Pred.V

The Predator Pill

2

This bottle contains:
5g Pred.V
Description: Each 5g co
100mg Pred.V
Dosage: See instruction included
with the package.
Keep tightly closed.

Warning



Written by Umbrelloid
Art by SeekGr

Pred.V – The Predator Pill: Book Two

A Vore Story

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Book Two

Pred.V- The Predator Pill: Book Two

Groooohn…

Cherish awoke from the strangest dream. She'd dreamt she was *eating* someone, a handsome intern named… hm. She'd never gotten his name, nor had her dream-self truly cared: to her he was only *meat.*

She'd dreamt of extending her jaw impossibly wide, gaping her mouth to slide him head-first down the pink chute of her gullet. She'd dreamt of him fighting, resisting her, all the way down… but she'd been so strong, so *powerful,* that all his protests had amounted to nothing.

Down he'd gone, curling up inside like the morsel he was born to be… At least, that was how Cherish had perceived it while in her state of pure satiation. Even his cries of panic, muffled by the heavy padding of her squirming stomach, had sounded more like moans of pleasure to her ears.

"Figures," Cherish muttered before her eyes were fully open. A dream. Of course it had been. She'd spent the past week wracked with anxiety about her own prey-like feelings, her creeping desire to find the nearest pred and just – *give* herself to them. No wonder her subconscious was brewing up fantasies about magic pills that would turn her into a pred, and let her enjoy the power and authority she'd always envied.

She sat up in bed, her body heavy. Only then, as she peered sleepily down at herself, did she realise what had happened.



“Oh god,” she breathed.

Her belly jutted before her, gravid and soft. Nothing like the heaving mass she remembered from her ‘dream’, but almost as if… as if that mass had undergone a full night of digestion, rendering her meal into liquid and nutrients. Indeed, when she took a fearful step back, her belly emitted a faint *glunk* like a jug half-full of milk.

“Oh god, oh fuck.”

She dropped her hands to her own swollen expanse, feeling her flesh squish and mould beneath her fingers. Her stomach ***blurrrgl***ed in response, and though she resisted, all that gas had to find a way out.

HuuUUURP!

She burped louder than she'd ever burped in her life, a long and rolling expulsion that had her mouth gaping and her lips wobbling. Once it was done, her stomach looked a little smaller. She panted for air, the truth of the matter beginning to dawn on her.

She'd—

She'd really—

But that was impossible. She was *prey,* everyone knew it the moment they laid eyes on her. The mere concept of her swallowing a person was… it was downright absurd. Comical, even.

Her belly stared back at her.

Cherish touched her breasts. They felt… fuller than usual, heavier in her hands as she squeezed and squished them. Did her ass look bigger too, or was her brain just playing tricks on her? All the preds she knew were ludicrously curvy: maybe this was part and parcel of the whole… the whole…

Cherish groaned. Trying to apply logic to any of this was pointless. But she *did* need time to think.

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“Cherish. So good to hear from you.” Ms. Penrose’s voice was aural honey, even over the phone. “*Are you calling to explain why you* vanished*yesterday?*”

Cherish didn’t even remember yesterday… Nothing after swallowing that intern, anyway. Her lips trembled, tightened… and then parted. “I’m sorry,” she panted. “I came down with an illness. It was… really sudden, you know?”

“It seems you’re not the only one. We have a missing intern.” Cherish could imagine Ms. Penrose cradling the phone, her gleaming eyes full of intelligence and hunger. “*When can we expect to see you again? Considering the office is so understaffed.*”

“T-Tomorrow,” Cherish said. “Or the day after?”

Ms. Penrose sighed. “*Hurry back as soon as you’re able.*”

“Yes, of course!”

Cherish hung up and fell backwards onto her back. That bitch, using that condescending tone on her…!

Cherish froze as she thought that, and then started to smile. She was a pred now, and that meant she didn’t have to take that kind of bullshit from anyone. As soon as Ms. Penrose saw Cherish with a full belly and enlarged tits, she’d know she wasn’t dealing with some pushover anymore. She’d treat her with respect, maybe even promote her!

Cherish sat up, blinked, then scrambled in her bedside drawer for the small white bottle filled with the circular pink pills. She popped one on her tongue and swallowed it, not waiting to taste its sour flavour.

One per day. Can't forget.

"Hey, Cherish, I'm coming in!"

Cherish had all of one second to drop her bottle into the drawer and slam it shut before Jodie exploded into her room. The orange-haired bimbo wore a tanktop, panties, and a huge beaming smile that fell on Cherish with all the lusty energy of a born pred. She had a half-eaten tub of ice cream in her hands, and her belly thrust forward in a way that told Cherish she'd probably eaten someone since the last time she'd seen her. That bulge… Were those *tits* pressing out against the surface of her belly?

"Her there, sleepyhead! I was wondering when you'd—… Holy SHIT!"

Her gaze fell upon Cherish's belly, her jaw slackening as she stared at its softened heft. Cherish froze where she lay on the bed, on her back, her face hot and growing hotter.

"You—" Jodie started, then stopped and put a hand to her cheek. "Did you actually—?"

Cherish got off the bed and marched for her closet. She couldn't endure that stare! "D-Don't just barge into my room!" she barked. "As if you *ever* listen to a damn thing I say…"

“Whoa, Cherish, we need to talk about this!” Jodie followed her, her shadow falling over Cherish. “Who’d you eat? How did you even—?”

Cherish clenched her jaw tightly, standing with her back to Jodie for a long few seconds… before turning and attempting a grin. She only succeeded in a lopsided rictus, but it had the intended effect: Jodie stepped back.

“I was tired of being pushed around,” she said. “So I ATE someone. Got a problem with it?”

“Uh, only that people don’t just DO that!” Jodie scowled down at her, hands going to her chubby hips. “Have you ever eaten someone before this one?”

Cherish pushed her shoulders back, trying to look nonchalant. “Sure,” she said. “I’m a pred, aren’t I? So I must have.” She even reached out to pat Jodie’s heaving stomach. “Since we’re the *same* now, maybe you can stop leaving your clothes piled up the living room. How about it?”

Jodie’s stare was heavy. Then she burst into laughter.

“Oh my GOD, Cherish, that is HILARIOUS!” She leaned down a little, bringing her eyes more in line with Cherish’s own. Her smile was wide and gentle, but smug in a subtle way. “We’re not the same. And you’re absolutely, positively, one-hundred-percent ***not a pred***, babes!”

“I—*What!?*”

“Maybe you have a buried talent, or maybe you caught someone who’s even more prey than you, but this doesn’t erase the entire time I’ve

known you, you know? You're the most prey-coded person I've ever met!"

"But—*this?*" Cherish indicated her belly, her eyes wide with disbelief.

Jodie straightened up, and loomed over her. Now she was so close, all kinds of size comparisons were obvious. For instance, Jodie's belly alone was bigger than Cherish's entire torso. That heaving gut gave a ***croon*** as if to emphasise the difference, boasting its superiority… and it shook when Jodie laughed again. Cherish boiled with outrage. The sheer *audacity* of this slut, to deny her pred status when the proof was glaring her in the face! "I am SO a pred!" Cherish snarled, "and I'll prove it to you right now!"

Jodie hummed as Cherish stepped past her – out of the bedroom and toward the kitchen. Cherish flung open the cupboards and spent a few moments perusing the shelves, before selecting a ripe red apple and turning to face Jodie, who was just stepping through the doorway.

