

On her tenth birthday, my daughter was sent home from school for attempting to swallow a girl she disliked. According to her teacher, she was the youngest girl to develop predator instincts in school history, four years younger than me when I was a young girl. She had apparently managed to work her way down to the other girl's shoulders before the teacher pulled them apart, though my daughter had fought to continue. When I asked her why she had been so aggressive, she seemed completely remorseless, and claimed that the other girl deserved it for being rude to her. It's difficult for a mother to learn that her daughter is the class bully, and that the other girl had nearly been eaten for simply standing up to her. After some discussion with me and her teacher, my daughter promised to wait until she was older to act on her predator instincts.

Two weeks later, my daughter succeeded in swallowing the same girl that she had promised not to attack. The other children said they last saw the girl being dragged behind a building by my daughter. The teacher only discovered this after the girl had been digested, and saw no other option than to send my daughter home to finish the process. I found it impossible to reprimand her for the act, being an active predator in my youth myself.

Despite going up several clothes sizes, spending nearly an hour on the toilet, and then giving a public apology in school to the girl's parents, my daughter privately informed me that she didn't actually feel sorry about it at all.

On her fifteenth birthday, my daughter was the tallest and strongest girl in her class, though the fact that almost half of that class was now part of her made that somewhat less of an accomplishment than it sounds. Standing several inches, and several cup sizes, over every other girl in her class, she even rivaled me, a grown woman. It came as no surprise that most of her schoolmates came to her birthday party, since she had threatened that anyone who was invited but didn't show up would end up in her toilet.

Though her teacher had tried to prevent my daughter from digesting her classmates, it quickly became futile, as my daughter would simply ambush her targets wherever her teacher wasn't looking. Quite a few girls met their end in a toilet stall, several behind the same building that my daughter had enjoyed her first meal, and even one during a particularly contentious game of soccer. I knew about this, as my daughter would often brag to me about them. Her teacher tried on many occasions to dissuade her from being a predator, but it only seemed to make my daughter more aggressive.

On her sixteenth birthday, my daughter solved the problem of her annoying teacher in an unexpected way. When she came home exhausted and informed me that her teacher wasn't going to be a pain in her backside any more, I fully expected to hear that the unfortunate woman had taken a trip through her bowels. To my surprise, my daughter explained that she had given

her teacher an ultimatum: become her girlfriend or become her bowel movement. The teacher had opted for the former, and had spent the rest of the day making out with my daughter in the classroom, as my daughter demanded.

Nobody at the school seemed interested in disrupting the new relationship, even when the two openly made out in the school grounds. I could have complained to the principal, but my daughter's grades suddenly improved during this time, which I was satisfied with. I couldn't say that I was unduly surprised, as my daughter had been openly lesbian for some time and her teacher was a well-endowed and attractive woman. I just wondered how long until my daughter decided to make her an addition to her already statuesque figure.

On her seventeenth birthday, my daughter ate her teacher. Despite having a considerably longer relationship than I expected, nearly a full year to the day, my daughter decided to celebrate their anniversary by giving her teacher an acid bath. My daughter confided in me shortly after the relationship began, that she didn't really care for her teacher, apart from sexually. Her interest in the relationship was mostly due to the fact that it made her the de-facto ruler of the class, and gave her a good deal of sadistic pleasure in treating her teacher as a servant. Being able to have sex with her in the middle of the class helped too, I suppose. However, when my daughter decided that the relationship wasn't useful anymore, she didn't hesitate to add her teacher's considerable assets to her own.

I came home to see the former teacher being loudly squeezed out of my daughter's perfect heart-shaped butt. The sight was highly erotic, especially since my daughter was furiously masturbating with one of my own dildos.

On her eighteenth birthday, I caught my daughter in bed with my lover. They weren't having sex, although I didn't doubt that they had been shortly before, instead my daughter was in the middle of digesting her. Despite us being together for almost six months, it had taken only a light seduction to bring my lover to bed, my daughter informed me. She insisted that she had done so to prove that my former lover, who was at that point causing my daughter's breasts to swell, was unworthy of me. I refused my daughter's invitation to join her in bed, and left the room. I could say that I cried, but that would be a lie, as I instead masturbated for several hours.

