

In the window of the cafe, Lindsay could see the moon rising above the skyscrapers. The sun had long since set. The pale light shone down on the city, but it was drowned out by the bright lights that filled the bustling metropolis of Sydney. Night was normally meant to be quiet, but Sydney came alive at night. The sound of cars, people chatting and in the distance, the sound of nightclubs pulsing their wonderfully violent music. Lindsay listened as she sat at her table, a hot coffee in front of her as she stared out into the beautiful cityscape.

Not that Lindsay was getting up to any of that tonight. The redhead has certainly had her fill of nightclubs for the moment, having had an eventful night at the Rainbow Serpent just the night before. Hell, if Lindsay wanted to talk about having her fill, she'd just barely finished pooping out the girl she'd eaten a few hours before. No, right now, Lindsay was just relaxing in a penthouse cafe, sipping an expensive coffee while she waited for the call that Renay Reilly had promised her earlier that day.

After Lindsay's meeting with the horny solicitor, Renay had promised to get into contact with her mafia contacts, and help her win that dream apartment. The redhead had been surprised that Renay had told her that it would happen tonight, but she was delighted to be moving this quickly. Renay had warned her that getting involved with the Reilly family was a bad idea, but Lindsay was excited at the idea of getting into bed with the mafia. What would they ask for as payment? Money? Her body? Lindsay was willing and eager to offer both. And then there was all that politics stuff that Renay had pressured her into, but Lindsay didn't want to think about that right now.

Tonight was a colder night, and Lindsay was glad that she'd had the sense to grab a designer jacket from her apartment. She'd hoped that Melissa might be there when she'd swung by, but her girlfriend had already left to go to the VoreFans meetup tonight. Lindsay had been glad to see that Melissa had taken the clothes she'd picked out for her, and even borrowed some of her jewelry. Lindsay knew that her girlfriend would look stunning in them, and she hoped that Jessica Storm would think so too. The redhead had been getting hot and bothered for most of the day at the thought that the futanari pornstar might have sex with her girlfriend tonight. To tell the truth, part of Lindsay was wondering if it might be worth just bringing Jessica into their relationship permanently...

"Yo, you Lindsay Smith?" Lindsay blinks away her horny thoughts, and looks up to see a young tall woman standing next to her table. The girl staring at her with bright green eyes and a sour expression is pale, definitely Scandinavian of some kind, with a blonde crew cut. She's dressed in a jacket about two sizes too big for her, with a sports bra and sweatpants that show off an impressive set of abs.

"Ah, you must be the person I'm supposed to meet, right?" Lindsay smiles up at the young girl. Everything about this girl screams "hired thug", from clothes to attitude. "You're Renay Reilly's 'friend'?" If she's Renay's 'friend', then that means that she's not only a mafia member, but she's also packing some heat between her legs in those baggy sweatpants.

“Yup.” Without waiting for Lindsay to offer, the pale futanari thug sits down opposite to her in the cafe. She looks mildly uncomfortable, probably because she’s well-below the usual tax bracket of people that frequent this cafe, and are currently giving her wary side-eyes from the other tables. “I’m Elsa.” Lindsay can’t help but smile a little at that, and Elsa narrows her eyes. “If I hear one more Disney joke, I’m gonna...”

Lindsay just rolls her eyes. “Oh, I hadn’t even thought of that!” She laughs softly, which makes the young futanari in front of her blush slightly. “Nice to meet you, Elsa. Now, do you have any more information for me, or just your lovely name?”

“I, uh...” Elsa’s blush deepens. “That... um... wow, they told me you were pretty, but...” Oh boy, mafia thug aside, this girl must be a ball of hormones right now if she’s reacting this much to a light flirt like that. Futanari girls at her age were ruled by only one of their two heads, and not the one with a brain inside. Elsa clears her throat, carefully looking away from Lindsay’s face. “Yeah, I’m here to pick you up and escort you to the apartment. My boss is waiting for us there, and we’re gonna chat with the owner of the apartment...”

So, they’d forced the owner to talk to her. Good, Lindsay was quite willing to have a nice *chat* with that shithead owner who had refused to sell her apartment. No, the apartment was Lindsay and Melissa’s, the owner was just squatting there, in Lindsay’s opinion. “Oh, you’re going to... pick me up, are you?”

The pale futanari shifts uncomfortably in her seat, and Lindsay knows that she’s trying to conceal an erection. “Ah, y-yes...” Ah, so cute! Elsa’s body is well-toned, and she’s clearly quite strong and powerful. But the dick and balls between her legs means that all her strength is worthless when someone like Lindsay is flirting with her. “Um, I can drive you there now, if you’d like...”

“Yes, let’s go, cutie!” Lindsay’s hungry. She had deliberately missed lunch and dinner for this. The redhead begins to stand up, gracefully placing her coffee mug down.

In front of her, the nervous-looking mafia thug leaps to her feet. “Wait! Um...” Elsa quickly stuffs her hands into her pockets, leaning over suspiciously, as if she’s managing to conceal the erection that Lindsay can obviously tell that she has. “Yeah, um... I’m gonna use the bathroom here first, okay?”

Jesus Christ, Lindsay could tell that the futanari girl was aroused by her, but it had barely been sixty seconds since she’d sat down. The redhead decided to take it as a compliment. “Yeah, go and have a wank. I don’t mind.” Elsa blushes bright red, an impressive hue on such a pale face. Lindsay sits back down, grinning with amusement as the futanari awkwardly hobbles away. She was cute, and Lindsay was starting to have a naughty idea...

Forty minutes later, Lindsay and Elsa got out of the elevator that led to the fifteenth floor. The hallway was still as lovely as it had been when Lindsay had discovered her dream apartment about a week ago, decked out in a rich red carpet with beautiful lamps lighting the walls.

Elsa points to the furthest door down the hall. It's slightly ajar. "Over there," she says, as if Lindsay needs to be told where her dream apartment is. The pale futanari thug seems a bit more calm and collected now that she'd emptied her balls in the cafe's bathroom, though Lindsay had a suspicion that it wouldn't last very long.

Lindsay doesn't need to be told twice. Pushing past Elsa, the redhead walks down the hallway and pushes open the door, striding into the apartment confidently as if she owns the place. Which, in her mind, she kind of already does.

As the redhead steps into the apartment, a wave of comfort sweeps over her. From the front door, most of the huge apartment is visible. A ultra-modern kitchen is to Lindsay's immediate right, a wide open cooking space that Lindsay would love to see Melissa in soon. Beyond, a luxurious lounge suite sits in front of a truly massive television. The bedrooms are along the wall to Lindsay's left, private pleasure rooms that the redhead intends to fill with all manner of debauchery with her girlfriend and later, fill with their children. The whole apartment has a wonderful sensation of wide open space. Hell, even the entry hall, normally one of the most boring parts of an apartment, has a wide open window, showing a stunning vista of Sydney Harbor. From here, Lindsay can see Renay's office, Pier One, and even as far as Melissa's current apartment. Yeah, she can certainly get used to enjoying that view every day...

Oh, right, the people. As Lindsay enters, three pairs of eyes have turned to stare at her from the couches. One pair belongs to the current owner of the apartment, an older but still attractive brown-skinned woman. Her looks do very little to quell the irritation that Lindsay feels at the sight of the nasty woman who's standing in the way of Lindsay's dreams. Next to her is what looks like her daughter, a brown-skinned girl with obviously artificial bright red hair. Opposite to them on the couches, a surly looking woman in a bomber jacket scowls at Lindsay.

