

Melissa's belly gurgles loudly as she snores. As Lindsay listens to her best friend's belly, she likes to imagine that, unlike the person it's attached to, Melissa's stomach is simply delighted to be enjoying so much meat inside it. It certainly *sounds* happy.

"Yeah, you go ahead and sleep." Lindsay gingerly sits up in bed and grabs her phone. "I'm gonna go and sort out a couple of problems for you." This was gonna be annoying, but she wouldn't dream of not helping out her best friend.

The snoring brunette doesn't wake up as the topless red-head gingerly rises from the bed, and looks around. Melissa had said that the woman, Talia, had hidden her phone, but there weren't a lot of places to hide something in a hotel room. Chances were, if she'd hidden the phone somewhere, she'd also hidden something else useful there too. At least, assuming that Talia hadn't stuffed the device up her butt or something. But that seemed unlikely.

A few minutes later, Lindsay gets lucky. Opening a random drawer near the door, she finds Melissa's phone buried under what looks like a dress jacket, along with a couple of keycards for the door. Exactly what Lindsay had been looking for. The jacket had probably belonged to Talia, but it seemed unlikely that she would complain much about Lindsay stealing it at this point. After depositing the phone and one of the keycards in the bathroom next to Melissa's clothes, Lindsay puts on the dress jacket to cover her boobs, and pockets the other keycard.

"Back soon, bae." She says softly in Melissa's direction, and opens the door to the hotel room. As she carefully closes the door, the red-head blows a kiss in Melissa's direction. A few moments later, she presses the button for the elevator, which dings almost instantly. The red-head presses the button for the lobby, and the doors close with a sleek swish.

Now for the... difficult part. In Lindsay's experience, the police in Sydney rarely cared much about vore-related crimes. Though non-consensual vore was legally considered a form of murder, actual prosecutions for eating someone was uncommon, usually due to most physical evidence being destroyed by stomach acid. Cops liked an easy solve, in Lindsay's experience. If the trail to Talia's disappearance led straight to a hotel room with Melissa in it, even a *cop* would be able to figure out what had happened, and there was a good chance her best friend might get in trouble.

No, better to throw them off Melissa's trail slightly. Once the trail became a little convoluted, Lindsay had no doubt that the average cop would quickly toss the case straight into the 'cold cases' pile, and it would never get looked at ever again. There were thousands of similar cases, and cops just didn't have the resources or interest in actually trying to find the culprits. Besides, Lindsay thought the law was stupid to begin with. In her opinion, predators should be able to end people's lives without any kind of legal penalty.

Well, maybe one day society would evolve enough to get rid of stupid murder laws, but not yet. So, Lindsay had to... fudge some information. It wasn't the first time she'd done something like this, but it's been quite a while.

The elevator doors ding open and the red-head looks around, seeing no-one but the receptionists from earlier in the lobby. Not surprising considering the that would make things a lot easier. Lindsay approaches the front desk. "Excuse me..." she says to one of the receptionists.

The receptionist looks up, looking a little irritated. "Yes, can I help you?" She scratches her short blonde hair. "Did you have trouble finding the room your... friend was in?"

"Ah, no. I found it just fine, thanks." Lindsay isn't quite sure how to broach this topic. "Um... I'm actually having a different problem. It's a bit... private." The receptionist looks a little mystified by Lindsay's words. Time to turn on the charm, the red-head thinks to herself. "And I just thought, there's a pretty receptionist who seems reliable enough to help me..."

There's a pause, as the receptionist looks Lindsay up and down for a moment. Then, she sighs, tucking a strand of yellow hair behind her ear. "My job is to help our guests with whatever they need." Placing her elbow on the reception desk, she leans forward and lowers her voice so that only Lindsay can hear. "What do you need?"

Lindsay thinks for a moment, trying to find the right words. After a moment, she leans in and lowers her voice as well. "Well, I assume your hotel keeps records of guests arriving, right?"

The receptionist raises an eyebrow. "Naturally."

"What about when they leave?" The red-head tries to sound nonchalant, but it's clear that the receptionist isn't quite fooled by it.

"When a guest checks out, we log it on the computer." The receptionist points to the monitor in front of her. "Are you looking for someone who's checked out?"

"No, not really." Lindsay looks down at the computer. Now, there's a certain art to this process... "So, you can just type in their information to say they've left?" She gives the computer a meaningful look.

