

Sofia Santiago groans as her anus expands once more. The tight pink-brown hole puckers for a moment, and then a log of dark shit begins to crown. The Hispanic predator sighs in relief, as the turd slides out of her and lands in the open storm drain between her legs. There's not many clean toilets available in the streets of Sydney at this hour, but the veteran predator has had almost a decade of experience in pushing out her prey's remains in the middle of the night.

Another log begins to crown, and Sofia moans in pleasure again. "Oh *fuck...*" Like most predators, this is her favorite part of eating someone. There's just something primally pleasurable about expelling the remains of a human being like they were no more than any other turd. "You better be holding that camera steady, Princess." And it isn't just pleasurable for Sofia, it's also *profitable*.

"I'm holding it steady!" Elsa growls, holding up Sofia's phone as she sits in the open side door of the white van. She's recording the woman taking a shit, something she certainly had never imagined she'd ever do a few days ago. Holding the phone steady is harder than the pale thug had expected. Especially since the phone vibrates every thirty seconds or so as a new payment notification comes in. "This is for your VoreFans account, right?"

"You bet your pale behind that this is for VoreFans." Sofia sneers as she continues to take a dump in the middle of the alley. She's not just a veteran predator, the Hispanic woman is also a veteran social media influencer. Her entire lifestyle was paid for, and then some, by her VoreFans account. "My fans got a taste when I uploaded those pictures of my belly a few hours ago, now they want the follow-through."

Elsa sighs, more than a little bored. Like the Hispanic predator, she and Padma were waiting for Daniella to return, hopefully with Lindsay and Jessica in tow. But things seemed to be taking longer than expected. A few hours ago, Sofia had devoured a security guard in the lobby of Azrael's apartment building, leaving the girl Natasha to keep an eye out. Unlike Elsa and Padma, the predator had been able to while away the hours by digesting the unfortunate woman. But Elsa's bored out of her skull. Filming the predator shitting out the security guard is somewhat entertaining, at least.

"Do you really make a living off of this?" She asks Sofia, a little skeptical. Elsa has to admit that the sight is more erotic than she'd expected, but still...

Sofia chuckles at the question. "Let me put it this way, Princess..." The Hispanic predator lifts up her shirt and pats her rapidly shrinking belly. "In the time since I uploaded that picture of my belly, I've made almost a thousand dollars. Does that sound like I'm making a killing?"

Elsa blinks slowly, as she processes what Sofia just said. "A thousand dollars *Australian*? No, that's fucking..." She protests, looking down at the phone. "You're full of shit. There's no way..." But even as she watches, Elsa feels the phone buzz and a message pops up, saying that Sofia just got another fifty dollars. "Jesus fucking Christ..." The pale futanari stares at the device in her hand for a long moment, her mouth agape.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” The Hispanic predator chuckles smugly. “I love seeing white girls like you with dumbass faces like that. Turns me the *fuck* on...” Blushing, Elsa closes her mouth.

“Who the fuck...?” Elsa tries to understand what she’s seeing. “Who the fuck *pays* you that much money, just to watch you *shit*?”

The van shudders slightly as Padma climbs out of the passenger seat and into the back of the van. “Sofie, I’m trying to sign up for VoreFans, but it keeps declining my card. Do you know how to fix that?” The Indian girl holds up her phone.

Sofia shrugs, a motion that causes a loud fart to burst out of her amble behind. “No idea. I’m not on the *giving* end of money, y’know? Ask your girlfriend.” She jabs a finger at Elsa.

Elsa blushes a little bit at being referred to as Padma’s *girlfriend*. It gets even deeper as the Indian girl hugs her friend behind. “Elsaaa...” Padma moans teasingly. “Can I use your card~? I want to watch porn when I switch out with Natasha again...” She and Natasha had traded places watching the lobby a few times since Daniella had broken in, and she was due to switch out with her again shortly.

“S-sure...” The pale futanari agrees before her brain can even process the question. Padma’s cheek is pressed against hers, and she feels so *warm*... “T-take my wallet if you like...”

“Thanks, babe~!” Padma reaches into Elsa’s shorts, feeling around playfully. “Can’t seem to find it... Oh, I can feel a lump, though...”

“That’s my *dick and balls*.” Elsa’s eye twitches as she feels her new girlfriend rubbing her crotch through her shorts. “M-my wallet is in the back pocket...” It’s even harder to hold the camera steady now.

A moment later, Padma fishes out the pale futanari’s wallet and stands back up. “Thanks, babe~!” She sings out as she clammers back into the passenger seat.

“Guess I can look forward to some more money...” Sofia chuckles as she idly rubs her half-erect cock. The flow of poop seems to have finally ended for now, and the Hispanic predator begins to hike up her jeans from around her knees. She can feel more of that security guard weighing down her colon, but that’ll only be a concern in half an hour at least.

“Guess I can look forward to *less* money...” Elsa presses the button to end the recording, and then groans. “Shit... I need money to pay my fucking rent, but I wanna make Padma happy too...”

The Hispanic predator raises an eyebrow. “Sounds like you need more money.” She remarks as she awkwardly stuffs her penis back into her underwear and zips up her jeans.

“No Sher, Shitlock.” Elsa snorts, wondering if she might need a new job. Working for the Reilly family as an enforcer was a steady job, but it didn’t pay very well. Certainly not for two people, and possibly more in the future. And Elsa had a feeling that it wasn’t exactly a career she was going to go very far in. After all, her boss had been eaten by Azrael only days ago. But who the fuck else wanted to hire a futanari who’d dropped out of high school? “I guess I could try and go into construction or something...?”

“Or...” Sofia takes her phone back from Elsa and sits down next to her. “You could put that nice body of yours to use.” She winks at the pale futanari.

“Huh? What do you...?” Elsa asks, and then looks down at the VoreFans page on Sofia’s phone. “O-oh! You mean...” She had never considered using VoreFans as a producer before. Mostly because Elsa wasn’t really into vore. Or rather, she has very little experience with vore, to be more accurate. “I don’t think I could... I mean, the women on there are predators, right?”

Sofia puts an arm around Elsa’s shoulders, squeezing her affectionately. It’s a playful squeeze, but Elsa’s heart flutters as she feels a hint of the predator’s raw power. “Not *all* of them... Don’t worry, Princess. You’re going to be quite popular, I promise...” The Hispanic predator chuckles darkly.

“Well... okay.” Elsa knows it’s an obscenely bad idea to do this *now*, but she can’t resist. That vision of money is just too powerful. “S-shouldn’t we wait for Melissa and Daniella, though?” Elsa looks up at the apartment building. Last she heard, Daniella had made it to the top of the elevator shaft, but she hadn’t been able to contact the tiny prey after that. And they knew nothing about Jessica or Lindsay Smith’s fate.

“Daniella’s either busy or *dead*.” Sofia minimized the VoreFans app on her phone and pulled up the “Find My Phone” app. “And Melissa’s still on the top floor. Probably getting fucked by the big bitch. And the big bitch doesn’t even know we’re here. We’ve got plenty of time to let our guard down....”

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Melissa opens her eyes, more than a little dizzy. Her skin feels hot, and she can see steam rising from her breasts when she looks down at her body.. Taking a deep breath, the brunette sits up and looks around.

She’s still in Azrael’s bathroom, the enormous room of porcelain and steam that she’d been bathing in. She’s lying next to the bath, a wonderfully soft towel spread out underneath her body. The last thing she remembered was being in that hot bath, kissing the dark predator on the lips. But after that...

“You blacked out.” A gravelly voice answers her thoughts, and Melissa turns to look. Not far away, Azrael Tueuer is toweling herself down. Melissa watches in almost hypnotized silence as the dark predator rubs down her enormous black penis. It’s so large that she needs two hands to properly towel the organ down.

“I... I did?” Melissa blushes in embarrassment as she realizes that’s exactly what happened. A combination of the bath and Azrael’s lips must have made her overheat. “Oh... s-sorry...”

Azrael chuckles, a low gravelly sound that makes Melissa’s already accelerated heartbeat skip for a moment. “I consider it a compliment, Melissa.” The dark predator winks at her playfully. “Forgive me for not noticing you were at your limit. I would have carried you to bed instead.”

“Right...” The memories were flooding back to her now. Melissa had been making out with Azrael for a few minutes, until eventually everything had gone black... well, everything had *already* been black, really. Perhaps that’s why the fainting spell had crept up on her. Melissa looked back at the bath. “Did you...?”

“Of course I carried you out. You weren’t particularly heavy.” Azrael chuckled as she began to rub down her muscled thighs. “Besides, I’ll be manhandling you a great deal in the coming years anyway.”

Melissa licks her lips nervously, feeling a blush come to her face. Well, her cheeks had already been flushed from the heat, but now arousal was causing it too. “Er... Yes, I guess you will, won’t you?” Her eyes keep returning to the monstrous organ between Azrael’s legs, no matter how hard she tries to look away...

Azrael seems aware of the brunette’s gaze. “Well, I *meant* that I’ll be carrying you around when you’re too pregnant to walk properly.” She laughs as Melissa looks away in embarrassment. “But yes, I will be *dominating* you quite a lot as well...”

The thought is disturbingly erotic. Melissa knows that there’s a part of herself that’s completely on board with Azrael conquering her, despite the rest of her brain knowing that she needs to hold out as long as possible. The more time she can buy for Daniella to spring Lindsay and Jessica, the better.

“Now, then...” Azrael finishes toweling herself down and tosses the white towel over to Melissa. “What shall we do next, Melissa?”

“S-sex?” Melissa asks stupidly, and then mentally kicks herself. Part of her brain is a little too eager for Azrael to drag her into bed. “No, I-I mean... I would have *thought* you’d just go straight into...”

Azrael smirks at her. “There is no rush, Melissa. I have a desire for your body, but I’m not an *animal*.” Her handsome face twisted into a smug sneer. “As much as I would enjoy conquering

you here and now, I will also enjoy watching you hold out. It will make the moment you *give* yourself to me even sweeter.”

“Oh.” Melissa blushes and clutches the towel nervously. “T-that’s fine, I guess...” She’s not *eager* for sex, but it’s clear to the both of them what’s going to happen, and probably sooner rather than later. Nervous as she is about it, Melissa’s already accepted the inevitable. Too late, she realizes that the towel is filled to the brim with the dark predator’s musk.

Failing to resist the temptation, Melissa inhales the scent of Azrael’s sweat and precum. It’s a primally invigorating scent that seems to bypass her nose and plugs directly into her subconscious. Her groin was already warm, but now Melissa can feel it heating up even more.

“Fuck me, you should sell this as a cologne...” The brunette moans... and then abruptly realizes she just said that out loud. Blushing deeply, she glances at Azrael. “Um... I...”

Azrael just shrugs, taking Melissa’s remark in stride. “I’d never thought of doing that.” She grins, flexing her arm. “Actually, I think I might really do that. That’s a great idea, Melissa.”

“No problem...” Melissa couldn’t be more ashamed of herself. Pulling the towel away from her nose, the brunette began to towel herself down quickly, trying not to think about the fact that Azrael had just rubbed the soft cloth on her penis. “Actually, I’m surprised that you never did that before...” Melissa certainly knows people who’d love this scent as a cologne. Hell, Lindsay would wear it every day if she had the chance.