"Watch *this.*"

Cherish opened wide, straining her jaw wider than she ever had before yesterday— "*Aaahhmm—*" and held the apple above the gaping pit of her maw. As Jodie watched, she dropped the apple in. It tumbled into the pit of her throat, nestling there as she closed her mouth and swallowed. ***UuuULP!*** Her neck bulged outwards, a thick lump descending past her collarbone, before she let out a sigh and patted her slightly-heavier belly. "See? Easy."

"Oooh, look at you!" Jodie said. "What a trooper. One whole apple? I'm amazed!" She pushed past Jodie and rifled through the cupboard. "Let's try something a bit *bigger.*"

Cherish gulped as Jodie stepped back with a watermelon in her hands.

“Here.” Jodie tossed the huge fruit to Cherish, who stumbled and nearly dropped it. Clutching it awkwardly, she glared up into Jodie’s eyes… before planting her feet and nodding.

“Sure! Okay! One watermelon, going down!”

Jodie folded her hands over her stomach as Cherish wrestled the watermelon up to her mouth – and stained. *Gwauuhhhp--!* Her mouth stretched and stretched, eyes watering, her glasses falling off-kilter as she contested with the huge fruit.

Come on, come on…! This shouldn’t be so difficult. She’d gulped down an entire person last night, but why now, when she needed to perform, were her abilities failing her?

Her jaw surpassed the width of the watermelon, and she jolted as, with a noisy ***GLUCK,*** it plunged down into the chute of her throat. She squinted one eye shut, all too aware of Jodie watching, and mustered up a powerful ***GULP*** to tug it down.

Her neck lurched, the bulge sinking halfway down… and stopping, arresting her windpipe just as much as her throat!

As Cherish started to gag, Jodie chuckled and grasped her shoulder. “Hold still,” she said, and brought a hand up high… before ***slamming*** it down Cherish’s exposed throat, mashing the watermelon the rest of the way down into her stomach! ***BLRRRKH!*** Cherish jerked in Jodie’s grip, coughing and choking around her roommate’s bicep, going goggle-eyed as Jodie pulled her arm slooowly up and out of her, withdrawing it coated in sticky slime.

“Gross!” Jodie chirped as she flicked the spittle off her arm, watching Cherish stagger and clutch at her stiff, definitively rounded stomach. “Looking a little weak there, ‘pred’. Is everything alright?”

Despite the teasing edge to Jodie’s tone, there was genuine concern in her eyes. That made the whole thing even more annoying for Cherish, who pulled herself up straight and blurted, “I-I don’t need to be coddled! Of course I’m alright.” She *slapped* her jutting belly, defying Jodie with her glare. “See? I’m handling it – ***bluEERRRP*** – j-just fine.”



Jodie curled her lip and crossed her arms against those huge, luscious breasts of hers. “Is that so?” She took a step forward, jiggling her thigh as her foot touched the floor. Her leg rode up between Cherish’s own, knee bracing her big belly. Cherish tensed up as Jodie loomed over her.

“H-Hey,” she murmured. “What’s the big idea…?”

“If you’re a pred, you’ll be able to resist me,” Jodie said flatly, “when I do *this.*”

Cherish yelped as Jodie lurched forwards and onto her, wrestling her to the floor! It was like fighting a bear: Jodie was too big, too powerful, and her body blanketed Cherish with an ease that made her resistance laughable. Within seconds, Cherish was flat on her back and staring up into Jodie’s keen blue eyes.

“If you were a pred, you could stop me from eating you.”

Jodie’s mouth opened then, the pink carpet of her tongue unrolling, the pit of her maw half-covering Cherish’s panicked face. Cherish wriggled and struggled, but Jodie just had to *lie* on her, pinning her without effort and sneering at her attempts to break free.

“Aaahhh…” She yawned her mouth further around Cherish’s head, nearly engulfing all of it. Her big, slovenly tongue rolled, flickering its wet heat across Cherish’s face, dampening her glasses as she huffed and panted… and grabbed at her crotch under Jodie’s belly.

Fuck… Fuck…

Cherish had thought she was past this. That she'd freed herself from her own insidious, prey-like urges. But now, buried under her maneating roommate and blanketed in her mouth, she could feel it all coming back, a lustful thrill that wanted — no, that *demanded* she push herself deeper into Jodie's throat! Its opening was right in front of her, almost tickling her nose whenever Jodie opened wide enough to slip her lower lip under Cherish's chin. "Ahaahh…" Low, rumbling laughter echoed out of Jodie's larynx, vibrating across Cherish's face with each puff of wet breath.

Jodie's hand was on her chest, cupping her left breast through her top and squeezing, *digging*, teasing her to the limit…!

"Unngh… S-Stoppp…" Cherish said as Jodie's slick gums slid against her cheeks. That tongue slurped down her chin and neck, wriggling and curling again and again, while Jodie seemed intent on socketing her entire face into the pudge of her tonsils… but slow, torturously slow, letting Cherish hear her belly's ***gurrrgle***s rising up the tunnel of her ready gullet.

And then… Jodie drew back. Her lips, momentarily sealed to Cherish's cheeks, ***pwopped*** away with a minor spray of spittle, and Cherish was staring up at Jodie's face once more, watching her smug roommate lick her lips and giggle. Strings of drool hung from Jodie's mouth, connecting their faces, and her breaths continued to steam Cherish's glasses as they held eye contact in the aftermath.

"Prey," Jodie said, squeezing her chest again. "Prey," she said, clasping her face in a hand so her lips bunched up and puckered out. "*Prey.*"

Jodie kissed her. Cherish's eyes snapped wide open, but she didn't resist as her roommate scrubbed her lips in a deep, sucking kiss that reddened her face and hollowed her cheeks.

“Mwwww***mp!***” When Jodie popped away again, Cherish panted for air, her jaw hanging slack, her chest pulsing in and out with each heaving GULP for breath--!

“I knew it,” said Jodie. “You’re totally *creaming* yourself over the thought of me eating you. Y’know, that’s not something a *pred* does.”

“Hahh… fuah… Y-You’re a jerk!” Cherish barked, her tone failing to express the sheer frustration she was feeling. “Fuck!”

“Heehee…” Jodie traced a finger along Cherish’s curved belly, feeling the watermelon packed tight inside her. “You *are* pretty hot with a big belly, though. So maybe I’ll give you another chance to prove yourself.”

Cherish watched her wearily. “H-How…?”

“There’s a pred party every Friday. You know how I always come home *full* on Fridays? That’s why.” She licked Cherish’s cheek, flicking just the tip of her tongue across her skin. “Of course, if you try to act big again, I’ll have to humiliate you in front of the girls…”

Cherish… couldn’t control herself. She got her hands between their bodies and *shoved*. She didn’t have the strength to lift Jodie, but the orange-haired girl rolled off of her all the same, pouting at her in confusion.

“Why,” said Cherish, “why do you people *always* push me down?”

“Aw, Cherish. It’s not about pushing you down.” Jodie sat up and tossed a hand through her hair. “Everyone has their own place, you know? And

you haven't accepted yours yet. As soon as you do, you'll feel much happier."

"You're saying it's… *for my own good?*"

"Totally! I only want what's best for you, Cherish. Even if that means churning in my gut!" Jodie clapped her stomach three times before standing and walking away, leaving Cherish splayed out on the kitchen floor and panting toward the ceiling.

-

The rest of the week came and went. On Friday night, Cherish was in her room when Jodie knocked on her door.

"Hey, you coming?"

"J-Just a minute!"

Already blushing, Cherish opened her bedside drawer and took out her PredPlus bottle. She'd been taking one per day, just as advised, except *today* she hadn't taken any. She was timing her doses, so she could be on the top of her game when Jodie took her to the pred party.

She tipped the bottle and tapped a pill into her palm… and blinked when a second one fell out to nestle beside the first.

