

Vore bars are a wonderful place to pick up a meal... and also eat dinner. You smirk to yourself, as you grin at what you hope will be your newest meal. The blonde girl in front of you is named Riley, and she's barely twenty years old. About two-thirds of your age, and two-thirds of your height too. But the age difference didn't seem to bother her when you'd offered to buy her a drink, judging by how enthusiastically she'd accepted.

"So, what brings you here tonight, cutie?" You smile at the young blonde girl in front of you. "Love your dress, by the way." You look down at her yellow sundress, imagining it crumpled on the floor at the foot of your bed.

"O-oh, thank you!" Riley gulps nervously, and runs a hand down the length of her thigh. "My friend bought it for me. I moved in from the country about a fortnight ago, and I've always been into vore, so I thought, why not visit a vore bar and... uh, learn the ropes?"

Oh, she's a *newbie*? This is even better than you'd expected. "So you're a beginner when it comes to vore, are you?" You wink at her. "Well... I'd be happy to show you a thing or two. A girl like me's seen a thing or two in my years, I can say that much for free..." Ten years of experience has made you something of a veteran in the field of vore. Not many women can dance with danger that long and survive.

"Yeah, I had a feeling you were a predator." Riley bites her lip as she looks you up and down. "You look pretty, uh, toned." There's a moment's pause, and then she half-flinches. "Oh, uh... I love your jacket!"

"Oh? Thank you as well..." You smile indulgently, tugging at the zipper of your leather jacket. "It's my favorite one, thanks." Of course it is, chicks dig the whole 'biker girl' aesthetic. And the black leather goes great with your red hair. You've worn this getup every time you've picked up new meals, and it's never failed you. Actually, you'd worn this outfit last night, and had success in picking up the girl who's now sloshing through your guts. "Ah!" You exclaim, just realizing. "I didn't introduce myself, did I?" You hold out your hand. "The name's Brynn, cutie."

Riley stares at your hand for a moment, before reaching out to shake it. "Nice to meet you, Brynn... oh, wow, you've got a strong handshake..."

Mom always told you a strong handshake would get you anywhere in life. She'd been right, provided that she meant into the panties of cute girls. Which, considering how much of a serial pervert your Mom was, she might have. "Yeah, well, you know what they say about girls with a strong grip..." You hint gently to Riley, playing with your red ponytail for a moment.

The blonde girl blinks. "...they're trustworthy?" She guesses, clearly a little lost.

Oh, right. She's not just new, she's *new*. "No, uh... ahem" You clear your throat awkwardly, gesturing to your leather jeans. "Strong grip comes from extra, uh, testosterone..."

“Oh...” Riley looks at your leather jeans for a moment, and then seems to notice the *outline* between your legs. “Oh! You’re...”

“Yep.” You smirk at her, as the blonde girl stares at the outline of your cock and balls. “More woman than usual.” Some would say you’re half-male, but you’ve never thought of your penis that way. You’ve been a girl from birth, regardless of the organ between your legs. Oh yeah, she’s taking a real *long* look, isn’t she? You’re in with a good chance of picking up a meal here... “But enough about *me*, how about you?” You change the subject abruptly, on purpose. Leaning a little closer to Riley, you grin flirtatiously at her. “What brings a cute girl into the city? I mean, other than me having great luck...”

As you lean in, you feel a grumbling from inside your abdomen. Urgh... the girl you ate last night just isn’t sitting right inside you. Even as you try and flirt with this cute blonde, you can feel your guts making a real racket as the human remains inside your intestines move around. Whoever she was, she’d put up a real fight last night when you ate her, and she hadn’t stopped since.

“W-well...” Riley stutters, tearing her eyes away from the outline of your penis. “I, uh... I grew up in the countryside. When I was... young, I realized I was into vore. But there’s, like, no other voraphiles in the small town where I lived. So, when I turned eighteen, I decided to move to the city... I’ve always wanted to try new things.” She sips her drink slowly, and then blushes. “Sorry, it’s not exactly an interesting story...”

You grin at her. “Short, but I liked it...” To be honest, you really couldn’t give a shit why she moved here. She’s cute, and you want to cram your fucking dick into every hole you can find in her body before eating her alive. “How are you adapting to city life?” You ask her, trying to take your mind off having intercourse with her. Getting an erection too early would give the game away.

“It’s... it’s hectic!” The blonde girl admits with a sigh. “Honestly, there’s so much to do... and I feel like there’s so little time to do any of it!” She sips her drink again, and you’re slightly excited to see a little bit of color in her cheeks. “And I’ve barely had any time to do anything vore-related. So, I decided to just say ‘fuck it’, and come here tonight.” She gulps nervously. “Maybe coming here alone was a bad idea...”

Well, *duh*. “Not at all!” You lie, putting an arm around her shoulder. It’s meant to be reassuring, but it also gives you a chance to flex your muscles. And touch her. Oh, you like touching her a *lot*... “A-anyway, you’re not alone here, are you?” You wink at her. “If you’re looking for another voraphile, you’ve found one.”

“Well, I figured...” Riley bites her lip cutely, looking up at you with interest. “But... well, can I take it that you’re a...” The next word seems to be rather difficult for her. “...a *p-predator*?”

“Of course! Loud and proud, baby!” You’ve been a predator ever since high school. Some of your fellow students hadn’t made it to graduation because of you. Hell, you’d even eaten a couple of teachers. They’d had to hose down the remains of that substitute teacher once you’d finished with her. What had been her name again? Miss Lions? Miss Line? Whatever. “I’m digesting someone right now!” You smirk at Riley. As if to illustrate your point, there’s a sudden rumbling from your guts. It’s quite loud, and the blonde girl looks down at your exposed midriff in shock.

