

The Earth drifts through space, alone in its cosmic dance.

It's no longer alone in space. The planet now has a bunch of cool new friends.

There's the sun. Hot, big as hell. Pretty powerful, despite getting up there in age compared to the rest of the gang. Quite attractive too, considering how many planet's it's orbiting. Not that the star's complaining. It seems quite happy to have young planets orbiting it, instead of settling down with a nice planet like it should. Of course, who's going to tell the *sun* that it's too old to be attracting younger planets?

Then there's Mercury. The smallest planet of the gang, but hardly the weakest, despite it's small size. Pretty distinctive too, hard to miss from Earth's perspective. Earth and Mercury get along pretty well. They can both be pretty dense, after all.

Speaking of getting along, there's Venus too. The hottest planet in the solar system. Like, damn, it's off the charts when it comes to hotness. No wonder the Romans associated it with their hottest goddess. A bit alternative when it comes to fashion too, spinning in the opposite direction to the rest of Earth's friends.

Earth hasn't known them very long, but it seems like it's going to be firm friends with Mercury and Venus. They're pretty tight, orbit-wise.

And then there's Mars. The 'celebrity', the queen. Everyone likes Mars. Especially those twins orbiting the red planet. Mars is beautiful, but it's pretty damn brutal when it wants to be. Things are cool now, but there's a chance that Mars and Earth are destined to be rivals.

Not to mention Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune. Damn planets have so many moons following them, it's hard to keep up. Three groups, each trying to pull the other planets into their orbit.

The solar system has quite a cast of characters now, and Earth's going to have a hard time keeping up. Rivalries, romances, breakups...

And then there's the most important one of all.

The white orb rises above Earth, shining it's burning light through the darkness. Despite everything, it cannot be forgotten. The Earth can try to ignore it all it wants, but no matter where it turns, Luna will always be there.

Waiting for her.

"Chris!"

"Wha...!" Chris jolts awake, out of the terrible dream. "Ugh... What the heck...?!"

As the tomboy struggles to open her heavy eyelids, she hears a loud groan. A moment later, she realizes that it came from her own mouth.

“Uh... Are you feeling okay?” The soft voice beside her asks.

No, not really. “Fuck... I feel like crap...” Chris feels awful. Not *sick*, but... Oh god, is this what being hungover feels like? Her head aches, and her entire body feels like it’s sore on the inside. It doesn’t feel like she’s gotten even a wink of sleep. And...

“It’s okay. I think Di... Oh my *god*...” The voice sounds shocked at whatever it sees.

“Urrp!” Chris can’t suppress a burp. “Oh god, my stomach...” Her stomach feels full as hell, as she’s just eaten a full course meal. Not the most pleasant feeling to wake up to. Worse, she can actually hear it grumbling out loud, and feel the pulse of liquid moving around her guts every few seconds.

“W-wow, that’s so hot... I mean, I think you’re okay, Chris. Don’t freak out, you’re doing just fine... I think.”

With a monumental effort, Chris forces herself into the waking world. Opening her eyes properly, the tomboy stares up at a familiar ceiling.

She’s lying in her bed, in her bedroom. Chris can hear the chirping of birds, and see the rays of morning light across her wall. Right now, she hates both of them with a passion. “I... Urrp!” Chris tries to speak, but a stinging burp comes out instead. “Oh god...”

“Okay, Di did say you might be gassy when you woke up, so...” Beside her, the bed shifts. There’s someone small and familiar beside her. Chris turns her head toward her friend.

“Mercury...?” She asks, the word feeling strange on her tongue.

“Huh?” Kit is sitting on the bed beside her, as naked as the day the small girl was born. “What was that?”

“I said...” As soon as the daylight hits her eyeballs, the dream flees. The planets fade before Chris’s mind can catch them, like trying to catch hold of a receding tide on a beach. “Shit, what did I say?” The tomboy blinks for a moment, but the memories are gone now. As she breathes out, her tummy does a particularly nasty rumble. “Ugh, my stomach is killing me...”

Her stomach.

Oh *God*.

Clarity returns to Chris's mind with the shock of a thunderclap. She ate Di last night, and had fallen asleep mid-digestion. Fully awake in an instant of panic, the tomboy flinches and looks down at her stomach. But the sight that greets Chris is not the one she expected to see.

Her stomach is... Holy shit. Her stomach is almost flat compared to last night, she sees. As the tomboy stares down at her abs in horror, she can only see a soft curve, far too small to contain a beautiful friend.

Oh God. Oh fuck. Where's Di?! Where's she gone? Surely she couldn't have...?! In just one night?!

Chris stares for a long moment, her brain trying to process what she's seeing. Her brain is saying that there should be a big Di-shaped bulge, like last night. But the absence of a bulge is screwing with Chris's mind. She knows logically what's happened, but the sight is so jarring that it's taking a moment.

"I... digested her." Chris says softly, more to herself than Kit. "Jesus Christ..."

The naked girl beside her seems equally stunned. "God, there's *nothing* left of her." She says, staring at Chris's stomach.

"N-no..." There's even more jarring news, actually. "I think there's a bit of her left..." Chris says, her eyes widening in shock.

Chris's tits are a rather familiar part of her body. As a gay woman, the tomboy has a love of tits, but her own are so mundane to her that they don't warrant much interest. But since last night, things have changed.

Pushing aside her bedsheets, Chris stares down at her breasts. "Oh fuck... Are these *real*?" She asks out loud. A stupid question, of course. But perhaps understandable given her shock.

Her tits have ballooned in size. Well, not quite *ballooned*, but they're a heck of a lot bigger than they had been last night. Chris *had* been a C-cup, but now they look like they're... God, a D-cup? As the tomboy sits up, she can *feel* the extra weight on her chest, and instantly knows that the contents of her bra drawer are now obsolete.

"Holy crap!" Kit seems to notice this upgrade as well. Reaching out, the small girl grab's Chris's left tit, holding it in her hand as if to weigh it. "She really... Shit, now I kinda wish I'd said 'yes'..."

"My tits..." It's not normal for a part of one's body to change so drastically, even in a good way. Chris feels as if a weight has been hung around her neck. "Kit... I'm not dreaming, right?" She reaches out and grabs her friend's arm.

The soft, warm skin of Kit feels like an oasis of calm in the storm of Chris's waking shock. "No, you're good, Chris. Don't panic, you're okay. This is... I mean, I'm pretty sure this is all normal." A moment later, the tomboy feels the small girl's hand cover her own, giving her a reassuring squeeze.

Normal? Having an empty... No, not empty. *Flat* stomach, when her friend is supposed to be in there is as far from normal as it gets, according to Chris's brain. Still, she's finally getting her brain working. "I... I really digested her. My stomach *digested* Di." A whole person, gone. "Wow..."

Beside her, Kit lets out a soft giggle. "This is so crazy... I bet Di's in heaven right now." The smaller girl grins, and then grimaces. "I mean, not literally, she's..."

Chris takes a deep breath. Closing her eyes, she lets herself rise above her panic, pushing it down below her. She can feel her heart hammering in her chest, but the feeling begins to ebb as she regains her mental balance. Finally, she opens her eyes. Her panic's not gone, but it's under control now.

Damn, guess Matilda's training really *was* useful. Not that Chris will ever admit it.

Turning to Kit, Chris gives the smaller girl a warm smile. "Good morning, Kitty."

Kit blinks, clearly surprised by the change in her friend's behavior. "Yeah, good morning... You okay?"

"No, not at all." Chris can feel her stomach rumbling, and her tits feel heavy. Nothing feels okay right now. "But I'm glad to see you." Leaning over, she plants a quick kiss on Kit's lips.

The smaller girl flinches, but she doesn't pull away. As Chris leans back, she's pleased to see a happy smile on Kit's face. "W-wow..." The smaller girl licks her lips, as if tasting Chris's saliva. "Is that... normal for us now?"

Chris thinks about this for a moment. Last night had been a big moment for the three of them. "If you want it to be." She says, finally. Yeah, that feels right to say.