She stared. *One per day*, the instructions had told her, but what if…?

She remembered being pinned by Jodie. Head lodged in her mouth, face smushed between her tonsils… staring down, down, into the very depths of her body…

Jodie tossed both pills into her mouth.

Gulp.

"I'm coming!"

-

The party was in full swing when Cherish and Jodie arrived. The bass of the music thrummed through the floor, vibrating up Cherish's legs and into the pit of her stomach, where her intern-meal – not to mention the watermelon – had long since dissolved. Even Jodie was looking relatively slim: when Cherish asked her about it, she said she was saving room for tonight.

"By the way, Cherish… Were you *always* so curvy?"

Cherish had to admit, when she happened to pass by a mirror, that her clothes seemed tighter than usual. She'd picked out a red dress she hadn't worn in ages, which *could* have explained it… except she was 100%, positively sure her boobs had never been *this* big. Her cleavage popped so blatantly that she could almost believe she was looking at someone else, and when she stood next to Jodie… Heck, had she gained a few inches in height?

Could PredPlus really be that effective?



The air here was thick with the scent of alcohol, sweat, and more than a little sex. It was a simmering atmosphere of perversion, and the biggest perverts of all were arrayed before Cherish.

Preds. Dozens of them. A veritable sea of curvaceous, towering bodies all in skimpy clothes, laughing, dancing, and *digesting* with smiles on their faces.

The party hadn't even reached its pitch, and yet everywhere Cherish looked, she saw bulging bellies: some gently sloping, others taut and squirming with the unmistakable shapes of their occupants. A redhead with a belly that could have held *two* of Cherish leaned against a wall, moaning softly as she rubbed her gut, while a tall, imposing woman

with piercing green eyes led a much smaller, wide-eyed girl by the hand toward a darkened corner.

Cherish's heart pounded, beating a frantic drum against her ribs. She felt like something much smaller than she was, and the danger was all too obvious. Instincts from the dawn of her species told her to *get away*, or otherwise crawl into a hole somewhere and not come out until all these monsters had left.

"Well, here we are!" Jodie said into Cherish's ear, her warm breath making her quiver. "Time to see if you can walk the walk, 'pred'."

A voluptuous pred with shimmering silver hair approached. Her belly was so full it seemed ready to pop, but the thing that really drew Cherish's attention was how well that belly complemented her clothes. She wore silvery silks, a similar shade to her hair, draped across her ultra-voluptuous body as if she was some kind of queen from outer space, and she wore a ravenous grin as she came near.

"Jodie! And you brought a snack."

"Hiii, Serena!" Jodie stepped forward and bumped her near-flat belly against the other woman's, a habitual gesture of greeting. Cherish couldn't help but note the squirming that followed across the surface of Serena's gut, indicative of not one, but *several* prey. "This is Cherish, but don't let looks deceive you! She's a pred!"

Serena's silver eyes fell on Cherish in argent curiosity. It was terrifying, being the focus of that stare. "Is that so?" she asked as she scanned Cherish from her trembling knees to her anxious face. "A little *petite* for a pred, aren't we?"

Cherish flushed as Jodie put an arm about her shoulders.

“She wants a chance to prove herself. Got any ideas?”

Serena smiled. “I can think of a thing or two.” She extended a finger toward a young woman nearby, nervously sipping a drink by herself. “Mia there, she’s been to a few of these parties, but she’s too shy to ask anyone to eat her. If you can swallow her, I *might* accept you as a pred. Fail… and you’re fair game.”

It seemed Serena was some kind of alpha around her. The moment she’d started addressing Cherish, conversation around them quieted down, and now all eyes were on them. Jodie watched with an unreadable expression, a mix of smugness and something that looked like concern.

Cherish had no idea what to say. Her mouth dried up, and she crumpled the front of her dress in her hands…

…but the double dose of PredPlus had given her power. She could feel it, feel her own ability. There was no need to be afraid! She could *do* this. She belonged here!

Without saying another word, Cherish strode toward Mia. The young woman looked up, her eyes widening as Cherish loomed over her.

Loomed. The Pred.V really *had* made her taller. Cherish sucked in a steady breath, observing the woman’s eyes. Mia looked confused at first, but then she saw Cherish’s expression, and her bearing grew more eager, more… hopeful.

“Hi,” Cherish said, her voice low and husky. “I hear you’re looking for a ride.”

Mia hesitated before nodding. A tiny smile played on her lips. “A one-way trip,” she said, barely audible over the music. “B-But, are you…? Can you…?”



Cherish grabbed her arm, and she squeaked excitedly. “Hell of a question to ask the girl who’s about to *eat* you,” Cherish growled. She pulled the girl along, leading her to a more secluded area of the room.

The music dulled somewhat, allowing Cherish to hear herself think. “Last chance to back out.”

Mia stood there, frozen in her grip, eyes gleaming. She gave the tiniest shake of her head, and Cherish grinned…

…before unhinging her jaw with a soft pop, *stretching* her maw impossibly wide. She wasn’t sure how she was doing it, but the Pred.V was coursing through her veins, a potent cocktail of power and predatory instinct. She didn’t even have to think as she lowered her head to engulf Mia’s own.

Ouuullph!

The taste was intoxicating. Mia’s head slid right into her throat in a single motion, ***glucked*** into Cherish’s body as if she was no bigger than that apple she’d tried to boast to Jodie about.

Mia began to struggle – gently, her survival instincts fighting against her raw, primal NEED to be devoured. Cherish only had to hold her in a firm grip to dull her struggles, and render her easy to consume.

GULP. Mia’s shoulders vanished. Cherish pulled her, pinning her arms to her sides, swallowing rhythmically. She lifted Mia off her feet, supporting her full weight as if it was nothing at all, and started lifting her, turning her against gravity…!

Cherish grew dimly aware of the shocked gasps of the watching preds, the teasing mutters shared between them as she watched the new girl at work… but Cherish’s focus was on her prey. She worked her way down Mia’s torso, her tongue lapping at the silky skin of her stomach. ***GULP, GLUCK!*** Mia’s hips were next, and her heart-shaped ass bulging

out her jeans. Cherish's hands worked on Mia's belt, slipping it free and dropping it at her feet, tugging Mia's jeans down her legs and her shoes off her feet, exposing her sweet meat to the walls of her mouth and throat…

Mia's bare feet kicked weakly at the air. Her squeals sounded from inside Cherish, muffled almost to silence by the music. Cherish kept going, elated, filled with a pleasure that originated in her groin and spread out to the rest of her body. God, she was in her *element!* She swallowed and swallowed until only Mia's feet remained, then slammed her jaw shut and finished her off with a resounding ***SCHGLUCK!***

Mia slid down into her depths, expanding her belly as she was forced to curl up in the chamber of her middle. Cherish let out a *groan* of sheer delight as she gasped her middle, through which the distinctively outline of her balled-up prey could be seen. Mia was moaning, crooning, unable to squirm much amidst her clenching surroundings, but clearly enjoying every minute.

Cherish was amazed. To her, swallowing the intern seemed as distant as a dream, but this was *now,* an act committed with the full awareness of the fact. She was powerful. She was in control. She was—

"—Amazing!" Jodie cried as she rushed through the crowd to hug Cherish, engulfing her in her arms and breasts. Cherish grunted as her roommate squeezed her tight, noticing – with a surge of lust – that Jodie's stomach had swelled since she'd last seen her, and was writhing against hers with the blissful spasms of digesting prey.

When Jodie stopped suffocating her, they stood belly-to-belly, their prey-filled guts wobbling against each other. Cherish couldn't help but stare. Maybe it was the Pred.V, or maybe it was her own state of extreme stimulation, but she was noticing things about Jodie she never had before. Mostly related to how beautiful she was.