“W-wow!” Riley gasps, staring at the slight curve in your toned tummy. “You... really?” She blushes and looks away in embarrassment. “I’ve... seen that kinda thing before in porn, but never in person...”

You pat your belly gently, loving the rumbling that you get in return. “I admit, there’s not much to see *now*, but you shoulda seen me last night. Poor girl was screaming her lungs out, until I finally...” You hold out your hand and close it into a fist, and make a popping sound with your lips.

“R-really?” The blonde girl looks *really* excited to hear that. “Gosh, I would have loved to see that!”

You wink at her. “Oh, I’m sure I can arrange something like that.” You lean in, grinning smugly. “In the meantime... I think you and I should continue this discussion somewhere a bit quieter...” The bar was quite noisy, and you can’t exactly eat her here, can you? “My place isn’t far, and my bike can seat two...”

“Your place...?” Riley blinks for a moment, and then blushes. “Oh! Oh, gosh... You mean, so we can have...” The idea doesn’t seem *too* upsetting to her. “Gosh, well... well, gosh! I just... I think maybe it’s a bit quick, don’t you?” She takes a long chug of her drink, and then wipes her mouth. “The night’s still pretty young, isn’t it?”

“Oh, I think I can keep a young girl like you entertained all night.” You’re pretty confident about your abilities in bed, especially up against a girl as naive as this. Besides, digestion would keep her quite busy, you’re pretty sure. “You’re not the first... Or the hundredth girl I’ll have taken to bed...”

“Oh...” Riley blushes again. “Look, I’m *really* flattered, Brynn, but I’m into guys... Actually, I have a guy I’m kinda in a relationship with right now...” She trails off as you lean in again.

So what? You roll your eyes at her. “Hey, look...” You sneer and lean in a little closer, making the blonde girl blush even deeper. “I ain’t asking you to sign a sexuality contract here. Just come back to my place and we can fool around a little bit. Isn’t the whole point you moved to the city to try new things?” You wink at her, already sensing that you’ve won. “I’m a new thing, ain’t I?”

“Oh gosh...” She smiles nervously. “I... I... I mean, as long as my boyfriend doesn’t find out...” Riley gulps nervously. “I guess it’s not really cheating if it’s behind his... wait, are you okay?” She blinks, looking up into your suddenly sweaty face.

No, you’re definitely *not* okay. “Me? I’m fine. Totally fine.” You lie, trying to grin flirtatiously. Oh boy... your bowels have just given you a polite warning that the girl inside you is coming out sooner rather than later. And sitting on a toilet or not, she’s going to be coming out regardless. It’s all you can do to not fart your guts out in the middle of the bar.

“Oh... okay.” Riley puts down her drink. “Well... I mean, if you really want to, I can come back to your place...” She rubs her hands together nervously. “I have some condoms, but if you don’t want to use them, that’s okay...”

“A-actually...” You take a deep breath and touch your stomach. Things are... well, they’re moving *fast*. “I might have to take a rain-check on that, cutie...” You groan and close your eyes, doubling over slightly. “Sorry, this girl inside me is making my guts go wild...”

“Huh?!” The blonde girl seems a little bit more upset about that than you’d expected. “Oh, well...” She looks down at your tummy, and then back up at you. “Well, maybe I can come back with you and wait until you’re done?”

Yeah, no. This isn’t going to be pretty. Or quick. “Umm...” You stand up, clutching your stomach. “No, I’m gonna... go back home and drop this chick off, sorry.” Pulling out your wallet, you pay for both of your drinks. “Gotta go, sorry...” Time is short. You can already feel your colon filling up.

“W-wait!” Riley pulls out her phone, looking desperate. “Look, give me your phone number, okay? We can meet up again sometime, okay?” Seems like she’s taken more of an interest in you than she’d let on.

“S-sure...” You exchange phone numbers with her, and wave goodbye. The blonde girl waves goodbye back as you stumble away, looking more than a little disappointed. Still, it’s not like you have a choice here, do you? Your guts have decided it’s time.

Riding a bike turns out to be a *bad* idea. All that vibrating does little to keep your bowels tight. You... don’t *quite* make it home in time. A block away from your apartment, you’re forced to pull over and hobble into an alleyway.

Fighting to get your leather pants down to your knees, you squat down. Not sooner have you loosened your anus, than the girl comes flowing out. Like a brown river, she stains the concrete below you. Your eyes water as you empty your colon onto the ground, just glad that the cute blonde girl isn’t seeing such a humiliating sight.

As the flow begins to subside, you sigh in relief and grab your flaccid penis, aiming it downward. You begin to empty your bladder onto the steaming pile of remains, feeling your dick softening as you spray the liquid remains of the girl onto the rest of her. So much for getting it into a cute girl tonight. You put your hands on your face and groan. Well, *that* attempt at picking up a cute meal went terribly. But, you'll probably never see her again...

In your pocket, your phone buzzes. Pulling it out, you see that it's a number you recognize. Groaning, you accept the call. "H-hi..." You stammer, trying not to fart.

"Hiya!" Riley chirps through the phone line. "Hope you're feeling alright! Um, just wanted to let you know that you left your wallet here."

Oh *shit*. Reflexively, you pat down your leather pants, finding nothing resembling a wallet. "Oh!" You laugh awkwardly. "Well, thanks for picking it up. Um, I can't really come and pick it up now, but..."