"Of course I want it to be!" Kit responds quickly, and Chris can see the girl's nipples hardening before her eyes. "God, I swear I had a wet dream about you where you said that exact... Er, I mean..." She blushes deeply.

"Chris can't help but chuckle at the idea of her friend being bashful *now*. "Kitty, you spent a good amount of last night licking every inch of my body, I think you can... *Oh*."

"I know that, it's just... Wait, are you okay?" Kit blinks and looks back Chris. "What do you mean 'oh'? Are you okay?"

Of course not. While it *looks* like Di is gone, all of her remains are still inside Chris's body. And that only means one thing.

"O-oh..." Chris says again, as the disturbing feeling pulses through her stomach. It's a deeply unsettling feeling that's *very* clear in its meaning. *You're going to take a shit in about twenty seconds*, the feeling says. *Regardless of what you want, that's going to happen*. "I need to use the toilet."

It seems like whatever grace period she had after waking up has expired. Her packed bowels need emptying, and her guts don't have time to listen to their owner anymore.

With the panic returning, Chris throws off the bedsheets and swings her legs around. Sitting on the side of the bed, the tomboy can feel that even that small movement makes her bowels churn. "Kit..." She groans.

"What?" The small girl practically leaps out of bed, dashing around to Chris's side. "What do you need? You need help standing up, or walking, or...?"

"I need you to leave!" Chris moans, holding her stomach. "S-sorry, I don't mean to... I just..."

Kit seems quite surprised, but she's smart enough to obey without question. "O-okay!" She walks over to the bedroom door, pushing it open. Still naked, she hesitates in the doorway. "Are you sure-"

"Yes!" The thought of Kit watching what's about to happen is somehow even more alarming than the thought of actually voiding her bowels of an entire human's remains. Chris knows it doesn't make sense, but right now, panic is threatening to break free of her mental cage. "P-please!"

"Right, just give me a yell if you need help, okay?" Kit closes the door with a click. "I'll get you something to drink!" She calls out, as she runs down the hallway.

Chris grimaces, as a new wave of diarrhea rolls over her. "S-shit..." Suddenly, the tomboy feels scared. This feeling is entirely new, and quite terrifying. It feels like if she opens up her ass, it'll never close again. She needs help, she needs advice, but the only people she knows who would know how to help her are either away or inside her guts.

Her phone is on her bedside table, thankfully. Chris doesn't remember putting it there, but then, her memory of last night is slightly fuzzy. Picking it up, Chris opens up her contacts and scrolls desperately, searching for the name on instinct. When it reaches the name she's looking for, the tomboy feels a glimmer of shame. *Matilda* glows on the holographic screen.

“N-no...” She stammers to herself, shaking her head. Chris can’t talk to Matilda about this, she knows. It would be embarrassing, and her mother wouldn’t understand. So, instead, Chris back down and finds another name.

Pressing *Aunt Vicky*, Chris puts the device up to her ear and waits impatiently. God, she wishes Aunt Vicky was *here*. The thought comes to Chris, a strange flash of clarity through the haze of discomfort and diarrhea. Vicky sitting beside her, knowing what to do, how to help her. Strangely, what Chris wants most would be a hug from her aunt right now...

Finally, after a small eternity, the call is answered. “Oh, hey, Chris. What’s up?” Her aunt’s voice is tired and lazy, but the sound of it makes Chris feel relieved, just slightly. “I’m getting my knob spit-polished right now, so you better make it quick.” Indeed, Chris can hear wet-popping sounds clearly in the background.

Sadly, Chris isn’t really in the mood for imagining that. “S-shit... Auntie, I need help.” She groans into the phone. Her stomach rumbles ominously. Whatever timer she’s on is running out, but the tomboy also fears standing up. Her ass feels quite delicate right now, like a cracking dam holding back a flood. “Oh shit... This isn’t good...”

“What?” Instantly, Vicky’s voice turns alarmed. “What do you mean? Is someone trying to eat you?” There’s the sound of a loud, wet pop. “Sorry babe, I gotta...” Vicky’s voice is muffled as she speaks to whoever she’s with.

“Oh god...” Chris groans, her buttocks twitching beneath her. “Aunty, I ate someone. I ate Di.” Her stomach rumbles again, and the tomboy feels her heart shudder in fear. “She’s digested now, but... Oh god, I don’t know what to do now. She’s at my backdoor, but there’s so much inside me...”

There’s a gravelly gasp from the other end of the call. “Oh, *Jesus*. You popped your pred cherry, are you serious? I was expecting to pick you up at the reform clinic!” Vicky’s voice sounds equally panicked. “Oh god... Where are your friends? You didn’t eat *both* of them on your first try, did you?”

“N-no...” Oh god, the thought of having both Di *and* Kit inside her makes Chris cringe. If just one was this bad... “Kit’s still here, but I asked her to leave, because... I didn’t...” The thought of Kit being here to see her like this makes Chris want to die.

“Okay. Okay, okay...” Vicky is silent for a moment, and her niece can imagine the woman’s face screwed up in thought. “Chris, listen to me. You’re gonna be fine, okay? Your body’s just not used to digesting such a big meal. You’re not gonna die or anything, okay?”

Chris knows that. People eat people all the time, so this feeling must not be unique to her. But still, it’s hard to relax with the feeling of needing to shit out twenty times the usual amount. She opens her mouth to speak, but instead, a pained groan comes out.

“Listen to me, Chris. This feeling you have? I have it every time I eat someone. Trust me, the first time’s the nastiest, but you’ll learn to love it. You just need to calm down and... Wait, are you in the toilet yet?”

“N-no...” Chris feels her cheeks burning, both from shame and from the effort of holding back Di’s remains. “I feel like, if I stand up... She’s gonna come out.” In the back of the tomboy’s mind, she can’t believe she’s saying those words, but all embarrassment has been squashed by the discomfort inside her.

“Chris, you gotta get to the toilet. Trust me, you’ll be fine. You can hold it until you’re on the can, okay?” There’s the sound of rustling bedsheets. “Babe, I gotta go. My girl needs me. I’ll send back your daughter’s soul jar when I remember.” The phone jostles around for a moment. “Chris, I’m coming home, okay? Just relax and let your body do it’s thing, it knows what it’s doing.”

Taking a deep breath, Chris tries to clear her mind. There’s something about her aunt’s deep voice that makes her feel calmer, and the thought of Vicky rushing home to help her gives her some relief. “O-okay, thanks, Auntie!”

Ending the call, Chris takes a few more seconds to steel herself. Then, with a titanic force of will, she overcomes her brain’s desperate warning not to move. As she stands up, she can feel sweat breaking out across her forehead. The instant her butt leaves the bed, her asshole twitches. For a moment, Chris fears the worst, but instead a nasty fart rips through her buttock. She doesn’t stick around to smell it, not daring to waste the tiniest grace period that the fart has given her.

Chris is a very lucky girl. She makes it *just* in time.

The moment her ass hits the seat, her bowels *explode*. No amount of muscle or abdominal control would be able to hold back the tide that stretches open Chris’s asshole. “Nghhohfuck...” The tomboy can only grab the marble sink beside her and hold on, as the storm arrives.

Chris’s digestive system has been treated well during her lifetime. Growing up, she’d lived on a healthy, balanced diet dictated by Matilda, just like her sisters. With regular training, her body had been forged into a healthy, strong shape, perfect for service in the Air Force, and later as an astronaut.

What her digestive system was *not* used to was about 175 pounds of raw meat going through it. For a healthy young woman, Di’s body might as well have been a hammer smashing a glass clock.

The small bathroom is quickly submerged in a litany of disgusting sounds. Chris is amazed at the range of fucked up noises her ass is capable of making today. Wet farts escape between

surges of *material*, as the logs slide out of her ass one by one. Her stomach is still gurgling horribly, so much so that it seems to vibrate her abs. Worst of all is the sound of her own voice. “Ooh... Fuck, fuck... Shit... Oh my *god*...” She flinches and starts to look around. “Shit... Where’s the *flush*...?!”