“Well, you’ve thought of it for me, haven’t you? This relationship is off to a great start already!” Azrael chuckles. “Any more great ideas from my *girlfriend*?” She teased Melissa playfully.

Melissa blushes deeply at being called that. “Umm...” She tried to think for a moment. What else could Azrael provide? The dark predator obviously doesn’t need money, so something to appeal to her vanity... “You could open a sperm bank?” Melissa suggested.

“Not a bad idea either. I already thought of that one, though.” Azrael clicks her tongue in vague annoyance. “Apparently, New South Wales says I can only donate sperm to *five* people, even if I start my own sperm business. How fucking stupid is that law?”

The brunette shrugs. She’s heard of that law before, but it seems pretty reasonable to her. “I would have thought with all *this*...” Melissa gestures to the bathroom around them. “You’d have your fingers in a few politicians already?”

Azrael grimaces. “Ah... I hate politics. I’m not eager to get involved in *that* nightmare.” Still, the dark predator looks thoughtful for a moment. “Though, maybe running for office might be fun one day. Vorex and Phallus seem like they’d be easy political parties to dominate...” Thinking about this for a moment, the dark predator dismisses this idea with a chuckle.

Stretching her arms, Azrael walks over to one of the half-dozen toilets that are arrayed along one wall of the bathroom. The dark predator sighs and stands with her legs apart over the toilet. A moment later, a torrent of urine begins to cascade into the toilet. To call it a 'gold shower' would be a gross understatement. To Melissa, it was closer to a golden jet spraying out of a black *hose*. She could hear Azrael's piss scorching the porcelain with what sounded like enough force to scour it clean, as if it was some kind of erotic pressure cleaner.

"I take it you're enjoying this sight?" Azrael chuckles darkly, not turning around. Melissa blushes, and doesn't bother asking how the dark predator knew she was staring.

Melissa *is* enjoying it, she's a little embarrassed to admit. "You've..." The sound of liquid on porcelain continued for a long moment. "You've got... quite a capacity." This is the longest Melissa's ever heard anyone piss in her entire life.

Azrael chuckles in amusement, and Melissa's heart flutters at the sound. "You will discover that *every* part of my body is extraordinary. God has blessed me quite thoroughly." One hand holding her cock steady, Azrael gestures to her abdomen. "I have *double* the bladder and colon capacity most humans have. My guts can destroy a human being and turn them into *remains* in less than half the time an average predator can. I have had *multiple* doctors proclaim that my internal organs are the most perfect they've ever seen."

"Is that true?!" Melissa hesitates in toweling down her leg, stunned. Looking at the dark predator's body up and down again, it's not hard for her to believe, but still...

"Remind me to show you the medical journals my body was published in later. I was quite happy to show everything off back then." Azrael shrugged, as her golden jet began to finally wane in pressure. "Of course, that was before I joined the army, and my *apotheosis*."

Apotheosis. Melissa knows what that word means, but it's still hard to wrap her head around... "You really think you're a *god*?" She asks. Honestly, with the dark predator up close, it's not as hard to believe as it had been before...

"I don't... but I'm far beyond a mortal human now. Perhaps I always was." Shaking out the last droplets of gold from her penis, Azrael looks back at Melissa again. This time, the dark predator's handsome face is utterly serious. "God made me in His image, Melissa. I was created by *His* hands. I am His will and justice on Earth made manifest." The dark predator let out a long yawn and raised her eyebrow at Melissa. "You don't believe me, I take it?"

"Er, well..." It felt strangely rude to deny it directly to the dark predator's face. "You're pretty extraordinary, of course..."

"Of course." Azrael smirks. "Don't fear, Melissa. I am aware that extraordinary claims require extraordinary proof." She takes a step toward the brunette, her colossal penis swinging heavily between her muscled thighs. Melissa flinches slightly as the dark predator reaches out and

squeezes her shoulder. "But you will believe, I promise you. And when you do, I will help *your* apotheosis."

Melissa will become divine herself? The brunette... doesn't know what to make of that idea. Of *course* it's nonsense, she tells herself. But staring into Azrael's golden eyes, Melissa knows that the truth may not matter anymore. What matters is what she *believes*. And Azrael certainly believes she's something beyond human.

Azrael seems satisfied by her stunned silence. Letting go of her shoulder, the dark predator takes the towel from her and tosses it into the laundry basket nearby. "Now then..." Azrael takes a few luxurious steps toward the bathroom door, pushing it open and picking up a small pile of clothes. "I have brought some clothes I will enjoy seeing you in..."

They are two pairs of Melissa's underwear, the brunette sees as the dark predator walks back over to her. The ruby-encrusted red set and the sapphire-encrusted blue set. That's all Azrael is carrying. "Um..." Melissa reaches out for the underwear, blushing nervously. "Where's the rest of my clothes?"

"I don't desire to see you in any more clothes than this, Melissa." Azrael smirks, and holds the two sets of underwear out for her to pick from. It seemed like that was the end of the discussion, apparently.

"I guess... I'll take the ruby set then..." Melissa picks up the red underwear.

Azrael licks her lips. "Then, I'll take the blue..." Before the brunette can respond, the dark predator slips on the sapphire bra, pulling it taut around her back. "Hmm... too small, but I'll use it anyway."

"You're going to wear my underwear?" Melissa asks, a little aroused at the thought, to her shame.

"What's yours is mine, and what's mine is yours." Azrael reaches out and runs a finger across the ruby that hangs around Melissa's neck. "Don't you agree?"

Melissa smiles weakly. "Of course."

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Daniella Coven is lying on the hallway floor, never more grateful to feel carpet under her skin. "Oh, you saved my freakin' life..." She moans, stretching out her limbs. A minute ago, she'd been in danger of falling down an elevator shaft, or getting squished by the elevator above her.

"Ha... Yeah, I am pretty great..." Lindsay Smith squats down, and studies Daniella's face. "Now, who the fuck are you, vent goblin?"

"Me?" Daniella sits up and winks at her. "The name's Daniella. And I assume you're Lindsay Smith?"

Lindsay nods slowly. "Sure am, as far as I know." She raises an eyebrow. "How'd you know?"

"I'm subbed to you on VoreFans!" Daniella grins smugly, pulling her phone out of her pocket. "Well that, and..."

The redhead's eyes widen and she gasps as she finally seems to recognise the tiny prey. "Wait, I *knew* I recognised you from somewhere! You're Daniella Coven! I'm subbed to you too!" She reaches into her own pocket, and then seems to realize that her phone's not in there. Lindsay clicks her tongue. "Yeah, so *why were* you in there? Crawling around in a place like that?"

"You wanna know why I was in the elevator shaft?" The tiny prey scratches her head awkwardly. "Ah, yeah... well, the *other* reason I recognize you is... I was sent here by *your* girlfriend."

"Melissa?" Lindsay's face lights up. "She sent you to help me? Holy shit, I knew she'd..." Then, her face turns a little panicked. "Wait, she's not *here* is she?"

"Ugh..." Daniella hesitates for a moment. She thinks back to what Melissa had said to her, before they'd left the apartment.

*Don't tell Lindsay or Jessica that I'm there. She'd told Daniella. If they know I'm there... They'll never leave without me. And... I'm probably not going to be leaving.*

"Nope!" Daniella lies, feeling immensely guilty for doing so. But, Melissa had asked her to. The whole plan is for Lindsay and Jessica to escape, even at the cost of Melissa's freedom. So, as much as the tiny prey didn't want to lie, she knew that Lindsay won't leave if she knows Melissa is in Azrael's clutches. "She... stayed behind at the apartment. But she called me, cause I love risking my life to do dumb shit. Like, rescue her girlfriend from a predator's lair." Daniella looks over at the small hole. "Lucky you broke out when you did, or I'd still be trapped in there."

Lindsay snorts at that. "Yeah, no shit. You're not very bright, are you?"

"Rude!" Daniella pouts a little, and then grins. "But it's true. Lucky for you, I'm here to save you!"

The redhead raises an eyebrow. "I don't wanna sound ungrateful, but... uh, how exactly?" She nods over at the small hole that Daniella crawled out of. "You're subbed to me on VoreFans, so you've seen how fat my arse is, right?"

The tiny prey shrugs. "I kinda figured I'd find, like, a fire exit down or something..." Biting her lip, Daniella considered the tiny grate again. "I mean, I *think* you could fit in there?"



"If my behind was lubed up, *maybe*." Lindsay is rather dubious of that idea. "But if you think I'm climbing *down* an entire building's length of a ladder... yeah, *nah*."

Daniella has to concede that point. She's aware that the idea of falling to her death probably wouldn't appeal to the redhead, for some reason. "I mean, we *could* just stay here and starve to death?" She suggests with a wry grin.

"I wouldn't starve." Lindsay snorts, narrowing her eyes at Daniella in a way that makes the tiny prey's heart flutter. "Unlike you, little prey, I've got food to eat."

In response, Daniella just grinned playfully. "A hunter needs to catch her food first."

Lindsay thinks about this for a moment, and then visibly gives up. "Okay, I like where this is going, but... it's not really the time, right? The longer we hang out here flirting, the more likely it is that 'Miss Firehose-Between-Her-Legs' comes back and turns us both into a snack." She takes a deep breath and looks down at Daniella again. "Ah shit... you're probably looking for Jess as well, aren't you?"

"Yeah!" Daniella owed the lightning-haired woman a favor, and she's hoping to pay it back bigtime today. "Where is she?" Standing up, the tiny prey looks into the room that Lindsay came out of. Inside, it's completely empty apart from a ragged blanket and pillow, and a pair of handcuffs covered in what looks like white slime.

"No dice, little goblin." Lindsay sits back against the wall. "The big bitch came down here a little bit ago and moved Jess somewhere." She nods at the door that she managed to break open. "You're real lucky with your timing, I think that was only about fifteen minutes ago. I thought it was a good chance to break out while she was... *busy* with Jess, but..."

That kinda made sense to Daniella. Melissa arriving early must have thrown the dark predator off a little. She must have decided to separate the two predators in case they decided to break out. Made sense, considering Lindsay was kinda trapped down here.

"Yeah... sure." Daniella bites her lip, thinking carefully. "So where is Jess now?" And where's Azrael, is a better question?

The redhead shrugs. "No idea. I checked through the whole hallway, but everything's just... empty." She looks down the hall. "I was in that room, and the only *other* room on this floor is that one..." She points to the metal door closest to the elevator. "Y'know, it's a good thing that Jess came in my mouth right before Azzy took her away, or I'd have had a bitch of a time getting out of those handcuffs."

"R-right..." Daniella's not sure what cum and handcuffs have to do with each other, but there will be time for stories later. "Guess they must be upstairs or something." From the sounds of it,

Azrael thought Jessica was the more dangerous of the two, and had decided to keep a closer eye on her.

There is a long moment of silence between the two VoreFans stars, as they sit opposite each other in the narrow hallway. Lindsay's eyes naturally fall to Daniella's breasts, and the tiny prey stares at Lindsay's groin. She doesn't need to wonder if the carpet matches the curtains, having watched one of Lindsay's masturbation videos only a couple of days ago.