“Cherish—”

Cherish seized Jodie’s collar and pulled her down into a deep kiss. Jodie’s eyes widened, and then narrowed in bliss. Their tongues sought each other, slipping and curling between their mouths, as their breasts pancaked together. Cherish quivered, shots of pleasure melting through her like liquor. Here it was: revenge for that teasing kiss Jodie had given her a few days ago, a complete turnaround in the power dynamic, a—

“Okay,” said Serena, appearing beside them like a silver phantom… if that phantom had a belly the size of a car seat. “I’m willing to admit I was wrong. You’re *very* welcome here, Cherish.”

Cherish ended her kiss with Jodie as preds started to clamour around them. Heavy hands clapped her on the back, and someone shoved a drink into her hands. Someone complimented her technique. Cherish faced Serena, her mouth hanging open in momentary shock… before she raised her glass in a wordless salute, and let a beaming smile spread across her face.

So *this* was the taste of acceptance.

Cherish took a deep, long drink.

-

Cherish drank some more. She chatted with the other preds. *Other* preds, because she was one of them. From one group to another, bumping bellies with some of the largest women she’d ever met. Faced with so many towering women, she felt a little anxious that she might run into Ms. Penrose, but it seemed her boss wasn’t attending *this*

party. Cherish drank another glass, and that was when she realised the squealing of her meal had stopped. Her belly felt a little softer than before, and when she shook it from side to side, it *sloshed.*

“Heh…”

Her own pred-ness was getting to her head. She stood on the sidelines and cheered when Serena challenged Jodie to a tug-of-war: they pinned a nervous-looking blonde between their bellies as they trash-talked each other, each insult met by an *‘Ooooh!’* from the audience… before they lifted the squirming girl, opened wide, and devoured her from both ends.



Her body all but vanished in a matter of seconds: in a few big gulps, Jodie and Serena swallowed her down to her midriff, where their lips smushed lewdly together. They glared at each other, belly to belly and chest to chest, before the contest began in earnest.

"Impressive, aren't they?" said a voice in Cherish's ear. Hands slipped about her shoulders, making her jolt and stopping her from turning all the way around.

In her peripheral vision, a grinning woman loomed. A woman in elegant makeup, crimson hair done up in a bun. She leaned so her heavy breasts crushed across Cherish's back, but the most notable thing about her was her tight, flat belly.

"Huh?" Cherish asked.

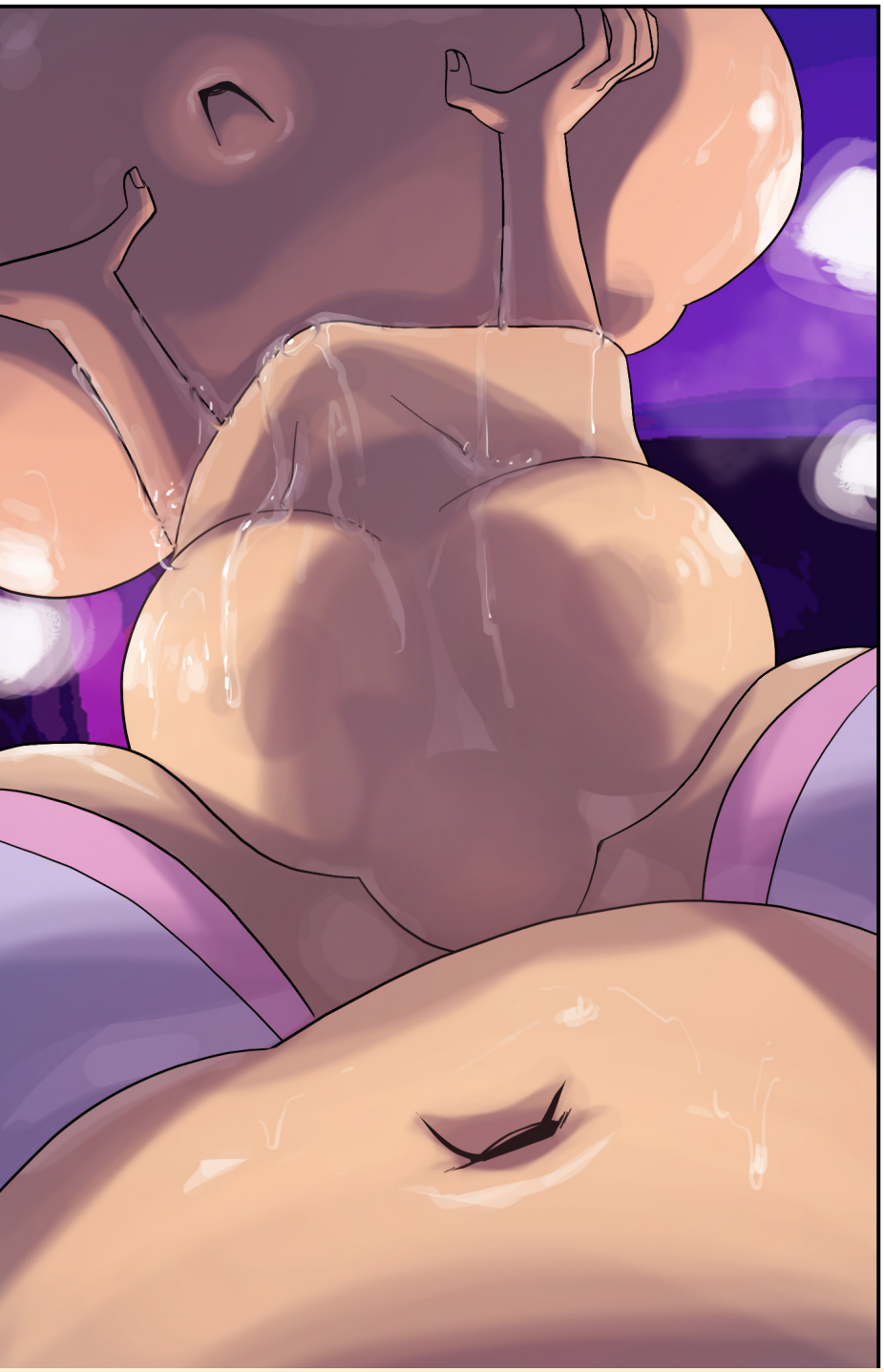
Jodie and Serena was going at it, ***SLURRRRP***ing and gulping at their prey, vying their peristaltic muscles against each other's as the blonde wriggled and grasped and groped at their sucking lips. Each time her arching midriff slid back into one woman's maw, the other swallowed harder and righted the balance.

"I'm Cassandra," the crimson-haired beauty said. "You've had a busy night… Cherish, was it?"

"Ahah… Yeah, it's been fun!" Cherish pushed out her middle to emphasise her belly a bit more, but Cassandra's eyes never shifted from her own – not even when Serena grasped Jodie by the waist and LIFTED her up into the air!

GLULK!







Cherish whipped her head around to stare at the ongoing ‘contest’… which had just evolved into something far more depraved. Serena had expanded her jaw even further before, and now Jodie was squealing, muffled as the silver-clad seductress lodged her head and shoulders down her gullet! Serena’s eyes were furious with intent: she worked her throat muscles in terrific swallows, bobbing Jodie back and forth in her arms… until suddenly, Serena’s belly wobbled, growing even *more* gravid than before as Jodie let her prey slip down Serena’s throat!

Only then, the tug-of-war definitively won, did Serena release the soggy, gasping Jodie from her all-powerful gullet. Jodie wobbled where she stood, panting for air as preds surrounded her, laughing and poking and prodding. Someone gave Serena a small cask of wine, and she drunk from it directly, ***ULP-GULP***ing her neck until the barrel was empty.