Luckily for Chris, her aunt has done her a favor long before she’d even know Chris was coming to stay. Back when she’d gotten her bedrooms soundproofed, Vicky had also installed vore-friendly toilets. These ‘high-volume installations’, as they were euphemistically known, were built for exactly this purpose. As a threshold of weight fills the bowl, the toilet automatically flushes itself, sucking down Di’s remains with a powerful vacuum pump.

“Oh my god, I *love* you, Aunty!” Chris can’t help but moan in relief as she realizes that her aunt has saved her twice this morning.

Still, the storm is far from over. Chris gulps as her bowels begin to hit their stride. Her eye twitches as she feels her asshole loosening even further, as more and more of her friend’s remains surge out of her. Her knuckles turn white as she grips the pavement. She’s not in control, she’s just coming along for the ride.

Just relax and let your body do it’s thing, it knows what it’s doing. Chris can only hold fast to her aunt’s words, as they echo inside her head.

“Okay, do your worst!” She groans, gritting her teeth. “I... I can do this!”

About fifteen minutes later, Kit knocks on the bathroom door. “Are you okay, Chris?” She calls out, nervously. “I haven’t heard anything in a little while.”

Chris sits on the toilet, limp and breathing quietly. Her head is leaning against the wall beside her, the tomboy’s exhausted body limp from effort.

It had felt like the storm would never end, but it finally had. Chris can feel that her bowels are mostly empty now, leaving behind an almost aching void inside her. It feels as if she’s just gone three rounds with a monster dildo up her ass, but her butthole is starting to recover, thankfully.

It didn’t matter if Kit saw her, she’d realized after a while. After all, her embarrassing bathroom battle hadn’t actually been *private*, had it?

“You enjoy that, Di?” Chris leans back on the toilet, staring at the mirror on the opposite wall. Apparently, Vicky had wanted to watch herself on the toilet or something. Though, Chris wasn’t exactly surprised at that idea. “I hope so. You paid a pretty hefty price to see it...”

She couldn't *feel* Di inside her. Chris had imagined that Di's soul would have some kind of feeling, like a tingle or some kind of indication that there was double the amount of souls inside Chris than usual. But there was nothing.

The tomboy felt a pang of concern. Part of her was worried that something was wrong, that somehow Di's soul hadn't been correctly... But no, she knew that was dumb. This was exactly how Di had told her it would go. She shouldn't worry.

"Chris?" Kit calls out again. "I know you wanted me to leave, but I gotta know that you're not in danger. Are you okay?"

"...I'm fine, Kitty." Chris calls out, after a moment of gathering her strength. "You can come in. I'm decent as I'm gonna be." The toilet's bidet function had taken care of that concern, at least.

"Oh, thank god!" Kit pushes open the door gently, a look of relief on her cute face as she steps into the bathroom. "I was worried you'd... Hurk!" All of sudden, her face screws up in shock. "J-Jesus...!" Her hands full, Kit covers her nose with her elbow.

Yeah, the smell is there. Chris had noticed it right after the storm had arrived. The scent of death and destruction, which she'd smelled when Becky had shat out her friends. Curiously, it's much less unpleasant to Chris this time, despite being almost identical. Maybe because it's her own vintage. Kit clearly doesn't agree, though.

"That bad?" Chris had gotten used to the smell by now, to her surprise. She'd kinda hoped the smell of death had dissipated by now, but apparently not. "Sorry, I turned the fan on..."

Her friend shakes her head. "It's okay!" Kit speaks through her elbow. "It's not that... It's not that bad... Jesus *Christ!*" The smaller girl has reclaimed her pants, though the shirt she'd been wearing last night is still absent. "Maybe Di should have showered before you ate her. How are you feeling?"

Chris takes a deep breath. "I'm feeling... better." She answers, after a moment. Sitting on the toilet, feeling somehow drained and still bloated, the tomboy still doesn't feel good. But her terrible diarrhea is gone, at least for now. "I feel like I just ran a marathon." She lets out a shallow chuckle and sighs. "And my ass..."

Kit blinks and tilts her head, her eyes following the curve of Chris's butt. "Dang, you're right!" The tomboy had only just noticed herself, but her tits aren't the only thing to have been upgraded. Chris's ass is now quite a bit fluffier than it had been. Not only does it look hot as fuck, but sitting on the toilet is now a lot more comfy.

Shifting on the toilet seat, Chris feels her plumper rump beneath her and sighs. She looks up at Kit. "Um... Sorry if I was a bit rude earlier. I wasn't mad at you or anything, I just... didn't want to be around anyone while I was..."

“No, I get it!” The smaller girl moves her arm for a moment, giving Chris a reassuring smile. “We all have our different things when we’re sick.” Kit holds out a bottle of Gatorade with her free hand. “Here, I brought you this.”

“Oh, I love you, thank you.” Chris gratefully takes the bottle and pops it open. She’s lost a lot of fluid, mostly through sweating. Sucking down the watery electrolytes, Chris feels her throat aching. “What else have you... Oh.”

“Yeah.” Kit takes a deep breath and then switches her arm, holding out the soul jar. “I found this in your aunt’s bathroom. Figured you’d need it.”

Chris blinks at the phallic device for a moment, before reaching out to take it from Kit’s hand. “Right...” She says, staring at the soul jar. “Thanks, Kit. You’re a lifesaver.”

“Guess that’s why you were sucking on me last night.” Kit winks at her. Chris blinks in surprise. Did the small girl just *flirt* with her. “Hey, I’d stay, but I think I’ll barf if I inhale again, so...” Leaning over, Kit gives Chris a quick peck on the forehead and then stumbles away, pushing the bathroom door open again.

“Thank you!” Chris says again, as Kit’s footsteps recede. Then, she looks down at the soul jar. “Now... How the fuck?”

So... Di is inside her, right? It’s hard to imagine. Chris knows that’s apparently how this works, but again, there’s no indication of a beautiful girl’s soul inside her. Aside from the remains inside her colon, every part of Di is seemingly gone now.

But Chris knows that Di must be inside her now. Taking a deep breath, the tomboy looks up at the mirror. “Hope you’re enjoying yourself in there, you pervert.” Chris blushes at the thought of Di watching her through her own eyes. “You can feel my tits are bigger now, right?” Reaching up, Chris grabs her breasts and gives them a squeeze. “Hmm? Can you feel t... that?!” Her voice hitches as pleasure pulses through her sensitive boobs.

It had been jarring at first, but Chris is *very* quickly realizing that she loves her new cup size. Her tits are big now, *proper* big. Maybe even as big as Di’s had been! Chris can finally admit to herself that she’d always been jealous. But now, she’s got the tits of her dreams! The weight feels strange, but more natural with every passing moment.

“I owe you big, Di.” Chris says to the mirror, eyeing her own reflection. “These tits...” She sighs happily. “They’re *amazing*.” Giving her chest another squeeze, the busty tomboy lets her tits go, feeling her heart skip a beat as they jiggle way more than they had before.

It's oddly tempting to just put the soul jar aside and leave Di inside her for a few days. The more and more she thinks about it, Chris kinda likes the idea of her friend trapped inside her, and she's sure that Di's enjoying it too. She's such a freak, and Chris kinda loves that.

But... Chris has never done this before, and she doesn't wanna take any risks.

Okay. She'd watched Becky do this, right? When the blonde had digested Kit and Di, and then tried to snuff them out. Vicky had forced her to *eject* their souls into a jar just like this one.

Di's soul is inside her... apparently. Chris knows how this works, she watched Becky do this, right? The blonde had just shoved the top of the device right up her ass, without hesitation.

"Alright, Di..." Chris glances at the mirror. "Dunno how this works from your end, but... Let's do this, okay?" Of course, her friend can't answer. Trapped inside her body, seeing through her senses... "I think... This is how it works?"