It seems that the redhead has a similar line of thought. "Shit..." Lindsay eyes the tiny prey for a moment, and Daniella has a thrill of excitement when she sees hunger in the predator's eye. "I can't believe Melissa knows Daniella *fucking* Coven. I've masturbated to your stuff so many times!"

"Really?" Daniella feels a little starstruck. "Oh, you're just sayin' that to be polite..."

"No, for real!" "That video you did, where you were sticking your hand into that predator's mouth? Fuckin' broke my vibrator from rubbing one out too hard..." The redhead blushes and bites her lip. "So, you two met at that meetup a few days ago?"

Daniella nods eagerly. "Yeah, Jess invited her. I came because I'm an old friend of Jess." That was a polite way to say that Jessica had pounded her shithole in more than once on camera. "We kinda hit it off, y'know!" The tiny prey says proudly. "Well, she *is* a predator, after all. Who can resist a snack like me?"

"She told you?" Lindsay looks more than a little surprised to hear that. "Wow, she must really like you if she told you about her being a predator."

Daniella smirks, and decides to push her luck. "Yeah, your girl kinda... *cheated* on you with me last night." She licks her lips, feeling her heart pounding. There was no way out of here, was there? If Lindsay decided to eat her, there was nothing to stop her... "I think it was even in your bed..."

Lindsay seems to process this for a moment. "Wait, *just* you?" The redhead looks a little disappointed to hear that. "I would have thought she'd be all over that little slut, Natasha, as well. And it's not like her not to have a dick involved somehow..."

That... wasn't the reaction Daniella had been expecting, but it's an intriguing one nonetheless. "I mean... when I say she cheated on you with me, there were a whole bunch of other people with us..."

"Awesome!" The redhead actually seems relieved to hear that. "That sounds like the Melissa I know and love." Then, the predator narrows her eyes at Daniella with a smirk. "It's cute that you're *trying* to piss me off, though. You *do* know you wouldn't make it back to the elevator shaft, right?"

Daniella grinned. "Oh, I know." Her gaze fell to Lindsay's stomach. Those abs looked really tight, and the tiny prey could imagine that the guts underneath had a serious appetite for girls like her. "You wanna have a race?"

"Wow, your whole 'living dangerously' thing isn't just an act for your VoreFans! You just *are* a stupid, slutty prey!" Lindsay chuckles and rolls her eyes. "I'm amazed you survived this long."

"Guilty as charged!" Daniella winked at the redhead. She'd only met Lindsay, like, ten minutes ago, and the redhead had already openly insulted her three times. Daniella had taken quite a liking to her. "The more inappropriate the situation is, the hotter I get."

Lindsay snorts in amusement. "Okay, little goblin. Just know that if we end up completely trapped down here, you're gonna be my rations."

"If you do, can you shit me out into the elevator shaft?" That would be kinda hot, Daniella's remains tumbling into the abyss...

"Nah. I'll shit you out wherever I feel like." Lindsay pats her tummy, and then looks up at the ceiling for a long moment. "Hope nothing bad is happening up there. Melissa's probably worried sick about me..."

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Melissa hadn't been entirely sure what she'd expected to happen next after the bath. Azrael had never been the most predictable person, and given the dark predator's temperament, she'd half expected to be whisked straight into that big bed she'd seen earlier. So it came as a slight surprise when Azrael had simply led her downstairs into the home cinema instead.

The room was enormous. Melissa had seen it earlier, but it was still a little shocking how large it was. Almost two stories tall, the home cinema must extend to the upper level as well, she realized. A dozen luxurious seats are arrayed in front of Melissa, and in front of them, a massive projector screen stretches even larger than the television in the sitting room.

Azrael pays no heed to the size of the room, probably because she's entirely used to it by now. She's dressed in Melissa's sapphire underwear, the bra straining to hold in Azrael's massive black breasts. Opening a small fridge near the entrance of the room, the dark predator pulls out a bottle of wine and two wine glasses. "Well, I thought we could do something fun as a couple." Her golden eyes look Melissa up and down, and the predator then pulls out a small bottle of juice. "I'm in the mood for something *sinful*. Let's watch some pornography, shall we?"

Melissa could really go for some porn right now too, honestly. "Um..." The brunette raises an eyebrow, adjusting her ruby bra. She'd never worn it before, and it actually felt a size too small

now. Then again, her tits had probably swollen since she'd brought it, come to think of it. "I thought you didn't like sinful things?"

The dark predator let out a deep chuckle. "Sinful for *others*. Not for me." Then, she winks at Melissa. "Or you, now."

"S-sure..." Melissa wasn't in a mood to argue about theology. Not when porn was on offer. Speaking of... "Um, are you okay... y'know, *down there*?" She nodded to Azrael's penis.

The dark predator hadn't even bothered to attempt to fit her cock into Melissa's panties, and the massive organ swings freely as Azrael pours drinks for the two of them. "Oh, that?" Azrael slaps her penis almost absent-mindedly. "I am quite used to this. God's blessing is powerful, but sometimes inconvenient, I admit." Hooking a thumb into the side of the blue panties, Azrael tugs at it playfully. "My underclothing is usually specially made for me in Germany, to tell the truth."

A moment later, Azrael holds out a wine glass full of juice for Melissa to take. The brunette stares at it for a moment. "Not wine?" She asks, a little surprised. Melissa could have used some alcohol to loosen up, honestly. From the looks of Azrael's penis, the looser the better.

The dark predator raises an eyebrow at that. "No alcohol for you, Melissa Jones." Reaching out, Azrael caresses Melissa's belly for a moment. "Or did you forget again?"

Melissa blushes, both in embarrassment and excitement. She had hardly forgotten that she was recently pregnant, but this was the second time she'd forgotten that she couldn't drink. "Right, of course..." Azrael's touch is shockingly warm, and Melissa can feel her stomach muscles shivering. When she pulls her hand away, the brunette almost feels a little disappointed.

Azrael gestures to the seats in front of them. "Come, let us sit. I have a particular video in mind..."

As the two of them sit down, Melissa can't help but feel rather intrigued. "A vore video?" She asks hopefully. She's *really* in the mood to watch someone get eaten right now.

"What else?" Azrael's golden eyes flash with amusement. "I had an interesting video appear on my VoreFans list, and I thought we could watch it together. It's someone you know, you see..."

"Really?" Well, now Melissa's *really* intrigued. Taking a long sip of her juice, she waits patiently as Azrael pulls out her phone and taps a few times on the screen. A moment later, the projector behind them turns on with a click and a video begins to buffer on the massive screen.

Melissa was *really* trying not to think about where Lindsay and Jessica were right now. They were somewhere here in the apartment, she knew, but she couldn't do anything for them right now. The best thing she could do right now was keep Azrael distracted while Daniella... did her thing. Part of Melissa's brain snidely notes that it's lucky that that's *also* the most pleasurable

option right now as well. Trying to banish the feeling of guilt, Melissa is grateful when the video finally loads and she can take her mind off whatever's happening to Lindsay and Jessica.

The video starts as a bit of a jumble. Someone who has no camera experience is holding a phone and moving it around. "...not going to fuckin' *record* this are you, Nicci?" Melissa hears an oddly familiar voice complaining. "Jeez, I'm already gonna be in enough trouble as it is..."

"Of course I am, Miss Reilly. This is for your new VoreFans account, is it not?" The voice behind the camera replies, as the video finally stabilizes. The camera is now sitting on a desk, pointing toward a tall woman sitting in an office chair, clad in a black business suit. The woman's skirt is pulled up to reveal that she's sporting a heavy erection. Her dark brown hair is tied back into a tight bun, and there's dark eye bags under her eyes. Melissa knows that face, she suddenly realizes.

"Is that... Renay Reilly?" Melissa says out loud, almost choking on her juice. She'd gone to university with this woman! Renay and Lindsay had been close friends, back before she'd even properly known Lindsay. And Xanthe, if she remembered correctly. Actually, Renay's mutual friendship with them both was how Lindsay had been introduced to Xanthe, come to think of it. "I haven't seen her in *years*." She'd known that Renay became a solicitor, though.

Beside her, Azrael chuckles. "Yes, I thought you may enjoy this for that reason." Melissa considers asking *how* the dark predator knew that she knew Renay, but decides that it's a largely pointless question. At this point, Melissa assumes that Azrael knows *everything* about her.

On the screen, a stunningly beautiful African woman steps into the frame. Her skin is the color of dark chocolate, a shade darker than even Azrael. Even from the phone camera quality, Melissa can see that her eyes are a glittering green. "Shall we begin, Miss Reilly?" The woman asks, undoing her shirt buttons. Melissa wonders if she's another solicitor for a moment, but she's too young. Renay's assistant, most likely.

"Jesus Christ..." Renay moans, as the black-skinned woman pulls open her shirt and reveals two coal-black breasts. "Nicci... those are beautiful..." Melissa has to agree. Nicci's breasts are rather small, but their color is absolutely stunning, especially the slight purple on each nipple.

As the woman kneels down in front of Renay and takes her erection in both hands, Azrael lets out a groan of pleasure. Melissa glances over and sees that the dark predator's erection is at half-mast already. Blushing, she quickly turns back to the screen, knowing that if she stares for too long, she won't be able to look away.

The dark-skinned woman, Nicci, eagerly takes Renay's erection into her mouth. As the head of her penis slides into Nicci's lips, the futanari groans in pleasure. It's almost the same sound Azrael just made, amusingly enough. "Fuck, Nicci... Oh fuck, you're good at this..."

With a wet pop, Nicci surfaces from Renay's dick, licking her lips. "Thank you, Miss Reilly. I practiced a great deal on my husband in anticipation." She continues stroking the dick in her hands as she speaks.

Renay's nervous eyes dart toward the camera. "Uh... You and him are gonna be okay if I release this video, right? He's not gonna be angry at you or something?"

Nicci smirks. "Of course not." She turns toward the camera as well, and sneers arrogantly. "If you're watching this, James, consider this my first notice of our impending *divorce*. You're a nice guy, but I want a *real* lover." Judging by the expression on Nicci's face, saying this out loud is deeply satisfying. The black-skinned woman turns back to Renay, rubbing the cock in her hands slowly. "I'm certain that I can count on Zaire, Reilly and Olegsdottir Solicitors to represent me in court?"

"F-fuck, I didn't know you were this much of a *bitch*, Nicci..." Renay groans. Melissa can detect a hint of joy in her voice, though. "Fuck it. When I'm through with your husband, he won't have a single *cent* to his name."

As Nicci's mouth descended onto Renay's erection once more, Melissa felt her heartbeat speeding up. This *was* really erotic, actually. She can feel her vagina already beginning to heat up. Trying to cool herself off, Melissa drains the glass of juice and places it on the table next to her.

"Done already?" Azrael asks her, sounding amused. Melissa turns to look at the dark predator beside her, and her eyes are immediately drawn to the woman's penis. Even in the low-light of this room, she can see that the massive organ is fully erect. Thirteen inches is truly colossal up close, and part of Melissa is already begging to have it inside of her. Taking a deep breath, Melissa looks away from the monstrous erection and up at Azrael's smirking face. The dark predator seems quite aware of the effect she's having on Melissa. "You seem rather *tired*, Melissa."

