica is glad to see. She's not looking at Jessica, but the futanari can see that the redhead's awake and alert. So, she's doing better than Jessica at the moment. Everything's going alright, relatively speaking, until the lightning-haired woman makes the mistake of blinking and looking up.

The face of a nightmare is glaring down at her, pale teeth shining beneath golden eyes, in a pool of obsidian. "Are you awake?" The dark woman says to her. No, dark predator, Jessica corrects herself, there's no utterly doubt that this woman is a predator. "Good."

Coal-black abs, is the first thing Jessica notices, apart from that oddly familiar face. They ripple slowly and dangerously as Azrael leans forward, staring down at her in much the same way a cat looks down at a mouse. Powerful arms, thick muscled legs, and a bulge in her tight jeans. Dog tags around her neck, next to a glittering silver cross. Who the *fuck* was this?

Oh, Jessica remembered now. This was Melissa's stalker, Azrael. They'd been trying to protect Melissa from her. They were clearly doing a stellar job so far, Jessica can't help but smirk as she thinks.

“Good to see you’re in a good mood, Jess.” Lindsay says dryly. “Are you hurt?”

“N-no...” Jessica coughs for a moment, her head still fuzzy. “No, I am okay. Are you?”

“I’m right as rain...” Lindsay responds with a smirk. She looks up at Azrael with a look of vague irritation. “How are *you*, handsome?”

Azrael lets out a low chuckle. Something about it makes Lindsay’s heart shiver. Maybe the gravelly voice, or maybe the darkness of its tone, but something about it is deeply intimidating. “I could be better, Lindsay Smith... though now that I look at the two of you, I can appreciate that I could be doing *worse*.” She thinks for a moment, and then smirks, her teeth shockingly white in the dim light. “Oh, I *did* have a little bit of the runs earlier...”

Jessica leans back against the wall, and glares up at the dark predator. “Perhaps that’s karma, do you think?”

Azrael scowls. “Karma is pagan horseshit. No, it’s simply God reminding me to regulate my diet.” For a moment, Jessica thinks the dark predator might be joking, but judging by the way she touches the cross around her neck, she’s not. Very worryingly not.

“I take it the police brought us here? What for?” Jessica tries to move her hands, and realizes finally that she’s handcuffed. Nearby, she can see that Lindsay’s hands are also behind her back, cuffed as well. Well, that made sense. They were brought here by the police, after all.

Azrael looks down at Jessica. “Well, some friends of mine *did* help me bring you here. But you’re not in a police station, as you might have guessed.” Jessica hadn’t guessed that yet, actually. “No, you’re here at my leisure. So, don’t worry.” She smirks. “I mean, it’s a bad situation for you, but worrying about it would be pointless...”

“Awful smug for someone in a confined room with two predators...” Lindsay says, her voice softly threatening.

Azrael rolls her golden eyes. “I wasn’t worried when there were *three* of you. And now there’s only two...” She mockingly feigns remembering something. “Oh yes! I have some bad news about your friend...” Azrael smirks, and pats her muscled stomach. “It seems that... Dana, was her name, yes? It seems that poor Dana has departed this world, and gone down to Hell, as she deserves.”

Yes, Jessica had suspected that Dana, the mafia enforcer who’d been with them when they’d been captured, had met an unfortunate end. “So, you ate her, then?” She asks coldly.

“Indeed. A snack on the way home. She was weak, and gave weak sport, but a sinner disposed of is a sinner disposed of.” Fingering the cross around her neck, the dark predator smirks. “Not to worry, I gave her a proper burial, as befits one of her moral stature; I shat her

into my toilet and said a prayer for her before I flushed.” Azrael runs a finger down her abs for a moment, as if to show off her power. “Now, her immortal soul will go before God for judgment, and be found wanting, I suspect.”

Lindsay lets out a whistle. “Damn, that’s pretty brutal!” Then, she shrugs. “But, sorry to disappoint, but Dana wasn’t my friend. We’d only known her a day or two, so honestly I find that more amusing than scary.”

Jessica had to agree. While Dana’s fate was horrifying, she’d hardly known the woman long enough to care if she’d been eaten alive. “So, if you ate her, why didn’t you eat us, then?” She asks, trying to make her voice as confident as she usually feels. She’d seen this predator before, she knew. Where had it...? Oh, Jessica remembered now. “I take it you didn’t bring us here to accept my offer to join my new studio?” The lightning-haired woman asks, trying to sound unintimidated. It’s harder than she expected.

The golden eyes flash, and the white teeth almost glow in the dim light. “To tell the truth, your offer *did* intrigue me...” Azrael smirks down at Jessica, and the pale futanari can feel the aura of power pressing down on her. “When I retire from the force, I think I *will* start a career in pornography. But I’m far too powerful to ever consider working for someone like *you*, Jessica Storm. I’d prefer to start my own studio, and *grind yours into the dust.*”

Jessica really has to hand it to the dark predator. There’s just something about the gravel in her voice that really seems to skip the brain and shiver your heart directly. Azrael might be the single most terrifying person that she’s ever met. “Well,” Jessica continues, carefully masking her terror. “If that’s *not* why you brought us, please... *enlighten* us. Sooner, rather than later. I’ve seen more people jerking off than most, but I don’t think I have the patience to listen to you jerk off your ego.”

“That’s a shame... for you.” Azrael snorts derisively at Jessica. “Patience is a virtue, after all. And one you’d benefit from, considering that I can do what I want with you, at my leisure.” Still, she shrugs and moves on. “The two of you share a person in common. I don’t have any respect for either of your intelligences, but can I at least assume you’re smart enough to figure out who that is?”

Jessica sighs in irritation, as she glares up at the dark predator. “Melissa Jones.” It’s patently obvious why they’re here, now that Jessica’s shaken off the cobwebs of grogginess. “You want Melissa, and you’ve captured us in order to strongarm her.” The idea is awful, but Jessica has to admit that it’s logical.

“Correct. Thank the Lord, you’re not as brain dead as I expected.” Azrael rolls her golden eyes, her voice mocking. “To tell the truth, I had *hoped* to capture Melissa as well. If I *had*, the both of you would be steaming in the bottom of my toilet, while I was balls deep in the woman I love.” She shrugs, apparently less bothered by this idea than Jessica would have expected.

“Still, I’m hardly complaining. What I described will still come to pass. And I have two toys to play with in the meantime...”

“Hey, I object to that comment about you being in love with my girlfriend.” Lindsay growls. Jessica can see the redhead narrowing her eyes at the dark predator.

Azrael’s teeth widen even further somehow. “Objection noted, weakling.” With a deliberate mocking slowness, the black-skinned woman turns to Lindsay. “You deny that I love Melissa Jones?”

Lindsay’s eyes narrow even further, and for a moment, Jessica wonders with alarm if the redhead is going to try and start a fight. But then, Lindsay shrugs and grins at Azrael. “No, I just *object* to it. You’re not her girlfriend, after all.” She stretches her shoulders with a yawn. “Yeah, I can definitely believe you *love* her. I mean, I do too! Isn’t she great?”

Azrael shakes her head with a cruel smile. “Weakling, your bravado is the same as your future. *Empty*.” She steps toward Lindsay, who leans back to look up at the stunningly tall futanari. “Still, you *are* as beautiful as Melissa said you were.” The dark predator runs a dark tongue over her white teeth, almost salivating. “I shall enjoy ravaging *every single part* of your body, Lindsay Smith. When I’m done with the two of you, neither of you will have an *inch* of skin between you that I haven’t claimed, conquered and *destroyed*.”

“Yeah, I bet you’re powerful enough to dominate the *shit* outta us.” Lindsay licks her lips as well. “How big are you down there? Ten inches? Eleven?”

“Eleven inches?” Azrael snorts derisively. “Idiot. God has graced me with *thirteen*.” Her golden eyes flash at Lindsay. “And you will experience those thirteen inches of Hell very soon, Lindsay Smith...”

“Really? Awesome!” Lindsay seems rather more excited by that prospect than Jessica would have expected. “So, like, ‘soon’ as in right now, or ‘soon’ as in later tonight? And how much of a load are we talking? Like, enough to fill my hands, or...?”

Azrael opens her mouth... and then to Jessica’s surprise, closes it again. “Don’t think you can bluff me, Lindsay Smith.” She says, in a warning tone that sends a thrum of fear through Jessica’s guts. Reaching down to her zipper, Azrael loosens her pants, and then pulls out *the largest penis Jessica has ever seen*. Holy shit, that thing is fucking monstrous! Jessica has always been rather proud of her own eleven inch organ, and always will be. But even relative to her own, this penis is a miracle of flesh and blood.

Unsurprisingly, Lindsay Smith is more than a little stunned at the sight. “Fuck, are you serious with the size of that thing?!” The redhead replies, her voice shocked, but also slightly amused. “Look, don’t threaten me with a good time, handsome! You walk in here and show me *that monster*, you really think any girl on Earth’s gonna say ‘no thanks’?!” She licks her lips again.

“Oh man, I can’t believe Melissa *didn’t* go for a ride on this thing! I love that girl, but she must have the willpower of a saint-”

In a single movement, Azrael lunges forward, seizing the redhead by the throat and dragging her to her feet. Jessica flinches backward in shock, amazed and horrified at how *fast* the huge predator is. Azrael stares coldly into Lindsay’s eyes, their faces only inches away. “This will not be pleasant for you, weakling. I will make *certain* of it.”

“That’s... okay...” Lindsay chokes out. Even as she’s being partly strangled by Azrael’s powerful grip, the redhead maintains a smirk. “I... like it rough, handsome...” For a long moment, the golden eyes and green eyes stare into each other...

With a growl, Azrael lets go of Lindsay, and the redhead falls to the floor, holding her throat as she sits up slowly. Even still, there’s a smirk on Lindsay’s face. “You’re a fucking *degenerate*, Lindsay Smith.” She snarls, looking down at the redhead with a contempt beyond anything that Jessica has ever seen on a human face.

“Sure am, *Azrael Tueuer*.” The dark predator actually seems taken aback at the sound of her own name from the redhead’s mouth. “It’s not like I’ve got anything better to do in this place. So... Come on then!” Lindsay rolls over, slapping her ass, which is still clad in very short shorts. “You want to use my cunt first? Arsehole? You’ll definitely be the biggest dick I’ve ever taken, and will probably *ever* take, but I can probably *try* to suck on it if you really want...”

Azrael... seems a little lost, Jessica is vaguely amused to realize. She’d been trying to intimidate them, but the wind has been robbed from her sails, at least for now. “You little...” She fixes Jessica and Lindsay each with an icy glare. “You get off easy... for now. But I’ll be back soon, weaklings. And you won’t be so amused when I’m rearranging your guts with my dick.”

And then, the dark predator turns and walks to the door. Opening it, she spares a backward glance to glare at Lindsay with disgust, and then the door slams shut, hard enough to shake the floor under Jessica’s butt. Distantly, she can hear the dark predator talking to someone, but can’t make out anything specific through the walls.