Pressing the end of the jar against her rectum, Chris takes a deep breath and relaxes her sphincter. And then, very gently, she slowly pushes it into her upgraded backside.

Praying thankfully for Di's foresight last night, the tomboy takes deep breaths as the phallic device slides up her butt. Having her butt stretched out by that dildo last night really helped out. Chris feels the tight shape of her sphincter stretch out slowly. "S-shit..." She groans, instantly feeling her nipples harden. God, are her nipples bigger too?

After about a minute of very gently sliding the soul jar up her butt, Chris takes a moment to get her balance back. The head of the soul jar is now buried about three inches up her ass, giving her that feeling of needing to shit once again.

"Here goes..." Chris clenches her bowel muscles, pushing as hard as she dares. She can feel something welling up inside her intestines, a brewing ache that seems almost stuck. "Come on..." She groans, slowly increasing the pressure of her muscles. "Thanks for everything, Di... Now please...!"

PPPRF! A long, powerful fart finally echoes off the bathroom tiles, as the bloating in her bowels finally shifts. Most of the gas seems to slip around the shape of the soul jar's head, shooting between the sterile silicon and the tight walls of Chris's anus.

For a long moment, Chris's heart is gripped by fear, as the fart dies away. Has the process worked? If it *hasn't*, then she might have just snuffed out her friend's life. Di's soul is so fragile right now, the girl trusting Chris with such power to end her life...

Beep! To Chris's immeasurable relief, a loud chirp emanates from the soul jar underneath her. As it beeps, the tomboy feels the head of the soul jar shrink slightly, closing shut on the trapped soul.

A moment later, Chris gently pulls the device back out of her ass, moving slowly as to not hurt herself. Finally, with a wet pop, her buttock lets go of the soul jar. The nervous tomboy holds the device up, and is even more relieved to see green lights glowing on the jar.

“You’re safe...” The busty tomboy breathes out, glad that her friend’s soul is now in good hands. Popping the part of the jar that had been up her ass off, Chris stares at the ‘filled’ part for a long moment. Souls aren’t visible, but the green light says that Di’s inside. These jars are incredibly sturdy, far too hard to break without a sledgehammer or something. Still, Chris can’t help but gingerly place the soul jar down on the sink.

Sinking back onto the toilet, Chris knows that she’s now alone in the bathroom. As she does so, her aching ass lets her know there’s more to come. Apparently, not all of Di had been ejected during the storm earlier. Chris isn’t surprised.

“Alright.” Chris bites her lip and takes a deep breath. This time doesn’t feel nearly as bad, and her newly padded ass feels ready to take it on. “Let’s do this.... Urrgh!”

“So... What are we now?” Kit asks, a nervous tone in her voice. “Are we, like, still just friends, or something more now?” The small girl is hovering over Vicky’s toaster, waiting for her breakfast to pop out of the small plasma cooker.

On the counter between them is Di’s soul jar, glowing a reassuring green. Every now and then, Kit’s eyes glance over, staring into its transparent depths. She’s wearing Chris’s shirt again, which is cute as hell, but also means that the tomboy can’t stare at her nipples anymore.

Across the counter, Chris sits on one of Vicky’s stools, shifting awkwardly as she tries to get used to having a fatter backside beneath her. She’s dressed again, in a loose shirt and sweatpants. “That’s... a good question.” Chris hadn’t given it much thought, really. “I guess ‘friends’ isn’t really how I’d describe someone who’s sucked on my tits.”

Speaking of, Chris isn’t wearing a bra. After she’d finally escaped from the bathroom, she had tried to put one on, but all of her bras had been way too small. It had been both an embarrassing and exciting revelation for the tomboy. Now, she’s wearing a loose shirt that’s actually being stretched out at the top from her tits. This shirt used to reach down to her thighs, but now it’s barely reaching down to her belly button, leaving her abs slightly exposed. Chris is sure her nipples are visible too though this shirt, not that she’s complaining.

“Well, we’re definitely *more* than friends.” The busty tomboy clarifies, after the two sit in quiet thought for a little while. “But the real question is, am I *your* girlfriend?” Kit gives her a surprised look at the question.

It might sound like an odd thing to ask, but the idea of Kit being her *girlfriend* is an odd one. It seems like the girl herself is thinking along the same lines. "You and me dating?" Kit bites her lip. "... I hadn't really thought of that part. I guess I always wanted to have sex with you, but..."

Just then, to Chris's irritation, her phone buzzes in her pocket. Pulling it out, the tomboy expects to see a message from Vicky, who's presumably still on her way home. But instead, she sees an unnamed number shining on the holographic display.

"Er... I might need to take this." She says to Kit, awkwardly rising from her seat. The small girl nods, clearly still lost in thought as she waits for her toast. Walking out into the hallway, Chris tugs at her shirt for a moment, and then answers the call. "Hey, who's th-"

"Abrams! What the fuck is this about you coming as *Beta's* guest this weekend?" A rather wealthy sounding voice complains, as Chris puts her flip phone to her ear.

"Uh... Hey?" Chris asks, a bit warily. It's not Becky, is it? "Sorry, who's this?"

There is a short pause on the other end of the line. Then, the girl clicks her tongue in irritation. "Not sure *how* you don't remember me, Chris Abrams, but whatever. It's Rachelle Jameson. Remember, from the club sign ups the other day?"

Oh, *her*. Chris remembers now. Rachelle is Monique's rival, the leader of Alpha Sappho. A tall blue-haired Asian girl, if she remembers correctly. She wore a red dress and had pretty big boobs.

"Oh... Right. Sorry." The tomboy pinches the bridge of her nose. "Yeah, Becky kinda looms like an iceberg in my memories of that day, sorry."

"Yeah, well, that's..." Rachelle hesitates for a moment. "...understandable, I guess." Her voice admits grudgingly. "Anyway, what's this I hear about you coming as a guest of Beta Sappho?"

Oh right, Monique had bullied her into agreeing to that last night. Between the alcohol and sex, the tomboy had completely forgotten. Chris is a bit surprised at the annoyance in the sorority leader's voice. "What, are you mad at me personally?"

"Should I be?" Rachelle asks hotly. "Last I heard, you weren't joining any clubs, Abrams! I specifically backed off on trying to butter you two up, you know?"

What the fuck? "Rachelle, is this really a big deal?" Chris feels a bit incredulous at how angry this girl feels. "No offense, but I only started college a *week* ago..."

"It's a *huge* deal!" The sorority leader insists, interrupting Chris. "Monique's trying to steal a march on me. I get enough bragging from that little chocolate brat about how she won over

Emily Kane..." There's a moment of hesitation on the other end of the phone. "Er, wait, when I say *chocolate brat*, I mean... I don't mean it like in a *racist* way, she's just... Uh, whatever!"

Wow. Monique had not been wrong about inviting Chris and her friends to annoy her rival. Rachelle is audibly *seething*.

Shit. Chris can sense herself on some kind of sorority chessboard, with Monique and Rachelle looking down on her as a tiny piece. Di and Kit are beside her, and Monique is trying to pull them over to her side while Rachelle fumes in anger. Some kind of game is being played here between the two sororities, and Chris has apparently unwittingly let herself be used as a pawn.

"Okay, let's calm it down a little here, Rachelle." The young woman thinks back to her mother's training. Tight spaces tended to lead to tension, which could lead to explosive results. Like one's spacecraft crashing. Chris had never thought of a campus as a tight place, but... "First, I'm not being *won over*. Monique pretty much railroaded me and my friends into coming as her guests. Like I said, I'm not thinking of *joining* a sorority yet."

There is a long pause on the other side of the phone. Chris can almost picture the blue-haired girl considering her words, her pretty face screwed up in irritation. "Huh... I see." Rachelle finally conceded.

And as it happens, Chris has just remembered *something else* Monique told her yesterday too. "Second... I heard yesterday that you submitted a request to Becky for *Kit* to join Alpha Sappho?"