The receptionist's bright blue eyes narrow. "Ah. I see what you're getting at." Leaning back, she sighs deeply. There's a bit of frustration on her face as she turns to look at the other receptionist at the desk. "Matsuda, is the manager around?"

The other receptionist, a young-looking Asian girl, looks up from her computer. "Oh! Um..." It's clear that she wasn't paying attention to anything other than the game of Solitaire on her screen. "Uh, no, sorry! She left early today."

“Again? Must be nice...” The blonde receptionist stands up from her chair. “Okay, hold down the fort for a little while, then. I need to help this customer with a problem.” Lindsay blinks with surprise as the receptionist walks around the desk, and beckons to her.

“Huh?” Matsuda looks irritated. “There’s supposed to be two people at the desk! You can’t just leave! Sunny!” She calls after the blonde receptionist, but Sunny just waves dismissively at her.

Lindsay follows the blonde woman, still feeling slightly confused as to what’s going on. “You don’t need to get your manager involved in my, uh, problem.”

“I wasn’t trying to get her involved, I was making sure she wasn’t around. Here, go on in.” Sunny stops in front of a door and gestures for Lindsay to enter. When Lindsay opens the door, she can see that it’s a small supply closet. Lindsay hesitates before entering, a lifetime of predatory instincts telling her not to enter a small room with another woman. “Hmm? What are you waiting for?” Sunny raises an eyebrow, looking impatient.

Well, whatever. Lindsay was bigger and stronger than the receptionist, so it was more dangerous for the other woman to be in a small room with *her*. “Okay, fine.” She walks into the cramped storage room.

Sunny follows behind and closes the door behind her. Once she’s sure the door is locked, the blonde woman turns to Lindsay with a scowl. “Okay, who’d you fuckin’ eat?”

It’s not her first time hearing something like this, Lindsay realizes. Smirking, the red-head folds her arms. “Not me, a friend of mine. I want to make sure the cops don’t get wind of it.”

“Forget the fuckin’ cops, *I* don’t wanna get wind of it. I’ve smelled a fuckin’ hotel room after one of you freaks have done your shit in there.” Sunny has a disgusted look on her face. “Fucking vore freaks. Eating people isn’t natural, especially when you’re doin’ it in *my* fuckin’ hotel.”

Lindsay rolls her eyes. Great, of all the people to have to deal with, she has to deal with a vorephobe. “Yeah, yeah, whatever.” The red-head shrugs with disinterest. “I’m not gonna stop eating people, you fucking prey, so fucking learn to deal with it already.”

“Don’t label me with your weird fetish names. I’m not a fucking prey, I’m a fucking *futanari*.” Sunny rolls her eyes, and thumbs toward her skirt, where a bulge is quite prominent. “Unlike you degenerates, we’re pure and perfect.”

Degenerates? Pure and perfect? “Oh god, you’re one of *those* types, aren’t you?” Lindsay rolls her eyes. “Futa supremacist, votes for the fucking Australian Phallus Party?” The red-head had heard of people who actually supported those fascists, but she’d never actually met one in person.

Sunny rolls her eyes. "I don't wanna hear that from *you*, you voraphile. *Your* political party is full of degenerates too." Well, she's not wrong, the Vorax Party *was* full of degenerates. Though, Lindsay had never voted for the Vorax Party herself. Politics weren't her interest. "Ahh, whatever. This is a stupid conversation."

"Look, can you cover for my friend or not?" Lindsay is rapidly getting tired of the conversation. She's considering just eating the blonde woman in front of her, just because Sunny is annoying her.

Sunny thinks for a moment. "Fine, I can edit the hotel logbook to say she checked out before you arrived a few hours ago. But, I'm not doing it for free." The blonde receptionist pulls out her phone.

"Yeah, that's good enough." Any police that bothered to actually follow up on a known predator's disappearance would almost certainly lose interest pretty quickly once it became apparent that Talia had vanished 'after leaving the hotel'. Too much work to try and track her down. "Is that gonna be hard to do?"

"Of course not. This is company policy for what to do in this kinda situation." Sunny types into her phone. "Not that I'm gonna tell them in the first place."

"It is?!" Damn, this hotel company sounds pretty shady. The idea makes Lindsay smirk though.