“...You’re rather cool under pressure.” Jessica remarks dryly, once Azrael’s heavy footsteps fade away. She can’t help but be impressed by how well Lindsay fared against the dark predator, when she herself had felt more than a little intimidated.

Lindsay shrugs as she rolls back into a sitting position. “Nah, I was heating up, really.” She shifts her shoulders around, and Jessica hears the clinking of her handcuffs. “Besides, this isn’t the worst rape dungeon I’ve been in. More comfortable than the last one, anyway.”

“You’ve been in a rape dungeon before?” Jessica can’t not ask.

Lindsay snorts in amusement. “Yeah, I had some crazy nights when I was living in Newcastle, babe.” She nods at the door, where Azrael had been. “Y’know, I was a little mad when Mel said she had a thing for this bitch, but *damn*. She’s an absolute *beast* of a woman!” The redhead whistles in appreciation. “I think I started ovulating on the spot when she grabbed me. Can’t fuckin’ blame Mel for gushing for her too! 100% forgiven in my books.”

“That’s... hilarious.” It wasn’t, actually. A predator is intending to kill them. Jessica rolls her eyes with an irritated sigh, and looks around the room. It’s empty of furniture and not very big, but... it also doesn’t seem like a prison cell.

“Y’know, I expected something a little more... austere.” Lindsay seems to be on the same mental track as her. “Like, police holding cells are usually made of concrete or whatever. This room has regular white walls, which are clearly painted with regular old house paint, now that Jessica looks at it closely. “Don’t you think, babe?”

“...*babe*?” The lightning-haired woman gives the redhead a wry sneer. “Where’d that come from?”

Lindsay shrugs. “Seemed appropriate.” She smirks at Jessica. “What? You want me to stop calling you that?”

“No, I didn’t say anything like that, *babe*.” Jessica snorts, and then looks around the room again. “I don’t think this is a holding cell.” The lightning-haired woman says, after a moment’s consideration. “This seems more like a room she moved the furniture out of. I think we’re somewhere in her home.” An apartment, probably, judging by the distant sound of rumbling machinery. The elevators in both of Jessica’s homes sounded pretty similar.

Lindsay thinks for a moment, and then clicks her tongue. “Fuck. I know what this room is.” She gives Jessica a meaningful look. “If I was a bigshot predator... and I *am*, I’d want a room to store any excess prey until I wanted to eat them. This isn’t a holding cell, it’s this chick’s *human meat larder*.”

“How delightful.” Jessica can’t decide if that’s better or worse than a holding cell. “Makes me wonder if she actually has experience *keeping* people in here for a while, rather than just eating them at the next meal...” She trails off as the clicking noises increase, and nods at Lindsay’s handcuffs. “What the fuck are you doing, by the way?” Jessica hesitates for a moment. “*Babe*?” She adds, with a slight smirk.

“What? This?” The redhead holds out her hands behind her back. “I’m trying to get outta these fuckin’ cuffs, what do you think I’m doing?” Lindsay closes one eye as she resumes her struggles. “I had tons of run-ins with the law back when I was young. It’s not easy, but I *think* I can...”

“Get out?” Now Jessica’s interested. If the redhead was trying to break out of her cuffs, then that probably meant... “I take it you’ve got an escape plan, then?” The lightning-haired woman had intended to start workshopping some ideas, actually.

Lindsay looks up at her, and gives her an amused look. “Escape? Why the fuck would we wanna *escape*?”

Jessica rolls her eyes. “Then, explain what the fuck you’re doing, then!” She tells Lindsay, a little exasperated. “Is this *really* the time to be cute and sassy?”

“I’m always cute and sassy, babe.” Lindsay winks, and then carefully gets to her feet. Swaying slightly as she stands up, her hands still cuffed behind her back, the redhead moves over to where Jessica sits. Putting her back against the wall, Lindsay slides down to sit next to Jessica. “Okay... so here’s what I’m thinkin’...”

“I’m all ears.” Jessica feels Lindsay’s body press against hers, as the redhead leans her head against Jessica’s shoulder.. Normally, the lightning-haired woman would value her personal space, but this is more than welcome right now, to be honest.

“Sooo...” Lindsay begins, licking her lips. “Step one, I get my cuffs off. Step two, I get *your* cuffs off. Step three, next time Miss Satan walks through that door, she gets jumped by *two* hungry predators in a confined space.” The redhead grins at the idea, as if she’s already fantasizing about it in her head. “Once she’s melting in one of our guts... we go and have sex in her bed, then we steal everything valuable we can carry. Afterward, we waltz our beautiful arses home to Melissa and tell her she’s got nothing to worry about anymore.”

Jessica nods slowly. It’s certainly a very... *Lindsay* plan, isn’t it? But it’s certainly not a *good* plan. “That... is a *really* bad idea.” She says, and feels the redhead beside her bristle.

“What do you mean? It’s a *great* plan!” Lindsay protests. “She made a *big* fuckin’ mistake by keeping us here together. For a predator, that’s just embarrassing. Let’s make sure she never gets to learn from that mistake!”

“Yeah... Nah.” Jessica is more than a little dubious at the idea of trying to fight Azrael. “You saw her, right? She’s built like a brick shithouse, Lindsay.” Even with the both of them together, two veteran predators, Jessica didn’t fancy their odds against Azrael in a fight. “The only advantage we’ve got is the element of surprise. Without that, we’re toast.” She shrugs. “Besides, *I* wouldn’t hold two people prisoner and then *not* expect them to try and escape, so I doubt she’s gonna let down her guard that easily.”

“Well, that’s probably true, but...” Lindsay begins, but Jessica is still going.

“You’re forgetting something else.” When Lindsay looks at her in surprise, Jessica gives the redhead’s belly a meaningful look. “You might be hot-blooded, but if you go up against *her*, yours isn’t the only life at risk anymore, is it?”

“Ah... shit. That’s right. I forgot about little Xanthe in there...” Lindsay thinks for a moment. “Well, maybe I can distract her, so you can get the drop on her-”

Jessica shakes her head. “Lindsay, you’re forgetting something important.” When the redhead raises an eyebrow, the lightning-haired woman sighs. “This woman... *Azrael*... is a cop. Are you really saying you think we can murder a cop in her own home, and then just walk out without consequences?” The police force in Sydney is many things, but ‘lazy when it comes to cop-killers’ isn’t one of them.

The redhead opens her mouth, and then closes it again. “I... hadn’t thought of that.” She admits, and then gives Jessica an irritated look. “So... what? You’re saying we should stay here like good little rape toys?” Lindsay smirks. “Cause, I’m kinda down for that in the short-term, but long-term, that’s just not viable, is it?”

“True.” Jessica hates to admit it after shooting down Lindsay’s plan, but... “Look, I don’t know how or when we’ll get out of here. But...” The lightning-haired woman closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. “Lindsay, I don’t know what’ll happen to us. But, if *you* get the opportunity to escape without me, then I want you to promise you’ll...”

“Yeah, fuck that.” Lindsay shakes her head. “No way I’m gonna abandon you to get-”

“Lindsay!” Jessica lets a hint of sharpness into her voice, and the redhead closes her mouth. Turning to Lindsay, the lightning-haired woman gives her a serious look. “*Listen* to me. Melissa needs you to go home to her alive. I don’t want you risking your life for a *chance* of saving mine. Promise me, Lindsay.” This is important to Jessica. Vitaly important.

“...Fine.” Lindsay grudgingly agrees after a moment. “But the same goes for you, Jessica. If you get out, and I get... *don’t*, Melissa’s your responsibility.” Her green eyes narrow at Jessica. “And you’ve got two people to get home to, okay? So none of this martyr bullshit, okay?”

Two people? Jessica’s eyes widen as she understands Lindsay’s implication. “Wait, you’re saying you’re open to trying...?”

Lindsay nods slowly. “The three of us will sit down and hash everything out when *both* of us get out of here, okay?” She arches her back slightly, still struggling with her handcuffs. “Shit... almost...” She bites her lip. “Y’know, I definitely think I can get out of these with a little lubrication...”

“Lubrication?” Jessica raises an eyebrow. “Where the fuck are you gonna get lube in *here*?”

The redhead smirks and pulls in her legs, swinging her handcuffs under her feet so that her hands are now in front of her body. She cracks her knuckles and then turns to Jessica, placing her hands in the futanari's lap. "I can think of a place. Well, two places, really." She licks her lips. "You don't mind if I use my mouth, do you, babe?"

Jessica leans back with a smirk, and lets Lindsay begin to unzip her jeans. "You are most welcome to do so, *babe*. It may be difficult, but try not to swallow." That may be the first time Jessica has ever uttered the latter sentence. "I hope Miss J... *Mel* does not try anything rash in the meantime."

Lindsay cracks her neck, and rolls her jaw, loosening up her mouth. "Nah..." She says after a moment, smacking her lips as she reaches into Jessica's shorts. "I know we could use some help, but Mel's pretty level-headed. She won't do anything crazy, trust me."

Melissa had decided to do something crazy.

Half a day earlier, she'd learned that Azrael Tueuer had taken Lindsay Smith, her girlfriend, and Jessica Storm, the sire of her child, prisoner. Now, the dark predator has given her an ultimatum; submit herself, or the two women she loved would be eaten alive. Melissa knows that Azrael isn't bluffing, and that Lindsay and Jessica's lives hang in the balance.

Submission is tempting. Truly, it is. Melissa... can't help but be drawn to Azrael. It's a primal thing, in some ways. The powerful predator wants her, loves her. Part of Melissa, the prey part of her and possibly even more, loves the idea of submitting. And honestly, if that was all there was to the equation, Melissa *would* gladly submit.

But can she really trust Azrael? Well *yes* kind of, but really *no*. Melissa trusts that Azrael isn't lying when she says that she wants Melissa. She even trusts that Azrael isn't lying when she says she *loves* Melissa. Yes, if she submits to Azrael, Melissa trusts that the dark predator will do all she can to make her happy, in the dark predator's own way at least. But can she trust her to spare Lindsay and Jessica, the woman who served as Azrael's rivals in love? No, not really. That seems like wishful thinking at best.

It's a flawed choice, through and through. If Melissa submits, she'll be broken by Azrael and the two women she loves might be eaten anyway. But if she refuses, Azrael will probably eat Lindsay and Jessica, and then likely just continue pursuing Melissa anyway. In truth, Melissa can't see a path into the future, as long as Azrael is interfering.

So, given the two brutal options, Melissa has decided to make her own, third option. And it involves sex, cum and trickery. Good thing she's spent the last few weeks experiencing nothing but.