As Lindsay walks toward them, the woman in the bomber jacket stands up. She's wearing tight jeans that leave little to the imagination in regards to her gender. A large bulge protrudes from the front of her jeans, clearly in the shape of a cock and balls. Yeah, this is the boss that Elsa mentioned, clearly. "Bout fuckin' time." she says, her scowl moving from Lindsay's face to behind her. Lindsay turns for a moment to see the pale futanari closing the front door behind her. "What took you so fuckin' long, Disney?"

"Don't call me..." Elsa swallows her words, and then gives her boss a half-hearted salute. "Sorry, Dana. I had to, uh... use the toilet."

Lindsay expects the surly woman to be annoyed by that, and is mildly surprised when Dana just nods understandingly. "Yeah, I get ya." She runs her fingers through her long black ponytail, and then pats her bulge. "I was doin' the same thing at your age, running to the toilet every thirty

minutes to drain the pipes..." Her eyes flick to Lindsay, clearly checking her out. "Can't blame you now that I'm seein' Lindsay Smith in the flesh. *Goddamn.*" The redhead feels rather flattered by that.

"Excuse *me!*" The owner of the apartment stands up from the couch, glaring at Lindsay. Her big tits bounce as she rises, and Lindsay can clearly see that she isn't wearing a bra. "I *knew* you were behind this! Are these thugs yours? *She* knocked on our door an hour ago, and then forced herself in! What the hell do you want?!" She jabs a finger at Dana, who rolls her eyes.

"I *told* you, I'm a fuckin' property valuer." The mafia woman turns to flash a nasty look at the owner. "What's your fuckin' name again? Parvati? I'm here to fuckin' value this property. And I'm from the government, so I can come in whenever I like." A rather bold-faced lie, but Lindsay had a feeling that Dana was getting off on telling such an obvious lie and daring the owner to challenge it.

The owner, who Lindsay is disinterested to learn is named Parvati, shakes her head in irritation. "I *know* the value of this apartment."

Lindsay grins smugly. "And so do I." She looks around the apartment, nodding at Dana. "Yeah, thanks for valuing the place. Is it cool if I take a look around?" Playing along with the obvious lie was deliciously enjoyable, in an odd way.

Dana grins. "Be my guest." She gestures for the redhead to look around. "Since I'm a property valuer or whatever, it's okay for me to let you look around."

"Hey! *Hey!*" Parvati takes a few steps toward Lindsay, looking furious. "Who the fuck are you to poke around in our home? Get the fuck out of here!"

Behind Lindsay, Elsa growls menacingly and steps between the brown-skinned woman and the redhead. The angry owner suddenly comes face to face with a well-built futanari thug nearly a head taller than her, and quickly backs down, her anger turning to fear as the pale girl advances toward her. "Best keep quiet, lady. Or..."

"Or what?" To Lindsay's surprise, this retort comes from the owner's daughter, who's jumped up from the couch as well. "What are you gonna do?" No, that voice was too deep for a girl...

"Samar, sit down!" The owner's face pales as Elsa turns to glare at her... son, Lindsay now realizes. God, Lindsay never would have guessed that the unbelievably feminine teenager is a boy without hearing his voice. His bright red hair is long and styled like a girl's, and he is surprisingly small, even smaller than his mother. Far from anything resembling manliness, Samar's body is curvy, and he's only dressed in a tight pair of bike shorts and a tight shirt that shows off his bare stomach. A loose jacket hangs over his frame, stylishly too long for his arms. The teenage boy is clearly not making any attempt to downplay his lack of masculinity, quite the

opposite in fact. Now that he turns to Lindsay, the redhead can clearly see the contents of his tight bike shorts. It's not a particularly impressive display, but it's clear that he is indeed a boy.

"Yes, be a good little boy and sit down, Samar." Dana winks at the teenage boy, and he bristles.

"Fuck off!" He's barely legal, as far as Lindsay can tell, and the sight of the testosterone-deficient boy trying to be intimidating was one that the redhead would remember with amusement until the day she died, she knew. Drawing himself up to his full, just under five foot height, Samar fixes Elsa with a fiery glare. "I don't know what you want, but if you're thinking of doing *anything*, my older sister's not here. And she'll kick your ass if she finds you here. So, get out of our house before I call the police!"

Dana just snorts at that, rolling her eyes at Lindsay. "Yeah, good luck with that, kid. With the shit cops this city has, you'd be better off calling the morgue to reserve a spot."

"Is that a threat?" The young femboy pulls out his mobile phone, waving it angrily at Dana. "You want to make threats? I can record you! You'll go to fucking *jail*, do you know that?"

"You little-" Elsa growls, but Dana reaches out and touches her subordinate's shoulder. Surprised, the pale futanari lets her boss pull her back.

"Leave this to me, Elsa. Go and escort Miss Smith around, would you?" Dana steps in front of Elsa, towering over Samar. The young teenager stares at her defiantly, until the black-haired futanari reaches out to stroke his red locks. "You have beautiful hair, has anyone told you that, Samar?"

The feminine teenager had been angry, but now he was confused. "I... what?" His eyes widen in alarm as Dana trails a hand down his cheek.

"Oh, and your lips... so beautiful." The mafia enforcer licks her lips, almost salivating. Lindsay doesn't find it hard to work out that Dana's a fellow predator. The futanari runs her thumb across the frozen teenage boy's lips, looking excited. "Tell me... do you suck dick, Samar? You look like the type of boy who sucks dick."

"Wha... hey!" Samar jerks back from Dana's touch, looking alarmed at the aroused look on her face. "First of all, how dare you!" He holds up his finger in a remarkably dainty way. "My sexuality is *none* of your business!" So, that's an obvious 'yes' on the dick-sucking, Lindsay notes. "Secondly..."

He trails off as Dana puts a hand on his shoulder, clearly quite firmly. "Samar, Samar... if you keep opening your mouth in such a sexy way each time you speak, I might feel compelled to stick something into it..."

Samar pales as he realizes what Dana is suggesting. He wisely closes his mouth.

“P-please don’t hurt him!” To Lindsay’s amusement, the threat to her son has quite nicely gotten rid of the owner’s annoying attitude.

The redhead steps forward, looking around the apartment slowly, as if she’s drinking everything in. She’d already seen enough to want to kill for this apartment before she’d even walked in the door, but she’s enjoying showing off. “Don’t worry, Parv. She’s not gonna hurt him. In fact, if you’re unco-operative, my two friends might even be so generous as give him a *vigorous* sexual experience, right in front of you!”

Dana grins perversely, and wraps an arm around Samar’s shoulders. “Yeah, what she said!”

Parvati looks between her son and his captor, and then to Lindsay. “O-okay, he’s going to be quiet, okay?” She takes a deep breath, and Lindsay can see sweat beading on her brown-skin. “Listen, what do you want?”

The redhead smiles indulgently. “I just want a tour of your lovely apartment, Parv. It seems like a lovely place to raise a family.”

“Y-yes, it is...” The mother’s eyes darted around the apartment nervously. “Um, I suppose I can show you around... if you leave Samar alone-”

Lindsay waves a hand dismissively. “No, he can keep my friend Dana here company. Don’t want kids running around during a house tour, do we?” She laughs, and beside her, Elsa chuckles as well.

Dana sits down on the couch, pulling Samar into her lap with a little bit of resistance. Not that it really matters if the femboy resists, since Dana is far, *far* stronger than him. “Yeah, I’ll keep him nice and safe here with me, so you go ahead with your tour.” She’s running her hands up and down his chest as his mother watches. “You’re very popular with the boys at school, aren’t you...”

“Should we begin with the kitchen?” Lindsay asks Parvati politely. The mother is a little bit too engrossed in fearfully staring at her son getting felt-up to hear her, however. “Parvati?” The redhead sighs in irritation, already feeling like she’s offering this bitch a bit more politeness than she deserves. Reaching out, Lindsay pokes the owner of the apartment in the shoulder. “Parvati!”