"Oh, that's okay!" You can hear the smile in Riley's voice. "You can pick it up when you take me on a date!"

You blink for a moment, and realize you don't have any room to refuse. Well, why *would* you refuse? "Oh, yeah!" You reply, trying to shake an odd feeling of apprehension in your gut. But maybe that's just leftovers from your meal. "I'll, uh, see you again soon, then!"

Despite your best efforts, 'soon' turns out to be about a month later.

You sit down at the cafe and wait for Riley to arrive. It's been a little while since you've seen her, and you're eager to complete what you started back in the bar. This time, your guts are clear and eager for their next meal.

"Hey there, cutie..." You turn and see the blonde girl walking toward you, with a slight blush. "What brings you here today?" She grins. "Just kidding. I know I invited you."

"Riley!" You stand up, excited to see her. "Wow! You look... amazing!" She's dressed in a cute red skirt, along with a loose white shirt. A golden necklace hangs around her collar. "Your outfit... really suits you..." You trail off, blinking for a moment. Is it just you, or is she slightly taller than you remember? And were her boobs that big before?

Ah, whatever. You're probably just misremembering. It *was* a month ago that you last saw her, after all. You reach out and pull a chair out for her, ever the gentlewoman. Chicks *love* that kinda shit from futanari.

Riley blushes slightly, sitting down on the chair with a grin. "Thanks, Brynn... I love your button up shirt. It really suits you!"

"Oh, thanks." You know it does. It's item number two of your 'hey, I'm a handsome predator, come and get eaten' collection, right behind your leather jacket. As you sit down, you feel your cheeks flush a little bit. "Hey, uh, sorry about leaving so suddenly last time..."

Riley waves dismissively. "Oh, don't worry about that." She gestures to her abdomen. "Predators sometimes have some *trouble* after a hearty meal, I understand. Don't worry about it."

You nod slowly, grateful for her understanding. "Thanks... I wanted to meet up with you earlier, but..."

"Work, bad schedule match-ups, I know." The blonde girl smiles at you warmly. "Brynn, don't worry about it. I'm not upset at you or anything. Actually, I'm grateful to see you again!"

Excellent. "I'm glad to hear it!" You smirk at her, feeling your confidence returning. She likes you, you can sense rather obviously. This should be a pretty easy meal, all things considered. As a waitress comes over, you wave her down. "Two cups of hot chocolate, for me and my friend here." You say, giving Riley a flirty glance. Girls like her love it when you order for them, you can tell from experience. Besides, you hate how bitter coffee is, and it would be a little embarrassing if she ordered coffee while you ordered hot chocolate, wouldn't it? The waitress nods and walks away.

"Oh, how dominant of you..." Riley looks a little excited. Seems like you were right on the money with this girl. "H-how have you been since I last saw you?" She asks you, blushing slightly.

"Me?" You feel slightly taken aback by the question. Honestly, you'd expected to be chatting about the blonde girl more than anything else. "I've had a busy month... Four girls digested, if that's what you're asking." Not a bad amount for a month. Not your best, but hardly a low number.

"Wow..." The blonde girl seems impressed. "Those poor girls..." Her smirks suggests that she's more aroused than sympathetic to them, though.

You grin and lean in slightly. "Don't worry about them. They're all *quite* comfortable on me now." You pat your chest, feeling your breasts bounce slightly. The girls you'd digested over the last month had boosted you up a whole cup-size. Not enough that you needed new bras, but the one you're wearing now feels a little tight. Maybe Riley would push you over that limit tonight... "How about you?" You ask, as the waitress delivers two cups of hot chocolate.

“Me?” Riley sips her hot chocolate for a moment. “I’ve been busy. Mostly with work, but I’ve been having some relationship trouble... kind of”

“With your boyfriend?” You ask tentatively, remembering that she’d mentioned one last time.

The blonde girl nods slowly. “Yeah, him and I... didn’t see eye to eye on a few things. But, it’s all solved now, everyone’s happy.” She sips her drink for a moment, and then looks up at you with an awkward smile. “Oh, but just so you know, you don’t need to worry about that today. Today’s just between you and me.”

“Good to know...” Exactly what *today* is going to be is still up in the air, apparently. Perhaps it’s time to reinforce exactly what you want to happen today. “I think the plan for last time was you coming over to my apartment...” You say, trying to make it clear what you’re after today.

Riley winks, and lowers her voice slightly. “Yes, to have sex, I’m aware.” She smirks at you. “Don’t worry, I’m still eager to come over.” She clears her throat and takes a long sip of her hot chocolate. “Yeah, I’ve been looking forward to meeting with you again, Brynn. I’ve been thinking about you a *lot* this past month.”

“Is that so?” You lean a little closer to Riley, and take a sip of your own hot chocolate. “I’ve been thinking a lot about *you*, Riley...” Mostly about blowing a load in her tight, blonde pussy, but still.

The blonde girl flushes slightly upon hearing that. “R-really? I’m glad it’s mutual...” She sighs happily. “Well, now that my boyfriend’s not a problem anymore, we can do whatever we want to each other!”

“Huh? What happened to your boyfriend?” You ask, wondering about that. It wasn’t as if he’d been a problem last time, hadn’t he?

Riley smirks slightly. “He’s... out of the picture. Mostly.” She leans forward on her hand, and gives you a contented look. “When I said we had some relationship trouble, I mean we broke up and, well...” She trails off, shrugging with a grin.

“Oh...” Well, you’re not complaining about that, but you are a little curious. “Why’d you two break up?”