"What, you think the company wants a story about someone being eaten at their hotel in the news?" The blonde girl gives Lindsay a patronizing look. "Or their workers having to go through mountains of police paperwork?"

The red-head really couldn't care less, to be honest. "You lot do what you want. Just punch in that she left a couple hours ago, and we're all good."

"We're *not* 'all good'." Sunny holds out her right hand, rubbing her fingers together. "It benefits me, but I'm not doing this for free, like I said."

Oh, right. Lindsay *had* been trying to bribe her, after all. "How's a grand sound?" She pulls out her wallet, and fishes out a wad of green hundreds.

The blonde receptionist eyes the remaining notes in Lindsay's wallet, and then looks back at the red-head. "Triple it."

"Really? You're a greedy one." Whatever, three grand isn't cheap, but it's also not a huge amount to Lindsay these days. Besides, if it's for Melissa, Lindsay would be willing to pay that much even if she were broke. Pulling out another fistful of notes, she quickly counts them and hands them over to Sunny.

The blonde receptionist seems satisfied, pulling out her own wallet and slipping them in. Stuffing her wallet back into her jacket, Sunny stares at Lindsay, tilting her head curiously. "Not many people would just hand over that much so easily. You rich or something?"

"...kinda?" Lindsay has a lot of money, but having money and being *rich* are subtly different. "I make a lot of money off VoreFans."

Sunny rolls her eyes. "Always back to vore with you lot." Still, she looks Lindsay up and down for a moment. "...are you single?"

"...you serious? You just called me a degenerate!" Lindsay feels a little offended at how quickly this woman just changed her mind.

Sunny shrugs. "You're a *rich* degenerate. And everyone's got a price, even if I value genetic purity."

"Ugh..." It's honestly kinda tempting, but Lindsay thinks of Melissa. *Was* she single right now? That's a bit difficult to answer. "It's... complicated."

"Shame." Sunny shrugs. "I need a new sugar mommy." There a moment's pause, as the blonde receptionist seems to think hard about something.

Well, if everything was sorted... "Can I go now?" Lindsay asks, already turning toward the door.

"Wait!" Sunny calls out, and Lindsay turns back. "You paid cash, but I want more."

"Are you serious? You want *more* money?" Lindsay is honestly just considering eating this greedy bitch at this point.

"No, not a money payment, a *oral* one." The blonde receptionist reaches for the zip of her dark blue trousers. "Matsuda's already gonna be pissed at me, so I might as well go the whole hog."

Lindsay folds her arms in annoyance. "You're fucking kidding, right? Why should I..." Sunny pulls her pants down slightly, and a cock and balls flop out, resting heavily on her leather belt. It's not very long, but it's thicker than most. Actually, it's quite appealing. "Huh. Well, if you insist..."

Sunny leans back against the wall, her hands on her hips. "Come on, I don't have all day. Suck it, already!"

Melissa's probably sound asleep right now, slowly digesting that dumb pred. No need to hurry back anytime soon, Lindsay thought. "Fine, but I have one condition..." Lindsay pulls out her

phone, opens the camera and hands it to Sunny. "Film it on my phone. I wanna upload it to VoreFans later."

"Whatever." Sunny takes the phone and starts filming. "I get to cum in your mouth, though."

"Uh, yeah... sure." Apparently, she hadn't expected Lindsay to agree to that? The red-head had wanted her to, but she decided to let the receptionist think she was winning something. Kneeling down, Lindsay stares at the cock in excitement. It's not particularly large, but it's thick and the balls underneath look surprisingly heavy. Above it, tattooed is... "Uh..."

Sunny scowls down at Lindsay. "What is it? Oh, that fuckin' thing?" She shrugs. "Take a good long look, why don't you?"

Just above Sunny's shaven public hair, Lindsay can see the words "Glied und Blut" inked on the receptionist's groin. She smirks up at the blonde woman. "Lemme guess, you're a hardcore supporter of free speech?"

"What a stupid fuckin' question." Sunny rolls her eyes. "Stop talking and do something useful with your fuckin' mouth."

Fine. Leaning down, Lindsay opens her lips and takes the head of Sunny's cock into her mouth. As it turns out, fascist cock tastes the same as any other kind of cock; delicious. Letting the receptionist thrust forward, deeper into her mouth, Lindsay easily slurps down Sunny's dick.