There is another long pause on the other side of the phone. This time, there's less annoyance and more the sensation of a rich girl thinking quickly. "...Who told you that?" Rachelle asks, speaking rather carefully.

"Becky." Chris lies. Actually, Monique told her, but the tomboy's almost certain that if she tells Rachelle that, the sorority leader will just dismiss the claim immediately.

After a moment, Rachelle clicks her tongue. "Seriously? What's up with you and Becky? She wouldn't shut up about you yesterday."

Wait, what? "Is it true?" The young woman presses.

Rachelle almost audibly thinks hard for a moment. "Well, Kit looked so interested in joining the other day, I went ahead and submitted a request for her. I'm generous like that, sue me." She snorts, the sound making static across the line. "So what? Becky didn't accept it anyway, so who cares?"

“Well, see, / care.” Chris leans against the doorframe, sensing weakness. “I mean, didn’t you just complain about Monique trying underhanded stuff? Kit’s my friend, I don’t want her to get dragged into this.”

The rich girl sighs, a note of irritation in her voice. “Chris, you’d understand if you knew Monique like I do. Trust me, she plays so dirty, being underhanded is the only way to deal with her! Honestly, she’s been such a *cunt* ever since I dumped her...”

Ex-girlfriends, right. Chris had forgotten that little detail. So, this was partly a dueling sororities thing and part ‘piss off my ex’ thing. No wonder Monique had been so gleeful at the thought of annoying Rachelle. Chris didn’t want to get involved in such a mess. “Look, me, Kit and Di are gonna be coming this weekend as Beta’s guests. Don’t worry too much about it, Rachelle.”

“Actually...” All of a sudden, the irritation seems to drain from Rachelle’s voice. “I have a *better* idea, Chris.”

She sounds alarmingly playful, and Chris can’t help but feel a bit worried. “What’s that?” The tomboy asks warily.

“Instead of going as *Beta*’s guests, you come as *my* guests.” Chris can almost picture the smug grin on the blue-haired girl’s face. “Think of Monique’s pretty little choc... Er, face when I tell her!” A delighted giggle comes through the phone line, making Chris’s hair stand on end. “Oh man, I’ll be able to brag about that *forever*...”

“Hold on, I’m not agreeing to that just yet.” Chris cuts in. She can feel herself being railroaded again. “You might wanna mess with Monique, but I’m just trying to... Geez, like, have a college life or whatever.”

“You sure? There’s an Alpha Sappho membership in it for you if you do. I’ll even make you an inner circle member for that! I mean, you deserve it anyway, y’know.” Ooh, Rachelle’s voice is surprisingly silky. This rich girl really knows how to wheedle. “Ooh, you want a date, maybe? Hey, I’ll take you on the best date of your life if you help me fuck over Monique, Chris.”

Chris... feels torn. On one hand, Monique *did* coerce her and her friends into coming as her sorority’s guests, and the small girl clearly wants to pressure them into joining Beta Sappho. And that date with Rachelle does sound pretty nice. On the other hand, the tomboy’s pretty certain that Monique’s quite a bit *nicer* than Rachelle is, and the small girl clearly wants them to join because she likes them too. And helping Rachelle fuck over Monique would pretty much force them to join Alpha Sappho...

“C-can I have some time to think about it?” Chris asks, feeling a bit overwhelmed. All of this is too much right now.

“Sure, sure!” The smug note in Rachele’s voice clearly indicates that she thinks that Chris will accept. “Take your time, just call me and let me know you wanna help me get one over on Monique before the weekend, okay? Ciao, baby!”

And with that, the rich girl hangs up the call.

“Oh boy...” Chris mutters as she walks back into the kitchen.

Kit looks up from her meal, curious. “Who was that?” She asks, wiping away toast crumbs from her lips. She’s eating four slices of toast, and she’s drinking some milk along with it. Chris is a bit surprised at the smaller girl’s appetite.

“Rachele, calling to remind us about that date night thing on the weekend.” Chris decides that today’s not the day to worry about the sororities. “How’s the toast?”

“Really good. It’s the genetically engineered stuff, right?” Kit shrugs and takes a sip of her drink. “But this milk is a little... odd.”

The tomboy raises an eyebrow as she awkwardly sits down again. God, having a bulging stomach is an experience that’s going to take some getting used to. Is this some weird preview of what being pregnant one day will be like? “It’s not expired, is it?”

“Oh, no, I don’t think so” The smaller girl picks up the milk carton and checks the side. “Nope, still good. It just tastes kinda weird. Salty, I guess.” She eyes the writing on the side. “What does she mean ‘special mixture?’”

“Who knows?” Chris makes a mental note to ask Vicky later about it. “Maybe it’s got protein powder in it or something.” Those amazing muscles must come from somewhere.

“You want some?” Kit pushes the carton toward her. Then, she winces. “Oh, sorry. Vegan, right?”

Chris winces slightly. “Yeah... Well, even if I wasn’t...” Her stomach is still *full*. Not full, *full*. The tomboy doesn’t feel like she’s going to be sick or anything, but her guts are very politely letting her know that anything extra is not required. Chris suspects that she should be thankful that her ass is staying quiet for now. “I think Di’s still getting digested in there.”

“Right.” Kit glances down at Chris’s stomach again. Despite shitting her asshole inside out, a curve still remains inside the tomboy’s belly, showing that there’s still a chunk of Di that’s still marinating inside her guts. Chris isn’t surprised, given the sheer volume of her meal. “Um... About us... dating.” She begins awkwardly.

Oh, yeah. Chris sits up quickly, straightening her back. This is an important topic, after all. “Y-yeah?” She asks, curious.

"I think... Maybe the three of us should just stay friends for now." Kit gulps nervously. "Not... I mean, not that I don't *like* you and Di! I like you, Chris, I really like you. I might even..." She trails off and clears her throat awkwardly.

The tomboy can't help but grin at that. "Kitty, don't worry. I know how you feel about me." The smaller girl clearly has a crush on her, Chris knows. And she reciprocates that.

"A-and, I feel the same way about Di, of course." Kit glances at the soul jar in front of them. Naturally. Chris nods in agreement. She holds the same feelings toward Di that she does for Kit. They're kind of a package deal, in her mind. "But when I think about *dating* you guys..."

Oh? Chris raises an eyebrow. "That's... not what you want?"

"I don't *not* like it!" Kit quickly clarifies, blushing with a nervous grin. "But it just feels like... I don't know. Rushing into things?" Stuffing another slice of toast into her mouth, Kit hungrily chokes it down. "Mmph... I like you guys, but I still... Look, I didn't even know I liked girls until I met you girls. I don't think I can just start dating a girl like *that*, y'know? Does that make sense?" She looks a little worried. "I said it, but I don't think it makes much sense, right?"

Chris takes a deep breath, considering Kit's words for a moment. They really don't make much sense to her, but that's not Kit's fault. "No, I get it." She says, after a moment. "You still got a lot to think about when it comes to your sexuality, I guess."

"Right?" Kit nods eagerly. "I just... I think dating in the future would totally be a thing, but..."

"But right now, maybe just keep it casual?" The tomboy nods slowly.

To be quite honest, Chris hadn't really thought much about *dating* Di and Kit. She likes them a whole lot, and she's sure as fuck attracted to them.

But it also feels far too early to get tied into a *relationship* like that, even an open one. Fuck, she's barely just started college, right? She wants to explore and play around, not get tied down right away. She could see herself dating Kit or Di or both someday, but there's no rush, is there?

Of course, that doesn't mean that Chris is backing out of anything they'd worked towards last night. "You guys are my best friends." She declares, grinning at Kit. "And I think we're gonna be together if we're friends or dating other people or each other or whatever, right?" The smaller girl nods in agreement.

"I think that's what Di would want too." Kit picks up the soul jar and smiles. "I guess this conversation can wait until she's alive again."

That's a good point. Chris strongly doubts that their friend would feel differently, but they *should* discuss this with her either way. "Sure, we'll do that."