“Wha... oh!” Parvati flinches as Lindsay touches her, spinning to face the redhead. For a moment, she stares at Lindsay with terror, and her eyes dart behind the predator to the cold-faced futanari thug behind her. “W-what?”

Lindsay jerks her thumb toward the kitchen. “Let’s start with the cooking area, shall we?”

The “tour” around the apartment doesn’t take as long as the redhead had hoped. As it turns out, Parvati isn’t very good at giving tours, to Lindsay’s annoyance. The owner just sort of hovers nearby as Lindsay looks over her home. It’s almost as if she doesn’t *want* to show Lindsay her home, for some reason! The kitchen is big, and modern. The bedrooms are spacious. The bathrooms have recently been renovated, and look quite lovely. Admittedly, there’s not a great deal to write home about, other than Lindsay liking what she sees. She was already hellbent on buying this place, and needed little encouragement. Elsa, who follows Lindsay around, seems rather impressed, though.

Having finished checking out the fourth bedroom, Lindsay turns to Elsa with a smirk. “Well, you’ve seen the whole place now, kid. What do you think of it?”

The pale futanari shrugs, and her muscles ripple rather alluringly as she moves. “I don’t think I could afford this place if I worked for a decade.”

“Yes, I rather agree.” Lindsay suspected that Elsa was on the lower end of the financial spectrum, given her outfit. Those brands of sports bra and baggy sweatpants aren’t exactly rich-people clothes. Clearly, being a low-level mafia thug didn’t pay particularly well. “Though, that does beg the question of how these people were able to afford it.” She nods at Parvati, who’s hovering nervously in the doorframe.

The owner is a little distracted, as she’s watching Dana feel up her son. Lindsay knew she was a mother and all, but would it kill her to try and be friendly to the woman who was offering to buy her home. Elsa scowls, and clicks her fingers at Parvati, who jumps in surprise. “Wha... oh! What?”

“I asked how you were able to afford this place.” Lindsay looks the owner up and down, trying to appraise the woman’s net worth. She certainly doesn’t look like someone with a lot of money on hand. “No offense, but you don’t look rich enough to live here.” The redhead was lying when she said ‘no offense’, of course.

Parvati’s eyes narrow slightly. “I don’t know what you mean by that.” She replies with a bite in her tone. Perhaps she thinks Lindsay’s referring to her skin color, the redhead realizes with a slight hint of amusement. The redhead opens her mouth to respond, but Elsa gets in quicker than her.

“She means you’re not white.” The pale futanari nods slowly, glaring at Parvati. “You’re not white, how come they sold this place to you? You steal it or something?” She tries to give a knowing look to Lindsay. “Fucking ethnics in this city, man. I tell you...”

Okay, that wasn’t... “That’s... that’s *not* what I fucking meant!” Lindsay feels a little bit of color creep into her cheeks. “What the *fuck*, kid?”

Elsa suddenly looks a lot less confident in her attitude. “Er... I mean...” Her eyes dart between Lindsay and Parvati, who are for once united by the look of disdain on both their faces. “It... it was just a joke! Okay?” The pale futanari lets out a forced laugh. “Haha... I’m not a racist.”

Parvati sighs. “If you *must* know, my former wife was a doctor. She was the one who bought this place for us about ten years ago.” She glares at Elsa, as if she’s daring the thug to not believe her.

“Was?” Lindsay can’t help but take a little bit of an interest. “I take it that she-”

“Abandoned her wife and two children to shack up with a girl younger than her own daughter?” The owner finishes for her, a gleam of disgust in her brown eyes. “She’s dead to us. And before you get any bright ideas, the apartment’s entirely in my name. So, good luck there.”

Well, it wasn’t like Lindsay was going to chase after someone else when Parvati was right here to bully. “Okay, I’ve seen enough.” The redhead yawns. On the clock above the bed, it says it’s past midnight now. Lindsay wonders if Melissa is still out at the VoreFans meetup, or if she and Jessica are making love right now. “Elsa, take Parvati here back to the lounge room, and try not to be racist on the way.”

“I’m not a racist! It was a fucking *joke*, okay?!” The pale-skinned futanari protests unconvincingly. But, she takes Parvati by the arm, and pulls her forcefully away. “Come on, you.”

Left alone for a moment, Lindsay turns to look out of the bedroom window. In the distance, she can see the lights on the Sydney Harbor Bridge. It would be an amazing room to wake up in every day. Especially for a young child. Almost reflexively, Lindsay reaches down and caresses her stomach. Yes, this bedroom will belong to the child inside her, the redhead decides right then and there. She closes her eyes, and imagines a small sign on the door; “Xanthe’s Room” in cute block letters. Yes, that wouldn’t be a bad name at all...

Well, time enough to imagine that later. And in just under nine months, she wouldn’t even have to just imagine it at all. Lindsay opens her eyes, and walks back into the living room.

Dana and Samar are still sitting there on the couch, the femboy looking uncomfortable as one of Dana’s hands caresses his butt. It’s quite a nice butt, now that Lindsay can see it properly, especially in those tight shorts. Samar’s discomfort seems to be coming from the fact that the dark-haired futanari is touching him, but Lindsay can see that the bulge in the front of his shorts is bigger than before. Next to them, Parvati has been seated on the couch by Elsa, who is standing over the owner menacingly.

“Oh, you’re already done?” Dana almost sounds disappointed. “Have you decided if you’re going to, uh, *make an offer*?” She winks at Samar. “If your mummy refuses the offer, Elsa and I are going to fornicate with you, would you like that?”

“Fuck you...” The brown-skinned femboy grimaces. “I’m nineteen, stop talking to me like that, you freak!” Somehow, Lindsay doubted that this would stop Dana from doing that, quite the opposite in fact.

Lindsay clears her throat, and all eyes turn to her. “Well, I’ve made a decision.” The redhead rubs her hands together. “I’ve decided that-”

The door to the apartment bursts open, and a girl rushes in, spinning to slam the door behind her as if she’s being chased by something. All eyes turn to look at the young woman who’s just come in like a hurricane. “Safe... Oh, *man!*” The young girl calls out behind her, breathing heavily as if she’s just been running. She’s dressed in a nice button-up shirt and a pair of stylish jean shorts, though it’s rather obvious that she’s not wearing anything underneath. “You guys aren’t gonna believe how close I came to getting eaten tonight...” She trails off as she turns and sees the two mafia thugs and Lindsay menacing her mother and brother. “Um...”

“Your sister, I take it?” Lindsay asks Samar. So much for his hopes that his sister would ‘kick their ass’.

“Padma...” The femboy lets out a groan and pinches the bridge of his nose.

Elsa glares at the young girl, Padma, and cracks her knuckles. The sound makes the girl flinch. “Wait,” Padma seems to shrink into herself slightly. “Don’t hurt me, please!” After a moment, she licks her lips nervously. “Ugh, and Mum and Samar, I guess.”

Lindsay beckons to the girl. “Come over here, Padma. Your mother and I are having a nice discussion about me possibly buying your apartment...” She was wearing pretty similar clothes to the ones that Lindsay had picked out for Melissa earlier today, come to think of it. The girl must have good fashion sense, Lindsay thinks to herself smugly.

“Oh, *you’re* the crazy... I mean, lovely lady Mum was talking about!” Padma says as she sits down on the couch, eying Dana warily. Elsa moves to stand next to Padma, as if she’s keeping a close eye on the girl. Actually, she’s rather... fixated on the young brown-skinned girl. Lindsay’s already a little wary of the pale futanari now that she’s shown some... disturbing opinions. “You want to buy our house, right?”