When Cherish turned around again, Cassandra was gone.

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Another hour went by. And another. Cherish was starting to feel exhausted, but… that wasn’t all. She was spectating a drinking contest when a shudder went through her, and she nearly collapsed to her knees.

She made her excuses and staggered away from the main group, toward the bathroom. Even as she walked, she was hit by a creeping dread, a suspicion of what was happening to her.

One look in the bathroom mirror confirmed it. Her clothes were looser around her body. The glow of supreme confidence in her eyes was being replaced by something else: anxiety, that old familiar friend.

“Well, well,” said a voice from behind her.

Cherish swivelled to see Cassandra, leaning against the doorframe… and pinning the door shut. Cherish’s crimson-haired stalker studied her like a cat studies a mouse, tilting her head gently from side to side, arresting her with that thrilling, chilling eye-contact.

“Looks like the drug wore off,” said Cassandra.

“D-Drug?” Cherish blustered. “I don’t know what you’re—”

“Pred.V, right? I’ve known a few pieces of meat who tried it. Wanted to escape your own instincts, huh?” Cassandra pushed off the doorframe and took a slow step toward Cherish. “Tell me something. Did the instructions say what’d happen if you take too much?”

“I--… I--…” Cherish looked from side to side, seeking an escape route… but no matter how hard she tried to calculate survival, her attention kept shifting back to Cassandra. Her dress was as red as her hair, fitting snugly around her incredible body. There were holes along the sides where the fat of her thighs spilled out.

Oh no. The pills really *were* wearing off. Cherish could feel her instincts changing, her desires…

Cassandra was upon her now, her fingers tracing Cherish’s right arm. “Double the dose, half the duration. They don’t exactly advertise that fact.”

Cherish was panting. “H-Hey, quit it, or I’ll--”

“You’ll what? Swallow me?” Cassandra leaned in close, her warm breaths falling on Cherish’s ear. “Go on, threaten me…”

Cassandra’s hand was sliding down Cherish’s dress, past the hem… between her legs. Cherish gasped, her whole body tensing as the predator’s fingers found her most sensitive spot.

“Oh… oh *god…*”

Cassandra had an expert touch. She knew just how to tease and torment Cherish, with her voice and her fingers alike. Cherish, already in a descending state of lust, gurgled when Cassandra’s fingertips began to swirl. A haze of lust surrounded her, and though a part of her was screaming to fight back – the lingering remnants of her pred-self – the rest wanted to submit… submit…

“You like that?” Cassandra asked as Cherish arched into her touch. The predator’s voice was a husky purr. “You like being touched, being dominated. Just like everyone else who takes those pills. You’re so wet for me.”

Cherish moaned in response, a lot and simpering moan her pride could never recover from. She clutched at the sink to keep herself upright while Cassandra’s other hand came up to cup her breast, squeezing and kneading…

“Please,” Cherish begged. “Please…”

Please what? Stop? Keep going? Cherish’s thoughts whirled so quickly that she couldn’t know the answer. Casandra’s index finger dipped between her slick pussylips and plunged inside while the first joint of that finger continued to rub her clit, grinding faster and faster…

“Let go,” Cassandra said. “Give into your true nature.”

With those words, whatever remained of Cherish’s pred-self exploded. Her orgasm drowned her like a wave, flooding her with bliss and driving moans, *howls* of joy out of her! She spasmed and jerked, her pussy gripping Cassandra’s finger tightly as she became a puppet in the predator’s hands.

Oh fuck, god. As Cassandra rolled her tongue across her lips, Cherish felt that old, burning sensation growing inside her, a fire that couldn’t be quenched except by… by…!

“Good girl,” Cassandra purred, and cupped Cherish’s cheek in her hand. Her lips brushed across Cherish’s ear, and she whispered, “I want you. I want to feel you squirming in my belly. I want to digest you, turn you into nothing more than a pleasant memory. I want your mass on my thighs.”

She leaned back and peered into Cherish’s panting face.

“How about it?”

Cherish wet her lips. For a moment she couldn’t say anything at all. Then she nodded, or… *found herself* nodding, her body giving the answer to Cassandra’s question before her mouth could form it:

“P-Please… Eat me…”

Cassandra clicked her tongue gently against the roof of her mouth. “With pleasure.”

The predator's maw opened so wide that Cherish could see the pulsating walls of her throat. A wave of humid breath washed over her, and by that point Cassandra was already starting to crouch down, hunkering on her thick, doughy thighs so her head was at Cherish's level.

"I want to savour you," Cassandra said. "I haven't eaten *all evening.* Why don't you say hi to my hungry belly before I send you to greet it?"

Cherish, pinned between Cassandra and the sink, could only bring a hand to her stomach. It responded with an immediate *growl* of hunger, and Cherish bit her lip. "H-Hi, tummy… Let's be friends, okay…?"

Cassandra chuckled at Cherish's mindbroken response, and grasped her left wrist – bringing it to her open mouth and inserting her hand into her maw. She sucked on it while glowering at Cherish, moving her jaw gently, rolling her tongue across her forearm…

When she pulled back, Cherish could see Cassandra was ready.

"How do you want it, darling? Head-first? Feet-up? Or… dealer's choice?"

Cherish said the only words she could force through her prey-fogged mind. "I-I don't care, so long as you put me INSIDE you!"

"Spoken like a true snack."

Cassandra picked Cherish up then, and peeled her loose dress off of her sweating body. Sweating? More like 'stewed in her own juices', rendered all the tastier for this all-dominating pred.

Cassandra *folded* her, bunching Cherish up so her knees touched her shoulders and her feet stuck out over her head. Cherish wriggled in that awkward position, staring down past her bare tits, soft belly, and her bare, *soaking* pussy – down into Cassandra's cruel blue eyes.

"This one's my favourite position," she said. "All bundled up and ready to… aaah…"

Her jaw unhinged, and Cherish fought not to close her eyes as Cassandra spread her warm lips out and around the curves of her asscheeks.



If Cherish's eyes could have shown big hentai love-hearts, they would have done so the moment Cassandra's tongue crept out to cup her ass, to guide her down into the depths of her body, down the chute she could *see* descending beneath her into heavenly pink dimness.

"Hohhf… Eat me, eat meeee…" Cherish's frantic muttering dissolved into nonsense as Cassandra lowered her. Her throat opened to accept her prey, and with a lewd ***schglurk***, Cherish's rump slipped into it. Cherish heard a hungry gurgle from below, a demanding call from the stomach of the predator who was now *devouring* her.

"Yes, yesss…!" Cherish could barely even hear herself over the pounding of her own heart. If Cassandra hadn't fingered her to orgasm just minutes before, she might have climaxed right there and then, just from the sensation of the pred's throat membrane rolling across her cunt! She was becoming engulfed in a slick, rhythmic massage that worked her deeper with each peristaltic pump. Cherish's legs and waist were next, sliiiding downwards as Cassandra leaned back her head and shut her eyes tightly, relishing the sensation of being *filled.* Her throat worked in tandem with gravity, and soon Cherish realised that this might be her last chance, her chance to---!

Just before Cassandra's throat grew too tight, Cherish stuck both hands down her own body and between her legs, to fondle herself silly as she descended! Her arms were immediately pinned against her body, swallowed almost to the shoulder, but now she could play with herself – and she did so vigorously, her moans growing even more whorish as Cassandra treated her like the *meat* she was!