As the head of her cock enters the red-head's throat, Sunny shudders in delight. "H-hey, you're not half-bad..." Settling back against the wall, the receptionist lets Lindsay do all the work, which doesn't particularly bother the red-head. She likes to set her own pace, usually.

A wet popping sound fills the small storage room for a little while, punctuated by the occasional involuntary moan or sigh from the woman getting her dick sucked. After a while, Sunny lets herself relax a bit, her shoulders loosening. "Ooh... night-shift doesn't suck so much when I can get a wet mouth around my dick..." She twitches as Lindsay runs her tongue under the head of her cock. "F-fuck! Maybe I oughta bully Matsuda into doing this for me..." She's still holding the phone, but she's not really trying to film properly, Lindsay knows.

Down below, Lindsay is having a wonderful time as well. Sunny's dick is a pleasant size, big enough to be satisfying, but small enough that she has as easy time with the actual sucking. She can taste the heat coming from the blonde woman's penis, slowly getting hotter and hotter as Sunny's arousal builds. As much as she enjoys a good vagina, Lindsay has to admit that there's no substitute for a real cock every once in a while. Hmm, if she ever started dating Melissa, they'd have to figure out what to do there...

"Don't neglect the balls." Sunny grabs her cock in her other hand and pulls it out of Lindsay's mouth, swinging her balls into Lindsay's face. They're quite large, and look like they've been

shaved recently. Lindsay can smell the musk coming from them, and her skin shivers. Not the most potent she's ever smelled, but quite powerful nonetheless. This will be enjoyable.

Opening her lips, Lindsay lets the balls sink into her mouth, tasting the overpowering taste of ballsack. Sunny sighs in delight, and then stares down at Lindsay's phone in her hand. "Whatever, that's enough footage, right?" Ending the video, Sunny reaches down and stuffs the phone in between the red-head's tits. Letting go of her cock, Sunny lets it slap Lindsay on the nose, and snorts. "Ugh, you're pretty good at gargling a nutsack... You must have experience, huh?"

Oh, a *lot* of experience. This isn't the first, or even dozenth time that Lindsay has had balls in her mouth. Her mouth is a little too full to mention that to Sunny, though. The red-head can feel Sunny's heart beat against her tongue, a quickening rhythm as the receptionist's arousal builds. Lindsay runs her tongue along the delicate skin of the balls, enjoying every wrinkle and pocket of flavor that she can find.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck!" Sunny suddenly pulls her balls out of Lindsay's mouth, her whole body shivering suddenly. Lindsay is expecting her to start spurting cum any second, but the shivers subside after a few seconds. "Fuck, that was close... you almost made me cum just from sucking my balls." The blonde receptionist is sweating like crazy, as she grabs Lindsay's hair. "Okay... let's finish this! Take my fat fuckin' futanari cock, you filthy subhuman!"

Plunging her cock back into Lindsay's mouth, the receptionist takes charge this time, thrusting hard and fast into the red-head's throat. Lindsay braces herself, unwilling to let herself be overwhelmed by the annoying woman's cock. She's not going to let her mind be broken by this annoying receptionist's dick.

"Oh! Oh, fuck! FUCK!" In Lindsay's mouth, Sunny's dick does an almighty twitch, pulsing violently. The red-head patiently awaits for the blonde woman's orgasm build, and is quickly rewarded with a hot, salty taste in her mouth. Those balls looked heavy for a good reason, Lindsay reflects, as the receptionist absolutely *unloads* into her mouth. She can feel cum dripping down the back of her throat, spilling down into her stomach. A few droplets of cum fall from her lips, staining the dress jacket that Lindsay's wearing, but she couldn't care less about Talia's clothes.

Finally, Sunny's orgasm subsides, and Lindsay feels her cock softening in her mouth. Pulling out, the receptionist lets her cock flop onto the red-head's face. Staring down at Lindsay with lustful eyes, Sunny grabs her red hair roughly. "Swallow it... come on, swallow that pure material..."

Lindsay is half-tempted to ruin the woman's afterglow by spitting it out, but it would be a waste of good cum. In a couple of gulps, she empties her mouth, feeling the hot liquid pour into her stomach. After licking her lips, Lindsay opens her mouth wide to show Sunny that it's empty. "There, you satisfied?"