The two sit there in the kitchen, in contented silence for a long moment.

"Wait..." Kit says, after scarfing down the last of her toast. "Does that mean we can't have sex again?"

"No way." Chris answers without hesitation. "We're gonna be fucking like rabbits, Kitty."

"Oh, thank *god*." The smaller girl jumps down from her stool. "Hey, I'm gonna have some cereal, where's your aunt keep the good stuff?"

Chris opens her mouth to answer, but suddenly, her phone buzzes again. "Oh, er... Over there." She points, looking down at her phone. It's a message from...

Hi chris

Becky here!

Such a funny pic you sent me last night. I laughed so much that I came ♡

Makes me sad that your friends won't survive college.

"Whoa..." Chris stares down at the messages. "What the heck? Becky sent me a message. How'd she get my number?"

"She did?" Kit stares over the tomboy's shoulder, crunching on a cornflake. "Maybe you gave it to her at some point?"

"Dunno?" Wracking her brain, Chris tries to think how the blonde could have gotten her number. In the end, she just gives up. "Whatever, she's probably just mad about not snuffing you guys. Says you and Di won't survive college."

Kit shrugs, reaching down into the bowl and tossing another cornflake into her mouth. "Probably just pred banter. Maybe she just wants to become friends with you for real?" She grins at Chris. "I mean, you got her to agree to be friends with us, right? We should totally bury the hatchet with her next time."

"Sure..." Chris isn't convinced that that's a good idea, but the alternative is... Wait, what? "Are... You eating cereal like popcorn?"

"What?" Kit gives her an odd look. "Eating this way is trendy these days, y'know?"

The tomboy blinks in surprise. "What? No way that's true."

"It's true." The small girl shrugs. "Ask anyone."

Just then, the doorbell rings. "Ah! That must be Aunt Vicky." Chris gets up, swaying a little from the extra weight on her chest. "Oh, I'm asking her, don't worry about that! Coming!" Walking out of the kitchen, the tomboy walks down the hall toward the door. Unlocking it quickly, she grins as she pulls the door open. "Welcome back, Auntie..."

But the person on the other side of the door is not her aunt.

Standing before Chris is a woman in a leather jacket, a tight pair of jeans and a motorcycle helmet. "Sup, dude?" She says, as she pulls her helmet off, allowing short dark hair to fall down around her ears. "You're... Chris, right?" She asks, as her dark hair covers her face.

"Uh... Yeah." Chris blinks in surprise for a moment. Suddenly, having a belly full of her friend feels rather embarrassing. "Um, do we know each other?"

"I haven't had the pleasure yet." The woman smirks as she pushes back her hair, revealing a handsome face. Chris can tell instantly that this woman is a futanari. That cocky, flirty grin is unmistakable. Looking down, Chris can easily confirm that hunch by the bulge in the woman's jeans. As she smooths back her hair, the woman reveals a boyish face, and shoulder-length black hair dyed red at the tips. She's tall, though not as tall as Aunt Vicky, but she's almost as well muscled, judging by the way her sports bra leaves her abs bare. "Urrp!" She lets out a loud burp and grins. "Fuck, that guy's still giving me gas?"

"Are you a friend of Aunt Vicky?" Chris feels uneasy all of a sudden. That burp was almost as nasty as the one the tomboy let out this morning. This woman isn't just a futanari, she realizes. She's a *predator*. The tomboy doesn't feel like there's any danger, but still... Wait, Chris is a predator herself now, isn't she? Oh God...

The dark-haired woman looks up, as if she's taking in the house for the first time. "Oh! This *is* Victoria Abrams' place, isn't it? I had a feeling I recognized the address when Di sent it to me yesterday. Guess this is where she records it..." She trails off for a moment, and then takes a deep breath, turning back to Chris. "Sort of... Well, no, I guess. I'm actually here for my sister."

"Your sister?" Chris doesn't... Oh. "You're Di's sister, aren't you?" God, what was her name again? The tomboy had overheard Di mention it the other day...

"Guilty as charged." The woman holds out her hand. Chris notices that there's an engagement ring on the woman's right ring finger. "The name's Jade. Jade Simons."

Jade. A rather precious name for a woman who's even more tomboyish than Chris herself. The tomboy reaches out and shakes Jade's hand politely. "You knew my name?" Chris asks, curious. "Did Di tell you about me?"

"Ouch, you've got quite a grip there, dude. You could give my boyfriend a run for his money." Jade chuckles. "No, not much at all. Which made me pretty suspicious. Di's only quiet about girls she *likes*." The futanari looks past Chris. "So, where is my darling sister? I'm taking her up to the Simons family mansion this afternoon."

"Er..." Shit. It suddenly strikes Chris that this tall, fit predator might not take too kindly to her sister being digested last night. "She's, uh..."

Just then, Kit pokes her head around the kitchen door. "Hi, Miss Abrams... Oh!" She blinks in surprise as she takes a step into the hallway, her bowl of cereal in her hands. "Sorry, I thought you were... someone else."

"Well, 'hi' to you too..." Jade grins at Kit. "I know you. The *snack*. Di told me about you too. Kit, right?" There's a rather hungry glint in the futanari's eye, and Chris feels a hint of... something. Hmm, that's odd...

"Oh... Yeah, that's me." The small girl blushes slightly. "Uh... Nice to meet you? Di told you about me? Really?"

"Could hardly get her to shut up about *you*. I think she's got a fetish for small girls." Jade chuckles.

"An appetite, more like..." Chris suggests, which gets a grin out of Jade.

The futanari rolls her eyes. "In our family, those go hand in hand. All of my sisters and mother are predators. I don't think little Kit here would make it past the rose bushes." She winks at the small girl, who chuckles nervously in response. "Oh, relax, kiddos. I'm not gonna eat my sister's meals." Then, Jade frowns. "Speaking, where *is* my sis? Di! Get out here!"

Oh. It seems like Jade might have a little bit of a mistaken idea about her own sister. "Well, actually..." Chris bites her lip, unsure of how to explain to this strange predator that she'd eaten her younger sister.

"Oh, Chris ate her." Kit says, to Chris's horror. She casually tosses a corn flake into her mouth and crunches it, apparently totally oblivious to the danger. "Di's boobfat right now."

There is a long moment of silence.

Chris feels Jade's gaze on her still swollen belly. The tall predator looks rather shocked, and it's hard to tell from her expression if she's angry or not. After a long moment, her eyes turn back to Kit.

"Are you... Eating cereal like potato chips?" She asks, looking baffled. "Wait, no. What? My sis got digested? Really?" Jade raises an eyebrow at Chris.

"It was her idea!" The tomboy explains hastily. Jade is buff, and currently within swallowing distance. Chris isn't going to experience her first digestion over a misunderstanding. "Di was the one who wanted to get eaten, okay?"

The tall predator stands there for a moment, an enigmatic expression on her handsome face. Then, she shrugs. "Huh. Well, how about that? I never took sis for a prey. Granted, it's been a while since I've seen her..."

"You're not angry?" Chris can't stop herself from asking.

"Nah, I probably should have figured it out from the fact that both of *you* are still alive after having a sleepover with Di. And I probably shouldn't have assumed that you were pregnant." Jade grins at them. "Plus, you do have that nervous energy of a newbie pred. Just a footstep out of preydom..."

Chris chuckles nervously in response, and then blinks. "Wait, you thought I was pregnant?" She looks down at her swollen belly. Indeed, now that she thinks of it, she *could* look three or four months pregnant. The idea is oddly...

"Well, you *do* live with Victoria Abrams, don't you?" Jade rolls her eyes. "Well, a soul jar should be easier to fit on my motorcycle than Di's fat tits. I can get her reformed on the way, I guess." The predator's chest isn't half-bad herself, Chris notes. The two girls clearly share the same genetics. "You like what you see, cutie?"

"Oh, sorry..." Chris blushes, realizing that she'd been distracted by thoughts of being pregnant. Uh oh. That's a dangerous fetish to have in this household. "I was just thinking that you're definitely Di's sister."