Mouthful after mouthful, Cassandra consumed. Cherish could see Cassandra's lips creeping up into her field of vision, sliding around her shoulders… until the predator's tongue rolled out and up and slide against the back of her head! "Mmmm, fucking eat me," she huffed again, glasses steaming in Cassandra's huffs of breath. "Eat me, you big, greedy *fuck…!*"

She was a morsel, destined for Cassandra's stomach… and as Cassandra's jaw started to close, and she got her last look at the light, she cast her gaze toward the mirror – just in time to see her sweaty, spit-soaked, lust-reddened face staring back at her.

The face of someone born to be a meal.

Darkness closed around her. She hung there in the darkness, suspended by meat and membrane, Cassandra's juices dripping down her body. Cherish's entire world hung in suspense…

…and then Cassandra swallowed, and her throat opened up to become a waterslide down which Cherish slipped, evacuated down into the predator's depths with so little resistance that her last thought, before she hit the bottom, was bafflement at how she'd *ever* thought herself to be a predator.

Groooooonnn…

Glrrrrgle…

Glrt, glrt, glrt…

Cherish slipped into Cassandra's stomach like it was a glove made for her alone, landing in a pool of digestive juices that tingled her skin and made her yelp out with joy. She maintained the position she'd been swallowed in: legs over her head, fingers hooked inside her pussy, embarrassingly folded in a way no *predator* would ever find herself.

"Oh… Ohh…"



She could feel Cassandra rising, hear her moaning… and more importantly, hear her stomach gurgling all around her as her digestion started.

Cassandra's stomach walls closed in, and Cherish was enveloped in warmth and pressure. She could feel the acids starting to work at her, making her skin more and more sensitive, and she writhed in ecstasy as she gave in to the sensations.

This was what she was *born* for.

-

As she left the bathroom, Cassandra took a moment to admire her reflection. Her belly, once flat, now jutted in front of her in a rounded, writhing thrust that spoke of the meal she'd just consumed. She patted it, a satisfied smirk glowing across her face.

She approached the dancefloor, hips swaying a little more than usual, her cheeks flushed and lips parted in a sultry smile. Her crimson hair was a mess, and her makeup was smudged, but she'd rarely felt more alive.

The meal inside her was squirming, a delicious, wriggling mass. She let out a burbling ***belch,*** a sign of appreciation for Cherish and the final minutes she was experiencing deep in her stomach.

The other preds were similarly stripped down, and very few prey remained at the party: each of them was now extra mass on one belly or another. The preds were waiting for something… and when it finally came, a sigh of pleasure went through the room.

A familiar track started to play, one they all recognised. Cassandra grasped her belly and lifted it slightly, speaking to Cherish inside her:

"You hear that, sweetness? When the beat drops, we're all supposed to digest our prey – hard. Look forward to it…"

She came up alongside Serena, the silver-haired host to their little get-together. Without asking for permission, Cassandra put a hand on Serena's belly and asked, "How many?"

"Six," Serena said, fluttering a smile at her. "Not my best count, and not my worst. I see you finally found yourself a snack."

"She was delicious. A little on the stringy side, but the desperation added a certain… spice."

As she spoke, she began to dance against Serena, sloshing her belly across the other's own. Serena responded in kind… though the sheer weight of her gut meant she couldn't do much in the way of dancing.

"Hey," said Jodie, emerging through the crowd. She had a worried expression on her face as she approached Serena. "Have you seen Cherish? I lost track of her after the tug-of-war…"

Cassandra laughed sweetly. She turned to Jodie and rapped her fingers across her own belly. "Cherish? Why, *that* little morsel is right here." She grinned wider as Jodie's expression turned to shock. "And she's having the time of her life."

Jodie turned pale.

“Oh?” Serena touched the fingers of one hand to her chin, studying Cassandra’s gut with amusement. “Our bold new predator? I expected more from her.”

“Hey, you!” Jodie stamped forward and slammed her belly into Cassandra’s with a ***bwomp.*** “Spit her out, right this second!”



“Careful,” Cassandra said, patting her middle. “Disturb her too much, and she might just *come apart.*”

The music was speeding up. Jodie bit her lip, sweating under Cassandra and Serena's heavy stares.

"What's wrong?" Serena asked, taking a gentle hold of Jodie's arm. "You know the rules, Jodie. If you can't measure up, you get eaten. We all have to—"

"LET HER OUT!"

Cassandra grasped as Jodie grasped her arms and wrestled her away from the dancefloor. "What the hell are you doing, you crazy bitch!?" Cassandra snapped as she slammed into a wall. Jodie leered at her from inches away, breathing heavily. "You think you can just tell me what to do? Well, watch THIS!"

The beat dropped.

GWORRRRRG.

At once, every belly at the party produced a cacophony of digestive croons. Jodie gasped as she looked around at the other preds: they stood in poses of supreme pleasure, coaxing their guts with their hands or grinding against someone else's tummy. Some lay on their backs, others on their fronts… all trapped in the throes of blissful digestion.

And so was Cassandra.

BLORRRGHHH!

Cassandra smirked evilly as her belly shifted and contracted, shrinking in around Cherish. Muted squeals rang out from her hyperactive stomach, and she sank back onto a plush leather sofa to stare a challenge at Jodie.

Jodie hesitated, but there was no time to hesitate. Right now, all the cared about was saving Cherish!

Cassandra didn't realise the depths of Jodie's emotional turmoil – not until the orange-haired woman grabbed her by the neck and snarled in her face:

"If you don't spit her out, I'll *ruin* you, you filthy slut."

Cassandra was taken aback. She scowled and shifted uncomfortably… before *tsk*ing in fury.

"You want your toy back?" she asked. "Fine."

As Jodie's hands loosened, Cassandra got up… and popped a deep squat. Jodie didn't realise what she was doing until she started to strain, grunting and groaning, tugging her lacy panties aside…

"Oh, you sick *freak!*" Jodie said as the bulge in Cassandra's stomach moved, shifting, forcing her squirming occupant down through her guts…

…and a few moments later, her asshole spread wide open, crowning Cherish's head through it.



Splrrrrrp…

Cherish emerged slowly, squeezed out of Cassandra's anus inch by inch – a sign of the predator's sheer disdain towards Jodie. Cherish gasped as her eyes opened, staring at the world upside-down… before the widest part of her passed Cassandra's sphincter, and the rest of her slid out all at once, discarded on the floor where she twitched, hummed, and muttered in confusion. She had a hand between her legs, rubbing frantically at her own pussy.

"Cherish!"

Jodie fell down beside her and gathered her up, shielding her with her body. Cassandra got up and *tsk*ed again before walking away, leaving the party with an empty belly and a foul attitude.

"Cherish, are you okay?" Jodie asked. Cherish was bright red: she'd been on the verge of turning to mush and nutrients when Cassandra had changed her mind, and now she was as sensitive as it was possible for a person to be… which translated to being hotter and hornier than ever before!

"Jodie…" Cherish said weakly. "It's… too cold out here. Put me… back inside…"

Jodie peered into Cherish's face, baffled and more than a little turned on. "Something's wrong with you," she muttered before a gentle tap on her shoulder alerted her to Serena's presence.

The music was dying down… and so was the churning of the other preds' bellies.

"Jodie," Serena said with a cool, measured calm that belied something dangerous. "You made a scene. You assaulted a guest. What's gotten into you today?"

Jodie winced, realising she was most likely banned from all future parties. "Ugh… Look, Cherish is new to this, okay? We can't just—"

"You're making a scene," Serena said again, "over prey."

“She’s not prey!” Jodie’s shout was louder than she intended, and raw and desperate. She clutched Cherish tighter, the prey-minded woman’s tremors felt against her breast.