When she graduated from high school, the principal warned me that my daughter was the most efficient predator she had ever seen, and that I should watch my back. Ironically, my daughter shat her into our toilets less than a week later, which my daughter described as a "graduation prize". Seeing a woman with over 40 years of being an alpha predator end up as a clog in our plumbing made me realize how easy it would be for me to end my life being squeezed out of my daughter's stunning backside. I resolved to dress more provocatively from then on, in the hopes that my daughter was more interested in making me a lover than making me into a meal.

On her nineteenth birthday, my daughter had just finished dumping, in both senses of the word, her latest girlfriend. At my count, it was her twelfth girlfriend, and this one left the relationship the same way the others had. After nearly a decade of a predator diet, my daughter didn't have any difficulty attracting women, being tall, well-endowed and fit, even with her openly describing herself as an alpha predator.

After spending most of the night complaining about her former girlfriend, regarding everything from her dress sense to the way she had exited my daughter's butt cheeks, my daughter declared that she was sick of girls her own age, and intended to seek older women in the future. When I offered to put her in touch with an attractive coworker of mine, she replied by saying that that wasn't what she had in mind, and gave me a look that I could only describe as lustful.

That night, she took one of my vibrators and masturbated loudly in her room, knowing I could easily hear her through the adjoining wall. When she started to moan my name, my own arousal forced me to join her, our voices mingling as we loudly called each other's names through the wall. My orgasm, I'm ashamed to say, was the biggest I had ever had until that point, and I knew that this passion play would certainly happen again and again, until the inevitable happened.

I found it hard to complain about our new relationship. Perhaps subconsciously, I had always known that our relationship would travel in this direction. My daughter had been subtly hinting that she was attracted to me ever since she had hit puberty, and after she turned nineteen, she had exchanged the "subtle hint" for outright flirting. I supposed that it was better than going the way of her girlfriends, like so many other mothers did for their daughters.

On her twentieth birthday, my daughter became my lover. It was an inevitable occurrence, in the end. At twenty, my daughter had eaten dozens, possibly over a hundred, certainly more than I had in my entire lifetime. She stood several inches above me, several breast sizes bigger than me, and had had sex with more women than me. I couldn't deny a sexual attraction to her at twenty, and so I had no interest in denying her advances when they became openly sexual. Our first night together was the best night of sex in my entire life, which I attributed to my daughter's large amount of experience, which dwarfed my own considerable amount. That night, she conquered me so utterly that I was unable to refer to her as my daughter anymore, only as my lover. It was an odd thing to realize that I had fallen in love with her, as I laid sleeping with her arms around me, my head resting on her breasts as I listened to her heart beat. I wondered if I would, one day, hear that heartbeat from inside her. When the sun rose, and my new lover woke and kissed me, I decided it didn't really matter.

On her twenty-second birthday, my daughter proposed to me. It came as a shock to me, as to be quite honest, I hadn't expected to live this long. My daughter's longest relationship before me had been her teacher in high school, a seemingly stable and happy lesbian relationship, though certainly an extremely immoral one. She'd also had at least a dozen flings with other women during our romantic relationship. I had thought that she'd begun to get sick of me, so I'd even begun getting my affairs in order for her inheritance.

To my surprise, my daughter opted for a traditional proposal. She'd taken me out to a nice candlelit restaurant, acted like a perfect gentlewoman, and finally popped the question on bended knee just before dessert. I suspect she'd gotten a lot of pleasure out of loudly referring to me as "Mom" during the proposal, but she'd seemed genuinely delighted when I'd said "yes". I hadn't seen the proposal coming at all. Honestly, I'd thought the romantic dinner was a prelude to her informing me that she'd decided to dump me, in both senses of the word.