The brunette blinks for a moment. "Huh? No, I'm okay." She responded, a little confused.

"Really? Well, that's a shame." Azrael grins widely, her pale teeth flashing in the darkness. "I was *going* to suggest you put your head in my lap..." She pats her muscular thighs. They look strangely inviting...

"Well... maybe I'm a little tired..." Melissa concedes, feeling her heart skip a beat. Laying down on Azrael's thighs is a hard invitation to refuse. Melissa tries to resist... and fails. As Azrael beckons, the brunette moves over slightly and lays her head down on Azrael's lap.

Her cheek pressed against Azrael's powerful thighs, Melissa is amazed to feel the immense hardness of the dark predator's muscles. Despite that, laying down on her lap is surprisingly

comfortable. It would almost be relaxing, if Melissa couldn't feel the incredible heat of Azrael's erection inches away from the back of her neck.

On the screen, Renay and Nicci seem to have reached the end of their foreplay. Pulling herself off the futanari's cock with a wet pop, the black-skinned woman wipes her mouth on the sleeve of her business suit and then stands up, hiking up her skirt and revealing a surprisingly lacy pair of red panties.

Renay, however, seems to be done with letting Nicci control the action. Reaching out with both hands, the solicitor grabs her assistant's hips and leans forward, burying her face in Nicci's black behind. "Miss Reilly?!" Nicci flinches in surprise, but the solicitor's grip is too strong to let her pull away.

After taking a long sniff, Renay leans back. "Fuck you, Nicci..." She growls angrily, to both Nicci and Melissa's surprise. "You think a *woman's* gonna dominate a *futanari*? We've gone this far, I'm going to take everything I want from you!"

Pushing Nicci away, the solicitor stands up and grabs her assistant's arm, roughly pulling her back and forcing her up against the desk. Nicci lets out a cry of surprise, but makes no move to resist. Pulling the black-skinned woman's panties aside, Renay moves the camera back slightly to improve the view. The solicitor then spits into her own hands, and reaches down to lube up her dick. Then, with an aroused groan, she pushes her dick into Nicci's wet cunt. Despite how sudden a move it was, it's clear that Nicci is far from unhappy about this change in control.

Melissa can feel her vagina pulsing, ready and eager to get started. On *what* is a difficult question to answer. Part of her wants to reach in and start masturbating, but the rest of her brain is aware that doing so next to Azrael would spell doom.

As it happens, Azrael doesn't seem to have the same concern. As Melissa watches the two people on the screen fucking, she feels Azrael's powerful fingers gently stroking her long brown hair. The touch is far more gentle than she would have expected from the powerful predator.

"This is really hot..." Melissa admits out loud.

She hears Azrael chuckle in response. "You've seen nothing yet, Melissa."

On the screen, Renay seems to have little interest in taking things slow. After a brief warmup period, she shoves the assistant face-down on the desk. Taking a step forward and pressing down on the assistant's back, Renay begins to hammer Nicci's glistening vagina with desperate speed, her balls already tightening up. The assistant doesn't seem to mind, however, judging by the moans she's making.

Melissa and Azrael watch the scene for a few more minutes. The brunette is painfully aware of the dark predator stroking her hair, and is a little shocked at how erotic it feels. There's just

something about how *gentle* it feels in comparison to how much pure *strength* that she knows Azrael has. The fact that this woman could literally tear her in half if she wanted, but is holding herself back is somehow supremely fulfilling to the brunette.

To Melissa's surprise, it's Nicci that breaks first. As her boss hammers her vagina over and over again, the young woman lets out a cry of pleasure. Up close, the camera is treated with a spectacular view of her vagina violently twitching as a powerful orgasm explodes throughout her body.

Renay doesn't last long after that. As Melissa watches in rapt enjoyment, the solicitor suddenly lets out a truly vulgar groan and pushes her pale dick deep into the black hole. At the base of her cock, Melissa can see Renay's balls tightening quickly, and then her urethra pulsing violently. The brunette can't see it from this angle, but it's obvious that the futanari solicitor is blasting a load deep inside her beautiful assistant.

"I knew you would like this video, Melissa. I've already pleased myself to it a few times." Azrael agrees with a chuckle. "Melissa, would you mind terribly if I were to masturbate?" Before Melissa can answer, the dark predator has already grabbed her cock and started to stroke it slowly with one hand.

"That's... that's fine, I guess..." Melissa agrees belatedly. She can feel the motion of Azrael's masturbation vibrating through the thighs beneath her cheek, an erotic rhythm that seems to beat in time with her heart. Or is her heart changing to match the rhythm? "Isn't it a bit late, though? The video's almost done."

"Oh, it's *far* from done." Azrael promises, to Melissa's surprise. The brunette blinks and turns her attention back to the video.

On the screen, Renay has reached the end of her orgasm. White cum has begun to overflow and run down Nicci's thighs, staining the black stockings that Melissa hadn't realized she'd been wearing. "Oh, *fuck*..." The assistant groans, reaching under her stomach to rub her vagina. "I'm glad this place has *amazing* maternity pay. You see this, James? Your wife just got knocked up by a futanari..."

The assistant's cruel rant is interrupted by Renay groaning. "Ugh..." The futanari almost sounds like she's in pain. "Shit, Nicci... I can't... Oh, *fuck*!" As she pulls her cock out of her assistant, allowing a torrent of white cum to splatter down Nicci's black thighs, Renay rubs her stomach with both hands. "Shit... this is bad... I haven't felt like this since uni..."

"Wha... Are you alright, Miss Reilly?" Nicci sounds genuinely confused. "What are you...?"

As the black-skinned woman awkwardly turns to look behind her, Renay is trying to desperately unbutton her business shirt. "F-fuck, I need to get this off before I can... Fuck!" The solicitor is



swearing under her breath. As Nicci tries to stand, Renay notices and quickly reaches over to shove her assistant back down, making the camera shake.

“Ow!” Nicci complains loudly. “What the fuck are you *doing*?!” She rubs her collar with a look of irritation on her beautiful face.

Behind her, Renay finally succeeds in pulling off her shirt, revealing a black bra underneath. As soon as the shirt has been tossed onto the nearby office chair, the solicitor has her hands behind her back, desperately searching for the clasp of her bra. “Shit... It’s not enough... I need more...”

“More *what*?” Nicci has a furious look on her face now. “You just fucking knocked me up! That wasn’t enough for you?” She begins to rub her vagina again. “Fucking hell, if you want a second round, don’t play so rough...”

“Not that!” Renay finds the clasp of her bra and practically tears the garment off her chest. Her breasts bounce as she tosses the bra onto the office chair along with the shirt. “God, I haven’t done this in *so long*...”

“Do *what*?!” The assistant demands again.

Renay hesitates for a moment, and then looks at the camera. Then, she reaches out and picks it up. “Hey, Nicci... can you look at the camera and state that you consent to whatever I do to you?” She then moves the camera directly into Nicci’s face.

The black-skinned woman moves her head back with an irritated look. “Not so *close*, you...” She lets out a long sigh and stares into the camera. “I consent to anything that Renay Reilly does to me. There, is that enough for you?” She looks away from the camera, back at the futanari. “Now, what the *fuck* are you going to-”

Suddenly, the sound cuts out. On the screen, Nicci’s eyes widen as Renay sets the camera back down on the desk... and then grabs her ankles.

Behind Melissa’s neck, Azrael’s masturbation has just sped up considerably. “Ah... this is my *favorite* part...” The dark predator sighs happily.

Melissa can’t resist slipping a hand into her own underwear as Renay opens her mouth wide and begins to swallow her assistant’s feet. Nicci is saying something, a desperate look on her face. She’s trying to make wild gestures with her hands, but Renay’s holding up her legs, making it extremely awkward for Nicci to move. As the brunette begins to rub her vagina, she’s distantly aware that it’s a *bad* idea to do this in Azrael’s presence, but she can no longer resist her desire.

Sure enough, the dark predator notices what she's doing in seconds. Azrael lets go of her own cock and reaches down to seize Melissa's wrist. With a firm tug, she pulls the brunette's hand away from her groin. "If you wish to do *that*, I expect reciprocation..." The dark predator smirked triumphantly.

Melissa really doesn't want to concede that easily, not after the dark predator had been kind enough not to simply force her into bed. But Azrael's dick is barely inches away, and the massive organ is far too tempting to pass up. Sitting up, she sighs in defeat and smiles weakly at Azrael. Daniella should be done and long gone by now, Melissa hopes. "I'm... willing to compromise." She offered the dark predator.

A wide grin stretches across Azrael's face. "As you wish." She gestures to her penis, which seems to throb in acknowledgement. Melissa takes a deep breath and lowers herself down, opening her mouth wide...

Azrael's cock looked large to Melissa's eyes, but that's nothing to how colossal it feels between her lips. Even the head of the predator's penis seems to stretch Melissa's jaw wide. The brunette isn't sure how much blood would be needed to keep this monster erect, but judging by the sheer heat she can feel coming off the cock, it's a *lot*. Luckily, Azrael's masturbation has left the organ absolutely coated in precum.

Melissa had always been partial to the taste of sperm. In her lifetime, she'd probably drunk more of it than anyone she knew, except for maybe Jane back in university. But Azrael's cum is easily the best she's ever tasted. It's a heady, intoxicating taste that *feels* addictive right from the start. Hesitating for a moment, Melissa shifts into a slightly better position and begins to suck the precum off the head of Azrael's cock.

On the screen, Renay has worked her way up to Nicci's thighs. Nicci herself is yelling at her boss, but the solicitor has clearly deliberately removed the audio from this part of the video. Even without sound, it's rather obvious that the assistant isn't *quite* as consenting to being eaten as Renay had coerced her into saying on camera. But it's also obvious that the solicitor doesn't care anymore.

"Ah!" The dark predator lets out a groan of pleasure as Melissa sucks on the head of her penis. "Ah... you're quite the *veteran*, aren't you, Melissa Jones?"

The brunette feels a rare flash of pride. With a wet pop, she spits out the head of Azrael's penis, still glistening but clean of the precum that had been covering it. As Melissa swallows heavily, said precum begins to slide down into the brunette's stomach. "I hope you didn't expect me to be a novice..." She raises an eyebrow at the dark predator. "You're aware that I'm as far from being a virgin as some possibly can be, right?"

"Who do you think you're *talking* to?" Azrael sneers down at her. "Your body count doesn't *begin* to match mine, Melissa Jones." The brunette isn't sure if the predator means how many people

she's slept with or her *literal* bodycount. Either way, it's probably true. "But still... I'm glad to hear it. I won't need to go *easy* on you." Her hand reaches down between Melissa's legs...

"E-easy...?" Melissa feels a hint of fear in her heart, but it's also accompanied by a *lot* of excitement. As Azrael's hand slides into her panties, the brunette shivers in arousal. She can feel the dark predator's strong fingers rubbing her vagina, and the feeling is almost disturbingly good...