“She looks an awful lot like it,” said Serena. She took a step closer, her own monstrous stomach swaying with the movement. “I know. Let’s settle this with a little test.”

Jodie’s mouth opened and closed automatically. Kneeling like this, she was forced to experience what Cherish had earlier: Serena *looming* over her. “What kind of test?”

“Simple.” Serena’s voice grew conspiratory. She gestured to a nearby armchair. “You sit right there. And I eat your little friend.”

“***EAT*** her? I just said—”

“Right down to her waist. Her head, her arms, that lovely chest of hers… All of it disappears down my throat. You sit there and watch. And if, after three minutes, you can say with a straight face that Cherish isn’t prey, you can both leave. Don’t expect any more invites in future, but… it’ll be a clean departure.”

“And if I can’t?”

Serena slapped her belly, wobbling and quaking it to an accompaniment of noisy ***GLURK***s and glunks. “Then I swallow and digest her. And you take your place as one of our finest preds yet again.”

Jodie was trapped and she knew it. Serena's house, Serena's rules… And there was no escaping the fact that Cherish was whimpering right there in her eyes, *begging* to be eaten loud enough for everyone to hear.

The other preds were laughing. Some congratulated Serena on the genius of her challenge. Others just watched Jodie with curious, sometimes pitying eyes: *You're really going to give THIS up for the sake of one morsel?*

"Damn it, Cherish," Jodie said to her roommate as she gingerly offered her to Serena.

"Good. Now, in the chair."

Jodie retreated, painfully slowly, to the armchair. It creaked under her weight, but all the furniture in Serena's house had been built with preds in mind – and reinforced to redundancy.

"Close your eyes," Serena said.

Jodie closed them. She drew in slow breaths, chest heaving, hearing shuffles and soft footsteps. A pred came up behind her and covered her eyes, making sure she kept them closed until Serena was good and ready.

"Now, open."

Jodie opened her eyes – and nearly shrieked. Serena was before her, kneeling in front of the armchair with Cherish held tight in her arms. Cherish continued to babble in vore-dazed bliss as Serena held her up for inspection, showing her shame to Jodie.

“Take a good look,” Serena said. “And ask yourself if *this* is worth your desperation.”

Serena opened wide and pushed Cherish’s head down her throat. Jodie stiffened, gripping the armrests of her chair as Serena swallowed, dragging Cherish’s shoulders inside… and all the while maintaining eye contact. Serena smirked, her eyes glittering with malice as she took Cherish’s arms next, pinning them to her sides to make her more compact.

“She’s not fighting,” one pred commented. Indeed, Cherish was fingering herself even harder than before, gurgling amidst Serena’s muffling throat membrane as she kicked feebly at the air.

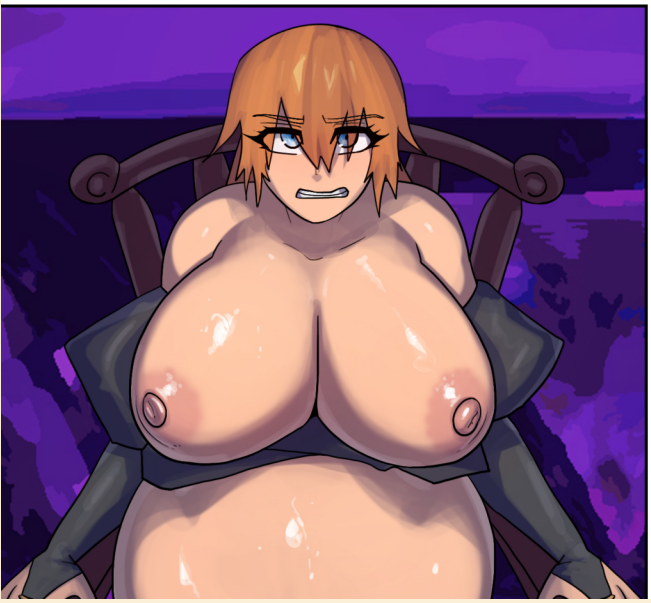
Jodie felt a heat growing inside her, a lust that made her stomach growl as much as it made her own pussy wet.

“Hey, careful with her…!” Jodie gasped, but her own predatory instincts were raging. A part of her wanted to be the one slurping on Cherish, dragging her down into her depths… and Serena knew it. The silver-eyed beauty made a show of slurping on Cherish, rolling her with her tongue. She’d said she was only going to swallow *half* of Cherish, but the look in her eyes spoke of her intense desire to go all the way.

“Four minutes left,” one pred commented.

Only then did Jodie realise she was holding her breath. She let it out in a rush, causing the other preds to laugh. Her pussy clenched as Serena’s tongue lapped at Cherish’s hips, tasting her… By now Cherish’s breasts would be smushing on the lining of Serena’s throat, and Jodie could hear all too well the wanton moans rising from behind Serena’s collarbone…







Suck. Slurp. Serena bobbed Cherish back and forth, watching Jodie all the while, her eyes gleaming with triumph and knowing. *Well, Jodie? Do you really want to keep her?* She started to sway her midriff, slowly and deliberately, swinging her softened belly and making it gurgle and churn.

Jodie had to admit… Cherish looked *great* like this. Her body fit Serena's snugly, and the sight of her being devoured was undeniably erotic. But this was Cherish, her roommate. Her friend.

Right?

Jodie's thoughts spiralled.

“Three minutes.”

“C-C’mon, Cherish!” she called. “Resist a little! Remember how proud you were to swallow that chick? Show me that side of you again!”

Cherish could only moan. Serena’s slurping was driving her wild, and as her butt wiggled around in Jodie’s face, the little slut spread her legs and came hard, squirting all over Jodie’s chest and stomach! Jodie panted as Cherish struggled and writhed in orgasmic throes.

God… Jodie’s own legs were spreading. She crept a hand beneath her belly, huffing and puffing away at the sight of her friend cumming herself senseless to the experience of being eaten.

“Serena, she’s… she’s a pred, really! She just needs a little time to—”

“A ‘pred’? Really?” Amused muttering spread through the room, and Jodie flushed with shame. Her social standing was dead, no matter what she did from now on.

“Two minutes.”

Cherish’s belly button had just vanished past Serena’s lips, and her legs were pedalling weakly at the air. It would be easy for Serena to just – ***swallow***, and send Cherish sliding down into the sloshing cauldron of her belly. But the silver-haired pred was totally in control of herself, and she wanted to prove a point. As a pred called out one minute remaining, Jodie sank a little lower in her chair, her shoulders heavy and her simmering lust evident for all to see. She remained desolate even as Serena raised both hands and counted down on her fingers: ten, nine, eight…

…

Zero.

Serena gurgled a question, raising an eyebrow toward Jodie.

“Unngh…” Jodie clenched her fists and stood up. “You’ve made your point, and *I don’t care.* Give her back.”

Anger flashed in Serena’s eyes, raw and confused. She couldn’t understand why Jodie was persisting in this… Not only showing sympathy for prey that was *begging* for it, but also ruining Serena’s opinion of one of her favourite preds.

Jodie grasped Cherish’s ankles and pulled, and she started to slide out of Serena’s throat…

GULP.

Cherish jerked forwards, her belly and hips disappearing down Serena’s throat in a ferocious swallow.

“What!?” Jodie yelped. She’d lost her grip on Cherish, and Serena was swallowing her quickly, shooting her down toward her stomach--!

Lurching forward, Jodie managed to lock her grip around Serena’s ankles just before they, too, slid past Serena’s lips. She braced herself against the sheer power of Serena’s gullet, gasping and whining, holding onto Cherish with all her might!