“Well... I told him I met a hot futanari that I wanted to date more than him.” The blonde girl gives you a meaningful look. “Didn’t know I was bisexual until you hit on me back then, so thanks for that.” She grins wryly.

“R-really?” It’s not the first time you’ve awakened a girl’s sexuality, but it’s still a little surprising to hear. The rest of her words begin to catch up with you. “Wait... dating?”

Riley nods, and reaches out to take your hand. Her grip is warm and surprisingly strong. "Yes, Brynn. I'm single right now, but I'm hoping not to be when we leave together." Well, that's about as subtle as a dick slapping you in the face.

This is... a *lot* heavier than you expected. You'd been hoping for an easy meal, and instead you might be walking out of here in a committed relationship. The most you'd been expecting from Riley was her giving you an easy time when you shat her out tonight.

But then again... was a relationship really such a bad thing? It's not like you're getting any younger. And Riley is cute, blonde and sexy. And she's clearly into you. Eating her would be such a waste, you can see now. Rather than filling your belly, she's offering to fill your soul.

You take her hand, and squeeze it gently. "If you want a relationship with me, Riley, I'm more than open to that." You say to the blonde girl, giving her a warm smile. "I'd be happy to date you."

Riley takes a deep breath, and her eyes light up. "R-really?" She asks, as if she can't quite believe it. "Yes! This is awesome!" She shivers in excitement for a moment, and then reaches behind her back. "Then... let's not waste any more time, shall we? Let's go back to your apartment and seal the deal."

"What? That fast?" You say, a bit shocked. "I mean, that's fine, but..." Like you'd ever refuse a chance to get your dick inside a cute blonde girl. "I mean, yeah, let's go!" You stand up and try to pull out your wallet to pay.

Riley beats you to the punch, though. "I'll pay." She tells you brusquely.

"Oh, that's okay. I can pay for my..." You begin, but Riley cuts you off.

"No, I'll pay for both of us." The blonde girl says flatly, and walks over to the cashier. And there's no more discussion about that, it would seem.

After she's handed over her credit card to the cashier, you slowly walk over to stand behind her. "Wow..." You say, with a slightly pained smile. "You've really... gotten a lot more confident since last time."

"I have." Riley shrugs, putting her card back into her handbag. "Like, I said, I'm a country girl. We're adaptive." She looks back at you and grins. "Actually, my boyfriend... my ex-boyfriend said basically the same thing to me right before I broke up with him."

"Oh, really?" You grin in amusement. It must have been quite a shock for him, when his girlfriend decided to dump him for you. "What'd you say back to him?"

Riley thinks for a moment, and then shrugs. "Nothing, actually. I just ate him."

There's a long pause.

"Ate... him?" You say, as if the words don't quite make sense to you.

"Yup." The blonde girl smirks at you. "Don't worry, he's fully digested now. I passed him out last night."

Uh oh. "You're a..." You clear your throat awkwardly. "You're a predator?"

Riley gives you a long, smug look. "I told you... I'm adaptive, Brynn. Can't survive in the city long if you're not a predator." She raises an eyebrow at you. "Why, is that a problem for you?"

"N-no..." You reply sheepishly. "Just... surprised, is all..."

"Good." She grabs your hand, and begins to lead you out of the cafe. "Now, let's go back to your place. You've kept me waiting a month, and I'm not in a mood to wait any longer." As you both step out onto the street, Riley loops her arm around yours, and leans against you. "Don't worry, this'll be fun! You can teach me all about how to be a real predator, won't that be sexy? And I'll start going to the same gym as you, too. Build up some nice muscles for you to enjoy, how's that sound?"

It sounds... good. So, why have you got a *bad* feeling about this? "S-sure, Riley. Whatever you want."

"Don't say it like that, Brynn." Your new girlfriend looks up at you, excited. "You're the boss in this relationship, okay?" She gives you a smirk. "But you'd better keep a good grip on me, or maybe I'll become the boss..." Then, she snorts. "Nah, I'm just kidding!"

You laugh along with her. Like *that* would ever happen.

"What brings you here tonight, cutie?" Riley asks you mockingly, sneering down at you with an expression of deep contempt. "Aren't you gonna say you love my outfit?" She loves using those lines on you, the same ones you used on her a couple of years ago.

"My jacket... looks great on you, Riley..." You moan, feeling her foot pressing down on your naked back. You wince as she rolls her eyes and presses down slightly harder.

You're on your belly, lying on the ground before the blonde girl, completely naked. Above you, Riley is wearing your leather jacket over a yellow sundress. Not the *same* yellow sundress as when you'd met her, of course.

No, she was a little... *large* for that old outfit now. The Riley you'd met what feels a small eternity ago is long gone. Gone is the small, cute girl you'd wanted to make into your meal. Now, Riley lounges on the couch above you, rippling with muscles. Each one of her eight hard abs has been forged from dozens of cute girls, digested and shat out. You were the dominant one in the relationship once, if you can even imagine that. That's *long* gone now.

"Come on, try a little *harder*, Brynn" Riley scowls down at you, as you struggle to rise from the floor. With a simple flex of her leg muscles, you're pushed down onto the floor again. "What was it? Ten years of experience being a predator? Is this the *best* you can do?"

"S-sorry, Riley..." You turn your head toward her, whimpering pathetically. She's not the only one who's changed in the last two years. "I'm trying my best!" You moan, trying to sound as submissive as possible.