Azrael reaches out and grabs the back of Melissa's brown hair with her other hand.. With a firm push, the dark predator forces Melissa back down onto her penis. The brunette is surprised, but also a little excited, to her shame. Thank *god* her gag reflex vanished decades ago. This time, Melissa doesn't limit herself to the head of Azrael's penis. Relaxing her neck muscles, the brunette allows the tip to penetrate deeper and deeper, descending into her throat. Her jaw already feels sore, but that's hardly her biggest concern right now. Even as she feels Azrael's cock enter her throat, the brunette can see that she's only swallowed barely a *quarter* of its length...

Melissa can still see the video out of the corner of her eye. On the screen, Nicci is clawing at the desk, trying to pull herself out of Renay's hungry mouth in vain. Even as the solicitor begins to work her way over her assistant's ample behind, Nicci looks at the camera and makes a desperate attempt to grab it. It's in vain, however, as Renay easily grabs her arm before she can reach it.

As the dark predator continues to rub her pussy, it's curious for Melissa to realize that she's actually watching what New South Wales vore laws would consider outright *murder*. Nicci is blatantly not consenting to being eaten, but Renay clearly won't stop until she's devoured her young assistant against her will. Then again, Nicci stupidly recorded her own verbal consent on camera. That's *probably* not acceptable to most courts, but considering Renay's a solicitor herself, Melissa strongly doubts anyone would try to go up against her in court over this. Nicci's husband certainly wouldn't, Melissa could imagine.

"Ah... more..." Azrael moans triumphantly. "I need *more*." Taking Melissa's head in both hands, she forces more and more of her dick into Melissa's mouth. The brunette is no stranger to this kind of play either, to be honest. Letting her body go limp, Melissa relaxes her throat even further, letting the dark penis plunge deeper and deeper into her mouth. Between her legs, Azrael's fingers move faster and faster.

On the screen, Renay has reached Nicci's breasts. They present no great obstacle to the hungry predator. As more and more of the beautiful obsidian skin slides into the older woman's gullet, Renay reaches out and grabs her assistant's head, hesitating for a moment before pushing down *hard*. Slowly but surely, Nicci is forced inside...

"Ah... Drink my seed, Melissa!" Azrael moans loudly, fondling one of her dark breasts. Her other hand is tangled in Melissa's brown hair. The brunette can feel the dark predator pressing down

on the back of her head, forcing her cock deeper into Melissa's throat. Melissa's certainly not complaining though. At this point, she wants every inch that she can get inside her mouth. As Azrael slips a finger inside Melissa's vagina, the brunette shudders in pleasure.

Out of the corner of her eye, Melissa watches Renay give one final mighty swallow, sucking down Nicci's terrified face and arms. A moment later, the solicitor's belly swells up massively, the obvious shape of her former assistant almost painfully bulging against the skin of her stomach. No wonder Renay had been so desperate to get her shirt and bra off; they would have almost certainly been torn apart.

As Azrael slips a second finger into her, Melissa wants to cry out in pleasure, but there's a mouthful and a half of Azrael in the way. At this point, she can feel the head of the dark predator's cock in her throat, just above her collar bone. Lying on the couch with her head in Azrael's lap, Melissa knows it's now a battle between her and the dark predator to see who will reach orgasm first.

Unsurprisingly, it's Melissa who breaks first. As Azrael's powerful fingers thrust into her wet vagina over and over again, the brunette can feel the orgasm coming. Oh God, it's a *big* one. Azrael really knows what she's doing down there, and Melissa knows that the predator isn't likely to be merciful and slow down, even if Melissa could speak through thirteen inches of meat in her mouth. On the contrary; Azrael begins to speed up as Melissa's pussy begins to quiver, as if she can sense the monstrous wave of pleasure that's about to break...

Melissa tries to brace herself, but she might as well be bracing herself against a truck. As the orgasm explodes inside her vagina, the brunette is utterly helpless against the wave that begins to surge through her entire body. All thought vanishes from her mind, washed away by sheer pleasure. Distantly, she can feel her entire body twitching violently. Even as the orgasm shatters her mind, the brunette continues to suck on Azrael's cock.

A few moments later, Melissa's efforts are finally rewarded. The massive organ in her mouth begins to twitch violently and Azrael lets out a great cry of pleasure. Suddenly, Melissa feels heat in her chest, as cum begins to spray down her throat. It's a little disappointing that she doesn't get to *taste* the monstrous load that's now being fired off inside her, but Melissa can sense that it's probably a *good* thing. The precum had been intoxicating enough, the full load probably would have actually broken Melissa's will entirely.

As Melissa's own orgasm begins to fade, she can still feel Azrael firing off her load inside her throat. God, there's so *much* coming out of the dark penis. Melissa can see Azrael's heavy balls gently pulsing over and over again, eagerly emptying themselves as if they could impregnate Melissa's throat. Then again, if it had been inside her vagina... and she wasn't already pregnant... the brunette would have a hard time imagining that she wouldn't have been knocked up.

After a small eternity, Azrael finally seems to run out of cum. With a sigh of pleasure, she begins to pull Melissa off her cock. The brunette is actually a little grateful for her help, since the dark

organ is so deep inside her throat that she would have actually had trouble getting it out on her own. With a shocking loud pop, the head of the penis finally comes free, and Melissa sucks in a deep breath of air. To her surprise, not a single drop of cum dribbles out of her mouth.

On the screen, Renay is rubbing her squirming stomach, looking more than a little guilty and upset. She looks over at the camera and reaches for it... and then the screen goes black.

“Jesus...” Melissa sits up and touches her stomach, where she can already feel Azrael’s hot load pooling inside her. It was a hell of a meal. Even more disturbingly, she knows that once her stomach is finished digesting Azrael’s sperm, it’s going to become not just nutrients for her, but for the child inside her.

“Glorious...” Azrael breathes loudly, as the woman’s hot breath burns Melissa’s left ear. “A glorious climax to our union... I felt the *Earth shake*.” The dark predator pulls Melissa into her lap, hugging her tightly. Melissa can feel Azrael’s massive cock slapping against her right thigh.

“Fuck...” That had been the best orgasm Melissa had ever had. In her life, the brunette has probably had over a thousand orgasms from sex. But that one just now was the *best*, and the best by a *lot*. Nothing she’d had last night with the other five women had even come close. Not with Jessica, not even with Lindsay. “That was... heavenly...” She admits to Azrael, and she feels the woman smirk as she kisses the back of her head.

“I know that you and I were destined to be together... but that was divine affirmation if I’ve ever felt it... and I *have*.” Slowly, Azrael leans back, and Melissa looks up at the woman. For the first time, there’s a look of deep satisfaction on Azrael’s face, unclouded by pride or smugness. “Yes... this is the feeling I’ve been seeking for so long. God has finally revealed my soulmate, and I have claimed her for my own.”

“S-seeking?” Melissa blinks in confusion. Her vaginal muscles twitch, sending a spurt of cum down both of her legs. “What do you mean...?”

Azrael seems to bask in the moment for a little while, before looking down at Melissa with a smile that seems to be approaching genuine happiness. “Lie down.” She commands, patting her abs. Melissa obediently lays her head down on the dark predator’s stomach, wondering if Azrael is about to start a second round. But instead, the predator simply stares at her with soft golden eyes. “Have you ever felt lonely, Melissa?” Azrael asks, in a curious tone.

“Well... yeah.” All the time. Melissa *was* only human, after all. After a moment, the brunette rolls over slightly, so that she’s facing Azrael. “Have you?” Somehow, the idea of someone like *Azrael* having normal human emotions seems rather bizarre.

“Of course I have.” Azrael seems rather amused by Melissa’s surprise. “For many years... I struggled alone against the sin in this city. I have been chosen by God, but I am not... Well, I *am* superhuman, but even a hero sometimes finds it difficult to fight alone.” Azrael takes a deep

breath, and Melissa feels a heavy hand gently cover her own. "But... I'm not alone anymore, am I?" She asks, giving Melissa a dark smile.

Melissa hates to admit it, but her heart melts at Azrael's smile. "N-no, you're not..." She turns her hand over, and squeezes Azrael's much bigger hand gently. "I'm here now." She smiles back at Azrael. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad, actually...

"I can't wait to fill you with my purpose, Melissa." Azrael's teeth flash, but now it's in an expression of genuine excitement. "I know you love me, but you don't yet *believe* in the way that I do. But you will. I know how to remake someone's mind, and I promise you when I'm done, you'll be just the same as me." Her gaze falls to Melissa's body, eyeing her hungrily. "And your body too. Once I'm done with you, Melissa, you'll be as strong and built as I am. I'll forge you, the way I forged myself. With blood and *meat*."

Melissa shivers at the thought. It's a truly terrifying idea, but part of her loves it. "Y-yes..." She stammers obediently.

"And our children will be the same." Azrael reaches out and touches Melissa's belly, caressing the taut surface with an indulgent grin. "A new generation of *me*, with the beauty of *you*. A chosen family." With a smirk, one of her dark fingers pokes Melissa's belly button. "It's just a shame that Jessica Storm, that thieving whore, got to your womb first. Though I suppose it simply means we'll have to wait a little while before I can breed you properly." She shakes her head. "In the meantime, we will have to prepare for the child's arrival. I'm sure we can convert one of the many rooms into a nursery..."

"You... want to *keep* the child?" Melissa asks, rather dumbfounded. To tell the truth, she'd mostly expected Azrael to ignore the child at best, and at worst... "I didn't think you'd want to have anything to do with..."

"Of course I want to keep the child. She's my true love's blood, is she not?" Azrael raises an eyebrow at Melissa. "Did you think I was going to kill a *child* merely out of jealousy for who her sire is?" Azrael asks with a smirk. "Yes, I admit that it galls me a little that I'll have to wait to get a child inside you, but I won't begrudge you *one* child of your own. If it makes you happy, it makes me happy." Her strong hand caresses Melissa's stomach with astonishing gentleness. "Besides, what better revenge could I take on Jessica Storm than stealing her child and making them my own?"

Melissa hadn't thought of it that way. "You... you're fine with raising this one as your own?" Honestly, in a *best* case scenario, she would have expected Azrael to make her give the child away.

To the brunette's astonishment, the dark predator leans down and kisses her belly softly. "The child is your blood, and even if I *despise* Jessica Storm for impregnating you, the fault is not the child's, is it? Sin is not genetic." She inhales deeply, apparently enjoying the scent of Melissa's

belly. "As proof of my love for you, Melissa, I will make the child into my own daughter." Melissa feels her smirk against her belly. "Jessica Storm will suffer the indignity of having a child of her own blood call *me* 'Mother' instead of her. I will make sure Azrael the Second cares not a single *shred* for her own sire." Azrael smirks at that idea. "How *amusing*. It almost makes me want to spare Jessica's life, if only for that purpose..."

Revenge or not, this was a far better outcome than Melissa had even hoped. "Well... I'm not sure about that name..."

"I am." Azrael cuts in firmly. The dark predator begins to pray, holding her hands together as she stares at the ceiling. "Dear God... I claim this child as my own. I promise she will belong to me utterly, and that I will never allow her to come to harm. Amen." Then, she turns back to Melissa with a smirk. "There... Does that satisfy you, my love?"

"I... it does." Melissa smiles weakly back at Azrael. "Azrael the Second it is, then."