“I can’t find anything else about Azrael Tueuer online...” Elsa complains, as Melissa looks over her shoulder to the small laptop. Beside her, Padma is taking notes. To be honest, Melissa’s not sure who the computer belongs to. Elsa had searched the apartment, and found it in one of the bedrooms. Beneath the keyboard, ‘Samar’ was scratched into the casing, though Melissa’s not sure if that’s a name or not. Scratching her head, Elsa looks up at Melissa. “I mean, I’ve pretty much confirmed she’s a real cop, and a high-ranking one at that. But I can’t find any real information about her other than that. No social media or anything.”

That’s honestly not that unexpected, honestly. Melissa thinks for a moment, and then pulls up the address that Azrael sent her on her phone. “Here, see if you can find anything about the apartment she’s living in.” The internet’s a big place. Surely there has to be *something* useful they can find? “Try searching on real estate websites, see if the place was on sale at any point. If it was, there’ll probably be pictures of the interior.”

“Or floor plans!” Padma adds excitedly. “Oh, this is so much fun! We’re like in a spy movie.”

“Sure.” Melissa rolls her eyes, though she can’t help but be amused by the enthusiasm in the Indian girl’s voice. There’s a knock on the door, and Melissa turns away. “Keep looking!” She calls back to Elsa and Padma. “I need to get the door.” If she wanted to pull the plan she had in mind off, they’d sorely need the two that she hoped had just arrived.

“Ooh...” Daniella, the tiny prey, looks around the apartment, apparently dazzled by its size as she steps inside. “Hey, good to see you again! Cool necklace!” She remarks, as Melissa gestures for her and Sofia to come inside.

Melissa touches the heavy chain necklace around her neck. She’d put it on earlier, to give her strength. “Good to see you again, Daniella.” Melissa had met the tiny prey a few days earlier, in the VoreFans meetup. Daniella is small, charismatic, friendly and small. She’s *very* small. Daniella stands at, like, just under five feet from the looks of it. Though, there’s no chance of her ever being mistaken for a child, considering that her tits are *shockingly* big for a woman her size. Seriously, they’re almost as big as her head! Melissa honestly wonders how the prey stands up straight! Then again, it’s not the most noticeable thing about Daniella right now, is it? “Um... Daniella?”

“Ya?” The tiny prey turns back to the brunette with a curious grin. “Something wrong?”

“Uh...” The brunette knows this is a stupid question, but she has to ask. “You... know you’re not wearing pants, right?”

Daniella looks down. The tiny woman is dressed in a tight singlet top, and Melissa can see the outline of a thick bra beneath. It’d have to be a heavy-duty bra to hold in so much meat. But beneath her singlet is just a pair of red panties, leaving Daniella’s thick thighs on full display. “Oh, yeah. I know. Got a *ton* of stares on the way over!”

Beside her, Sofia Santiago clicks her tongue in annoyance. “She’s asking *why* you’re not wearing pants, you fucking moron.” The predator speaks in a thick Spanish accent, which is unsurprising considering her tanned skin. She’s clad in a white button-up shirt and gray sweatpants, an interesting mix of professional and lazy. Melissa’s not surprised to see a huge bulge running down the futanari predator’s right leg. “She tried to sneak out of my house this morning without saying goodbye, so I confiscated her shorts.”

“That’s not *quite* how it went down...” Daniella growls, rolling her eyes. Then, she shakes off her irritation, and returns to looking cheerful as always. “So, what’s all this about Jessica getting kidnapped?” Beside her, Sofia nods slowly.

Ah, the two of them wanted to get down to business straight away. Melissa couldn’t blame them. “Well...” She begins, and then hesitates, not *entirely* sure where to begin. “Look, I’m going to give everyone a proper explanation in a little bit, but the basic explanation is... that a woman who’s in love with *me* decided to kidnap Jessica and my girlfriend Lindsay, to force me to submit to *her*. And if I don’t in three days...” Nope, not quite right. “Well, two and a bit days now, she’ll eat the two of them alive.” Melissa pauses for a moment, and then adds; “Oh, and the woman who kidnapped them is a police superintendent and also, like, a *superpredator*.”

Daniella and Sofia stare at her for a long moment, trying to process this information.

Sofia licks her lips and shakes her head. “You have a wild life, Melissa Jones.” Melissa can only nod sheepishly at that.

“Jess is in danger.” Daniella says after a moment. “I guess that’s enough for me now, but I’ll definitely need that proper explanation later. Still, a *superpredator*...?” She strokes her chin, looking unconvinced. “Have you got a picture of her?”

Now *that* was something that was easy to supply. Melissa had assumed that the dark predator would be hard to find online, so she hadn’t bothered to even try. But to Melissa’s embarrassment, Elsa had been able to pull up actual pictures of Azrael Tueuer rather easily. “Yeah, here...” Melissa takes out her phone and pulls up a picture of Azrael in her police superintendent uniform. It’s literally the first result when she’d googled the name.

“So... sorry, who the fuck is this woman?” Sofia asks, running her fingers through her long black hair absently. She narrows her eyes at the picture that Melissa is holding. “I mean, I know who she *is*, but what the fuck’s her problem with you?”

“Whoa, *mama!*” Daniella snatches the picture from Sofia’s hand, and looks the image of the dark predator up and down with a leer. “You *know* this chick? She’s like a fucking *ten* in my books! Is she single? Tell me she’s single.”

Melissa bites her lip, trying to think of the best way to explain the dark predator's... *interest* in her. "Um... well, it might be a little hard to believe, but I think she was a fan of mine on VoreFans, and she kinda became obsessed with me..."

"Gotcha." Daniella gives her a thumbs up. "Crazy fan, right? I've had my share." She licks her lips, still staring at the photo. "Well, I always end up sleeping with my stalkers, so maybe not *quite* the same."

"Yeah, *no*." Melissa says flatly. "Azrael Tueuer is a *lot* more than just a stalker. She's... a monster." To be honest, the brunette isn't even sure if she's insulting or complimenting the dark predator by calling her that. "She's a brutal and ruthless predator, the most powerful any of us have ever seen." Melissa feels remarkably confident in asserting that. "And she's already told me that she wants to destroy anything that stands between me and her."

"Right, right..." Daniella nods slowly. "But, I assume there's, like, bad things about her as well?"

Melissa can't help but smile at that. "Well, the big issue right now is that she thinks Lindsay and Jessica are standing between me and her."

"...which is why she's captured them both." Sofia finishes, and then sighs deeply. "Look, Melissa, I'm gonna be frank. I don't really see what me and Dani can do to help you here." She looks the brunette up and down. "Honestly, I think the best plan would be for you to just go and submit to this bitch, and let Jess and Lindsay Smith go free in exchange."

"Yeah, I agree." Melissa admits, and she's rather satisfied to see a look of shock on the brown-skinned predator's face. "And if it *were* that simple, I'd be in Azrael's bed right now." She shakes her head, trying not to get aroused at the thought. "But... no offense, but she's a *predator*. If I go and submit to her, there's nothing stopping her from just eating Lin and Jess to get rid of them anyway. I sure as hell couldn't stop her."

Sofia scowls, biting her lip slightly for a moment. "God, you prey are just so fucking spineless..." She rolls her eyes. "Fine, that's a good point. So, *what's your fucking plan, then?*" The Hispanic predator growls aggressively.

Melissa isn't particularly intimidated by Sofia, not after staring Azrael herself in the eyes multiple times. "My plan... is to make sure Azrael holds up her end of the bargain. And to make sure she doesn't pull this shit off ever again."

Locking eyes, the predator and prey stare down each other. Sofia's gaze is harsh, but Melissa's has had worse. Eventually, the predator backs down. "Yeah, fine. I'll hear your plan, then." Sofia smirks, a hint of respect in her brown eyes. "But I'm only doing it to help out Jess."

“That’s fine.” Melissa will take all the help she can get, for whatever reason she can get. She looks down at the tiny prey, who’s still practically drooling all over the picture of Azrael in uniform. “And you, Daniella?”

“Huh? Oh, right!” The tiny prey tears herself away from the picture for a moment. “Uh, well... I came here to help out Jess, so I’ll definitely help.”

Melissa feels a pang of guilt. “Well, I *do* have an idea of what I want you to do in the plan... but I should let you know now that it’s kinda dangerous.” It’s only fair that Daniella knows this before the tiny woman signs up for it. “You’ll be breaking into Azrael’s home, and if she catches you, you’ll be eaten on the spot, I’m pretty sure. And it might even be dangerous to get into her home in the first place...”

The tiny prey holds up her hands with a smirk. “Hey, you already convinced me! You don’t need to keep selling me on the idea!” Daniella holds up the picture. “Hey, can I keep this? I wanna rub one out to it later...”

“...sure.” Melissa doesn’t see why not. “Okay, then we should...”

Suddenly, the brunette’s phone buzzes, and she pulls it out of her pocket. No, it’s not a phone call from anyone important, it’s just a reminder that’s set for every half hour or so.

“Elsa!” Melissa calls out, looking around for the pale futanari. She finds her on the couch, laying down with Padma on top of her. The two girls look remarkably comfortable, and it pains Melissa slightly to force them to separate. “Elsa, it’s time.” She points to her phone.

Elsa blinks, and then nods quickly. “On it!” She taps Padma on the bum. “Oi, Padma. I gotta bust again.” Despite a groan of complaint, the Indian girl obediently rolls off her lover, as Elsa sits up on the couch. “Gimme a minute, Melissa...”

“Time?” Daniella asks curiously, as she and Sofia walk over to the rest of the group. “Time for what?”

“Oh, Elsa’s helping me out.” Melissa says casually, waving her hand dismissively. “It’s important, so don’t worry too much about it.”

“Sure...” Sofia raises an eyebrow. “But what is it that we aren’t supposed to worry about?”

Taking a few steps toward Melissa, Elsa unzips her pants, flopping her long pale cock out. Cracking her knuckles, the futanari then begins to rub her dick slowly. “I’ll be ready to go in a minute or two.” She informs Melissa.

Melissa is about to answer, but the stench from Elsa's pants hits her nose right then. As soon as the futanari unzips her crotch, there's an overwhelming scent of dried sperm and sweat. Beside her, Daniella and Sofia's eyes widen as they smell it as well.

"Pretty good, huh?" Elsa chuckles, as she continues to jerk herself off. "That's what I get for cumming and then stuffing it back into my pants, I guess..."

"Gross..." Sofia wrinkles her tanned nose.

"Hot!" Daniella stares down at Elsa's cock. "And pungent."

"That's the plan." It really *was* the plan. "See, uh, this is a bit hard to explain but..." Melissa thinks back to the encounter she'd had with Azrael after the VoreFans meetup. "I think... well, I *know that* Azrael's got an amazing sense of smell. She can smell people from a mile off, basically. It's how she tracked me down multiple times."

Sofia raises an eyebrow. "And how's that related to getting nutted on?"