"No, you're not. You can beat me, I know it." Riley looks down at you with a smirk, and reaches into your... *her* leather jacket. "Come on, where's the Brynn I dumped my boyfriend into a toilet for two years ago, hmm?" She pulls out a pack of cigarettes, flipping open the box and placing one in her mouth. "What happened to the chick who fucked me senseless?" Striking a match against the couch she's sitting on, Riley lights the cigarette with a smirk. Taking a long drag on the smoke, she takes it out of her mouth again and then blows smoke into your face.

As humiliating as it is, you can't help but cough pathetically. "When did you...?" You begin, and then cough again. "When did you get so *strong*...?" You'd known about her getting stronger for years at this point, but this is the first time she's displayed this much strength to you.

"Guess I just got used to being a city girl." Riley smirks arrogantly, and then takes another puff on her cigarette. "God, I can't believe I used to live out in the sticks. I was fucking *born* to be a predator here."

"You really..." The weight on your back is pressing down, making it hard to talk properly. "You really learned well from me..."

Riley snorts, rolling her eyes. "Of course I did. You were a good teacher. Perhaps a little *too* good for your own good, though..." She clicks her fingers impatiently. "Come on! Fucking get up already! Where's that tough, scary predator I used to fuck me senseless every night?" She chuckles to herself for a moment. "I mean, you still *do*, but..."

With a grunt of effort, you try to rise, feeling the weight of the blonde girl's leg on your back. It's hard, so hard. She's *so* strong now... You try to push harder, and feel her foot rising inch by inch...

"Oh?" The blonde girl looks down at you again, a glint of hope in her eyes. "What's this? You're really trying this time, aren't you?"

Come on, come on... If you can just stand up, maybe she won't look at you with such contempt anymore. "Hrghhh... R-Riley, please..." You beg, as you feel your progress begin to stall. "N-no!" You moan, as you feel yourself begin to sink back down...

As you're forced back down onto the floor, Riley clicks her tongue. "Well, I guess I can't blame you, babe. You tried your best, I know that." There's a moment's pause, as she licks her lips, apparently unsure of what to do with you now. Then, she moves her foot off your back. "Ahh... that's enough, babe. I don't really like this kinda play. Feels a bit mean."

Oh God, the feeling of relief is massive. And also disappointing. "Huh? Can't you do it a bit longer?" You stammer, as you slowly sit back up. "I almost came when you pushed me back down..." After all, you *love* this kind of domination play nowadays. You didn't used to, before you met Riley, but now...

"I know you like it when I humiliate you, but... I need to talk to you about something right now, okay?" Riley shrugs dismissively, and then pats the seat next to her on the couch. "Come on, sit next to me."

"Y-yes, Riley." You obediently climb up onto the couch, and sit next to the young girl. Now that's you're directly next to her, the difference in size is even more apparent. She's taller than you now, and thicker as well. "Gosh, you've... you've *totally* surpassed me, haven't you?" The thought makes your dick stiffen slightly.

"Yup." The blonde girl says simply, and you can't help but feel a little humiliated at how quickly she agreed. "I told you back then, I'd dominate you one day if you weren't careful. That's how every pred on pred relationship ends."

You nod slowly, a stupid grin on your face. "I didn't believe you back then." How could you have thought that the cute blonde girl you'd wanted to eat would turn into such a beast? Even as Riley shrugs, her powerful muscles ripple hypnotically. "God, the first time you held me down and dominated me..." You remember back to that night, almost drooling. "I gave it up to you, and I'll never regret that, Riley."

"And now you're basically a *prey*." Something about that seems to trouble your girlfriend. "Honestly, Brynn, I don't know how much longer you even have. You just get more and more subby by the day. Eventually, some bored pred is gonna slurp you down when I'm not looking."

You chuckle. "Don't threaten me with a good time, babe!" You've had some close calls recently, actually. Just a few weeks ago, some girl at the nightclub had grabbed you and tried to drag you into the toilets. But luckily, Riley had grabbed her instead. You'd had the pleasure of watching that girl get turned into muscles though, so it's a pleasant memory.

"You might find it funny, but I *don't*, Brynn." Riley takes a deep breath, scowling.

“O-oh...” You blink in surprise, and then reach out to take your girlfriend’s hand. “Sorry, Riley. I didn’t mean to make you upset.”

“*You* didn’t make me...” She sighs, and shakes her head. “Brynn. We’ve been together for over two years now. At this point, we *should* be thinking about our future together. But the more and more I think about it, the more I worry that we won’t *get* a future together.” She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small box.

You stare at it, recognizing the familiar shape. You’ve never seen one in person before, but it’s not easy to mistake a ring box. “Is that a...?” You ask, shocked.

Riley nods slowly, still not looking at you. “I... bought this a few months ago. I guess I thought I’d propose at some point, but recently, I’m not so sure.” She sighs, sounding resigned. “I mean, I’m sure that I love you, Brynn. But I keep picturing this ring inside a steaming pile of shit.”

You open your mouth to protest, but then close it again. Your girlfriend isn’t... *wrong*. Two years ago, you were at the top of your game. You probably would have been able to fight off even a young futanari predator. But you’re well north of thirty at this point. Not old by the standards of society by any means, but in the world of vore, you’re practically a dinosaur. Even if you hadn’t accepted your girlfriend’s domination, you’d still be in danger. Vore is a young woman’s game, after all, better suited to a powerful predator like Riley.

Riley continues. “I don’t want to marry someone who’s going to make me a widower within a year, Brynn.” She looks up at you, with a small spark of hope. “Can you... promise me that you won’t?”

You want to make that promise. But you can’t lie to the woman you love. “Riley, I...” You begin, looking away from her in embarrassment. “I don’t think I can.” As much as you’d like to stay with Riley for the rest of your life, other predators definitely wouldn’t give you that chance if they had a chance. And they were getting harder and harder to resist each time.