The golden eyes seem to glow with joy. "Wonderful!" Azrael sits up in bed slightly, and reaches over the bedside table. "Now... we can discuss our future family later. You look rather tired, my love." Melissa *did* feel rather tired, actually. Funny how being fingered by an absolute beast of a human sapped your energy. As the light begins to fade, Azrael puts her arms under Melissa's body. To the brunette's shock, the dark predator picks her up in both hands. "Come, let us slumber *together*..."

After a moment's hesitation, Melissa allows herself to be embraced in her powerful arms. The brunette is manhandled with astonishing gentleness, her head resting on top of Azrael's massive breasts like firm pillows. She can feel the muscular woman's body heat pouring into her, like lying against a radiator. It's... actually a disturbingly comfortable position. Melissa can already feel herself getting used to it.

As the dark predator carries her away, Melissa feels her new lover caressing her belly gently. Azrael presses her lips against the top of the brunette's head and kisses her sweetly. Melissa can feel Azrael smiling against her hair. "This night... and all nights to come..." Azrael whispers in the darkness.

This... felt right. Melissa likes this. She's comfortable, she's satisfied. Melissa can feel Azrael's cum inside her, hot and wonderful. She can feel Azrael's powerful and loving embrace around her. She's content. How could she *not* be?

But no matter how many times Melissa tells herself that, it's simply not true.

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"Oh..." Lindsay looks over at the elevator, and up to the hallway ceiling. Daniella had just finished telling her about the layout of Azrael's lair. "Yeah, that... makes sense, actually." She

thinks to herself for a moment. "I assumed we were locked in one of her rooms, but I didn't think that we were *on our own floor*."

"Well, she *is* rich if she lives *here*. Bourgeois predators, am I right?" Daniella smirks to herself. "Yeah, I figured that out when I'd reached this floor from climbing up the elevator shaft."

The redhead looks around, licking her lips. "Guess this whole floor must be her rape dungeon. Lucky bitch. If I wanted to rape someone, I'd have to convert, like, one of my bedrooms or something."

Daniella chuckles at that. "Yeah, I escaped from a place like this once. There's probably a whole-ass other person's apartment built around these rooms, to keep it a secret." After all, it was only accessible from Azrael's personal elevator apparently. "Wonder if she, like, poached it from a serial killer or drug dealer or something?"

"Perks of being a cop, right?" Lindsay winks at Daniella. Then, the redhead sighed. "So... Now what? You got a plan to get us upstairs?"

"Well... no." Daniella admitted. "But we should probably explore everything here before we do anything else, right?" Daniella looks at the other metal door. For some reason, her stomach shivers when she looks at it. Like there's something... *bad* behind it. Maybe dangerous or even lethal. Standing up, she walks over to the door and tests the handle. It's unlocked, surprisingly, so she tentatively pulls the door open. "Anything dangerous in this... Oh, fuck."

Lindsay stands up and peers around the corner, her eyes widening. "Oh, *fuck*."

Faces line the walls of the small room. Some are pictures, the faces contorted in terror. Some look like they've been stolen from social media. Others are just crude drawings. Under each picture is a scrawled name. *Melena Brown*. *Destiny Goodman*. *Ellie Mussington*. On the far side of the room is a desk, piled high with folders and loose items. No Jessica, though Daniella's honestly a little thankful that she's not in *this* room.

"What the fuck *is* this room?" Lindsay asks, as she takes a step inside, looking around at the pictures. "This looks like some serial killer shit from the movies."

Daniella stares around the room, gulping nervously. "Yeah, *bad* vibes from this room." Walking over to the desk, she picks up the top folder, opening it up. "Looks like... some police personnel files?" There's some tissues and what looks like a flashlight on the desk. The sex toy is half-destroyed, from the looks of it. Clearly this is somewhere someone likes to whack off. Kinda hot, actually. Daniella looks back at the personnel file. "Have you ever heard of someone called 'Samantha Hoffman'?" Some random cop, from the looks of it.

"Nope." Lindsay is still looking around at the pictures. "Never heard of..." Her eyes fall on one particular picture. "Oh, *shit*."



“Huh? What is it?” Daniella puts down the personnel file. She looks over at Lindsay, who’s reaching out for one of the pictures. “Someone you know?”

“Not exactly…” The redhead pulls a picture off the wall and holds it up. “But I recognize her. She was the bouncer at the Rainbow Serpent. Apparently she went missing a few days ago…” Lindsay’s eyes widen as she makes the connection. She drops the picture, looking around the room with horror. “Jesus Christ… are these *all* people she’s *eaten*?”

There’s at least two hundred pictures lining the walls of the room. Daniella steps back, to take in the full horror of it all. “Holy *shit*…” This room isn’t just an archive. It’s a mausoleum. And from the looks of the broken fleshlight, Azrael likes to jerk off to the faces of her victims here. “Holy *shit*…” It’s disturbing for sure, but Daniella can’t think of a more erotic place that she’d ever been in her vore-loving life.

Lindsay stands next to her, looking around as well. “Wow!” She says admiringly. “No wonder she’s got such big muscles.” The redhead giggles to herself for a moment.

“Are you serious? This isn’t fucking *funny*!” Daniella shoots Lindsay an incredulous look. “These people are fucking *dead*.” She tries to keep a straight face for a moment, and then starts to chuckle herself. “Nah, it’s honestly kinda hot…” Daniella pictures her own face on the wall, sealed in this room for the dark predator to pleasure herself to…

“Yeah, I already knew you’re a prey, so don’t surprise me that this room makes you gush.” Lindsay smirks at Daniella, and walks over to the desk. “This shit must be the trophies that she kept from her meals.” Picking up a necklace, the redhead nods admiringly, and then raises an eyebrow. “Still, didn’t have Azrael pegged for someone dumb enough to keep a trophy room.”

Daniella shrugs. “She’s a predator. You guys do this kinda shit all the time.” If she had a dollar for every time she’d been inside a predator’s trophy room, she’d have, like, seven dollars. “Never seen one with *this* many victims before, though.” Pulling out her phone, the tiny prey begins taking photos of the pictures, and then the personnel files.

Lindsay looks around the room some more, and then shrugs to herself. “Oookay…” She admires the room for another moment, and then shrugs. “Now what?”

To be honest, Daniella is a bit torn on what to do next. The plan had been for Melissa to distract Azrael while the tiny prey slipped in and broke Jessica and Lindsay out. But the whole multiple floors thing had kinda screwed that. The tiny prey has no way to get to the upper floor, it seems, and it had just been sheer luck that she’d even gotten to this one. Daniella would love to push her luck even further, but she genuinely can’t see a way to do that at all.

“No idea.” The tiny prey admits. “You got any ideas?”

Lindsay thinks for a moment. “Well, I’d love to go and stick it to that bitch, but I couldn’t get the elevator working if I tried. Don’t seem to be a fire escape either. Isn’t that, like, a safety violation?” She grimaces. “I hate to say it, but... Jess told me to escape on my own if I could.”

Daniella hates to admit it, but the redhead’s probably right. They didn’t have any way to the upper floor, unless Azrael decided to come down here. And if that happened, they’d just end up as faces on this room’s walls, wouldn’t they? Still, it didn’t quite sit right with Daniella. “So, what? Just leave Jess and... just leave her here?”

Lindsay balls her hands into fists, and takes a deep breath. “Fuck!” She groans, trying to not make too much noise. “Look. There’s no fucking way I’m leaving.” She stands up slowly, and then cracks her knuckles. “We leave, Jess dies. She’s tough, but Azrael’s a fucking *monster*. I’m *not* abandoning her to that shitty fate.”

“Wait, didn’t you just say she told you to...?” Daniella begins, but the redhead shakes her head.

“Yeah, I’m breaking a promise. So fuckin’ what?” Lindsay sneers at the idea. “When we’ve rescued her, I’ll say sorry by sucking her dick!” She looks over at Daniella. “You with me, little goblin?”

Fuck, what kind of a question was that? “Hell yeah!” Daniella gives her a thumbs up. “Let’s go pick a fight we probably can’t win!”

“Thank... I guess.” Lindsay rolls her eyes and then touches her belly, with a twinge of guilt on her face. “Sorry, little one. But your mum’s not a coward. And neither are you, right?”

“That’s good, cause I just totally had a crazy idea...” Pulling up Elsa’s phone number, the tiny prey sends the pictures she just took. Then, to Natasha’s number, she sends some instructions. It’ll be tough for the cute young girl, but Daniella suspects that Natasha’s tougher than she looks. She’ll have to be. Tapping her headset, Daniella calls up Elsa.

A moment later, she hears the call picked up. “Hey, what the fuck, you little asshole?!” Elsa’s voice immediately bursts through the line. “You fucking say you’re in danger, and then you disconnect the fucking call? We’ve been worried sick down here!”

Oops. Daniella kinda just forgot about that. “Hey, don’t yell at me, I’m just a little girl! You gonna have beef with a silly little girl?” She winks at Lindsay, and covers the microphone with her hand. “These are the girls who fucked your girlfriend last night, by the way.” The redhead smirks at that. Then, Daniella uncovers the microphone. “I’m reporting that I’ve found Lindsay Smith.”

“You little... wait, really?” Elsa’s voice turns to excitement. “You really found them?”

“Not Jessica, just Lindsay. Apparently, Azrael moved her.” Daniella frowns, feeling a little unhappy about that. Then, she perks up. “Oh, but we found something real interesting! Check your phone!”

There’s a moment of silence, and then Elsa speaks again, sounding confused. “I... you sent me some pictures, but I don’t know what I’m... Oh. Oh *God*.” In the background, the tiny prey can hear someone farting loudly.

“Yup.” Daniella says cheerfully. “Two hundred dead, zero found. We’re dealing with a serial killer! Isn’t that awesome?”

“I wouldn’t call it...” Elsa sighs loudly. “Excuse me a moment...” There’s the sound of the van door opening wide. “Sofia, can you fucking keep the shitting down to a dull fucking roar? I’m on the phone, doing mission stuff!”

“This *is* mission stuff, you skinhead freak.” Sofia growls right back at her. “You’ve got a lotta nerve for someone with a load of my cum sloshing around in her belly... wait, is that Daniella?” There’s the sound of a headset being ripped off someone’s head. “Daniella...” Sofia’s voice is almost murderous. “You’re *alive*. Good to know.”

Daniella smirks. “Hey babe, were you worried? Don’t worry, your cute little wife is just fine! I’ll give you a nice romantic kiss when I get back down there, okay?”

“H-hey, give that back... I need it!” Elsa complains in the background. Sofia lets out a grunt of disgust, and then there’s the sound of the headset being tossed back. “Oh man...” Elsa sounds a little unsettled as the sound of farting starts back up again. “She... she looks really mad, Dani...”

“She loves me, don’t worry about it.” Daniella knows that she’ll figure out how to deal with *that* furious predator later. Like she always does. Putting her phone between her ear and her shoulder, the tiny prey cracks her knuckles. “So... you know how I gave you the phone list of all my influencer friends? Rika Montezuma, Cynthia Whelken, Monique Dubois, all them?”

“Yeah, I do... Oh shit.” Elsa seems to realize what Daniella’s plan is. “You want me to send this to *them*? Geez, are you sure about that? I don’t think that’s what Melissa had in mind...”