“Yeah, that’s me.” Lindsay can’t exactly refute the ‘crazy’ part. The redhead was quite aware what she was doing right now was insane, literally, but she really didn’t care. When she and Melissa were living here together with their children, everyone could look back on this and laugh. Well, maybe not the family living here, but the people that mattered could. “And since I’m... huh, what?” Lindsay begins to speak, but she’s cut off by Padma sudden raising her hand.

The girl points behind her at Elsa, looking a little worried. “Um, what’s with your friend? She’s really staring hard at me...”

“Wha... No!” The pale futanari jumps as if she’s just been zapped by electricity as Padma turns to look at her. “I’m not staring!” She’s a *really* bad liar, Lindsay rolls her eyes internally. “I’m not getting an erection, okay?!” Now that she says it, Lindsay can see that staring at the brown-skinned girl has caused Elsa to pitch a tent in her sweatpants. She might be a racist, but her dick clearly wasn’t.

Padma’s eyes drop to the bulge in Elsa’s pants, and the girl turns red. “Oh, um... I don’t mind if you’ve got a boner for me.” She reaches up and begins to twirl her brown hair, almost flirtatiously. “You’re not the first futanari to take an interest in me tonight, actually...”

On Dana’s lap, Samar’s cute face turns irate as he hears his sister trying to flirt with Elsa. “Are you fucking for *real*, Padma? These people are holding us hostage!”

“I can’t help it! You know I’m super susceptible to Stockholm Syndrome, Sam!” Padma whines, tearing her gaze away from Elsa’s dick to bitch at her younger brother. “One time, a girl mugged me and stole my wallet, and I ended up dating her for six months!”

“No you’re not, that’s not a *thing*!” The femboy starts to argue, until Dana gently covers his mouth. Samar angrily struggles for a moment, and then gives up, crossing his arms in a way that’s meant to be furious, but just looks like a cute tantrum when he does it.

“Lindsay... your name was Lindsay, right?” Parvati takes a deep breath, as if she’s come to some kind of decision. “Look, I can tell where this is going. I can tell you’re a fucking nutcase, and you’re willing to use... these people to get what you want. So, if it keeps my family safe...” The owner closes her eyes and sighs, as if these words are costing her a lot to say. “I’ll sell it to you, okay?”

Dana grins broadly when she hears that. The black-haired thug turns to Lindsay, and winks. “See? You just never know when it comes to valuing houses. I turn up to do a valuation with my two friends, and the owner spontaneously decides to sell! Isn’t that lucky?” She reaches out, across Samar, to pat the mother on the shoulder. “See, I had you pegged for a smart lady when I saw you, Parv. We might never know why you changed your mind, but it’s the right choice!”

“Don’t fucking call me Parv, you asshole.” The owner seems in no mood to entertain Dana’s nonsense right now. She fixes Lindsay with a steely glare. “This apartment is worth just over two million dollars, last time it was valued by an *actual* property surveyor.” She raises an eyebrow at the redhead, almost mockingly. “Have you *got* two million dollars lying around? You sure don’t look like it.”

Well, that was just rude. Admittedly, Lindsay *didn’t* have two million dollars lying around, but with her income, she knew she’d have no problem getting a mortgage to pay for the place. Or Jessica Storm might even be willing to loan her the money. However, Lindsay has a rather different idea of how this is going to go...

No, time for that idea she'd gotten back in the cafe. "Actually, I was thinking an auction might be in order..." The redhead says, enjoying the surprised looks this statement elicits.

"Auction?" Samar and his mother say in unison, and then look at each other in confusion.

"Auction?" Dana sounds intrigued. "No idea what you mean, Smith, but I'm on board."

"Are you okay standing up like that? You can sit next to me if you'd like." Padma clearly wasn't listening, and neither was the pale futanari she'd been talking to. She moves over and pats the couch seat next to her. After a moment's hesitation, Elsa sits down next to the girl she's clearly enamored with, looking rather nervous.

Anyway... "Yes, an auction." Lindsay crosses her arms and smiles indulgently as she begins to explain. "See, I think tonight we have three people who I can buy this apartment from. The current cunt of an owner, her dick-sucking son and her slutty daughter." She nods at each one in turn, Parvati and Samar looking irritated at the insults. Padma just shrugs, clearly accepting the label without much embarrassment. "And tonight, we also have two predators. Is that right?" She looks at Dana.

The black-haired futanari thug grins. "Yeah, I'm a predator. Good eye, Smith." She slaps Samar's butt, and the brown-skinned femboy's face pales as he realizes he's not just sitting on his potential rapist's lap, he's sitting on someone who's willing to literally devour him alive.

Lindsay looks to Elsa, who's having a hard time looking intimidating now that Padma is leaning against her, pressing their skin together. At least she's stopping feebly trying to hide the bulge in her sweatpants. Now, her erection just sticks up like a tent. She shakes her head when Lindsay looks at her. Well, not everyone in the world's into vore, the redhead reminds herself.

"Yeah, so two predators and three *prey*." Lindsay grins, showing a lot of teeth. "So, I figure, the three of you can each make me an offer on how much I'm going to pay you for the apartment. The lowest offer gets to stay alive. The other three get to be devoured by me and Dana. Sound fair?"

"No!" Parvati looks horrified. "You... these are my *children*! You can't ask me to sacrifice..."

Lindsay's phone buzzes in her pocket, and the redhead pulls it out impatiently. All her annoyance fades away instantly when she sees who's calling her. "Hold that thought, Parvati. My girlfriend is calling me, so you lot can chat amongst yourselves until I'm done. Try to be ready with those offers when I come back." And with that, Lindsay turns away from the dumbfounded family and the two shocked mafia enforcers.

A nearby bedroom offers a good chance for some privacy. Lindsay's usually pretty open about this kinda thing, but she's not keen to show off her girlfriend to these people. Parvati and her

family don't deserve to see what true love looks like, and the two mafia thugs wouldn't understand anyway. Lindsay looks at the name on her phone again, basking in its calming energy. Melissa was always with her, in a way.

After a few more seconds of bliss, Lindsay sits down on the corner of the bed and taps her phone. "Hey, bae! Where you at?" She says, trying to sound more cheerful than she actually is. "I had a hell of a day, and so did you, if you're coming home this late, huh?" The VoreFans meetup must have been fun, since it was long past midnight now.

"It's... been a long day." Over the phone, Melissa sounds really tired. "I love you so much, Lin." Wow, it must have been a hell of a night, if she sounds like that.

"Yeah, but I love you more, though." Lindsay laughs softly, trying to cheer up her girlfriend. "Are you coming home now?" Best to wrap things up here as quickly as possible, then.

"Yeah..." Melissa sighs through the speaker. Unconsciously, Lindsay reaches down to stroke her belly, and she can almost sense the life pulsing inside her. "I'm coming home. And I'm only wearing underwear."

Well, that wasn't what Lindsay expected her to say. The redhead sits up straight, and then almost falls off the corner of the bed, steadying herself at the last moment. "Shit, really? Well, damn. You musta had a hell of a night."

"Yeah... I sure did." And then, Melissa hangs up. Lindsay looks down at her phone in surprise. It's not like her girlfriend to do that kind of thing. She must be in an odd mood tonight.

Still, wearing only her underwear? Melissa was getting pretty bold with her body nowadays. Lindsay loved that her girlfriend was turning more and more into a whore. Maybe it had been a dare from Jessica and the others or something. Or maybe her girlfriend was just being a slut for no reason. Either way it was hot. Lindsay wondered what had happened to her clothes...

Wait, hold on a moment, did that mean...?