“Yeah, I thought so.” The blonde woman sighs deeply, and gives you a weak smile. “I had a feeling. And I know it’s not really your fault. Perhaps it’s time I did something about it.”

“Huh?” You don’t like the sound of that, though you know your opinion won’t matter much regardless. “What... what do you mean?”

“Brynn...” Riley sighs, and gives you a pitying look. “I think it’s time.”

“T-time?” You ask. “Time for what?” You know the answer, but you can’t bring yourself to admit it.

Riley blows out another puff of smoke. "Time for you and I to become one." She says gently, placing a warm hand on your own. "I'll make you a part of me, Brynn. You and I will be together, forever."

"Oh... Oh, god..." You understand what she's suggesting. She wants to eat you alive. "R-Riley, I love you, but..." You squeeze her hand nervously. "... I don't want to *die*..."

"But you're *going* to die, sooner rather than later." Your girlfriend's voice is soft, but firm. "The next time you get grabbed by a predator, I might not be lucky enough to save you. Would you rather get digested by some chick you've never met, or meet a happy end inside someone who loves you?" She stubs out her cigarette, and gives you a pleading look.

You sigh in defeat, knowing she's absolutely right. "... I would choose you, Riley."

"I know." Riley smiles at you, seeming happy with that answer. "Then, let's not waste any more time, okay?" She leans back and begins to pull off her new leather jacket.

"R-right now?!" You stammer, horrified. This was all happening so fast...

"I can't think of a better time..." Riley raises an eyebrow. "What, do you think waiting a day or two would be better?" She asks, biting her lip. "I can wait that long if that's what you..."

"N-no..." You admit, unable to look your girlfriend in the eyes. "... I'd rather do it now." You'd just spend those couple of days thinking about your fate, after all. Best to do it sooner, rather than later.

Riley smiles warmly at you, and takes both of your hands. "Then, it's settled. Come on, Brynn. Let's make this a happy memory, not a sad memory." She leans forward, pulling off her dress. "Here, I have an idea..."

"Idea?" You ask, nervously. As much as you're scared of what's going to happen next, your dick is hard as a rock. Good thing you're long past worrying about feeling humiliated.

"Brynn..." Your girlfriend opens the ring box. "Will you... marry me? From now, until death?"

"Yes!" You blurt out. It's not even a question for you. "Of course I will, Riley. But how can we...?"

Riley opens the box, revealing two engagement rings. It's gold, with small flashing diamonds along its sides. Exactly the type you'd want to wear forever. "Then, I now pronounce us... wife and wife." She chuckles for a moment, and then gives you a meaningful look. "Well, come on. Hold out your hand."

Obediently, you hold out your hand. Your girlfriend pulls out one of the rings, and slips it onto your finger. As you admire it, Riley slips the other ring onto her own finger.

“There.” She says, sounding deeply satisfied. “We’re married!” Leaning toward you, she winks. “How do you feel, Brynn?”

There’s a lot of emotions in your chest right now, honestly. “I... good.” You say breathlessly. “I mean, great!” You blush deeply, and smile at her. “H-honestly, you can’t imagine how *happy* the idea of marrying you makes me...”

Your girlfriend... or rather, your *wife* smirks at you. “If it’s anything close to how happy I am, I can definitely imagine.” She licks her lips. “Now, come over here, Brynn. Let’s to the *rest* of the ceremony...”

Gulping nervously, you obediently crawl over to your new ‘wife’. As you climb on top of her, Riley reaches out and pulls you in for a hug. Pressed up against her massive breasts, you obediently go limp, feeling the immense pleasure of surrendering to a more powerful woman.

“Ooh, *Brynn*...” You feel Riley kiss the top of your head, as her hands rub your bare back gently. “I can feel your dick poking my thighs.” She kisses you again. “Would you like to make love one last time?”

Yes, you want nothing more in the whole world. “Y-yes, Riley.” You whimper pathetically, feeling your dick twitch as you humiliate yourself. “Please, may I enter you?”

“Of course...” Your ‘wife’ smiles indulgently, and opens her legs. “There. You may do whatever you want.” She smirks. “Think of it as your last meal.”

You waste no time. Sitting up, you begin rubbing Riley’s crotch, eager to get started. To your delight, she’s already wet. Well, she *is* a predator, after all. As much as she loves you, the thought of digesting you alive must be turning her on like nothing else.

“Oh, *Brynn*...” Riley moans, and you feel two powerful hands clamp down on your buttocks. “Brynn, I’m already going crazy for you. Don’t keep my poor pussy waiting...”

“Y-yes, Riley!” You squeak, grabbing your dick. You look down at the proud organ, standing tall in the face of death. Eight inches of pride. Then, you lean forward, and press the head into your ‘wife’s’ vagina.

The feeling of heat and wetness on the head of your penis is deeply familiar now. Ever since that first time two years ago, you and Riley have made love... god, *hundreds* of times at least. At this point, your penis and her vagina are so familiar with each other that it feels utterly natural as her pussy begins to slurp on your cock, drawing it in deeper.

As you slide deeper into her pussy, you sigh in contentment. If this is going to be your final hour, you couldn't imagine anything else you'd rather be doing. You can feel the familiar contours of Riley's pussy, which your dick has thoroughly explored. She presses down upon you, lovingly embracing you. You can feel her heartbeat around your dick, thrumming in time with your own. You begin to move in and out of her, feeling her muscles quiver as your dick sends shockwaves of pleasure through her body.