Daniella looks up at Lindsay. “What do you think, sexy?”

The redhead’s eyes narrow. “Do it. Fuck her.” She smirks to herself for a moment, and then hurriedly corrects herself. “A-Azrael, I mean. Not Melissa.”

“I don’t know... Have you really thought this through, Dani?” Elsa sounds more than a little dubious. “Azrael could get really, *really* angry. And she’s got the whole police force under her...”

"Of *course* I thought this through, Elsa! I know what I'm doing!" Daniella lies. "Melissa had a lot of ideas, but a plan's gotta be fluid if it's gonna work. If we've got evidence, we should show the whole city!" Yeah, this was a *bad* fucking idea. Daniella Coven wouldn't live her life any other way. "Melissa would love the idea." She lies again. "Send it out, beautiful."

"Well... I trust you, Daniella." Elsa says after a moment. "Padma, you call these numbers and I'll call the others, okay?" In the background, she hears Padma happily agree. "What are you gonna-"

Daniella disconnects the call. Everything was going according to plan. *Her* plan, of course. Not Melissa's. The tiny prey had enough experience to know that a plan never survives contact with a predator. No, she would wing it. Just like always.

"So..." Lindsay looks around. "Now what? No way up or down for us, so I guess we're kinda stranded..."

In the meantime, Daniella is stuck down here with a horny predator. Just the way she likes it. She stuffs her phone back into her pocket, and looks around. "Oh, I can think of some things." The tiny prey reaches over to the desk and pulls open one of the drawers, revealing a set of large dildos. Daniella holds up a long black dildo. "There's a couple in Azrael's size, I think..."

"No need to dirty *two* dildos." Lindsay says with a wink. Taking the black dildo from Daniella, she then pauses and watches as the tiny prey picks up the half-destroyed fleshlight in the desk. "What the heck are you doing?"

Daniella peers into the ruined sex toy. "Hmm... Some leftover cum in here, I think." As cum begins to drip out of the fleshlight, the tiny prey dips her finger into it and tastes the white liquid. "Mmm! Still pretty warm! Can't be more than a couple hours old." Daniella gets an even *worse* idea. She reaches into her toolbelt, rifling around with her tongue sticking out of her mouth. "I'm pretty sure I've got something like a turkey baster in here..."

"A... what?" Lindsay blinks a few times, and then a wicked smile spreads across her face. "Jesus, you're a fucking degenerate little goblin..." She rolls her eyes. "A fucking *turkey baster*? In here? You must be fucking stup-"

"Found one!" To Lindsay's shock, Daniella actually does pull something that looks rather like a turkey baster from her tool belt. On closer inspection, it looks like a small phallic device, probably *normally* used for artificial insemination. Why exactly *Daniella* has one in her tool belt in the first place is a disturbing and kinda erotic question. Maybe she'd intended to use it as a sex toy?

"You... you're one fucking crazy little prey." Lindsay quickly snatches the device from her hands. "Alright, you little freak. Let's do a little science experiment while we wait..." Pushing Daniella

back onto the desk, the redhead grabs the half-destroyed flashlight and begins to unzip the tiny prey's shorts...

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Hours later, Melissa opens her eyes. To tell the truth, it doesn't make much difference. Her new bedroom is almost pitch black, especially at this hour of the night. Melissa isn't sure what time it is now, save that it's past sundown.

In the darkness, Melissa can hear the dark predator in the bed next to her, snoring loudly. The sound of Azrael's voice should be soothing, Melissa knows. But she can't help but feel a little uncomfortable. It's too loud and too deep for her to get used to. The brunette's slept next to many people before, but Azrael's a far heavier presence beside her than Melissa has ever felt before.

After their mutual orgasms while watching the vore porn video in the home cinema, Azrael had carried Melissa up to her new bedroom. To Melissa's surprise, the dark predator hadn't made any attempt to further seduce her. As soon as she'd laid Melissa down in the bed, Azrael had simply climbed into bed next to her and fallen asleep almost instantly. Apparently, she felt much more comfortable in bed with Melissa than vice versa.

Melissa stares upward, at the vague outline of the ceiling above her. As comfortable as the bed is, she just can't seem to get into a position that sits right with her. Azrael is a heavy woman, and the mattress seems to warp under her weight. Melissa constantly feels like she's being pulled by gravity toward Azrael, as the bed awkwardly bends downward toward the dark predator. Even if Melissa could get properly comfortable, her brain is still far too active to let her sleep.

Has Daniella managed to free Lindsay and Jessica yet? Melissa hopes so. The little prey had made grand promises of how easy it would be, and the brunette knows that Daniella has a great deal of experience in getting in and out of predator's lairs. But Azrael's no ordinary predator. Worse, even if she could fully trust Daniella to escape with the two, the lack of confirmation is almost painful in Melissa's mind. If Daniella fails, then Azrael won't tolerate a second attempt, Melissa knows. Lindsay and Jessica will certainly be eaten alive, along with Daniella. And possibly even Melissa herself.

But there's a deeper question that weighs heavily on Melissa's mind. Her plan to get Lindsay and Jessica had hinged on the idea that she was willing to sacrifice herself to win their freedom. That had been all well and good in the desperate moments of planning after the two had been kidnapped, but now the reality of the situation is becoming clearer and clearer to Melissa.

Is Melissa *truly* willing to live like this? As Azrael's lover and broodmare? As erotic as the idea *sounded*, there's more than a few practical concerns. Melissa's in her late twenties. Was she really content to lock in her future for the next few *decades* this easily?

And could she trust Azrael? The dark predator loves her, Melissa knows that with certainty. But her love was aggressive and possibly even dangerous. Melissa can already sense that Azrael's desire to keep her promise about not harming Lindsay and Jessica is tenuous at best. The dark predator is clearly *itching* to kill both of them. And who's to say Azrael would stop there? Anyone that Melissa's even tangentially related to could be in danger. And that's not even considering whoever she could meet in the future.

And considering the future... how would Azrael treat her? Melissa knew that the dark predator had no desire to *harm* her, at least directly, but somehow she couldn't imagine Azrael being okay with Melissa having friends or even meeting new people. It was entirely possible that the dark predator would confine her to the apartment.

But the worst part is... Azrael is clearly *unstable*. Even if she agreed to let Melissa have some freedom or not harm Melissa's friends, there's no guarantee that she wouldn't change her mind...

Suddenly, Melissa hears a distant sound. The apartment is relatively quiet, with only the distant sounds of the city echoing through the windows of the bedroom. But the brunette can hear... something. A rhythmic noise of some kind, echoing distantly. Melissa tilts her head, trying to listen.

It almost sounds like someone banging on a door. The more Melissa listens, the more convinced she is that that's what the sound is. Someone is hammering on one of the doors of the apartment. And if someone else was in the apartment...

Then Daniella hadn't escaped with Lindsay and Jessica. Either the tiny prey's still trying to escape, or she's failed to bring one or both of the two with her.

Gently, Melissa turns to look at the heavy shape of Azrael next to her. The dark predator is still snoring loudly, apparently ignoring the distant sound. Perhaps she's grown used to such a sound over her lifetime, Melissa realizes with a shudder.

The brunette knows she has two choices now. She can stay with Azrael and ignore the sound, or she can go and help... whoever that is.

The choice is far easier than Melissa had expected.

Climbing out of the bed without disturbing the slumbering predator beside her, Melissa stands up and stretches in the darkness. For a moment, Azrael stops snoring and the brunette freezes in place, already fabricating an excuse that she's going to the bathroom. But a moment later, another snore echoes from Azrael's throat, to Melissa's relief.

Tiptoeing over to the outline of the door, Melissa knows she doesn't really have a plan for what to do next. But the plan she'd had in mind is already in tatters, so maybe winging it was a better option. Daniella had claimed that it always worked for her, though Melissa imagined a lot of people had claimed the same thing until it *didn't*.

Gently grabbing the bedroom's door handle, Melissa's fingers touch something thin and metallic. A key in the lock. The brunette hadn't noticed it earlier and she's more than a little surprised to find it. Azrael *should* have removed it, but Melissa wonders if it had simply slipped the dark predator's mind when Melissa had arrived earlier than expected. Whatever the reason, the brunette gratefully takes the key, slipping it into her palm and quietly opening the door.

Closing the door behind her, Melissa is careful not to close it fully, leaving a slight gap between the door and the doorframe to prevent the loud clicking sound. To her relief, there's a decent amount of light in the hallway, as the moonlight shines down on the skylight in the center of the apartment. Listening out again, Melissa hears the distant banging sound coming from downstairs, and turns toward the stairs.

It takes Melissa a painfully long time to find the room. The banging sound is muffled and isn't consistent, and every time it cuts out, Melissa has to wait for it to start up again to search. The apartment is also annoyingly large, and the brunette wonders what the hell Azrael even *does* with all this space, other than show off.

Finally, Melissa finds the right door. It's at the end of a long hallway that has a long window along one side, showing off an impressive view of the city skyline. In the distance, Melissa is stunned to see the first embers of dawn. She must have fallen asleep without realizing it at some point.

The door shakes slightly, as the person inside tries to force it open. Looking around nervously, Melissa quietly taps back on the door, and the person inside seems to subside. Swallowing nervously, Melissa squints as she tries to slip the key into the lock, praying that it fits. To her eternal relief, it does. With a click, she opens the door.

The room is small, barely big enough to be a closet. Inside, there's someone sitting against the back wall. The room is dark and the light from the hallway makes the person's blonde hair flash like lightning...

Jessica Storm looks up slowly, her face etched with defiance. The futanari is completely naked, but she seems completely unconcerned about it. "Back again, are you? Couldn't keep away from me, can y- Melissa?!" Jessica's eyes widen in shock as she sees the brunette standing over her.

"Jessica!" Melissa feels her heart soar, as if she's just let out a breath she's been holding for a long time. Jessica's alive. She's probably not *unharm*ed, but she's alive. "Oh my god..." Melissa

steps inside the room and crouches down. Throwing her arms around the futanari, the brunette hugs her tightly.

“Melissa...” Jessica sighs in relief. “I... I’d hug you back, but...” There’s a clinking sound, and Melissa looks down to see that Jessica’s hands are bound by a set of metal handcuffs. “What are you doing here, Melissa?”

The brunette sighs. That’s... a difficult question to answer. “I turned myself over to Azrael in exchange for your safety.” But even as Melissa’s glad to see the futanari, she feels alarmed as well. “Where’s Lindsay?” She asks fearfully. “She’s not...”

Jessica quickly shakes her head. “She’s downstairs, I think. Azrael separated us earlier.”

That must have been what Azrael was doing when Melissa was in the bath! Melissa almost groans at the realization. “We... we can find her.” Melissa closes her eyes and tries to think. “First, we need to get out of here...”

“No, Melissa...” The futanari groans softly. “If you’re here... go back to Azrael. I can find my own way out.” Despite Jessica’s words, she’s clearly in no state to do that. “If I die, I die. I don’t want you and Lindsay dying for my sake.”