Melissa grins. "Well, Daniella just explained it, really." She feels the warm cum sliding down between her breasts, and inserts the towel down her cleavage for a moment. The other five seem to take a keen interest in this, for some reason. "Cum's a pretty potent scent. If I'm doused in this stuff when I meet Azrael, there's a good chance she won't be able to smell anything other than me."

"Huh..." Sofia thinks about this for a moment, and then smirks. "Not a bad idea."

"Well, that's a good *start*..." Elsa nods slowly. "Then, let's hear the rest of the plan."

Oh boy, here she goes. Melissa takes a deep breath, trying to marshall her thoughts.

Then, she gives the five a brief run-down of the plan. At least, as much as she's come up with so far.

A few minutes later, she finishes. "...which *should* mean that Azrael... won't be a threat anymore." She looks up at the others. "What do you think?"

Sofia and Daniella seem impressed. "Yeah, not a bad idea." The Hispanic predator says again, nodding slowly. "It needs some work, but I can see us pulling it off."

Daniella seems quite excited, actually. "Awesome!" She chirps, rubbing her hands excitedly. "I'm all in! Let's do this!"

Elsa and Padma seem less excited, but they don't disagree. "I mean, it needs some *work*, but I can see how that would work out." Elsa admits with a sigh. Padma nods, seeming to agree with her new lover.

Alone among the six of them, Natasha seems to be the only holdout. "What?" The pink-haired girl looks around, apparently baffled. "But... that's a *terrible* plan!"

"You... think so?" Melissa asks, surprised. The young girl would have been the *last* person she'd have expected to disagree. "You don't think it'll work?"

"No, I..." Natasha grimaces. "I think it'd *work*... I just don't like the idea of you... being put in danger like that." The pink-haired girl folds her arms, looking uncomfortable.

Melissa reaches out and touches Natasha's arm, smiling sadly at the young girl. "I appreciate that, Nat. But I really do think this is the only way." Maybe if they had more time, Melissa could think of something else. But that would take time, and their time was running out. They might not even have enough time for *this* plan. Haphazard as it was, it was the best one they were going to get.

"Is it?" Natasha asks again. "I don't think Lindsay or Jessica would be happy with you... risking your life like that."

Melissa can agree with that. "I know they wouldn't." She admits. "But they're not here. Where they *are*, is in danger." She bites her lip. "Nat, I realize you haven't known any of us for very long..."

The pink-haired girl shakes her head, cutting the brunette off. "I've already said I'm gonna help, haven't I?" She takes a deep breath. "If you're gonna risk your life, I'm gonna do my best to make the risk as small as possible, okay? I already owe you guys a lot."

Melissa can't help but blush at that. "T-thanks, Nat." She says, looking away in embarrassment. Apparently, Natasha has stronger will than she seems. Melissa turns back to the others. "Okay... I guess since you guys are helping me, I owe you guys the *whole* story..."

Daniella holds up her hand. "Hey, if this is gonna be a long story, can I have my shorts back first?"

"Oh, *fine*." Sofia sighs grudgingly, and reaches into the back pocket of her jeans. Pulling out a thin scrap of fabric, she tosses the shorts to Daniella. "Don't say I never did nothing for you." The tiny prey eagerly slips on her shorts, which cover almost as much as her panties do anyway.

"And can you do something with my dick already?" Elsa complains to Melissa, as she slowly jerks herself off.

“Oh, sorry!” Melissa had forgotten. Kneeling down, she holds out her hands. The pale futanari steps forward and drops her cock into the brunette’s waiting palms. Wrapping her fingers around Elsa’s penis, Melissa begins to jerk her off as she turns back to the others. “Okay, this is kinda a long story so far, so is everyone listening?”

The others nod slowly, though most of them are staring at Elsa’s cock. The only exception is Natasha, who’s looking at Melissa with excitement. She loves stories, Melissa suspects.

Well, here goes nothing. “Well, it all started with...” Where should she even begin? After the VoreFans meetup? No, that was too late. When she’d met Azrael for the first time? When she’d gone on a date with Talia Vanderberg? No, even that... Really, the best place to start was... “Well, it all started about, uh... about a month ago? I met up with my girlfriend Lindsay... well, she wasn’t my girlfriend at the time, but... A-anyway, she’d been away for three years, so I met her for lunch at this really expensive restaurant near the harbor...”

“So... that’s where you got that necklace, right?” Natasha asks Melissa. “It’s the same one you used to get that girl into your... um...”

“My mouth, yes. And her name was Talia.” Melissa touches the ruby around her neck, recalling the moment. It’s always been a disturbing memory for her, but each time the brunette thinks about it, she remembers it more fondly than before. “Well, maybe not *quite* just like that...”

It’s thirty minutes later, and Melissa has finished bringing the other five up to date on what’s happened so far. From her first meeting with Lindsay after three years, to her incident with Talia Vanderberg, to her filming session with Jessica, to meeting Azrael and so on until calling Daniella and Sofia here today. The other five had listened with rapt attention, which Melissa was a little proud of. Though it *may* have been because Elsa had ejaculated on her tits halfway through, and the futanari is about to do it again as they watch.

“Shit...” The pale futanari stands over Melissa, who’s kneeling in front of her, jerking her off slowly in both hands. “I never... would have... fuck... pegged you for a killer!”

A killer? Melissa isn’t a... well, technically she *is*, but she doesn’t think of herself that way. “It’s not... *killing*...” She explains for a moment, and then gives up. “It’s different, okay?”

She looks over at Natasha, wondering what the young girl must think of that. To her surprise, the pink-haired girl seems surprisingly excited. “Wow, you’re even cooler than I thought, Melissa!” She says, rocking back and forth on the couch.

“R-really?!” The brunette exclaims. “You’re not, like, disturbed or something?”

Natasha opens her mouth, and then hesitates. “Well... It is *kinda* crazy...” She blushes. “But, it’s also really cool! You went toe to toe with Az... with the scary woman! And you ate someone who was going to eat you. And you’re friends with so many cool people...”

Melissa isn’t sure that barely surviving her encounters with predators counted as going ‘toe-to-toe’, but she’s just glad the girl’s not terrified of her now. Though Natasha *had* already known that she’s a predator, from witnessing it directly back at the club, hadn’t she?

“And you saved *my* life from a predator as well!” Padma adds cheerfully. “So, karmically, you’re pretty much a hero!”

Now *that* was going too far. “Uh, yeah, sure!” Melissa agrees, hoping to end the conversation there. Truthfully, she knew that looking into the morality of her actions wouldn’t end well for her mental health. So, if everyone thought she was a good person, she’ll just go with that and not think about it! The only other alternative was to go crazy like Azrael, she suspected. “Well, I hope karma’s not real anyway...”

“Hey!” Elsa frowns down at Melissa, as the brunette beats her off. “Don’t say that! You’re, like, insulting Indians or whatever!” She gestures to Padma. “Don’t make fun of her Hindu beliefs!”

“Huh?” Padma blinks at the pale futanari. “No, my family is... was Muslim...”

Elsa scratches her almost shaven head. “What? No way! All the Muslims are from, like, the Middle East. You people are Hindus aren’t you?” Receiving five blank stares seems to shake her certainty, however. “N-no, that’s just what I... Ngh... wait, Melissa, I’m about to...”

Letting out a loud grunt, the pale futanari shivers for a moment. Melissa feels the cock in her hand heat up and start twitching. Sure enough, a second or so later, white cum begins to spurt out. The first rope hits Melissa on the chin, just barely missing her open mouth. The second spurts down onto Melissa’s shirt rather feebly, staining the already stained shirt even more. As Melissa continues to slowly coax more cum out with her hand, a few more dribbles of cum spurt out. It’s not a particularly impressive display, but to be fair to Elsa, this is her twelfth cumshot in about eight or so hours. Melissa’s more than happy to cut her some slack.

“Dude, did you just jizz from *being racist*?” Daniella asks, looking like she’s not sure whether or not to laugh.

“I’m... not...” Elsa flops down on the couch behind her, breathing heavily now. “I’m not a... Oof!” She grunts as Padma jumps up and sits down on her lap. “Ah... sorry, Paddie...”

Padma leans down and kisses her lover on the lips, to Elsa’s apparent surprise. “For what?” She asks, booping the pale futanari on the nose. “You’re such a *cute* little racist, Ellie...” The

display of affection is both weird and a little unsettling, so Melissa looks away and just starts rubbing the cum into her breasts instead.

Natasha takes one look at Melissa rubbing cum into her skin, and stands up abruptly. “I-I, um, need to use the little girl’s room!” She says, blushing.

“Okay, have fun masturbating in there!” Daniella calls out to the pink-haired girl as she half-runs away. “So...” Daniella smirks at Melissa. The brunette blinks for a moment, confused. “Secret predator, right?” The tiny prey winks mischievously at her.

“Oh!” Yes, Melissa had kinda been keeping that a secret from them, hadn’t she? “Yeah... sorry. I *am* kind of a new predator” She says sheepishly, rubbing some of Elsa’s cum into her face.. “I just... Lindsay said it would be easier for VoreFans, and I kinda wanted to...” Okay, might as well go for the *whole* truth at this point. “I kinda hoped that you guys would, like, assume I was a prey.”

Sofia raises an eyebrow. “And why would you want us to assume that?” She sneers down at Melissa. “Were you hoping to catch some of us off guard and get an easy meal?”

Melissa nods slowly. “Yeah... kinda?” She admits with a blush. “I thought maybe I could pick a couple of you guys off secretly... I guess?” It had only been a passing fancy, really. “B-but that was before I properly even spoke to you guys, so please don’t...”

“Hey, no need to apologize to *me*.” Daniella rolls her eyes. “Did you think telling me that would make me like you *less* or something? I’m honestly *more* attracted to you now.” Somehow, that doesn’t surprise Melissa at all. “Hey, can you text me a link to your VoreFans? I’m totally subbing to you, by the way...”

“Uh... thanks.” Melissa hadn’t intended to get a new subscriber that way, but sure, why not? She looks up at Sofia. “Look, I kinda knew Daniella wouldn’t be too bothered by it, but are you...?”

Sofia thinks for a moment, and then shrugs. “It’s a girl-eat-girl world out there, Melissa. I don’t blame you for using a trick to get ahead. Honestly, pretty awesome idea. Pred pretending to be prey, that’d fuck over a *lotta* overeager preds.” Then, she smirks. “Probably mighta fucked *me* over, even. If you hadn’t told me today, I woulda assumed you’re a nice little subby prey and ended up in your guts.” She holds out her hand.

The brunette feels a small sense of relief. “W-well, let’s not rule that out, huh?” Reaching out for Sofia’s hand, Melissa stands up with the help of the Hispanic predator. “I could use another cup size or two.”

“Lotta bluster for a beginner pred...” Sofia nods approvingly. “Well, we all started out like that. And one day, we’ll end like that too.” She lets go of Melissa’s hand and pats her on the shoulder

“And maybe for Jess too?” Daniella winks, and Melissa blushes.