And of course I said "yes". At this point, I'm well aware that my life is bound to my daughter's. And not just in terms of her predator hood. I can't pretend I haven't been in love with my own daughter for years now. The idea that I'm not going to survive our relationship doesn't bother me, because I don't *want* to survive it.

The romance of the night was a little spoiled by the fact that my daughter hooked up with the waitress afterward. I slept in the guest room while they had sex in our bed. But in truth, I was just happy that my daughter was living her life to her fullest.

On her twenty-third birthday, I married my daughter. After a full year of wedding planning, and shocking almost every wedding vendor when they learned that she was marrying her own mother, the two of us wed in a beautiful ceremony.

To my surprise, my daughter insisted that I get everything I wanted for the wedding. The church, the food, the music, everything was my choice. With her dominant personality, I'd expected her to take total charge of the planning. But she'd been quite generous. "You only get to marry your own daughter once." She'd told me. "Besides, this isn't going to be my last wedding." I certainly couldn't fault her logic.

Laws against incest had been struck down years ago, so there were no legal issues with us marrying. Of course, there was plenty of moral outrage, and many of our family members refused to attend. Not to mention finding a priest was difficult. Finally, we'd settled on a female clergywoman who was openly gay, though she only agreed to marry us if I had sex with her. This was far from the first time that my daughter had pimped me out, so I happily obliged. For our big day, I was happy to do all of the disgusting things she wanted.

And what a day it was! Marrying my daughter, under an ancient oak tree, surrounded by our friends and the less judgemental or possibly just more perverted members of our family... I was

a memory I would treasure for the rest of my life. Which I suspected wouldn't be that long in the grand scheme of things, but still. Dancing with my daughter at the reception afterwards was like a dream.

We honeymooned in the Bahamas. I got to enjoy beautiful beaches in my bikini, and my daughter picked up a new girlfriend, who didn't survive the honeymoon, much to my amusement.

I suspected our marriage wouldn't last long. My daughter had a wandering eye, and no patience for a domestic life. But I was content. A dream wedding was all I had wanted. Now, I could happily get eaten.

On my daughter's twenty-eighth birthday, we celebrated our fifth wedding anniversary. We went out to a romantic dinner, got drunk together and then she fucked with with her favourite strap-on until morning.

We moved at different speeds during our marriage, but it had proved to be more of a benefit than a problem. I was older, more content and less energetic. I preferred to kiss, and snuggle and lay together watching movies. My daughter was younger, less patient and far more *hungry*. She preferred to hunt, and digest, and shit her ass out on our toilet. But the differences between us weren't that bad.

During our marriage, I estimated that my daughter had about fifty affairs with other women. Some older, some younger. It was rare for a month to go by without meeting a new girl that my wife was banging. Some, I met sneaking out of our house the next morning, some picking up my daughter for a date. One time, I'd had a rather awkward encounter with one of my daughter's girlfriends, where we'd both mistaken each other for my daughter and gotten into the shower with one another. Things had gotten rather *amorous* before we'd realized. Each and every one had ended up in our toilet.

And that's where our differences made our marriage work. Once my daughter was finished fucking, swallowing and digesting her latest floozy, she could always sit down in my lap and snuggle with me. And to tell the truth, I was glad of the other women in my daughter's life. Her sex drive was monstrous, and only getting stronger and stronger as she ate more and more people.

There had been a few close calls. Not for my daughter, she had been a powerful pred, and only got more powerful every year. No, for me. There had been at least two or three girls who my daughter had been dating that she'd gotten serious enough with to make me think that I might be in danger. One of the girls had even been talking about moving in with us. But, in the end, my daughter had just gotten sick of them and ended their lives with her stomach.

It had gotten to the point where I had begun to think that I might live forever. Relatively speaking, of course. But deep down, I knew my days were numbered.

On my daughter's thirtieth birthday, she finally dumped me. I had never expected our marriage to last as long as it did, but after seven happy years, it finally came to an end.