"Fuck, Brynn..." Riley moans, squeezing your ass as you thrust in and out. "No matter how big I get, that dick of yours always feels massive..." And then, you lean in and kiss her.

For several minutes, there's nothing but the sound of wet thrusting and muffled moans, as the two of you make love. This isn't the awkward, furious love making of two new lovers, as you once had been. This is the content, peaceful love making of a happily married couple. Completely closed off from the rest of the world, you and Riley embrace each other fully, uncaring of anything outside of each of your bodies.

Finally, you reach climax. With a union that's been trained for over two years, both you and Riley reach orgasm together. Your dick stiffens as you thrust into her, feeling her muscles begin to shiver as pleasure surges through both of your groins. As orgasm pulses along both of your nervous systems, your dick twitches and then floods your 'wife's' pussy with cum. She might get pregnant, but how could you possibly care at this point?

Once your balls have stopped pulsing their loads, the both of you go limp, breathing heavily. Laying together in the afterglow, you reflect on your life so far. It's been a good run, all things considered. You fucked a lot of girls, and ate most of them. But meeting Riley had been the luckiest thing that had ever happened to you. She was the one for you. *The* one. And as you lie together, you accept your fate with contentment.

So, when you feel Riley's strong hand caressing your hair, you look up at her with a smile. She licks her lips and smirks at you. "Are you ready, Brynn?" She asks gently.

"I... I am." You admit. Yes, you're ready as you'll ever be. Which is to say, not at all. But, you can't imagine any other fate for you anymore. You'll be one with Riley, forever. Honestly, there's worse ways to die.

Riley gives you one last happy smile. And then, her mouth opens wide. You stare into the black pit, and see your death inside. You close your eyes and lean into the abyss.

Heat and wetness caresses your head, as you're sucked inside Riley's mouth. You've seen this happen to a hundred women before. Hell, you've *done* this to dozens yourself. But this is the first time you've experienced it for yourself. It's... oddly pleasurable, really. You have no idea what those women had been complaining about, in hindsight.

Going obediently limp, you allow your 'wife' to swallow down your shoulders, and then your breasts. Ah, you've always been proud of those two. As a teenager, they'd never grown past B-cups. But with a lot of girls begging melted and added to them, you managed to make them double D's. You'd always been proud of that. And Riley loved them, you know. She was spending a long moment savoring them, licking your nipples slowly. And soon, those breasts of yours would be melted down and added to her. Something about that felt deeply wonderful.

You can feel your dick stiffening as you're slurped down. Wow, you really are a prey now, aren't you? Not even the biggest prey you ate in your lifetime was this submissive while being eaten. You feel a powerful hand around your dick, and sigh in relief as Riley begins to jerk you off. She's so wonderful, isn't she?

It doesn't take many tugs for you to shamefully discharge the tiny droplets remaining in your balls all over Riley's tits. You shudder inside her throat, immensely grateful for your 'wife' getting you off one last time before she digests you. The last thing you'd want is to die horny and unsatisfied.

Finally, Riley seems to give up taking her time with you. You feel her swallow hard, and then swallow again, and then again... Slowly, but surely, the rest of your body is sucked inside her throat. You curl up your body, trying to make it as easy as possible for her. As the warmth reaches your feet, you sigh in pleasure, knowing you're entirely inside your 'wife'. You know that you'll never leave her body ever again. Well, not *alive*. And only a small part of you. You're going to be inside her, for the rest of her life. And for the rest of yours, technically. But you can feel that won't be long.

With a single great gulp, you're deposited into a huge, warm space inside Riley's body. Her stomach, you understand belatedly. It's getting harder and harder to think straight. It's dark, and shockingly damp, and you can smell an ungodly scent from all around you. Liquid is running down your naked body, stinging painfully wherever it touches. Stomach acid, you realize. This stuff is going to do more than just sting you. It's only a matter of time before it melts you into soup. It doesn't matter, though. It's not as if you could get away from it, even if you wanted to.

"Brynn?" You hear Riley's voice from all around you. It sounds like she's talking through a wall. Which, she is, in a way. "Brynn, are you still alive?"

"I'm... here, Riley!" You try to call out, but it's hard to yell when you're forced into a fetal position. There's no room to stretch out, and it's far too slippery to get any kind of grip. "R-Riley?!" You call out again, fearing that she won't be able to hear you.

"Brynn! You're still there..." There's a shift in the muscle surrounding you, and you realize that your 'wife' is sighing in relief. "I was scared you died inside my throat. I've had that happen to some girls..."

“I’m tougher than that...” You groan, feeling the stomach walls press down on you. “I’ll hold on as long as I can...”

The stomach around you shifts, and you feel something pressing down on top of you. “No, Brynn...” You hear Riley’s voice, closer and softer. It takes you a moment to realize she’s laying her head down on her stomach. The thought is deeply comforting. “Brynn... don’t fight it. Just give in, okay? Become a part of me...” You wonder what the two of you must look like from the outside. If your experience with vore is any judge, your body outline in her belly is probably humiliatingly obvious. The thought fills you with an odd sense of joy.

“I... I will.” There’s no point fighting, so why would you? You’re not going to escape, even if you wanted to. No, this is your new home, for the rest of eternity. Even after you die, you’ll be part of Riley. When she continues on with her life, you’ll be a part of her. If she falls in love with someone else, you’ll still be inside her. Even after Riley dies, you’ll still be a part of her. This is your fate. You couldn’t imagine anything better.

You can sense darkness surrounding you. “R-Riley...” You moan, desperate to get the words out before the end. “I love... you...”