“M-maybe...” The brunette doesn’t want to think about *that* right now. It’s pleasant, but *very* complicated. “Depends on whether Lindsay... well, it doesn’t matter right now.” She looks over at the pale futanari instead. “Are you feeling okay, Elsa? That last one seemed tough...”

Elsa breaks her lips away from Padma’s and grimaces. “Ah... Melissa, I’m fucking *spent*...” She takes a deep breath. “I’m gonna be limping for a week. If I cum again, it’s just gonna be a cough of dust that comes out...”

“That’s okay!” Melissa is more than grateful for the amount of cum she’s already been given. “That’s... probably enough... I hope.” Only time would tell, she supposes.

“Hey, you’re a futa too, aren’t you?” Elsa points at Sofia. “You’ve got a full sack, can’t you just sub in for me?”

Melissa had been considering asking the Hispanic predator herself, but she’d been looking for a *slightly* more polite way to do it. Sofia shrugs. “Yeah, sure. My balls have been frying up another load of sperm since I split Daniella open like a coconut last night...” Well, that was easier than Melissa had expected... “Of course, there’s a catch...” Sofia smirks at the brunette.

Oh? Melissa raises an eyebrow at the brown-skinned futanari. “And what’s that?”

Sofia takes a step toward the brunette, licking her lips. “None of this ‘jerking off’ shit. You wanna smell like sex and cum, then I’ll just fuck you silly.”

“Elsaaaaa...” Padma whines softly, rubbing her chest against the pale futanari’s face. “Are you really empty? I wanna take a ride again...”

“Uh...” Beads of sweat are wreaking out on Elsa’s face. She looks caught between pain and pleasure as she answers. “S-sure, babe... I can manage one more. As I-long as it’s *just* one more...”

“Yay!” Padma kisses her on the forehead, and then begins to remove her shirt.

Daniella watches the two of them with keen interest. “Whoa, *really*? Just right in front of everyone? Awesome!” She turns back to Melissa. “Your apartment is *awesome*, Melissa!” She chuckles to herself. “Between those two and you two, we should just have an orgy and be done with it!”

An orgy, huh? Honestly, that’s not a bad idea. It’ll certainly help with Melissa’s whole scent idea, and she can think of worse ways to team-bond... “How about it?” She asks Sofia. “You wanna have an orgy?”

“Hmm...” The brown-skinned futanari doesn’t need even a moment to consider the idea. “Fuck it, yeah, why not? I don’t get an offer like that every day...”

“Hey guys, what’re we talking about?” Natasha asks as she returns, drying her hands on her shorts. “Are we... whoa.” She sees the rapidly disrobing Elsa and Padma and looks away with a blush. “T-those two again?! Gosh, I’m starting to wonder if what they told me about gay people in church is true...”

“And what’s that?” Daniella asks, her eyes narrowing a little.

Natasha gulps nervously. “Oh, um... t-that gay people are always, um, y’know... h-having sex with each other.”

Sofia clicks her tongue. “What an offensive stereotype!” She reaches down her top and, to Melissa’s surprise, pulls out a small rosary. “My advice? Find a nice church with people who *don’t* have such primitive beliefs about homosexuality.”

“S-sorry, I wasn’t being serious...” The pink-haired girl shrinks a little, looking serious.

Melissa has to chuckle a little at that. “Nat, don’t worry. We know you weren’t serious.”

“Okay, g-good.” Natasha smiles weakly. “So, what *were* you guys talking about?”

Sofia and Melissa look at each other for a moment. “Uh...”

“Havin’ a gay orgy, wanna join?” Daniella pipes up cheerfully.

Natasha laughs for a moment, and then sees the expressions on Melissa and Sofia’s faces. “W-wait, you’re *serious*?” She blushes, more out of shock than embarrassment.

Melissa puts a hand on the girl’s arm to steady her. “I’m sure it’s a little crazy to you, but yes, we are.” She turns back to Daniella and Sofia. “Are you two...”

“Already said yes to fucking your fat little ass.” Sofia sneers at Melissa. Beside her, Daniella just gives two big thumbs up.

“Nat?” Melissa asks the pink-haired girl, who seems a little hesitant. “You wanna join us?” It’s only polite to ask. “I know you’re kinda inexperienced with this kinda thing... I mean, there’s nothing wrong with that!” The last thing Melissa wants to do is pressure the girl into doing something she doesn’t wanna do. “You can join in as much or as little as you want, okay?”

Natasha takes a deep breath, and then looks up at Melissa. “N-no, I’ll...” She screws up her face, blushing deeply. “I’ll do my best!” She looks so serious that Melissa almost wants to laugh, she’s so cute!

“Are you *sure*?” The brunette really wants to make sure that the girl knows what she’s signing up for. “I mean, there’s gonna be dicks involved and everything... and it’s gonna be your *first time*...”

The pink-haired girl hesitates for a moment. “Um... maybe I’ll just watch at first...”

“That’s totally cool!” Melissa reaches out and squeezes the girl’s shoulder. “Take your time, cutie!” Natasha blushes even deeper.

“I mean, I’m totally down for an orgy anytime, but...” Daniella raises an eyebrow at that. “Far be it from *me* to be the prude here, but is it really okay for us to do this kinda shit while your girlfriend’s locked up?”

Melissa can understand what the tiny prey means, but she just shakes her head. “Oh, it’s not cheating or anything. Lindsay would be all for it, don’t worry about that.” She knows that Lindsay would be the one *suggesting* Melissa get into an orgy in this scenario, if she were here. No, her girlfriend would be far from upset to know that Melissa was having sex with other people. “Besides, she’s probably shacking up with Jess if they’re in the same room together.” Pity that they’d missed out on their foursome, now that Melissa thought about it. Oh well, there’d hopefully be time for that later.

“Really?” Cracking her knuckles, Daniella reaches down and unzips her shorts, letting them fall to the floor. “Let’s get this... Oh, damn it...” She reaches for her phone, and then awkwardly bends over to pull the device out of her fallen shorts. “Okay! *Now* let’s get this party started!” The tiny prey taps on her phone. “No-one’s bothered if I take some pictures for VoreFans, right?”

“As long as you wait until *after* our... uh, mission to upload them.” Melissa replies, and it strikes her how *easy* it felt to agree to being filmed like that. She’s certainly changed since the days of starting her VoreFans career. “Okay, uh... I’ve never actually *had* an orgy, so...” How did these things usually start? She’d watched more than a few in porn, but that *probably* wasn’t accurate...

“I got this.” Sofia waves a hand dismissively. “Dani, I assume you know what to do?”

“Sure do! We need some music!” The tiny prey walks over to the apartment’s stereo system, which Melissa’s never used before. “I got a ‘fucking playlist’ on my phone already, everyone cool with that?” Without waiting for an answer, she pairs her phone with the stereo, which starts pumping out some club music.

Yeah, Melissa can vibe with this beat. It's low and slow, but it's a good rhythm. "Okay, now what?" She asks Sofia, wondering if she should just start disrobing now.

The Hispanic futanari grins, and begins unzipping her jeans. Melissa can already see a sizable bulge forming down her right leg. "Now, we decide on our starting partners." She licks her lips as she looks Melissa up and down. "And I'm sure as fuck not missing out on giving *you* a taste!"

Oh, how exciting! Melissa can already feel her heart beating quicker. "I'm quite interested in tasting you too, Sofia..." She takes a step toward Sofia and allows the Hispanic futanari to wrap her arms around her. The brunette can already feel something hard pressing into her thigh...

Speaking of things pressing into her, Melissa doesn't resist as Sofia leans down and kisses her. Mmm, the predator's no slouch when it comes to kissing, she's pleased to discover. No doubt Melissa's not the first or even hundredth girl she's made out with. Well, two can play at that game. Melissa kisses back eagerly, savoring the heat of Sofia's lips. Ah, she must have eaten a banana on her way over, from the taste. As their lips crash together, she can feel the futanari's tongue demanding entry. Melissa sees no reason not to let Sofia do as she wishes and she opens her lips, allowing the invader into her mouth with a warm welcome.

A few minutes of bliss later, the two break apart, breathing heavily. "Not bad..." Melissa feels Sofia grinning against her neck, as the predator kisses her way down. "I *love* girls with proper experience. Can't stand teaching virgins how to properly fuck..." Melissa can't say the same, but each to her own. Sofia pauses in her kissing for a moment. "Oh, just so you know, I don't use condoms."

"Oh?" Melissa grins at the thought. "Why not?" She feels teeth nipping at her neck, and the brunette moans. Oh, Sofia *really* knows what she's doing...

"Gave 'em up for Lent." Sofia says, and Melissa isn't sure if she's joking or not. The Hispanic predator looks up. "Shit, forgot about the... Oh, never mind, I guess!"

Melissa looks up and sees that Elsa and Padma are already sitting on the other couch, making out without a care in the world. Those two needed little encouragement to get physical with each other, did they?

"Ah..." Melissa moans as Sofia returns to playfully biting her neck. "Ah, shit... I'm... I'm ready to go when you are..." The brunette can feel that her pussy is already throbbing with heat. Shit, she actually needs to get her shorts off before she makes a mess in them. Well, actually, who cares? They weren't actually *her* shorts, now that she remembered. They'd belonged to whoever had lived here up until recently, along with the tight shirt she's wearing.

"Already?!" Sofia pulls back, and gives Melissa a look of surprise. "Jesus, you're a slut! Most girls I fuck need, like, double the amount of time to get wet." Melissa just shrugs, deciding to take it as a compliment. Which it seems to be, judging by the grin on Sofia's face. The futanari

slaps Melissa on the ass. "Fine, the faster we start, the more times I can nut. Clothes off, ass up on that couch, slut!"

Melissa is more than happy to obey. Turning around, she pulls off the tight shirt, feeling her breasts bouncing free with a sense of deep relief. In front of her, Natasha and Daniella are watching her. She's actually almost forgotten about the two of them, and the thought that they had been watching that whole exchange excited her. "Enjoying the view, girls?" She asks playfully. Daniella gives a thumbs up and snaps a picture on her phone. Natasha says nothing, her face red and embarrassed, but not looking away at all.

Now completely naked, Melissa lays down on the couch and looks behind her. Sofia is hopping in one place as she struggles to pull her jeans off. Her dick is hard, around nine inches long, and bouncing as she hops. Finally, the predator manages to pull her jeans off, leaving herself completely naked as well. "Enjoying the view, slut?" She echoes as Melissa admires her body.

Tall, fit and hung, Melissa most certainly *is* enjoying the view. "You're almost as big as Jessica down there." She says, teasingly.

Sofia snorts with a grin. "She's got two whole ass inches on me, but thanks." She walks over the couch and tentatively begins to climb on top of Melissa. The brunette enjoys the weight suddenly pressing down on her hips. "Only girl I've ever bottomed for, too." Now *that's* something Melissa would pay money to see. And probably would next time she was masturbating.