It was not a cruel or unpleasant day. She'd taken me out to our favorite restaurant for our usual anniversary meal... Or so I'd thought. But during the dessert, my daughter had told me she had serious news.

"I think it's time." She'd told me, with a sad smile. I asked her what she meant, but I'd understood almost immediately. She told me it was time for me to go. I'd been shocked, and asked if she was unhappy. But to my relief, my daughter had taken my hand, stroked my wedding ring, and said she was as happy as I could make her. And that's why it was time to end it on a high note.

It made sense. I was fine with it. Part of me had begun to fear that our marriage would only end if our relationship began to go downhill. But this made total sense. If she ate me and ended my life now, our relationship would live forever as seven blissful years. I'd smiled, and asked if there was anything in particular that had prompted her decision.

"I've met someone. We've been seeing each other for a few months now." She'd told me, blushing. I could see giddiness in her eyes, and my heart warmed to see her so happy. "She's really great, mom. You'd totally approve."

"With Casey?" I asked, smiling. My daughter's new girlfriend was a very sweet girl. And I did approve. Casey was a swimwear model, eighteen years old and a real dynamo in bed. According to my daughter at least. And she was a *ferocious* predator, with tits that had to be the graves of a few dozen people at least. "Tell me everything about her." I'd said, squeezing her hand affectionately.

As my daughter had gushed about her new love, I'd studied her face, feeling my heart melt. My daughter was so happy, and so ready to move on. And to be quite honest, I was more relieved than upset. I'd always feared disappointing my daughter, but now, I knew I'd finished my run on a high note, as she said.

"So..." My daughter had fingered the ring on my finger. "The other night, me and Casey were talking about marriage..." She'd bit her lip and given me a nervous smile. "And well... If that's gonna happen, I'm gonna need to open up a slot, Mom."

"Well, you don't need my permission. I've been your woman for years, you can do what you want with me." I'd reached down and slipped off my wedding ring, dropped it gently in my

daughter's hand and closed her fingers. "Put this on Casey's finger and make me proud, my love. I hope she makes you even happier than I did."

"She will, Mom. I promise." My daughter had told me. And with that, I'd been content.

That night, we made love until the sun rose. Breaking out that old dildo she'd used back when she'd been shitting out her teacher, my daughter made me *sing* with pleasure. She'd always been able to dominate me in bed, but my wife made a special effort that night. For my last hours on earth, I spent them in utter ecstasy, and then, in my daughter's arms.

And when the time finally came, I was ready.

For a long time, I'd feared, wondered and then longed for the day when my daughter would swallow me alive. But I'd never thought it would be the best night of my life. The only nights that could have matched it were our wedding night and that night we'd spent making love in that spa back in the Bahamas.

In some ways, it reminded me of a spa. Hot, wet, bubbling... My daughter's stomach was just as intense. As she'd hungrily swallowed me like a piece of meat, I wondered how any of her girlfriends had ever resisted this fate. Descending into my daughter's maw, I knew I was becoming one with her. I'd always be with her now, spiritually and physically. And when her lips finally closed, and I was sealed inside my daughter forever, I had no regrets.

Digestion hurt. It hurt a lot. But I felt alive, more alive than I'd ever been. Not just because my daughter's acids tore into me with the brutality of a predator's guts, but because I knew I'd succeeded as a parent. Not only was my daughter happy, but her life had been and would be amazing. She had gone from a weak little girl, to a powerful dominant woman. And I could never be more proud of her than the moment that she finally claimed my life.

The next morning, she shat me out into our toilet, and I was part of her buttcheeks. The next week, her girlfriend moved into our home, and I was the blood that flowed in my daughter's veins as she carried Casey's belongings. The next month, Casey became my daughter's new fiance, and I was part of my daughter's tits that she sucked on that night to celebrate.

I would never know what my daughter's thirty-first birthday would bring. But I didn't need to. I knew that my daughter was happy. And as a mother, that was all I'd ever wanted.