"Oh yeah? You should see our mom. She's got tits that could make a gay man hard." Jade snorts in amusement. "Google her if you don't believe me. Sarah Simons."

Chris hadn't exactly doubted that. "Uh... Sure." She doesn't need to google anything to believe Jade, after all. She's seen living proof.

"Hey... You *were* going to reform my sister, of course?" Jade's eyes are full of humor, but there's just a glint of danger for a moment. "You seem nice, but you can't always trust a newbie predator..."

“O-of course! She’s in a soul jar right now!” Chris turns to Kit. “Hey, would you be able to...?”

Kit nods quickly. “I’ll get her!” She runs back into the kitchen to grab Di’s soul jar.

“That’s lucky. I was worried I’d have to squeeze you out of her.” Lighting her cigarette, Jade gives Chris another dangerous glint. “No offense.”

Chris *does* feel a little offended at that, actually. “You thought I’d try not to reform her? She’s my friend, why would I?”

“Oh, come on. We’re both preds here, Chris, and the snack’s out of earshot. We don’t have to pretend.” Jade smirks and takes a puff of her cigarette. “You’re young, I know you’d want to add to your scoreboard. Plenty of girls who’d want to pack my sister onto their chests permanently.”

Chris narrows her eyes. “I’m not a predator. And, please, *don’t* call Kit that.” The tomboy might be a beginner at this vore thing, but she’s no pushover. “If you’re going to make those kinda remarks, then you can leave.”

“Geez, okay. I was only joking around, Chris.” The futanari rolls her eyes. “But hey. Maybe I’m the crazy one for getting worried about my sister being eaten by someone I’ve never met before.” She points the cigarette at Chris. “Look, I’m no saint myself. There’s plenty of girls in the grave right now because of me. But I’m protective of my sister. Don’t blame me for being wary.”

“You’re not crazy, but could you have a little more faith in your sister’s choice of friends? And that I’m not a complete asshole?” Chris pokes her belly, making it rumble. “She let me eat her because she trusted me.”

Jade studies her for a long moment, as if she’s sizing Chris up. Then, she raises an eyebrow and grins. “Dammit. Now you’ve gone and made me like you, Chris. You remind me of my boyfriend. Tough girls like me have a weakness for sweetness.”

“Here she is!” Kit wanders back into the hallway, holding the soul jar. “Safe and sound.” Her grin falters for a moment. “Well, I *hope*...”

“Oh, she’ll be fine.” Jade takes the jar from the small girl and weighs it for a moment. “Warm and glowing green. Seems fine to me.”

“What were you talking about?” Kit asks, clearly curious as she looks between the two women.

Jade gives Chris a wink. “Just about how good friends you and Chris are with Di, Kit. I’m glad my sister has two friends she can trust.”

Chris opens her mouth to respond, but just then, the door opens.

“Hey, Chris!” Aunt Vicky calls out, as she walks into the house. Rubbing the bridge of her nose, the muscular futanari is still wearing her red linen shirt and black pants, through which her cock and balls are clearly silhouetted. Her aviator sunglasses look cool, but in the morning light, they make her look hungover. Which, she probably is, Chris suspects.

“Aunt Vicky!” The tomboy can’t stop herself from blurting out. She’s surprised to hear a certain amount of excitement in her own voice. In fact, she can feel her heart beating quicker as she looks her aunt up and down. She’s excited to see Vicky again, she realizes.

“I’m back, how are you going with your... Oh.” She finally seems to notice Jade. Looking between the tall predator and Chris, Vicky takes off her sunglasses and narrows her tired eyes. “Who the fuck are you?”

Chris cringes a little at her aunt’s rather rude tone. “Welcome back, Aunty.” She answers quickly, before Jade opens her mouth. “I’m okay now, don’t worry.” Giving her aunt a grin, the busty tomboy nods at the other futanari. “This is Jade, Di’s sister. She’s here to pick up Di, right?”

“Well, what’s left of her.” Far from being offended, Jade seems more amused at Vicky’s instant wariness. “Chris here did a real number on my sister, seems like.”

“Huh?” Vicky blinks for a moment, her eyebrows furrowing. Oh yeah, she’s definitely hungover. Finally, she seems to notice Chris’s belly. “Oh good, you got through the...” Her eyes wander upward, and settle on Chris’s breasts. “Holy *shit*.”

Chris folds her arms, covering her breasts with a frown. “We had a good time last night.” She answers, feeling rather embarrassed at her own aunt leering at her tits. Vicky seems to realize this as well, glancing away quickly with a slight blush on her cheeks.

“Sure did.” Kit answers, giving Chris a big grin. “Best sleepover ever!”

Chris feels a warmth in her chest. “Yeah, I think Di would agree. I know I would.” The two of them stare at one another, grinning happily.

“Uh... actually, you *do* look familiar. Do we know each other?” Vicky asks, giving Jade a curious look. “Shit, have I done a porno with you before?”

“No, but I’d love to someday. This is our first time meeting in person.” The futanari smirks and folds her arms. “‘JSMagnumDong’. Call me ‘Jade’. I’m a long-time viewer of your ‘podcast’.”

Vicky blinks for a moment. Then, a wave of realization seems to wash over her face. “Oh! I *do* know you! Didn’t I send you...”

"I think you've sent those to everyone at this point." Jade winks at her. "Which means that this is the rumored niece who..."

"Oh yes! My *niece*, Chris!" Vicky interrupts, putting an arm around the tomboy. It doesn't escape Chris's notice that Jade had been about to say something about her, but her aunt's arm around her shoulders is more than a little distracting. God, Vicky's strong as fuck for a middle-aged woman...

"You have a podcast?" Kit asks. She seems a bit surprised. "People still *do* those?"

Vicky winks at the smaller girl. "I'm a 20's girl. Everyone in my generation had a podcast. Especially if they were from California."

"Ah... You watch my aunt's podcast?" Chris asks Jade, after collecting herself. "Aunt Vicky doesn't seem to want me to listen to hers." *Mysteriously*, her aunt never seems to remember to send her a link to this elusive podcast. Chris isn't dumb enough to think it's an accident.

"Yeah, I can imagine why." Jade's eyes are full of amusement as she stares at Chris. "I wouldn't want you listening to it if I were her either..."

Chris frowns. Clearly, there's some kind of inside joke here...

"Jade..." Vicky says, a slight growl to her voice. It's playful, but there's a hint of teeth in her tone. Chris feels her heart skip a beat.

Tall and buff as she is, Jade seems to know when to take a hint. "Alright, I better head out. Mom's gonna be pissed if I'm late, and I have to pick up some of Di's stuff on the way, since my sister's clearly been too busy getting vorny to pack. Plus, I'm gonna need to hit the reforming clinic on the way, thanks to Chris here."

"You're going by the college?" Kit asks, her voice turning excited.

"Sure am. You want a lift or something, sn..." Jade catches herself at the last moment. "Ah, I mean, Kit?"

"I've always wanted to ride a motorcycle! My dad only ever let me ride horses back home." Kit seems genuinely excited. "I'll grab my stuff!" With that, the short girl rushes up the stairs.

"Hey, I like you, but no funny business with the kid, JS- Jade." Vicky shoots the other futanari a warning look. "I know she looks like you could swallow her in one gulp, but she's my niece's friend."

Jade chuckles. "It's cool, Vicky, I think my sister's got dibs already. Besides, I already ate." She pokes her abs with a smirk. On closer inspection, Chris can see a slight curve to her hard belly. "Some dude catcalled me on the way out of San Fran. Now he's not gonna live to learn his lesson."

"You're not gonna reform him?" Chris asks, surprised. Jade's rather casual about ending someone's life.

The handsome predator thinks about this for a moment. "Uh... Sure I am." She gives Chris a wink, and then hesitates. "Hey, I'm gonna be in town for a little while, so I'll catch you at the next podcast meetup, Vicky."