Elsa's pale balls are slamming into Padma's brown pussy, bouncing delightfully as the futanari energetically fucks the girl she'd formerly considered of an inferior race. "Oh... Padma!" Elsa moans, as her dick is soaked in the Indian girl's tight wetness. "Padma! Oh fuck, this feels so *fucking tight...*"

They're not using a condom, as far as Melissa can tell. Not that she's anyone to criticize anyone for that, considering that she's currently pregnant... and about to be penetrated by a futanari without a condom as well.

"Better untense those muscles." Sofia grunts, as the Hispanic futanari steadies herself on top of Melissa. "I bet she's not the biggest dick a slut like you has ever taken, but my cock still packs a real punch..."

"You'd better hope you can walk the walk..." Melissa grins, and takes a deep breath to relax her muscles. She's not the most confident person in the world, but when it comes to sex, Melissa's something of a veteran. She'd been the school bicycle for both late high school and university, and that wasn't counting the dozens of teachers, professors and tutors she'd 'earned' a passing grade from. Of course, those had all been men, but futanari weren't fundamentally different, she had realized. Reaching behind her, the brunette spreads her already wet pussy.

“Come on, don’t keep me waiting... Ah!” She can’t resist moaning out loud as the head of Sofia’s dick begins to stretch out her hole.

Nearby, Natasha watches with a face so red, Melissa’s amazed she hasn’t fainted from lack of blood to the brain. “H-holy hell!” The pink-haired girl swears, and then covers her mouth as if she’s just sworn. “I mean... geez, you guys are totally just... going for it...” Melissa doubts the girl’s ever seen two people having sex in person before. She might not have seen it in porn before, even.

Daniella is still playing games on her phone. “What? Never seen a futanari fuck one of your friends before?” She asks, not looking up.

“N-no...” Natasha admits, to the surprise of no-one. “I’ve never... had sex before...”

That makes Daniella look up. “What?!” The tiny prey stares at Natasha. “A cute thing like you? No way.” She puts her phone down, and licks her lips. “You’ve *gotta* have tasted pussy before!”

“Actually, Nat’s from a small town out in the country.” Melissa casually explains, as Sofia’s cock enters her. “Oooh, you’re a *big* girl, Sofia...” She might be smaller than Jessica, but a big dick is a big dick, as far as Melissa’s concerned. “She only just... oooh, came out as a lesbian...”

“Shit, really?” Daniella grins at the pink-haired girl, who nods slowly. “That late? I knew I was fucking gay as shit back in primary school.”

“When was that? A few months ago?” Sofia looks up, sneering at the tiny prey.

“Hahaha... fuck you.” Daniella rolls her eyes.

Natasha seems a little shocked to hear that. “*Primary* school?” She repeats, stunned. “I didn’t figure it out until late high school...”

Daniella shrugs. “Yeah, a hot English teacher will do that for ya. Miss Somerset in Year 5, more ass than my poor developing sexuality could handle.” She grins at the memory, and then looks over at Melissa and Sofia. “What about you two? When’d you figure it out?”

“Who, me?” Sofia sneers at the thought. “I’m a futanari, you idiot. I’ve been kissing girls as long as I’ve been *self-aware*.” The fact that she’s currently thrusting into Melissa doesn’t seem to hinder her ability to talk at all. “I mean, I waited until I was older to do anything more than that, but still.” She reaches under Melissa, and squeezes the brunette’s left tit. “What about you, slut?”

“Ugh...” Melissa moans as she feels Sofia’s strong grip on her breast. “Fuck... a few weeks, I think...” Well, to be honest, part of her had always known she was bisexual, she just hadn’t properly realized it until Talia Vanderberg had explained it to her.

“Damn, two newcomers to the scene!” Sofia sneers down at Melissa. “By the way, I *might* get you pregnant when I cum. Sorry ‘bout that.” Her tone suggests that she very much *isn’t*.

“No, I...” Melissa feels Sofia’s dick thrust into her again, and the words die on her tongue. A few moments later, she tries again. “I’m already... Jessica already...”

Sofia chuckles to herself. “Yeah, I shoulda guessed, huh?” Her hand moves from Melissa’s left tit, down to the brunette’s stomach. “How long? Couple weeks or so?” Melissa nods slowly. “Cute.” Sofia grins. “Hope the little zygote doesn’t mind sharing her space with a load of sperm for a few hours.”

On the other couch, Daniella is eyeing up Natasha, a wicked look on the tiny prey’s face. “Sooo...” She grins, placing a hand on the pink-haired girl’s thigh. “You’re pretty cute, you know that? How old are you?”

Natasha nods slowly. “E-eighteen...” She looks down at Daniella’s hand and gulps nervously. “Ah... is this...?”

“I can stop if you want...” Daniella smirks, as she runs her fingers up and down the young girl’s thigh.

“No, I...” The girl doesn’t seem too bothered by the tiny prey touching her. “Wow, you’ve... you’ve got *really* big boobs...” She remarks, as if she’s somehow just noticed this.

“Really?” Daniella raises an eyebrow. “I hadn’t noticed!” She winks at the pink-haired girl. “Y’know, they’re not just here for decoration. Feel free to touch the merchandise, kid.” It’s a little amusing to hear her call Natasha ‘kid’, considering that she’s almost a foot shorter than the young girl. Well, she *is* almost double her age, Melissa suspects.

“T-touch?” Natasha repeats, as if the idea is hard to understand. She looks down at Daniella’s breasts again, and tentatively holds out her hands. “Oh, gosh, I...”

Daniella smirks at the young girl. “So innocent...” She reaches up and grabs her own breasts, bouncing them in her hands playfully. “Ooh, they’re aching so much... they need young and tender hands to massage them...” She chuckles to herself. “Come on, Pinkie. Don’t be shy...”

“R-right!” Steeling herself, Natasha leans forward and places her hands on Daniella’s breasts, slowly stroking them. “O-oh... Oh!” She gasps, as she gingerly begins to squeeze. “They’re so...”

The tiny prey leans forward slightly, to give the young girl a better view. "This your first boob touching?" She asks playfully.

"N-no..." Natasha blushes. "My friend... when I was younger, me and a friend of mine used to... touch each other's chests..." She bites her lip slightly. "But we never... did anything else. And it was only through our clothes..."

Daniella grins. "Well, then! Let's kick it up a notch, shall we?" She reaches behind her back, and fiddles with something for a moment. "Hold on..." Then, the tiny prey reaches down and pulls off her shirt, and her bra comes away with it. There's the mother of all boob drops as Daniella's massive breasts bounce on her chest for a moment. "God, it's good to let the girls out..." She flicks one of her nipples, looking relieved. "There ya go, knock yourself out, kid."

Natasha does. Well, not literally. But she shows no hesitation in reaching out for Daniella's bare breasts. Her hands seem to sink into the massive orbs, as the young girl gropes them. "They're so firm, and yet so soft..." Natasha tries to lift them, and it actually seems to be something of a struggle. "Wow, they're... really *heavy*..."

"You're telling me!" Daniella chuckles. "I'm the one who has them hanging from her chest, kid!" She grins down at Natasha, and reaches out to rub her pink hair. "Yeah, you're gonna need to squeeze a bit harder than *that*, Pinkie..."

"Oh!" Natasha blushes. "I mean, are you sure? I was scared it would hurt..."

"They're lumps of fat, kid. If you want me to feel good, you're gonna really need to *squeeze*." Daniella grabs one of her tits and her fingers press hard into her skin. The tiny prey gasps in pleasure. "There's a tip for your future sex life, Pinkie. Tits like these don't need delicacy, they need a rough touch. More fat means more cushion for the pushin'."

On top of Melissa, Sofia snorts as she continues to pound. "That's ass, dumbass." She slaps Melissa on the buttcheek, and grins. "Speaking of, your's is pretty damn fine..." Melissa looks up at her and winks, as the cock drives deeper and deeper into her.

"That too." Daniella points at the Hispanic futanari. "When you're faced with an ass that won't quit, same approach, okay Pinkie?" Natasha nods slowly, as she tries to squeeze the tiny prey's massive tits. "Ah... Yeah, that's more like it..."

"This... this is *amazing*..." Natasha gasps, as she continues to knead Daniella's breasts. "I'd never imagined that there were tits as big as this in the *whole world*..."

"Yup... and you know what's even better than touching tits?" Natasha blinks at the question, looking at Daniella curiously. "Getting touched yourself." The tiny prey answers, giving the young girl's chest a meaningful look.

“Oh!” Natasha glances down at her own breasts. “I mean, I don’t... have a *lot*...” She really doesn’t, Melissa can see. The girl would be lucky to be classed as having B-cups. Not that Melissa is bothered by that.

Nor is Daniella, it would seem. “Oh, trust me, kid...” She nods at Natasha’s breasts. “Now that you’re in *our* world, you’re gonna be hearing the words ‘deliciously flat’ a lot...” She smirks. “So, can I...?”

“Uh... I guess it’s fine...” Natasha doesn’t seem entirely comfortable as Daniella slowly reaches for her chest. But as the tiny prey’s hands grab her breasts, the young girl gasps, and Melissa can hear a clear note of pleasure in her voice. “Ah! That’s...!”

Daniella chuckles softly, smirking at the young girl. “Good, right? I love girls with almost flat tits.” With her other hand, the tiny prey squeezes one of her own massive tits. “I mean, if I want big tits, I’ve got my own udders to fucking play with... but, *god*, I love a chest I rub my face on...”

“T-thanks?” The pink-haired girl looks like she’s not sure whether to be flattered or insulted. “Well, they still might get bigger...”

“God, I hope not...” Daniella looks up at Natasha and winks. “Oh... don’t tell me you’re... *looking to fatten them up the other way?*”

“The other...?” Natasha begins, and then blushes as she realizes what the smaller woman’s implying. “You mean, like, *eating people*...” She swallows nervously. “Well... maybe a little bit...”

“Really?!” Her eyes widening in shock, Daniella looks over at Melissa and Sofia, as if to see if they’re surprised as well. “Wait, you mean, like, as a *pred?*”

Natasha blushes deeply. “W-well, Melissa’s a predator, right?”

Shaking her head, the tiny prey gives Melissa a wink. “Sounds like *someone’s* got a crush!” Beside her, to Melissa’s surprise, Natasha doesn’t deny it and simply nods.

“W-well, I just think...” Natasha stammers through her words, looking deeply embarrassed. “I mean, seeing Melissa eat someone was just... it looked so *good*...”

The thought of *Natasha*, of all people, as a predator was an incredible one. At least, to Melissa. “I think you’d... ah!” The brunette gasps as Sofia’s dick digs deep into her. “You’d be a... fun predator, Nat!”

“Sheesh...” Daniella herself has a little bit of blush now. “Kinda tempted to offer myself up as a first meal to this cute little predator...” She looks back at the young girl’s chest again. “But speaking of meals, I think it’s time I did some *suckling*...”