Melissa doesn’t even hesitate. “Fuck *that*.” She growls, and Jessica looks up at her in shock. “You might not care if you die, but there’s plenty of people who *do*, Jessica.” God, it’s good to see her face. Melissa had felt... lost inside of Azrael. Now, she felt like she was returning to sanity. “This... we shouldn’t have to sacrifice ourselves for other people’s happiness. I want us all to be happy together!”

“Melissa...” The brunette is alarmed to see a few tears in Jessica’s eyes. The lightning-haired woman is usually stoic, but these last few days of imprisonment must have taken their toll. “I love you...”

Feeling her heart flutter, the brunette blushes. “I... I love you too, Jessica.” She really does, she realizes. God, what a mess this was. Leaning down, Melissa kisses the futanari on the lips. It’s only a momentary kiss, but it seems to shock Jessica out of her defeatist reverie. Shaking her head, Melissa grabs the lightning-haired woman’s shoulders. “Come on, we need to get out of...”

**“Is that so?”** A dark voice echoes behind Melissa.

The brunette closes her eyes, and she feels her heart leap. Letting go of Jessica, Melissa stands up and turns. “A-Azrael?”



The dark predator is standing in the hallway. Despite the light of the dawn behind her, Azrael looks like a living shadow. Only her golden eyes glow in the darkness that is her face. "Melissa." Her deep voice is terrifyingly calm. "What are you doing?"

Melissa swallows nervously, but she doesn't flinch back. For the first time today, she's somewhat proud of herself for that. "Azrael. You *know* what I'm doing."

The golden eyes vanish for a moment, as the dark predator sighs. "Despite everything I've done for you. Despite everything I've *given* you... you still choose this... *woman*?" The last word is directed at Jessica and tinged with such hatred that Melissa's heart shivers.

"I can't be your soulmate, Azrael." Melissa's voice doesn't waver. "Part of me loves you, I know. But you'd make me your slave, even if you weren't *trying* to." She looks deep into the golden eyes, despite the terror in her heart. "Please, let us go."

"You are my soulmate." Azrael says, with terrifying certainty. Azrael's voice is soft, but Melissa can hear a hint of bitterness. In this moment, the brunette can feel the full power of the dark predator's anger. It's enough to make her feel dizzy. "You weren't ready to open your mind. I was blinded by love. I won't make the same mistake again..."

"W-wait..." Melissa began, but suddenly Azrael took a step toward her, painfully seizing her brown hair. Jessica let out a shout of alarm as she watched Azrael brutally grab Melissa. In the dark predator's grip, Melissa could only whimper as Azrael effortlessly pulled her closer. She looked up and the golden eyes bore into her, shining brightly and somehow without a hint of warmth. "Wait!" She cried out. Was Azrael going to eat her?!

The dark predator seems to be considering it for a long moment. But then, she sighs and her eyes narrow. "I was stupid to think you could be won over by the truth so easily. This *whore*..." She growled the last word in such a hateful tone that Melissa couldn't help but shudder. "...has corrupted your mind too much. I should never have left her alive..."

"P-please..." Melissa begs, painfully aware that the furious predator can simply kill her right here and now if she wished. Literally nothing could stop her. "You're hurting me..."

That seems to do the trick, to the brunette's surprise. Azrael glares at her for another long moment, and then releases her. Melissa stumbles backward, holding her hair as her scalp begins to ache. "I..." Azrael glares at Melissa's stomach. "I am your soulmate, Melissa. You *belong* to me. So does the child inside you. If you won't give yourself to me as long as your *friends* are alive, then I'll *kill* them and take you by force. In the end, the result will be the same by the time the child's born."

Melissa feels her stomach drop, as Azrael's monstrous gaze turns to Jessica. "W-wait...!" She tries to stand between the two, but she knows that this will present barely any barrier to the enraged predator. "Don't hurt her!"

Behind Melissa, Jessica stands up, furiously straining against her handcuffs. “You piece of... I’ll fucking kill you if you touch her like that again...!”

With a powerful shove, Azrael pushes Melissa aside easily, forcing the brunette into the wall. It’s not painful, but it certainly isn’t gentle. Jessica tries to take a step forward, but suddenly there’s a dark blur in the air, and the lightning-haired woman doubles over with a choking sound. Azrael punched her in the stomach, Melissa realizes.

The dark predator glares down at Jessica. The pornstar rolls over, clutching her stomach and trying to speak, but she’s too winded to do so. All Jessica can do is glare up at Azrael, her eyes hateful.

But Azrael is only amused by her hatred. Smirking, the dark predator kicks Jessica in the stomach, causing the lightning-haired woman to cough up spit for a moment. “You fucking scum...” The dark predator growls. “God made you as a challenge for me to overcome. You exist for *no* other reason. I will enjoy killing you in front of Melissa so, so much, Jessica Storm.” Then, the dark predator turns to Melissa. “Where are your *other* friends?” She demands in a murderous tone.

“Other friends?” Melissa tries to make the question sound absurd. She really does. But the dark predator is having none of it.

“Don’t treat me more like a fool than you already *have*, Melissa Jones.” Azrael snarls, and Melissa is amazed to see tears in the dark predator’s eyes. “You wanted to spring her from here, and what? *Walk* home?” She shakes her head. “No, you had accomplices.”

Melissa glares defiantly at the dark predator. “I wouldn’t tell you if I did or didn’t.”

Azrael’s hands curl into fists, and the brunette feels a wave of fear wash over her. Then, the dark predator sighs. “Very well. You can pretend, up until you see me *digesting* them.” She turns back to Jessica, giving the pornstar a scornful look. “You can watch too, whore. You deserve far more than a quick death, as much as I’d like to *crush* your *skull* right here and now.” Jessica’s face pales slightly at that, but her eyes still remain defiant. “But you can die soon enough, *after* you’ve watched me eat all your friends and lovers.”

“Bitch...” Jessica grimaces, a trail of spit leaking out onto the carpet.

But Azrael has had enough, it seems. Turning, the dark predator opens the door and begins to step out... but then she hesitates. Closing the door again, Azrael turns back to Melissa. “One more thing...”

The dark predator is upon her faster than Melissa would have believed. Forcing her back, Azrael flips the brunette over, pressing Melissa’s face into the wall. “What are you...?” Melissa

chokes out, as she feels Azrael's powerful fingers around the back of her neck. "N-no, don't...!" She begs, as she realizes what the dark predator is doing.

With a metallic click, Azrael undoes the heavy necklace that hangs around Melissa's collar. With a painful yank, Melissa feels the reassuring weight around her neck vanish.

Letting go of Melissa, Azrael takes a step back, admiring the necklace in her hand. As Melissa slumps to the ground, the dark predator puts the necklace on. "This..." She snarls, as the familiar click of the necklace rings out, "...belongs to *me* now. Even when you've proven your loyalty, Melissa Jones, you will *never* have this necklace back. It will be a symbol of your own failure." Touching the ruby that now adorns the back of her dark neck, Azrael smirks smugly.

Melissa can only watch helplessly as Azrael turns and slams the door shut behind her.

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Taking a deep breath, the dark predator bitterly wipes a few tears out of her eyes. Betrayal always hurts, but this one is particularly stinging. She'd offered Melissa the world, but the brunette had chosen to help the blonde whore instead. Foolish. Azrael would correct that lack of intelligence.

In truth, Azrael slowly realized, the painful betrayal changed little. Melissa had strayed from the path of loyalty because of her friends. Her soulmate had mistaken the fleeting lust she had for Lindsay Smith and Jessica Storm for love. Once those two and all her friends were *dead*, Azrael would be the only one she had left. It was a simple setback, nothing more.

Jessica Storm and Melissa were safely contained in that room for now. Melissa wasn't strong enough and the whore was too battered enough to break out. Lindsay Smith was below, but she had no exit even if she got out of her room, which Azrael somewhat expected her to eventually. She could deal with all of them at her leisure.

The main problem right now was whoever Melissa had foolishly brought along as part of her escape plan. Azrael knew more than a few crooked cops in the force that she could rely on to make annoying people disappear, usually through gastric methods. But she wasn't in the mood for that today.

The hallway is lined on one side by a long window that spans its entire length, giving Azrael a stunning view of the sun rising over the city. As the dark predator passes by, her nose picks up just a *hint* of something interesting. Stopping in her tracks, Azrael unlocks the window and pushes it open slightly. She takes a long whiff.

Poop. Someone's taken a crap, and recently. Azrael sniffs again. And not just *any* poop. Those are human remains. The dark predator's intimately acquainted with the scent.

Azrael leans out of the window and looks down. Far below, she can see a tiny white van parked in the alleyway beside the building. Odd that someone would be parked there at this time of night. Especially considering it had been parked there when Melissa arrived...

The dark predator teeth flash as she grins murderously. **"I see you..."**

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(End of Part SIXTEEN)

**Status of Characters at the End of Part SIXTEEN:**

| <b><u>Name:</u></b>   | <b><u>Status:</u></b> | <b><u>Relationship:</u></b>              | <b><u>Finances:</u></b>                                 | <b><u>Fertility:</u></b> | <b><u>Activity:</u></b>   |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|--|---|--------------------------|---|
| <b>Melissa Jones</b>  | Alive                 | "It's complicated."                      | Wealthy   | Pregnant (Jessica)       | Very happy to be reunited with Jessica Storm, even if it's as a prisoner.   |
| <b>Lindsay Smith</b>  | Alive                 | In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?) | Wealthy   | Pregnant (Tiffany)       | Currently trying to jam a home insemination device up Daniella's cunt. Not something she expected to be doing today, but hey, why the fuck not?                 |
| <b>Azrael Tueuer</b>  | <b>!Frenzy!</b>       | In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?) | Opulently wealthy                                       | Very Virile              | Angry, hungry and feeling betrayed. Someone's about to feel the brunt of her fury and it's not going to be pretty. Or non-fatal...                              |
| <b>Jessica Storm</b>  | Alive (for now)       | In a relationship with Melissa Jones (?) | Opulently wealthy (not that it's helping at the moment) | Very Virile              | Trapped, and at the mercy of a dark predator. Unlike Melissa, she can expect no form of mercy once the dark predator returns. But at least she's not alone now. |
| <b>Natasha Birch</b>  | <b>!Danger!</b>       | Has a crush on Melissa Jones             | Broke   | Fertile                  | Wondering why no-one's taken over her shift for watching the lobby. Unfortunately for her, she's standing right in Azrael's warpath...                          |
| <b>Daniella Coven</b> | Alive                 | Single                                   | Opulently wealthy                                       | <b>!Danger!</b>          | Trying to knock herself up with leftover Azrael sperm. This prey likes to gamble, but these are odds she's almost certainly going to lose...                    |
| <b>Sofia Santiago</b> | <b>!Danger!</b>       | Has a crush on Daniella Coven            | Wealthy   | Virile                   | Currently taking photos of Elsa getting her cock sucked by Padma. But a very nasty interruption is coming her way...  |
| <b>Elsa</b>           | <b>!Danger!</b>       | In a relationship with Padma             | Poor  | Virile                   | Currently having her photo taken by Sofia. But a very nasty interruption is coming her way...   |
| <b>Padma</b>          | <b>!Danger!</b>       | In a relationship with Elsa              | Broke   | ???                      | Currently sucking Elsa's cock on camera. But a very nasty interruption is coming her way...   |