Lindsay stands up and quickly walks over to the bedroom door, pushing it open loudly. In the lounge room, the others jump as she bursts out of the room, glaring at Padma. "Hey, girl! Where'd you get those clothes?" Lindsay had thought they looked familiar. Now that she looked, they were clearly the outfit she'd given Melissa earlier today.

"Huh?" Padma had been holding hands with Elsa, and now the brown-skinned girl leans back into the couch as Lindsay marches up to her, a dark look on her face. "What do you mean?"

"Don't play dumb with me!" Lindsay reaches out and seizes the collar of the girl's shirt. Her *girlfriend's* shirt. "I know these aren't your clothes. Where'd you get them?"

Elsa looks stricken next to Padma. "H-hey, wait a moment, don't be so rough with her!" She puts a hand on the brown-skinned girl's shoulder, almost protectively.

"I-I..." Padma gulps nervously. "... My date tried to eat me tonight, and she threw my clothes in the water. But some ladies saved me. One of them gave me her clothes, and said she was a pornstar, so she would be fine..."

Lindsay clicks her tongue. Yeah, that sounds like Melissa, alright. Too compassionate for her own good, still. The redhead had hoped that her girlfriend had finally abandoned her empathy for prey, but it still seemed like she cared somehow. "Fine, whatever. Who was the other lady? Was she blonde, stormy eyes?"

"No..." For some reason, Padma shivers slightly. The apartment's pretty warm, though. "The other lady... her skin was so black, she was like a shadow. I've never seen someone so powerful before." Who the heck was *that*? Surely it had to be someone Melissa had met at the VoreFans meetup or something? In that case, it was probably fine... but somehow Lindsay couldn't shake a strange sense of foreboding. Part of her thought of a shadow being cast onto the world... or perhaps an empty void in the shape of a person...

Whatever, Lindsay already knew that Melissa was okay, so it was probably fine. "Okay, I believe you." She lets go of Padma's collar, much to the relief of the girl and Elsa next to her. Melissa can tell her all about what happened tonight soon, so Lindsay decides that she should wrap all this up quickly. "Okay, time to do the auction. Is everyone ready?" Lindsay looks around, getting a grin from Dana, and resentful glares from Parvati and her son.

"I won't sacrifice my children, you sick freak." Parvati folds her arms, looking resolute. "No deal. Eat me, kill me, whatever. I won't ever make that choice." Well, it's not like Lindsay really expected her to say any less.

On Dana's lap, Samar looks equally determined. "I'm not going to participate in some fucked up auction for my life. Go fuck yourself. My family's not going to bend to your will." The femboy's answer seems to excite Dana. The futanari thug's pretty much guaranteed some action with him now.

"Ten thousand?" Padma offers. Damn, all three of them were going to... wait, what? All eyes turn to stare at the brown-skinned girl in shock. "What?" She says, looking away from her stunned mother and brother. "She's just gonna *take* the place if we all die tonight. Might as well get some cash and stay alive."

Well, that was a relief. Lindsay walks over to Padma and pats the girl on the shoulder. "Looks like we have a winner! Ten grand's a great price for this place."

"Padma..." Parvati looks at her daughter, and Lindsay's never seen a woman look so betrayed.

Her daughter won't meet her eyes. "Sorry, mum. Thanks for raising me, and all that stuff."

Harsh, but fair, in Lindsay's opinion. "Yeah, whatever Parvati. Your daughter's a smart girl. I'd say you raised her right, but she's clearly a slut, so..." The redhead can't resist kicking a woman when she's down. It's just so much fun to pile on the pain.

Parvati lets out a groan, and puts her head in her hands. It must be truly humiliating to see your own daughter flirting with a thug like Elsa and then selling you out after raising her for almost two decades. Well, at least by Padma's slutty attitude, Parvati could at least be almost guaranteed grandchildren, if only posthumously.

Well, Lindsay didn't care what Padma did after she sold the place to her. She'd keep her word and leave Padma alive. She'd even give her the ten grand, because Lindsay was a beautiful and kind woman. But what happened after that to the little slut wasn't her problem. "Padma, how long will it take you to move out? I want you out as soon as possible."

"Already?!" Padma is shaken out of making smoky eyes at Elsa for a moment to blink in shock at Lindsay. "Are you serious? No, I can't just... W-wait, I mean..." The girl backtracks as she realizes that she's straying close to signing her own death warrant. "Look, I know what you mean, but-"

Dana cuts in, rolling her eyes. "You can move in tomorrow, if you'd like, Miss Smith." She grins savagely. "After all, Padma here will be a guest of the Reilly family until the sale goes through. I don't think she'll have any objections to you living here until then, right?"

"...n-no..." Padma is at least smart enough to realize that she's got no choice in this matter. Smarter than her dumbfuck mother, at least. Anyone standing in Lindsay and Melissa's way could safely be classified as either a moron or suicidal, in the redhead's mind. "But... even if I've got ten grand, I won't be able to find anywhere to live..."

Yeah, that would be a problem for her, wouldn't it? Lindsay puts a hand on the girl's shoulder, and Padma flinches. "Listen, Padma..." The redhead smiles at her, and the girl's face softens slightly. "I *really* don't give a shit what happens to you. Go shoot up drugs and get eaten by a homeless futanari for all I care." That was what happened to most girls who got dumped by their families. Padma's face pales. After thinking for a moment, Lindsay adds; "Although, if you get pregnant from getting raped, I'd prefer it if you'd give the baby to me and *then* die." Another kid to raise would be so cute!

As Lindsay steps back, smirking at the young girl, Padma looks utterly stunned. Clearly unnerved by the look on her cute brown face, Elsa grabs Padma's hand. "H-hey, don't worry!" The pale thug is clearly trying to look friendly, and she's clearly out of practice. "Don't worry too much about it! If you want..." Elsa gulps down her nerves. "I-if you really need a place to stay, you can stay in my apartment. It's not very big, but..."

“Really?!” Padma turns to the pale futanari with a big, racism-melting smile. She grabs Elsa’s hand. “You’re so kind... I’d have to think of some way to repay you...” She bats her eyelids at the pale girl. “You’re such a friend! What’s your name?”

“E-Elsa...” Oh boy, so much for Elsa’s heart. Lindsay can already tell that the pale thug is completely smitten. “You know... I, uh... I’ve never spoken with someone of your race before...” Well, that probably explained her attitude a little bit then. Lindsay could believe that a racist had never experienced another culture before. Experiencing other cultures was the cure for racism, after all. Maybe it was the beginning for a happier future for Elsa, instead of a dark, hate-filled one.

“Elsa? Like the girl from that Disney movie?” Padma asks the pale girl. “I love that movie!”

Uh oh, the blonde thug had gotten pissed at Lindsay earlier for comparing her to the hot Disney princess. From the sounds of it, Elsa had been hearing that joke a lot. And if she was willing to get pissed at *Lindsay* for it, surely she’d get really angry if- “Yeah, like the Disney princess!” Elsa tramples all over the redhead’s expectations. “Haha, yeah... I love that movie too! Don’t you think I look just like her?” Lindsay rolls her eyes at the flirting girls, but neither of them notice.

“Hey, how long do I gotta wait here?” Dana complains, and slaps the butt of the boy on her lap. Samar winces, but tries to stoically ignore her. Cute, but that’s not going to last much longer. “Can I rape this little boytoy or what?”

“No!” Parvati’s eyes widen in horror, and she tries to stand up. Perhaps she thinks she can stop what’s about to happen to her son. Lindsay’s heard that a mother’s love can work miracles sometimes. But the redhead doesn’t believe in God. She’s heard too many prayers go unanswered inside her guts to believe in that kinda shit. So, instead of Parvati heroically rising to save her son, the mother instead get’s Lindsay’s knee in her pussy.