“You--! You *promised!*” Jodie cried, but Serena kept on gulping all the same. For a moment it seemed like she was going to drag Jodie inside along with her roommate… but then, all at once, Serena’s throat relaxed – and Jodie collapsed backwards, knocking the chair over, wrenching Cherish all the way into the open in a cascade of slime!

The two roommates landed in a sprawl, Cherish panting in delirious bliss and Jodie in exhaustion. The other preds surrounded them, looking down on them literally and figuratively, while Serena climbed to her feet and fixed Jodie with her nastiest stare.

“Don’t let me see you here again,” she said.

-

The drive home was silent. Jodie kept glancing at Cherish, expecting some sort of thank you, but Cherish was still in a daze, lost in the memory of being consumed twice in one night. She was flushed and sweating, her loose dress clinging to her skin.

“Jeez,” Jodie said at last. “If you wanted to be eaten, you should’ve just asked me.”

-

Cherish… was starting to feel more like herself. By the time she’d regained her senses and processed everything that had occurred, she was in the bath, her naked body sprawled partially on top of Jodie’s own. She looked up and realised Jodie was sleeping, snoring… but she had one arm wrapped around her, cradling her gently.

She'd never felt such a flush of affection for her roommate before. It shocked her, and even appalled her a little, after all the frustration she'd felt regarding Jodie's antics.

"Wake up."

Jodie stirred, snorting, and peered blearily down at her. "You with me, roomie?"

"Uh huh."

They sat in silence for a while, soaking in the heat of the bathwater.

"You saved me."

"From yourself, looks like." Jodie sat up a little taller. "What the hell's going on with you?"

Cherish took a deep breath. There was no way around it: if she tried to evade the question, it would ruin her relationship with Jodie forever.

So she told her. About Pred.V, about her urges, about…

"…how all my life, preds have walked all over me. And the worst part is, I *enjoy* it."

Jodie's expression grew serious, even as the fingers of one hand crept up and down Cherish's back. "Those kinds of pills are dangerous, you

know? They have all kinds of drawbacks. So why don't you just accept who you are, and let yourself enjoy yourself?"

"You're the one who pulled me out of someone's mouth…"

"I guess I did, huh!" Jodie laughed out loud, but she didn't sound amused. "I really loved going to Serena's parties, you know."

"Sorry…"

"Don't be so pathetic, Cherish. Just… let's be real about who we are." She leaned in to kiss her on the forehead. "I can't help who I am, and you… want to slide down my throat, right?"

Cherish's heart skipped a few beats. She didn't want to admit it, but… maybe Jodie was right. Maybe she really *was* prey, and maybe… maybe she'd be happier if she just…

Cherish met Jodie's stare, adjusted herself, and placed both hands on her roommate's big, soft belly.

"Eat me?" she asked.

Jodie grinned. "With pleasure. But, uh…" She swirled a finger through Cherish's dark hair. "Maybe I *shouldn't* digest you, yeah? I mean, not just yet, anyway. With your mind all messed up today, and all."

"W-Whatever!" Cherish blurted. "I just… I need to…" She pawed a hand along Jodie's belly again.

“Alright, alright!” Laughing, Jodie stood up. Water cascaded from her naked body. She led Cherish out of the bathroom and into the bedroom, pushing her down onto the bed.

“Ah--!”

“First,” said Jodie, “we’re going to have some fun.”

She started with Cherish’s breasts, kneading and squeezing as her tongue circled her nipples. Cherish arched, a moan escaping her lips as Jodie caressed her. Jodie’s touch was confident, and… damn it, she knew *exactly* how to drive her wild.

Then she moved lower, her hands tracing the swell of Cherish’s stomach, a slow and sensual massage. Cherish shivered as her anticipation simmered.

“Please,” she begged.

“Patience.” Jodie winked at her, then grasped her thighs and spread her legs. A moment later Jodie’s face was between Cherish’s thighs, kissing, licking, sucking… Cherish squealed, reaching over her head to claw along the pillows as Jodie made her spasm, midriff lifting and dropping in mad undulations!

“Jodie…! Hah, ah, your mouth…!”

Jodie kept going, peering at Cherish from down beneath her, probing that nectar-drooling pussy with her long, agile tongue… until Cherish seemed on the brink of *breaking.* That was her cue to stop completely, drawing back, leaving her roommate quivering with unbridled need.

“Ready?”

“God, yes…”

Cherish whimpered as Jodie repositioned her, lifting her by the waist and dangling her feet over her upturned face. For a moment they just stared at each other, admiring… before Jodie’s lips puckered and she blew a puff of warm air over Cherish’s feet.

Cherish yelped and giggled, unable to help herself. “No teasing me! Not now…”

“Psssh. Fine. I’m no monster.”

Then Jodie opened wide and took Cherish’s feet into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around her toes, and Cherish gasped as Jodie began to swallow. Her legs slid down Jodie’s throat, inch by inch engulfed in that hot, slippery chute…

“Oh god… oh, huhhn…”

Cherish couldn’t hold in her voice. She realised just how absurd this would have been to her mere hours ago, when Jodie had been… well, too much of an *annoyance* to truly give into. The events of the evening had changed her perception of her roommate, and now…

Now she wanted nothing more than to give herself to her.

Jodie held Cherish’s waist, cupping her body and guiding it down. Her throat expanded to accommodate the width of Cherish’s thighs, lips

stretching wider, taking her up to her rump and hips. Jodie paused then, moving her head from side to side, working her throat muscles around Cherish's legs. Her tongue lapped at the sensitive skin behind her knees, and worked its way slowly up between her legs.

"Oh, FUCK…!" Cherish realised what Jodie was doing, and welcomed it, spreading her legs as best she could inside her roommate's throat and inviting her tongue to—

--to slurp, and curl, and plunge, and drive her into such intense spasms of bliss that she was afraid she'd break out of Jodie's grip and fall directly down her throat!

"Oh, ohhh--!" Cherish had been close to cumming when the swallowing process began. Now she plummeted toward her climax without delay, yelping and squealing as Jodie slid her tongue deep inside her and worked it in pleasurable pulsations. Cherish whined for mercy she didn't truly want, thrashing, gripping Jodie's lips, all building up to the inevitable ecstasy!

When she came, Jodie gave a loud ***gulp*** that shot her pelvis down into her throat, and ensured every drop of her sex would gush down her gullet. Cherish clenched and thrashed and shuddered, gurgling toward the ceiling, blinded by bliss. She rode out her orgasm while suspended halfway down her roommate's throat, knowing that just as soon as it ended, she'd be eaten whole.

"Auggh…" Jodie gargled with anticipation, all too ready to gulp her down… and when Cherish finally stopped thrashing, she raised a hand in a wave, her eyes questioning.

"D-Do it!" Cherish squeaked.



Jodie swallowed her. ***UCK. GLUCK. GLUCK!*** With wet rolls of muscle, she gulped her roommate down into the depths of her body, vanishing the rest of her in a matter of seconds. When her teeth finally clicked shut over Cherish's face, Cherish gave a high-pitched moan that descended through Jodie's neck as she ***GULP***ed one last time.

Cherish tumbled down into the hot, undulating pit of Jodie's stomach, where she sat baking in her own juices, groaning and moaning and rubbing her own pussy. She felt three sharp impacts as Jodie slapped her belly, drumming it delightedly in the aftermath of her meal.

"You were delicious," Jodie purred. "This *almost* makes up for being kicked out of the party."

When Cherish's only response was a deeply satisfied groan, Jodie knew she'd finally won the battle of wits. She rolled onto her back and relaxed, stroking her engorged belly in slow circles.

"And no more funny ideas about being a pred, okay?"

Another groan. Jodie giggled.

TO BE CONTINUED