“Oh, fuckin’ yeah I am...” After breathing hard for a few seconds, Sunny’s idiotic post-orgasm face drains away, back to her usual sour expression. “Ugh... Not bad, I guess.”

Fishing her phone back out of her tits, the red-head slips it back into her pocket, at least grateful that she got some usable footage. After a moment, Lindsay stands back up, wincing in pain. The carpet was soft, but kneeling down to give a blowjob was always hell on her knees. “Oh, fuck off with that. That was one of the best you’ve ever had.” She can already tell that her throat is gonna be sore as fuck tomorrow.

Once they’d fixed their clothes, Sunny opens the door to the storage closet. Closing it once Lindsay had stepped out, the blonde receptionist stretches her arms. Turning back to the red-head with a smirk, Sunny pats her jacket, where her wallet is. “Pleasure doing business with you. Once you check out, don’t ever come back to my hotel, freak.”

“Yeah, sure.” Lindsay hadn’t planned to. ‘How long will it take you to fix the logbook?’

Sunny snorts derisively at her. “Oh, that? I did that on my phone ages ago. But thanks for your... service.”

Lindsay looks at Sunny for a long moment, trying to eke the woman’s face into her memory. “What’s your name again?”

“Me?” The blonde woman raises an eyebrow. “Sunny Speer. Why do you ask?” She sneers at the red-head. “Reconsidering your stance on being single? I’ll date you... for a hefty price. But you can afford it, I’m sure.”

“Nah, I’m good.” Sunny Speer. Good, it was easily memorable. Lindsay would make sure to remember it for later. She was busy helping Melissa right now, but in a few days, who knows? Sunny Speer might just get a grim reminder of what the word 'karma' meant, if Lindsay was in a righteous mood... “See ya.” The red-head turns toward the elevators, ignoring the nasty look that the blonde girl sends toward her back.

Well, that was good and taken care of. As she steps into the elevator, the red-head feels the receptionist’s cum sloshing around inside her, already being digested. A cock is nice and all, but Lindsay prefers a *proper* woman most of the time. Like, say, the cute little number upstairs...

A few minutes later, Lindsay quietly opens the door to the hotel room, her heart soothed by the sound of her best friend peacefully snoring away. “Miss me?” She mouths softly to the sleeping beauty, and giggles to herself when Melissa’s stomach rumbles loudly, as if it’s answering her. Shrugging off Talia’s jacket, the red-head stuffs it back into the drawer she found it in.

After washing her face and mouth in the bathroom, the red-head quietly sneaks back into bed. The pillow is nice and soft, as Lindsay curls up next to her best friend. Snuggling with Melissa is

what Lindsay most wants to do in the entire world right now, even if she has to pretend it's platonic for the time being. Staring at Melissa's cute face, Lindsay sighs in contentment.

End of Part 4.5

KNOWN STATUS OF KNOWN CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART 4.5:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility :	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	Single	Wealthy	Fertile	Snoring peacefully.
Lindsay Smith	Alive	Single	Wealthy	Fertilised by Tiffany	Jaw feels kinda sore...
Talia	Dead	Digested by Melissa Jones.	Dead	Extinguished before she could procreate	Probably wouldn't be happy to hear that her favourite jacket is stained with cum.
Tiffany	Dead	Digested by Lindsay Smith.	Dead	Has proved that death is no barrier to knocking someone up	Has succeeded at filling up Lindsay's belly in two seperate ways.
Jessica Storm	Alive	???	Opulent	Very Virile	After abstaining from masturbation for a few days, the sperm in her balls have reached lethally fertile levels.
Azrael	Alive	Hunting	???	Very Virile	Error: Data Corrupted!
Xanthe Lewis	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Was rich	Extinguished before she could procreate	Picked a fight in a foreign country, now taking a permanant vacation in the sewer underneath a college.
Jane	Dead	Digested by an unknown pred.	Broke	Extinguished before she could procreate	A nurse who gave her patient a little too much relief. Could have been used to impregnate a few people, if she hadn't ended up on the floor.
Sunny Speer	Alive	Looking for someone dumb and rich.	Average	Virile	Much happier now that her balls are empty. Thinks she successfully bullied Lindsay into sucking her dick.
Matsuda	Alive	???	Average	Fertile	Doesn't know that Sunny is going to force her into sucking cock from now on. Very unlikely to successfully resist.