Contrary to popular belief, getting whacked between the legs isn’t much less painful for a girl compared to a guy or a futanari. While there’s no delicate nutsack to bruise, there’s still plenty of tender bits that don’t enjoy meeting a strong knee in full flight. The owner of the apartment lets out an inarticulate cry of pain as she slumps back down on the couch, her hands cradling her sore vagina. Her brown face turns red, and a little bit of spit leaks out of her mouth. It had clearly been, and continued to be, a painful experience. Lindsay feels a sense of justice wash over her. Yeah, that felt good. Payback for all the shit she’d forced Lindsay to go through.

And yet, as much as Lindsay would love to physically take out her frustrations on this woman, Melissa’s going to be waiting for her back home. Let’s make this quick. Lindsay leans forward, grabbing the still reeling mother by the throat. Once she’s successfully pinned the bitch, the redhead turns back to the flirting couple.

“Elsa, since you’re not doing anything...” Well, Lindsay wasn’t going to waste this chance. She was a business woman, in her heart. “Can you record this on my phone? I’d like to upload this to VoreFans after we’re done.”

“Sure!” The pale futanari eagerly takes her phone, holding it up to record what Lindsay was about to do to Parvati. Beside Elsa, Padma helps her navigate the phone’s options to bring up the camera. Nice of the girl to help the people who were about to wipe out her family, Lindsay thinks wryly.

Next to Parvati, Dana stands up suddenly. Samar, who had been on her lap, is unceremoniously dumped onto the carpet, letting out a painfully feminine grunt of shock. The femboy tries to stand, but Dana grabs his hair, forcing him onto his knees.

“Come on, come on...” Dana slips a thumb down the front of her jeans, and then awkwardly pulls them down, panties and all. Samar, who is on his knees in front of her, seems about to say something... and then he’s slapped in the face by what Lindsay could admiringly call a pulsing slab of meat. Eight inches isn’t the biggest that the redhead’s ever seen, but she’s a solidly built dick, with some lovely veins pulsing along its length. At the base of the long shaft, a thick urethra ran all the way down her length, meeting a particularly heavy-looking pair of balls. Oh my... Lindsay can’t help but be a little jealous of Samar’s position.

Despite the glorious appendage currently resting on his nose, the brown-skinned femboy looks anything but grateful. “You... you’re really gonna...?” The reality of the situation seems to weigh on him now, particularly on the upper part of his cute face.

“Aw, what are you nervous about now, Sam?” To Lindsay’s surprise, this mocking comes from the boy’s sister. Padma gives her soon-to-be-gone brother a warm smile. “You’ve been in this position lots of times with boys from uni, haven’t you?”

Above the poor little man, Dana snickers at that. “Damn, Sam. I love being a futanari, but sometimes...” She winks at Lindsay. “It’s gauche to say, but it’s time like this when I wish I had a pussy like you lesser women. Part of me would *love* to let this little chocolate pleasure machine play roulette with my womb.” She sighs, grabbing Samar’s head and pressing it into her crotch. “Guess I’ll have to do my best to knock up your throat instead!”

“Let go of me, you fucking...” Parvati whines pathetically in Lindsay’s grip. She tries to shift away on the couch, so the redhead leans forward, planting a knee in the mother’s crotch. Parvati flinches and lets out a muffled cry of pain. It’s enough to pin Parvati down completely, Lindsay is amused to feel. There’s certainly no chance of her saving her son now.

“Come on, open up you little slut...” Despite Dana’s playful pleading, Samar refuses to open his mouth as Dana’s cock pokes his lips. “Okay, we’ll do this the easy way, I guess.” The futanari thug reaches down, and pinches his cute little nose. Samar tries to hold his breath, feebly clawing at Dana’s hand. But he’s recently had his nails trimmed and painted sky-blue, so

it had very little effect other than amusing the futanari. Finally, the femboy is forced to open his mouth, to suck in air... And his mouth is instantly filled with eight inches of Dana.

His mother is too busy worrying about her own fate to notice her son's mouth being sexually assaulted. "Hey, what the fuck are you doing?!" Parvati twists in Lindsay's grip, trying in vain to break free. God, she's so fucking *weak*. Or it just that Lindsay's strong? "What are you going to do?!"

What the fuck did Parvati *think* she was going to do to her? "I'm gonna eat you alive and let you fry in my guts." Lindsay says, almost matter-of-factly. The redhead reaches down and tears open Parvati's shirt, the brown-skinned breasts bouncing as they are exposed.

The brown-skinned woman pales. "Oh... Oh, god..."

"Save your prayers for when you're inside my guts." Without further ado, Lindsay surges forward, and swallows Parvati's head. It's not particularly hard to begin slurping up the former owner of the apartment, since she clearly has no experience with escaping from a predator

"Ow!" Dana cries out, sounding more surprised than in pain. "What was *that*?" Holding onto Samar's bright red hair, she pauses in her forcing the femboy back and forth on her cock. "Did you just fucking try to bite my dick and fail? You didn't even hurt me, you fucking weakling!" Dana snorts as she resumes forcing him to suck her cock. "Oh, feel free to try again, it actually felt pretty good! I think you hurt your teeth more than me!"

Despite Parvati's desperate struggles, Lindsay had little trouble reaching her shoulders in short order. The shoulders are always the hardest part of swallowing a prey, the redhead finds. Most predators might say the tits, but those were fat and squishy. Parvati's shoulders are thin and bony, not enough meat on them for Lindsay's pleasure. But as her mouth slides over them, she reaches Parvati's chest, and tastes some real meat.

"Ooh... your lips are like *silk*, Sam..." Beside Lindsay, Dana seems to be having a *very* good time with the femboy kneeling in front of her. Gripping his bushy red hair, the futanari thug has taken ahold of the boy's head in both hands, driving his face down into her crotch over and over again. For his part, the boy's gone limp, his arms hanging at his sides as he lets Dana fuck his face. There's still a defiant look in his eyes, Lindsay is impressed to see, but he's clearly accepted that he can't stop Dana.

Mmm, the breasts are always the tastiest part of a girl, in Lindsay's opinion, and Parvati's no exception. The redhead's never been a believer in the idea that certain races taste different from each other. In her experience, the difference was individual, not racial. Parvati is a tasty one, though. She tastes like pleasure, fear and sweat. Lindsay gulps her down quickly, eager to get the delicious mother into her guts. Now that Parvati's half-inside her, Lindsay stands up again, flipping Parvati's lower body into the air, her legs almost kicking the ceiling.

Beside her, Dana lets out a long gasp as she pulls Samar's face off her cock. "Fuck... that was close. I almost fucking filled your throat!" Samar coughs, and almost looks like he's about to retort, until he sees Parvati half-inside Lindsay's throat. His face almost turns white as he watches his mother being swallowed alive. Then, Dana slaps his face with her dick. "Time for the big finish!" The futanari thug declares, jerking her dick in Samar's face.

Lindsay reaches her second favorite piece of meat tonight; Parvati's butt. Her breasts were bigger than average, but they were nothing special compared to the boobs that Lindsay's enjoyed throughout her life. Parvati's behind, on the other hand, is surprisingly fat. The redhead takes her time slurping those divine cheeks of meat down into her mouth.

"Ugh..." Dana grunts like a caveman as she beats off into her femboy victim's face. "Ugh, come on..." Finally, her whole body shudders, and the futanari thug aims her dick right in the middle of Samar's cute face. Her dick twitches for a moment, and Samar's eyes fall to the tiny white droplet dribbling out of her cockhole. The femboy realizes what's about to happen just as the dick explodes like a cannon, and he flinches as the first rope of cum slaps his face, followed quickly by a second, and then a third...