But as she reaches for Natasha’s shirt, the young girl pulls back. “No, wait, I...” Natasha says, looking away with embarrassment.

“Oops...” Daniella bites her lip. “Sorry Nat. Am I pushing too hard? If you don’t wanna...”

“N-no, that’s not what I...” Natasha shakes her head. “It’s just... I wanted my first time to be with Melissa...” The brunette herself can’t help but feel a little touched by that.

Daniella looks over at Melissa and rolls her eyes with a smirk. “Wow, someone’s Miss Popular, huh?” She heaves a dramatic sigh. “*Fine*. In the name of true love, I’ll give up my place in line for the Pinkie pussy, then.” She looks up at the brown-skinned futanari. “Sofia?”

“Just... a few more...” On top of her, Melissa can feel Sofia’s stomach muscles twitching. “Oh fuck, I’m gonna... ugh!” Suddenly, Melissa feels the dick inside her stiffen even more, as it’s thrust into her deepest parts. “Shit! Shit! Ugh!” Sofia moans, like an animal. A few moments later, Melissa is delighted to feel heat spreading through her vagina, as the futanari empties her balls.

Oh, shit. Melissa’s always been really weak to this kinda feeling... Shit! Too late. As the head of Sofia dick probes her deepest parts, Melissa feels the orgasm surging through her groin, zapping along her nerve endings. Like lightning, it spreads through her body, making her muscles twitch in a wonderful crescendo of pleasure. After what feels like a small eternity, the pleasure begins to recede, leaving Melissa light-headed and deeply satisfied.

Ah... Dick is the *best*... Melissa thinks to herself, as the weight of Sofia begins to lift off her waist. Then, she looks up at the blushing Natasha, who’s watching her with nervous interest. Melissa licks her lips. Dick’s the best, for sure, but that just means it’s equal with pussy in her mind now...

Sitting up shakily, Melissa beckons for the pink-haired girl to come closer. She can feel cum spreading under her thighs. At the sight, Natasha blushes even deeper somehow. “Go on, girl.” As Sofia makes her way over to Daniella, she pats Natasha on the shoulder with a smirk. “Go and get some.” And with that, the brown-skinned futanari sits down next to Daniella, her cum-soaked cock flopping around as she bounces on the cushions.

That’s all the encouragement Natasha needs. Standing up, the pink-haired girl tentatively makes her way over to Melissa, standing in front of the cum-soaked brunette. “Um...” Natasha says, as if she’s not sure what to do now. “Should I...?”

Melissa pats her lap. "Here, sit down." There's a little bit of cum on her thighs, but that should be an issue, right?

"O-okay..." Natasha takes a deep breath, and then sits down on Melissa's lap. She's still fully dressed, unlike the nude brunette, who feels the fabric of the girl's shorts against her bare thighs. "Is this okay?" She asks anxiously, perched on the edge of Melissa's lap like a nervous bird about to take flight.

God, she's so *light*. Melissa had just had the bulk of Sofia pressing down on her, and in comparison, Natasha feels light as a feather. "Maybe a bit more like *this*..." Melissa puts her arms under the young girl and spins her around on her lap, so that Natasha is facing her. "Yeah, much better..." The brunette smiles down at the pink-haired girl.

"Uhm!" Natasha lets out a small squeal as Melissa gently manhandles her into position. "Wow, you're really strong, Melissa!"

"I am?" Well maybe from Natasha's point of view... but the brunette can't deny that she feels a *lot* stronger lately. Maybe it was the two girls she'd eaten. Certainly Talia had given her a lot of strength, she hopes. Surely that tattooed waitress would be happy to hear that, at least. "Can I... touch you, Nat?"

"Yes, please!" The pink-haired girl blurts out, and then blushes. "I mean, yeah, sure. If you want..."

Tentatively, Melissa reaches out and runs her fingers up Natasha's chest, feeling the small curves of her breasts. God, they have to be A-cups at most. They're surprisingly firm to her touch, yet Melissa can feel softness when she presses in on them. Searching around for a moment, she finds the nipples poking through the fabric of the pink-haired girl's shirt. Rubbing her thumbs against the small nubs, Melissa...

"Ngh!" Natasha lets out a muffled moan, and her whole body shudders. Melissa blinks for a moment, and then smiles indulgently. Clearly, the young girl is having a good reaction to her touch. Then, to her surprise, Natasha reaches down for the hem of her shirt. "W-wait, let me..." Melissa lets her. Reaching down, she helps the young girl pull off her tight shirt, tossing it away onto the floor. Once that's done, Melissa sits back and admires the view.

Natasha's bare chest could almost be mistaken for a boy's, at first glance. The first time she'd met the young girl, Natasha had been wearing a loose plaid shirt, which had covered up her lack of any real breasts. But now it's plain as day. Her skin is pale and untanned, and Melissa suspected that the girl didn't get a lot of sun, though she's less milky than Elsa. Her nipples are delightfully pink and puffy though.

"No bra?" Melissa asks in surprise.

Natasha blushes in embarrassment. "I've never... really needed one..."

"Lucky!" Daniella complains from over on the other couch. She's gently licking the head of Sofia's cock, lapping up the remnants of cum that hadn't been injected into Melissa's vagina. "Bra shopping is such a *pain*. They don't make anything sexy in my size..."

"I only ever bother with sports bras." Sofia shrugs, and then sneers at the tiny prey cleaning her dick. "You *could* try going braless..."

"God no, my poor spine..." Daniella grimaces at the thought.

Melissa reaches out and gently begins to caress Natasha's small breasts, taking one in each hand. The girl grunts, closing her eyes with a blush. This is the first time she's been touched directly like this, Melissa remembers from what the girl had said before about her friend touching her. Now that she's getting a good grip, Melissa can feel a little bit more fat under her fingers than before.

"Sure looks nice..." Daniella complains, as she watches Melissa fondling the pink-haired girl's chest. "Woulda *loved* to try that..."

Natasha looks back at the tiny prey and smiles weakly. "You... You'll get your turn, Dani."

"Really?" Daniella seems quite excited to hear it. "Yeah, I'm gonna mmmh-!" She's cut off as Sofia forces the small woman back down onto her dick.

"Focus on *what's in front of you*, dipshit." Sofia slaps Daniella on her butt, eliciting a muffled squeal from the tiny prey. "This dick's *covered* in sperm. If someone gets pregnant from you doing a shit job cleaning, you're paying my fucking child support!"

Daniella obediently begins to suck on the Hispanic predator's soft cock. Her only response is to pull out her phone and snap a picture. For her VoreFans, Melissa remembers. Actually, come to think of it...

"Natasha, could you grab my phone?" Melissa asks, pointing to her clothes next to them on the couch. "I'd do it, but my hands are a little full of... uh, *you*."

"S-sure..." Natasha fumbles with the brunette's discarded clothes for a moment, and then pulls out the device. "Um, what do you want me to...?"

"Take a picture, of course." Melissa replies. She lets go of Natasha's left nipple and then reaches down to caress the girl's groin through her shorts.

"Ngh..." Seems like Natasha's rather... sensitive in that area. "T-take a picture? Of us?!" The thought seems to panic her a little bit.

Melissa leans in and kisses the girl in between her small breasts, and enjoys the moan that Natasha tries and fails to suppress. "For my VoreFans account. I told you about that, right?"

The pink-haired girl nods slowly, her eyes closed. "The p-porn website, right?" She holds up the phone and leans backward slightly. "I'll try my be-"

"No, silly!" Melissa puts her other arm around Natasha's shoulders and pulls her in close. "Of the *both* of us, silly." She kisses the young girl on the cheek. "You and me, making love on camera for the world to see..."

"Oh... oh god..." Natasha whimpers, her eyes opening again. "This is the best day of my life... ever..." And with that, there's a flash of the camera. On the screen, Melissa can see the two of them, Melissa smiling as she holds a blushing Natasha on her lap. A great photo, actually.

But... the best day of her life? Really? Melissa can do better than that. "No..." She smirks, and Natasha looks down, the girl's eyes half-excited and half-fearful. Melissa pulls her hand away from the young girl's groin... and then plunges it into her shorts, deep into the hairy heat inside. "Now, it's the best day of your life..."

The phone falls onto the couch, and then bounces away across the carpet. No matter, the photo has already been taken. "Oh, Melissa!" Natasha cries out, putting her hands over her groin. But her grip is more an attempt to keep Melissa there, not block her.

"Feels good, right?" Melissa's never done this to another girl before, but she's certainly done it to herself quite a lot over the years. It's not particularly hard to figure out how to make the young girl feel good. "Geez, you're wet, Nat!" It's true, Melissa can feel that the pink-haired girl is practically *soaked* down there. "Guess we can skip the foreplay, and just..." Tentatively, Melissa inserts her ring finger, making sure not to go too quickly...

"Fuck!" Natasha swears out loud, much to Melissa and the other's shock. Even Padma and Elsa look over at the young girl for a moment, before resuming their carnal activities. Natasha claps a hand over her mouth, apparently more embarrassed by her swearing than having another woman inside her. "Ah... I'm sorry, I just... Mmm! Ngh!" Her words crumble as Melissa begins to move her finger deeper into the young girl.

Melissa smiles up at Natasha. "Feels like you're enjoying this..." She smirks as she feels the young girl tighten around her finger. "Maybe I should-"

Natasha's lips cut her off, as Natasha leans down and kisses the brunette on the mouth. Melissa is caught by surprise, not having expected the young girl to take the initiative. But Natasha seems to show no hesitation as she locks lips with the woman fingering her. Melissa can taste nuts on her lips. Not, like, balls, actually cashew nuts. She'd seen Natasha snacking on a few earlier, and now Melissa kinda wanted some too.

The kiss holds for a few more seconds, before the pink-haired girl pulls away. "Ah... Oh, geez..." Natasha looks a little sheepish. "Sorry, I should have asked if-" Her words are cut off by Melissa's lips this time.

The brunette places her other hand on the back of the pink-haired girl's head and pulls her down, kissing her again hard. Simultaneously, she slips another finger into Natasha's vagina, sliding it in and out slowly at first, and then beginning to speed up.

After a few more moments, Natasha pulls away again, her face red. She's breathing heavily, as if she's out of breath. It takes Melissa a moment to realize that the young girl probably doesn't know how to breathe properly while making out. Oh, how cute. She needs practice, a *lot* of practice. And Melissa would be glad to help her, once Lindsay and Jessica are safe again. She has little doubt that the two of them will be eager to help the young girl as well.

"Melissa..." Natasha is breathing heavily now, and the brunette can feel her vagina pulsing around her fingers. "Melissa, I feel like I'm gonna...!" Already? Well, she *is* a newbie at this. Melissa couldn't blame her for not being able to resist her desire to...