Then, to your eternal relief, you feel a soft weight caressing your head. Riley is rubbing her belly, tenderly comforting you. “I love you too, Brynn. You changed me completely, I hope you know that...” You do. Of course you do. “Now... close your eyes, Brynn. Let me take care of you... forever.”

Ah... something about that seems so wonderful. As the darkness surrounds you, your fear melts away. Why were you ever scared of this? It’s warm, dark and Riley’s stomach is embracing your entire body. This is... heaven. You close your eyes, for the last time...

“Yes, Brynn...” Riley moans, rubbing her belly with both hands. “Come on, come on...” She feels you fading and fading, until... “Yes! Ugh...” She lets out an almost bestial moan of pleasure, as she feels you die inside her. “Oh, *Brynn*...” She sighs, feeling your body go limp inside her. “I’d say goodbye, but... I don’t need to, do I?”

The blonde woman lays back, caressing her stomach muscles. Inside her guts, she can already feel stomach acid pumping into her belly. “Thank you... for everything, Brynn.” She lays back on the couch, feeling digestion begin in earnest. “Now... let’s become *one*...” She closes her eyes and drifts off to the sound of you melting inside her.

As she snores, your body is slowly covered in stomach acid. If you were still alive, you’d have to suffer through the hideous pain of being melted alive. But instead, Riley gets to enjoy the slumbering feeling of your body being melted inside her. Once you’ve been reduced to soup, you begin to pump into your ‘wife’s’ intestines, where she begins to absorb everything you had been into herself.

Over the next few hours, most of your body is absorbed into Riley, as protein and nutrients. If you were alive, you'd be happy to know that a good part of you will become muscle, but not as happy as it would make you to know that your body boosts her breasts up by an entire cup size.

The next morning finds your 'wife' hunched over a large jar, breathing heavily. You are coiled in her colon. That is, the parts of you that haven't become part of her already. With a grunt of effort, Riley's colon shudders, and you begin to shift inside her.

As you crown out of the blonde woman's anus, you're met by a loud groan of pleasure. "Ohh... thank you, Brynn..." Riley moans, as she begins to shit you out. "Only you could make this feel so *good*..."

Grabbing both of her buttcheeks, your 'wife' spreads her asshole, allowing you to flow out of her even harder. "Hmm...!" Riley groans, as more and more of you lands in the large jar. "Come on, meet your new home, Brynn!" She grins triumphantly as you plop into the jar. "I couldn't absorb *all* of you, but no way I'm letting my wife get flushed away." She licks her lips slowly, savoring your fate. "No, I'm going to keep you forever, I promise.... I'll tend to your grave every day."

Rubbing her dripping wet crotch as she shits, your 'wife' enjoys the extra weight you've added to her chest. "We'll *always* be together now, Brynn. From now, until the day I die, you'll be a part of my soul." She rubs herself even faster, imagining the rest of her life with you. "And when I die, I'm going to have my body digested, and whatever's left will get mixed in with you, so we're one giant married turd. And our rings will be buried inside us, and then this jar'll get buried, with both of us inside..."

The thought of your mutual burial sends your 'wife' over the edge, and she cums hard. As her muscles contract, she blasts even more of your body out, finally emptying her colon out completely. As the last of you drains into the jar, your wife stands up, her face flushed with joy.

"I'll *never* stop loving you, Brynn." Riley sighs happily, rubbing her breasts.

"So, what brings you here tonight, cutie?" Riley smiles at the young redhead in front of her. "Nice jeans, by the way." She winks playfully at the young girl.

"Thanks!" The redhead gulps nervously, and tugs at her jeans. "I moved into the city a few months ago, and I thought... why not get a new wardrobe?" She laughs nervously. "I... *think* I look okay in them."

"Oh, you look sexy as hell, don't worry about that." Riley smirks at the girl, who blushes. "I didn't introduce myself, did I?" She holds out her hand. "The name's Riley-Brynn, cutie."

The redhead blinks slowly, as she shakes your wife's hand. "My name's, uh, Zannah." She raises her eyebrow at Riley. "I hope it's not rude to ask, but..."

"I took on my wife's name, after she passed away a few months ago." Riley smiles happily at the memory, and holds up her hand. Two diamond rings glitter on her finger, side by side.

"Oh! I'm so sorry..." Zannah looks a little sheepish.

Riley waves away her embarrassment with a grin. "Oh, don't worry. I've got no reason to mourn her, and not in a bad way. I mean, she's still *here*, if you catch my drift..."

The redhead looks down at Riley's body, and seems to like what she sees. "Yeah, I had you pegged as a pred." She winks at Riley. "I'm a pred myself, y'know. Beginner, but still!"

"You're a pred?" Your wife looks the young girl up and down. She's about two-thirds of Riley's size, but that doesn't seem to impact her confidence. "I didn't get that sense..."

"Yeah, I could use some mentoring in the whole 'pred' business." The small redhead grins happily. "In return, I'm happy to... pay you back." Zannah winks flirtatiously. "I've... got a strong handshake, if you know what I mean."

Riley looks down at Zannah's jeans, and then at the bulge in the girl's crotch. "I *do* know what you mean." Your wife grins. "Yeah, sure. I'll take you up on that offer." Then, she hesitates for a moment. "Just as long as you know which one of us is in charge..."

"Oh, you, *definitely*." The redhead nods eagerly. "You're in charge!" She gives your wife a smirk. "Well, for *now*, I guess..." Zannah bites her lip, and then grins. "Nah, I'm just kidding!"

Riley laughs along with her. Like *that* would ever happen.