Lindsay feels Parvati's head enter her stomach, followed by the rest of her upper body. Ahh... the feeling of filling her stomach after spending the day with it empty is just... bliss. The former owner of the apartment tries to struggle, but the redhead barely even notices it at this point. She leisurely gulps down Parvati's feet, enjoying the sight of Dana coating her son's face with cum.

Finally, Dana's balls have emptied themselves enough that the futanari thug doesn't seem to have anything left to dump on Samar's face. Dana puts her hands on her hips, looking supremely satisfied. "Damn, you're quite the little slut, Samar. I'm almost tempted to keep you as a sex slave..."

Samar's eyes are dull as he looks up at Dana. "Just... shut up and eat me if you're gonna eat me. I'm sick of you, bitch." Damn, defiant to the end. Lindsay has to admire a prey like that.

"Fine." It's obvious that Dana had only been teasing about keeping him alive. Lindsay can see the predatory glint in her eyes when she looks down at her victim. "You put so much effort into looking like a girl, it's only fair that I reward you by making you part of a real woman."

"Fuck you, I'm a man..." Despite his age, he's not a man, just a boy. But that doesn't stop Dana from roughly grabbing his throat.

"Whatever you are, you're gonna be titfat in a few hours." Dana licks her lips. "Now, bring that cute little cum-covered face here for me to taste..." Samar goes limp as Dana swallows his head. For a few seconds, the futanari thug savors the taste of her own cum, and then continues down his small body.

Lindsay feels Parvati's feet slip into her stomach, the former owner curling up inside her involuntarily. She's trying to struggle, but Lindsay's had enough experience with having people inside her that her stomach muscles are like armor at this point. Parvati might as well be trying to punch through a kevlar vest. She's even lost the stomach reflex that would allow the mother to force her to spit her back up. Lindsay lets out a long burp, feeling the woman inside her kick feebly.

Next to her, Dana is slurping down Samar's feet, the boy already inside the futanari thug's gut. Dana lets out a long burp, patting her struggling stomach. "Ahh, I haven't had boyslut meat in years. God, he tasted good." Her belly lets out a long and nasty groan, heralding the rush of stomach acids that are going to end Samar's cute little life. Lindsay's got that feeling inside her belly as well, and she can feel the former owner beginning to melt as well. The mafia thug smirks, and sits down, patting the couch next to her. "Sit next to me here, Smith. I need to talk to you about some delicate matters." She turns her gaze to Elsa and Padma. "That means stop *recording* me and fuck off somewhere else, Elsa."

"Oh, s-sorry!" Elsa taps Lindsay's phone to end the recording, and then quickly hands it back to the full-stomached redhead. Then, she puts an arm around Padma's shoulders and beats a hasty retreat from her annoyed boss into one of the bedrooms with the girl.

Lindsay is glad for the invitation to sit, since it's getting hard for her to stand with an entire human's body weight in her belly. She hopes that the baby inside her isn't too bothered by her temporary roommate. Heaving a heavy sigh of relief, Lindsay sits down on the couch, which lets out a creaking protest as the redhead sinks into its cushions. "Now," Lindsay smiles to herself, glad to take the weight off as her stomach begins to digest the cunt inside her. "I assume you're asking about payment?"

"Well, I wouldn't call it *payment*, but yeah." Dana grimaces for a moment as the femboy inside her struggles in vain. "Ah... so fucking good..." She bites her lip, lost in a haze of pleasure for a moment, before opening her eyes again. "Firstly, there's me and Elsa's... shall we say *commission* for the sale..."

To be honest, Lindsay would have thought that Dana's meal was payment enough for her services, but the redhead was in a generous mood. "Yeah? How much?" She asks, curious about how bold the mafia predator will be.

Dana looks at Lindsay for a second, as if she's sizing the redhead up. "Five grand, each?" She ventures, raising an eyebrow.

"Done." Lindsay doesn't need time to think about it. Five grand's a decent chunk of cash, even for her, but it's pretty fair for what these women have given her. "Is that all?"

"N-no!" The futanari thug looks shocked at how quickly the redhead agreed, clearly having expected to meet some resistance. Shoulda been more bold, but it was too late now, Lindsay

thinks to herself with a smirk. Dana sighs, defeated. "Send the dough to Renay, she'll know what countries to bounce it around."

Easy enough. "Anything else?" Lindsay's in a generous mood. Inside her, the former owner of her new apartment has gone still. Finally, the bitch has come up against the immutable wall of justice. Though, perhaps calling stomach acid justice was a bit... no, it *was* justice. "I thought you people would be a bit more mercenary, y'know?"

Dana rolls her eyes. "Hey, that's for our services tonight." She smirks at Lindsay, and puts a hand on her shoulder. "Listen, Smith... the Reilly family considers you a friend now, okay? So, since you're our friend, you'll surely be willing to help us out from time to time, won't you?"

Lindsay smirks right back at her. "Sure!" Working for the mafia sounded fun! The redhead was definitely on board for some not-so-legal fun. "What kinda things did you have in mind?"

"Oh, y'know..." The futanari thug licks her lips. "Talking to people for us, moving some money around for us... nothing too difficult. We know you're a civilian, so..." Dana licks her lips. "And maybe sometimes... having some hungry fun with the higher-ups of the family? Nothing that you wouldn't want to do, of course. We know you're a *predator*, through and through..."

Renay must have told them what Lindsay did for a living. Well, she was going to be having sex and eating people anyway, so... "Sure, I'm game. Tell your bosses I'm all for it."

Dana nods, and then coughs into her hand. "And... if by some wild chance that you were... I don't know... *in some kind of influential position*... the family already knows they can call on you for help if we need it." Ah, this wasn't even given to her as a question. This was the big thing they wanted, Lindsay knew.

Well, if Lindsay actually did get *elected* by some obscene miracle, she's quite willing to give some kick-backs to the people who helped her out. Not like it would be any different to any other elected official in this country, after all. Hell, Lindsay could suck a dick in Parliament House and still be less corrupt than half the Australian politicians she read about on the news. "You guys can call on me whenever. I pay back by debts *because I'm not a fucking cunt!*" She punctuates this with a belly slap. Inside her guts, the rapidly Parvati lets out a nasty *glorp* sound, as part of the former owner's body collapses into soup.

"Awesome!" Dana holds out her hand. "I think this is gonna be the start of a wonderful working relationship, Miss Smith."

"Me too!" Lindsay takes the mafia thug's hand, and shakes it firmly. Then, still holding each other's hands, the two predators press down on Dana's belly with both their strength combined. From the feel of it, they're pressing right down on Samar's head. From inside Dana, the femboy lets out a final death moan. And then, Lindsay feels his skull crack under their pressure. With elated grins, the two predators continue to push down into the young boy's brain, and the

redhead enjoys the feeling of mashing his cute little brain into slurry. Samar has enough time to actually feel both sets of fingers inside his brain, squishing his mind into paste, before he finally dies with a pathetic shudder.

“Ahh...” Lindsay leans back, letting out a sigh of pleasure. “Man, I *love* popping their brains. It’s so much fun.”

Dana snorts. “Yeah, but there’s too much cleanup if you haven’t eaten them first.” Lindsay decides she’d rather not ask how the futanari thug knows that. Dana pats her belly, which is already beginning to rumble angrily as it begins to digest a femboy’s corpse. “Ah... he was so fucking girly, I think my femininity is gonna go *up* once he’s part of me.” Amazingly, her eyes are already beginning to droop.

Lindsay watches with amusement as the black-haired futanari slowly leans over. She’s snoring before her head gently comes to rest on the armrest of the couch. How cute. The redhead decides to let the thug rest. Lindsay doesn’t mind if Dana spends the night on her couch, after all.