"Meetup?" Chris gives her aunt a curious look. "You never told me about that."

"Sure I did!" Vicky shoots Jade an irritated look. "It's where I met Holly, remember?"

"No." Her aunt *definitely* hadn't mentioned that. Now, Vicky's looking away, trying and failing to look nonchalant.

A moment later, Kit comes back down the stairs, with her backpack over her shoulder. She's changed into her jeans and shirt from yesterday. "Okay, I'm ready to go!" She stops in front of Chris. "Sorry to bounce so suddenly, but..."

"It's cool!" Chris can understand. As wary as she is of Jade, riding on a motorcycle with a hot futanari babe sounds pretty damn good to her as well. "I had a lot of fun with you guys last night."

"Yeah..." Kit blushes, and she smiles up at the tomboy. "That was the best night ever. Of my life, I mean. Seriously." She coughs awkwardly. "I think... I mean, I *know* Di had a lot of fun too."

That felt a big lackluster to Chris, so the tomboy smiled and leaned down. Taking Kit's small face in her hand, she kissed her friend on the lips. She tasted Kit's surprise for a moment, but the short girl quickly and happily reciprocated a moment later.

For a long moment, Chris and Kit embrace one another. Kissing Kit felt... not as awkward now as it might have been. And Kit herself certainly seemed a lot more comfortable with kissing another girl than she had been. It was a really nice feeling...

Sadly, all good things must come to an end. Finally, Chris breaks the kiss, feeling her lips tingling as they curve into a smile. "Ah..." She gasps, slightly out of breath. "See you at college, Kit."

"Y-yeah..." Kit's cheeks are flushed, but she's as happy as the tomboy has ever seen her friend. "I will."

Chris looks up and sees Jade and Vicky staring at them awkwardly.

“Oh, don’t stop on our account. You can keep going if you want.” Jade waves a hand at them, grinning. She glances at Vicky, who’s also watching with clear interest. “Hey, is this place a ‘beating off allowed zone’, or...?”

“Dude, don’t make me get a boner in front of my niece.” Vicky rolls her eyes. Indeed, Chris is a little shocked to see that the bulge in her aunt’s black pants is now quite a bit more defined than it was a few moments ago.

“Alright, show’s over.” Chris rolls her eyes. “I’ll see you at college, Kit. Stay away from Becky, okay?”

Jade seems a bit put out by the lack of making out, but she shrugs and turns toward the door. “I’ll see you later, Chris. I’m sure our paths will cross again.” She smirks at Vicky. “Are you going to the Natasha Birch concert? You mentioned it a while back, I remember.”

“Of course. I wouldn’t miss it.” Vicky grins at her, and then raises an eyebrow. “Wait, are you?”

The other futanari chuckles. “One of my lovers gifted me a pair of VIP tickets. But she... Isn’t around anymore to use them.”

Chris is amazed to see for the first time a slight glimmer of excitement in her aunt’s dark eyes. “You got VIP tickets? I thought those sold out ages ago!”

“Turns out my ex-lover is... was an even bigger fan than you are. After all, the VIP tickets get you backstage access to meet Natasha Birch herself.” Jade licks her lips, and Chris gets the distinct feeling she’s enjoying this.

“You’re *shitting* me.” Vicky seems stunned. “Are you... Wait, how much do you want for one?”

Jade considers this for a moment. “Oh, I’m giving the other one to my boyfriend, obviously.” She chuckles and ruffles Kit’s hair, making the smaller girl blush. “Just thought you’d be interested.”

Chris has to suppress a grin. She hasn’t yet met anyone bold enough to tease Vicky Abrams.

Her aunt shoots Jade a glare. “Don’t you have a sister to reform, Jade?”

“Sure do.” The futanari taps Di’s soul jar. “Catch you girls later!” She says, opening the door.

“See ya, Chris!” Kit gives Chris a kiss on the cheek. “That’s from me.” She moves upward, and a sharp pain on her ear makes Chris flinch. Damn, she hasn’t forgotten that biting is Chris’s

weakness. "And that's from Di!" The small girl grins as the tomboy blushes. Waving, Kit follows Jade outside. "Hey, where am I supposed to hold on when I'm on the back of the motorcycle?"

Chris can hear their voices as the two walk away. "Don't worry, I got a special rod you can hold onto, dude..." A minute or so later, the motorcycle starts up and peels away.

"Wow, so you knew Di's sister?" Chris asks, as Vicky closes the door and locks it. "Small world, huh?" What are the odds of that?

"This is the first time I've met her in person, but she's one of my fans... Dammit, I need to get those VIP tickets." Her aunt grumbles as she turns back to Chris. "Hey, how are you, kid? You seemed pretty panicked on the phone."

"Oh!" Yeah, Chris had kinda left her aunt in limbo, hadn't she? "Yeah, sorry about that. I made it to the toilet." She grins, feeling her cheeks burning slightly. "Thanks... for helping me through it."

Vicky seems a little taken aback at the compliment. "Nah..." She says after a moment, turning her gaze away. "You were totally fine without me, kid. Heh... I knew we were related, you little pred, you."

"No!" Chris frowns, not satisfied to leave it there. "Auntie, I was totally panicking, and you saved me. Please don't try and downplay it." It feels important to her that her aunt really knows how much Chris owes her. "Honestly, if I hadn't rung you, I probably wouldn't have gotten out of bed before..."

Aunt Vicky seems strangely uncomfortable with being complimented like this, to Chris's surprise. "Ah, well that's..." She gulps and tugs at her shirt collar, grinning nervously. "You're... Er, welcome, kid."

"I owe you, seriously." Chris smiles at her aunt. "If you ever need anything from me..."

"Heh... Oh..." For some reason, this only seems to make Vicky even more embarrassed. "Well, I'm sure I'll think of something fun..." Her eyes wander back down to Chris's chest. "Oh man... That chick really did a number on you, kid. Are those fucking double-d's?"

"I think so..." Chris covers her chest again. "Hey! Staring is impolite, you know?" She teases, secretly rather pleased at the effect that her tits are having. God, having big tits is going to be so much fun...

Vicky chuckles. "*Having* those tits is impolite, kid! Seriously, if you wanted to repay me for helping you, you could always..." She trails off, blinking slowly. "Uh..."

There's a long moment of silence, as the two stare at each other. Chris feels confused, and her aunt looks rather confused as well.

"I could always what?" Chris asks, curious.

"Um... Let me have a crack at your short friend there. What was her name, Kit or...?" Vicky answers, a tremor in her voice. To Chris's lack of surprise, her aunt seems to have a half-chub through her pants.

Chris rolls her eyes. Futanari, right? Even Matilda thought with her balls sometimes. "I think maybe not. Could you hold off on trying to seduce them for now?" It's a bit selfish, but Chris wants them for herself. Besides, she knows that Vicky's not being serious.

"Shit, it's gonna be pretty hard, then." The futanari chuckles.

"What, you mean, your penis?" Chris smirks at her aunt. "Oh, speaking of *these*..." She pokes her breasts through her shirt. "I need to go bra shopping soon. You wanna come with me?"

"Seriously? Hell yeah!" Vicky seems excited at the prospect, both on her face and down below. "I need some new bras myself... Stick with your aunt, kid. I know some places with *killer* underwear."

"Sounds like date! Come on, I'll make you a cup of coffee." Chris chuckles and turns back toward the kitchen. "How was your night, Auntie?"

"Oh *man*." Vicky lets out a deep sigh. "Kid, you would not *believe* how hard I had my dick sucked last night. Fucking a mom and daughter at the same time is just crazy." As she follows Chris, the futanari pokes her belly. "Especially fucking a mom *after* chowing down on her daughter. I reckon you're gonna have another cousin in about nine months. Seriously, I must have emptied my balls, like, a *dozen* times..."

As the sun blooms over Sacramento, Chris Abrams begins to settle into her new life at college. It's been fun so far, but things have only just begun...

End of Chapter Eleven (Sleepover Arc End)

End of Season One