"Cum?" Melissa answers for her. She leans down and kisses the girl on the forehead. "Go ahead and cum-"

"Ah!" Natasha's eyes narrow as she stares up at the ceiling. Around her fingers, Melissa can feel her tightening hard. Then, Natasha's whole body tenses up underneath her. "Ah, no... I can't stop... Ngh!" The pink-haired girl's cheeks are flushed as she moans, but Melissa doesn't stop fingering her. A few seconds later, the brunette is rewarded...

"Ngh... ah, shit!" Natasha swears out loud again, to Melissa's amusement. But it's rather reasonable, in truth. Natasha is experiencing her first orgasm at the hands of another woman, and it's a big one from the feel of it. Her whole body begins to shiver, and Melissa can feel the girl's muscles twitching as she orgasms.

As if in desperation, Natasha wraps her arms around Melissa's shoulders, and the girl's legs try to do the same with the brunette's hips. "Oh, you're so fucking *cute*..." Melissa moans, as she moves to let the young girl's legs embrace her.

Beneath her, she feels the pink-haired girl experiencing a powerful orgasm for a few more seconds. It's partially prolonged by Melissa continuing to finger the poor girl, who seems rather unable to deal with the severe waves of pleasure washing over her. "Meli... ah! Oh... geez!" It seems that even words are too difficult for her right now.

Finally, Natasha's limbs slacken, and she slumps into the floor, all her energy gone. Grinning to herself, Melissa gets off the young girl, sitting up on the couch. With a surprising amount of ease, the brunette picks up the small, barely legal teen and embraces her. In her arms, Natasha

twitches occasionally, her muscles apparently still recovering. “Melissa...” She moans, as she slowly embraces the brunette in return.

“How was your first orgasm?” Melissa asks, kissing the young girl gently on the top of the head.

Natasha looks up, and Melissa can see real joy in her eyes for the first time since she’s met her. The young girl had always had an air of anxiousness on her face, but now she looks... content. “I...” Natasha begins, and then smiles widely. “T-that was the *best...*” And then, she snuggles into Melissa’s breasts, still breathing heavily.

Poor girl. Melissa can tell that she needs a break. Patting Natasha on the bum, she looks over at Elsa and Padma.

The Indian girl is leaking cum out from between her legs, as Elsa pulls out of her. It seems that at some point while Natasha was orgasming, Elsa came inside her new girlfriend. It’s a real mess, white liquid all over the couch beneath them. Melissa didn’t really mind though. To be honest, she’d been hoping to replace the couches anyway.

“Shit...” Elsa grins down at Padma, rubbing her cock slowly. “Forgot to use a condom *again...*” She doesn’t look particularly bothered by that, though. “Try not to get pregnant, okay babe?”

“Elsa...” The Indian girl is breathing heavily, but she’s smiling as she looks up at the pale futanari. “Elsa, I want more...”

“More?” Elsa blinks for a moment, still jerking the last remnants of her orgasm out of her dick. “Ah... I think I can... maybe try the backdoor in about twenty minutes...”

“No...” Padma’s voice is insistent. “I want... Elsa, I want to be *with* you...”

Elsa blinks for a moment, and then blushes. “Yeah, when all this is over, we can, like, go on dates and whatever...”

Padma sits up and places a hand on Elsa’s muscled stomach. “No Elsa...” She stares at the futanari’s belly, blushing heavily. “I want to be *one* with you...”

“Huh?” The pale futanari asks dumbly.

Sofia looks over at them, rolling her eyes. “She means she wants you to *eat* her, dumbass.” The predator opens her mouth, and points down her throat. Letting out a burp, Sofia closes her mouth again. “Your girlfriend’s a *prey*, kid.”

“Oh...” Elsa stares down at Padma, who just smiles innocently up at her. “Oh god... Padma, I don’t know if...” The thought seems to panic the pale futanari a little bit. “I don’t even know *how* to...”

Padma kisses her lover’s stomach. “It’s okay! I don’t mean *right now*...” She winks at Elsa. “I mean, we’ve got our mission and all... but sometime in the future would be wonderful!”

“Ah...” Elsa shivers a little as the Indian girl’s tongue trails up her abs. “Ah... w-whatever you want, Padma...”

“Lucky...” Sofia growls, and then looks down at Daniella, who’s using her tongue to clean the futanari’s cock. “My meal keeps slipping away...”

“Always do, babe!” Daniella gulps down some more of Sofia’s cum and grins. “Always do...”

“How long we got until you gotta be at Azrael’s place?” Sofia asks, running her hand through Daniella’s hair.

Melissa thinks for a moment. “Two more days... I think.” Lindsay and Jessica could handle themselves until then, she knew. Well, she trusted them more than she knew, but still.

“Good.” Sofia nods slowly. “We can go over the fine details of the plan later on, then.”

Nearby, Elsa seems to have recovered a little bit. “Yeah,” The pale futanari fixes her hair, which Padma had messed up during their little play session just now. “It’s a good plan. Just needs a little... workshopping. And I need to contact the Reilly family first, to check if it’s good on their end.”

“And I need to call the other girls.” Daniella says, spitting out Sofia’s dick for a moment. “They won’t need to come *here* yet, but let’s get them on standby.”

“Awesome!” Melissa, for the first time in a while, feels like there’s a chance that they might actually pull this off. “I owe you guys a *lot*, I hope you know that...”

“Oh, we know.” Sofia winks at her. “Don’t worry, you’ll be paying us back when Round Two starts.”

“Round... Two?” Natasha echoes, sounding both daunted and excited.

Sofia winks at the pink-haired girl. “Indeed. I hope you didn’t think we’d be satisfied with this little... warmup.” She nods at Padma. “Now, if your girlfriend doesn’t mind, I’d like to try something *ethnic*...”

“Not at all.” Elsa says, as Padma nods eagerly. “When my balls have recovered, I think I’d like to actually take a crack at Melissa’s pussy...”

“And I’ll take my turn on Pinkie, finally.” Daniella gives Natasha a leer. Far from uncomfortable, the pink-haired girl seems rather excited by that thought.

“How’s about it, Nat?” Melissa grins down at the young girl. “Up for another round?”

Natasha grins. “Yes, please!”

Somewhere across the city, a metal door opens.

Lindsay Smith sits up, the blanket falling from her chest to reveal that she’s completely naked. Beside her, Jessica Storm is snoring softly. As the redhead pulls off the blanket, a glob of cum spurts out of her vagina. She and Jessica haven’t really had much else to do, honestly. She looks up and grins.

The dark predator stares down at her. Azrael glares as she begins to undo her black belt, a massive bulge down her left leg. “Are you ready, weakling?” She sneers, as her cock springs free, hanging heavily in the air.

Lindsay stares up at the monstrous organ, biting her lip. “Geez, *finally*... You’ve been keeping me waiting all day!” Beside her, Jessica begins to stir.

“So I have...” Azrael grimaces. “But I can wait no longer. God has endowed me greatly, but...” She runs a finger along the length of her cock. It takes quite a while to reach the head. “I *need* to empty my testicles.” Her eyes narrow. “This *won’t* be gentle.”

“Don’t make a girl a promise...” Lindsay winks at the dark predator, and spreads her legs. Cum drips from her pussy, but she’s already wet and eager. “Come on, stallion. What are you holding back for?” Behind her, Lindsay gently tugs at her handcuffs. They’re looser now than they had been earlier. But the redhead has no intention of escaping just yet.

“If only Melissa could see you now.” Azrael sneers down at Lindsay. “Her so-called girlfriend submitting so meekly. Do you really think she deserves one as cowardly as you?”

“Would a coward really be so eager to have *that* inside her?” The redhead returns the sneer back at the dark predator. “All you’re doing is giving me pleasure, dumbass.” She snorts. “And don’t worry about Melissa. I’m sure she’s not worrying about *you* right now.”

Azrael growls in annoyance, and glares down at Jessica. “And what about you? Such a *proud* woman. When I’m done with this slut, you’re *next*.”

Jessica just grins up at her. “When you conquer me, Azrael Tueuer, you’ll find a woman who’s proud before *and* after.” She pulls aside the blanket, and slaps her pale bum, which shakes for a moment. “By all means, rearrange my innards with that *demon*. For every inch you thrust into me, I’ll ask for another.”

“I’ll make you swallow those words, *and* my cock.” Azrael’s golden eyes flash as she walks toward the two women.

As the dark predator descends, Lindsay and Jessica grin and grab each other’s hands, squeezing to give each other strength. As Azrael climbs on top of Lindsay, the redhead shifts to allow her better room. “Honestly...” Lindsay grins at Azrael. “It’s almost a shame that Melissa’s not here to experience this as well, *isn’t it?*”

“Let’s see how mocking you can be when my cock is impaling you, freak...” Azrael seizes Lindsay’s hair, and the head of her cock finds the redhead’s vagina...

“Oooh, yes!~” Lindsay moans loudly. Perhaps Azrael had hoped that they’d be easy to break, but Lindsay’s not going to make it easy for her. And neither is Jessica.

“Do your worst, Azrael Tueuer.” Jessica sneers as she feels Lindsay squeeze her hand hard. “Do your *fucking* worst...”

End of Part FOURTEEN

STATUS OF CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART FOURTEEN:

| Name : | Status: | Relationship : | Finances: | Fertility: | Activity: |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|--|
| Melissa Jones | Alive | In a relationship with Lindsay Smith | Wealthy | Pregnant (Jessica) | Preparing for a showdown that will determine the fate of the two women she loves, along with her entire future. And yes, getting facefucked by Elsa counts as 'preparing'. |
| Lindsay Smith | Alive | In a relationship with Melissa Jones | Wealthy | Pregnant (Tiffany) | Currently getting plowed by the biggest dick of her entire life. Too bad she's already pregnant, or she'd be carrying around a little Azrael already. Presently has about forty-eight hours to live... |
| Azrael Tueuer | !Danger! | In love with Melissa Jones | Opulently wealthy | Very Virile | Hostile, hungry and angry. She'd been hoping to torture her two captives, but they turned out to be quite receptive to her penis. Still, Azrael's confident that she's going to secure Melissa soon... |
| Jessica Storm | !Danger! | Single | Opulently wealthy | Very Virile | Despite considering herself a lifelong dom in bed, she'll start to empathize with subs after being dominated by Azrael's massive cock. Presently has about forty-eight hours to live... |
| Natasha Birch | Alive | Has a crush on Melissa Jones | Broke | ??? | Any self-doubts about her sexuality have been thoroughly excised by Melissa's fingers. Provided she survives the next few days, Natasha Birch will be a life-long proud lesbian. |
| Daniella Coven | Alive | Single | Opulently wealthy | ??? | Getting ready to infiltrate the lair of a dangerous predator, almost certainly risking her life in the process. Same old, really. |
| Sofia Santiago | Alive | Has a crush on Daniella Coven | Wealthy | Virile | Currently wondering if she should check if she actually managed to impregnate Daniella or not... |