Time to go home. Lindsay stands up, grimacing at the feeling of picking up the deadweight inside her belly. Damn, cunts are heavy. At least Lindsay will be able to enjoy jettisoning that weight later tonight. It was going to be a noisy, smelly and thoroughly enjoyable few hours. But, first she had to get home. Lindsay walks up the bedroom door that Elsa and Padma went into, and puts her ear to the door, half-expecting to hear the bed creaking.

“Oh, you’re a racist?” She hears Padma saying. It sounds more like the two are chatting, rather than fucking, to Lindsay’s disappointment. “That’s so *cool!* I love race-play!” Okay, this girl was clearly hell-bent on getting on Elsa’s dick tonight, if even *that* didn’t put a damper on her libido.

“I think I *was* a racist, up until I laid eyes on you...” Elsa says, her voice husky with arousal. Not the best pick-up line Lindsay had ever heard, but certainly a unique one. Okay, well... that was one way to end racism, apparently. Lindsay doubted that the brown-skinned girl was going to be put off by that at this point, but holy fuck.

“Elsa...” Padma says to the futanari thug, and her voice is brimming with emotion. “That’s the most beautiful thing anyone’s ever said to me.”

Well, that was certainly an odd, but blossoming love story. Gently, Lindsay pushes open the bedroom door.

Both Elsa and Padma flinch away from each other, as if they’ve suddenly been reverse-magnetized. “Oh, um, hey!” Elsa flails for a moment, and then clumsily salutes Lindsay. “Everything’s fine in here, boss. Just keeping an eye on this girl!”

“Good... I’m not your boss, though.” Whatever, Lindsay could tell that the pale thug was about a million miles away from thinking clearly at this point. “Look, just keep her safe until the deal goes through, okay?” She rolls her eyes as she turns to the brown-skinned girl. “I’m going to get Renay to get in touch with you, Padma, so just do whatever she tells you. Remember, you’re only staying alive if the deal goes through...”

“Got it!” Padma salutes her as well, a little bit too eagerly. Lindsay’s beginning to suspect that the girl’s got a screw or three loose upstairs. “But, you should leave Elsa here to supervise me. Just to make sure I don’t do anything crazy.”

“...sure.” Not like it was Lindsay’s decision anyway. Padma was the Reilly family’s problem now. “Knock yourselves out in here.” There was approximately zero chance that Elsa and Padma weren’t gonna fuck on that bed the second Lindsay left.

Lindsay closes the door, and turns to the entrance of the apartment, eager to get home. On the way, she scoops up her new sets of keys. A few house keys for her and Melissa, and two sets of car keys. Looks like Parvati had a car, and so did Samar. Score! They weren’t super useful to the two of them living in the city, but hey, stealing even more couldn’t hurt.

The redhead puts her hand on the door handle, and then pauses. Something urgent has just come up, that can’t really wait until she gets home. The earliest parts of Parvati’s soup is only just beginning to push through her intestines, but the redhead needs to take a piss. Like, *bad*. Maybe rushing into her kidneys was the bitch’s way of apologizing for being a cunt about selling the apartment.

Well, might as well get acclimatized to their new plumbing. A few seconds later, Lindsay has her butt planted on a lovely white toilet in her new bathroom. She wiggles her fat ass for a moment, and approves of the feeling. Yeah, she can get used to sitting on this thing for long periods, thankfully. The redhead intends for her and Melissa to live here for the rest of their lives, except for maybe becoming grey nomads in their old age, so having a toilet that she feels comfortable dumping copious amounts of ass on is vital. A *lot* of people are going to be passing through these toilets in the next few decades.

A golden stream sprays out of Lindsay’s asshole, but the redhead quickly loses interest in the feeling of relief. Like her shits, the redhead’s piss sessions tended to take quite a while. People had a lotta liquid in them, water, blood, brains, *their* piss... In the end, it just turned into Lindsay’s urine when she ate them. Actually, now that the redhead thinks of it...

Opening her phone, Lindsay quickly opens the VoreFans app, quickly scrolling through her notifications. Lots of people horny messaging her, lots of collaboration requests, blah blah blah... She’d earned ten grand since she last checked. Awesome, that was a whole apartment’s worth of money. Lindsay makes a new post, her fingers moving reflexively. *Me and a friend eating some whore and her femboy son, after she begged me to buy her apartment! I agreed, if*

*I could eat her and she thanked me for like five minutes straight! Now I own her house!
#blessed #slutsgetjustice #ideserveit #mumandsonwere100%doingincestthings*

A bold-faced lie, but Lindsay knew that her followers would believe her. They *wanted* to believe her, after all. It made their dicks hard when she told them what they wanted to hear. Nobody would give a shit about the people who'd gotten eaten in the video. There was no justice in this world, no karma, and Lindsay reveled in it.

A pop-up flashes on Lindsay's device. Oh, a new post from someone she knows? She opens it, to see a dick she hasn't seen in a long time, with a pair of black tits wrapped around it. *A friend got me started on VoreFans today. I'm going to be plowing my secretary all night, so stay tuned.* Renay was looking good, and so was Miss Nyx. Lindsay would certainly enjoy masturbating to that video later.

Lindsay's piss stream ends, and she stands up awkwardly, holding the edge of the sink to steady herself. The redhead's strong enough to carry a person in her guts, but it's certainly quite a burden. She flushes the toilet behind her. Pulling up her pants, the redhead washes her hands in the sink. Then, she stares at herself for a long moment.

In the mirror, she sees a woman who's both tired and deeply satisfied, in many ways. Today's the first step on a long and happy road, Lindsay knows. It was a goodbye to unrequited love and loneliness. Now, wherever she and Melissa went, they went together, hand in hand. It didn't even matter if they got married or not, their relationship was bound deeper than gold and silver. The rest of Lindsay's life was going to be spent with the ones she loved.

After all, nothing could come between them now, right?

End of Part 11.5

KNOWN STATUS OF KNOWN CHARACTERS AT THE END OF PART 11.5:

Name:	Status:	Relationship:	Finances:	Fertility :	Activity:
Melissa Jones	Alive	In a relationship with Lindsay Smith/Has feelings for Azrael Tueuer	Wealthy	Pregnant (Jessica)	She's managed to survive another encounter with the apex predator, but has not escaped unscathed. Part of her heart has been captured by the monstrous predator, after all...
Lindsay Smith	Alive	In a relationship with Melissa Jones	Wealthy	Pregnant (Tiffany)	Has succeeded in securing her dream apartment. It was a long and painful process, though not for her. Now eagerly awaits her half-naked girlfriend's return.
Parvati	Dead	A single mother has little opportunity for romance, but now she has none at all.	Dead	Dead	Found out the hard way that standing in the way of a predator is essentially a form of suicide. After her death, the Reilly family will erase any chance of justice for her family.
Samar	Dead	A dozen boyfriends, at least	Dead	Dead	Cute femininity turned out to be no shield against the brutal excesses of a predator. The crushes of a hundred men and women die along with him
Padma	Alive	Single (for the next six minutes)	Poor	Fertile	Nothing short of a miracle has prevented the preyist member of this family from meeting her deserved fate. Her ancestors would cry if they could see what remains of their bloodline.
Elsa	Alive	Single (for the next six minutes)	Poor	Virile	Born a racist thug, raised a racist thug, works as a racist thug. But all that ends tonight. As her dick explores a new culture, Elsa begins her long path to renouncing her former beliefs.
Dana	Alive	???	???	Virile	Got paid, got fed, got good news for her bosses. All in all, a fairly normal night's work for this particular thug. Samar will end up beefing up her cock length, to her surprise.