How I Became a Predator

 “It started with my sister, actually.

 “She was always a bit of a bitch, you know? Like, I was saving myself for my future husband-which turned out to be you, babe-“ She smiled, and softly rubbed your back as you massage her gigantic belly. “But, like, my sister fucked my first boyfriend, and then my first girlfriend after that. So, I picked two guys and a girl after that who wanted to wait to have sex, and then my sister ate them up. By the time I was of age, she was already pretty chubby, but I’d practiced. You know, unhinging my jaw, swallowing things whole. I was able to take all of her in. You’ve seen the picture, haven’t you? My petite frame with that gigantic belly tacked onto it.

 “She went straight to fat, to thighs and belly and boobs. I got lots of flirting that summer because of the curves she gave me, and I’d never *really* been into the whole “fit-girl” lifestyle that I’d had by default. My friends were chubby, geeky people who enjoyed video games and such, so I joined them. Until freshman year of college, my sister had been my only prey. It was actually the fling I had with a girl named Julianna that made me want to be a proper predator. She was a *real* preyslut. Like, I still hadn’t been laid, of course, but I really enjoyed making out, and she would make a point of letting me taste different parts of her. She was *really* into vore…and she tasted *so* good.

 “It was our anniversary, you see, when she told me that she flunked out of school…she wouldn’t be staying, you know? Only she really did love me, and wanted to see me succeed and…well, it didn’t take a lot of convincing. She covered herself in chocolate sauce, and she went down so smoothly. I still have her panties as a reminder. And of course, I carry her with me everywhere…you’re probably touching her right now, heh. But…oh, she was *so* good. My sister was a vore of convince, of vengeance, to get someone out of my life. Julianna showed me that vore can be pleasurable.

“That really started the ball rolling down the hill…and started turning my gut into a big, gigantic ball, as I’m sure you can see.” She smirks at you as you continue to enjoy her gigantic belly. “My roommate, my lab partner…I had no idea that there was an ambitious predator inside of me, but she came out with Dr. Darner. You remember her, don’t you? We met in her class…you wanted me to eat her. She was fat, and she was a bitch. She gave so much homework and made her tests so impossible…but I had to make her *want* to be eaten by me. It took me months of writing essays about vore and putting little flirty messages about her ass before she called me into her office. I made sure you were on the other side of the door, of course. Couldn’t have my future boyfriend not get to see my finest catch. You saw the way I got to dominate her, to rip her clothes off and pin her down before scarfing her down…the way she *begged* for me to eat her…oh *man,* she tasted so good. Something about the anticipation, all the fat on her, the fact that she was my first ever MILF…I mean, don’t get me wrong, everyone else tastes fucking phenomenal. There’s a reason I got this fat, and it wasn’t just because you think it looks sexy on me. But Dr. Darner….phew.”
 Her stomach growled. Loudly.

 “No, no, babe, I just was remembering. I’m not hungry right now…at least, not hungry enough to eat you just yet. That cock needs to fuck me for years and years, those hands need to rub all of this big, curvy body, and you need to keep bringing me nice preysluts…damn, you’ve been such a good husband. You gave me your mother, your sister, all of your best friends, just because you knew I’d like them…all of your female friends, except for the handful of predator friends. You should make a point to make more of them, though. I’m going to need more food eventually. Oh? Your secretary…she does look delicious. I get the feeling that your secretaries might be a good, continual source of food…” She giggles, and pulls you in for a slow, sloppy kiss. You know you’ll be tired in the morning, but you don’t care. You’re ready for a night of pleasure.