“Mom, do I *have* to be dinner?” The twenty-year-old redhead whined as she lay on the table, covered in olive oil and spices.

“Now, now, sweetie.” Mrs. Chio said, “Millie’s girlfriend is a Lamia. We just want to make her feel comfortable in our home, considering she’s likely to become a part of the family.” She cast an apologetic look to the dark-skinned lamia sitting at the head of her table. “My apologies, Sylvia. My daughter is a little bit of a whiny bitch. I hope that won’t spoil your meal?”  
 “Trust me, Mrs. Chio.” Sylvia said, her stomach growling. “I don’t need any encouragement.”  
 She unhinged her jaw and scooped up the redhead’s shins in a single gulp. Millie watched her younger sister squirm into her girlfriend’s throat and felt her pussy moisten.

*Fuck.* This was supposed to be a nice, calm night, a good chance for Sylvia to become acquainted with her family. She knew her girlfriend would sense her arousal, and that would probably lead to some brutal teasing.

“Girls remember that humans are naturally prey animals. We’re meant to be food to someone like Sylvia. If this is turning you on, it is simply because your body understands where you’re supposed to go-or, perhaps, who you’re supposed to mate with, in the case of Millie.” She winked at Millie, who blushed beet red under her blonde locks.

“Do you need some help there, little sis?” Alice, the eldest sister, said, rubbing her sister’s inner thigh. “I know mom says not to play with your food, but I wouldn’t mind using my fingers before I put your snatch in my mouth-“  
 With a scrape, Alice’s chair was pulled away from Millie’s. Alice jumped, and then stared at the tail moving away from her chair.

Mrs. Chio chuckled. “It seems like your girlfriend is it tad bit…possessive, Millie.”  
 Sylvia grabbed Millie’s sister’s ass, sinking her fingers into the supple, plump flesh, claiming it before sucking it down. Her tail wrapped around Millie’s body, and Millie felt her appetite vanish as her girlfriend tied her to the chair.

“Good to know that the two of you have a lot of passion for each other.” Mrs. Chio observed, as her daughter’s freckled ass slipped away. “A good sex life is the trick to a good marriage, you know…helps keep you together when times get tough.”  
 “*Mom!!”* A completely mortified Millie said. “We don’t just like each other for sex, you know! I love Sylvia for a lot of other reasons!”  
 “Yes, yes, I know.” Mrs. Chio said. “That reminds me, sweetie, are you being eaten as a virgin, or did you let anyone fuck you?”  
 “Well, I *was* going to pop my virginity at an orgy next weekend, but you just *had* to cook me up for Millie’s scaly booty call.” She scowled, as her flat, oily belly slid into Sylvia’s mouth. Sylvia moaned softly at the flavor, her tail snaking its way around her girlfriend’s breasts.

“Ah, well. You probably would’ve just been eaten there, you’re such natural prey.” Mrs. Chio took a sip of whine. “Can you pass the salad, Alice?”  
 Millie was in heaven, with both her bondage and vore kinks being satisfied at the same time. While the rest of the family returned to their meals, she watched as her sexy, ebony, busty, lamia girlfriend took her baby sister into her, her muscular arms grabbing her prey’s breasts and using them merely as handles. Her sister gave a soft moan of discomfort at the abuse as she was shoved. Sylvia stuffed her mouth full of titflesh, her tongue darting out and skirting around the pert, pale mounds.

Mille’s younger sister locked eyes with her. “You better fucking love this Lamia forever, sis.”

And then, Sylvia’s maw swallowed up her youngest sister forever.

Millie came. It was sudden, unexpected, and violent, her whole body trembling.

“Fuck, fuck, Fuck Slyvia, fuck, Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia,” She did her best to mutter, her breaths coming in fast and ragged as she drenched her panties.

Sylvia swallowed, and then burped, gently. “Excuse me.” She rubbed her belly. “That was delicious, Mrs. Chio! My complements to the chef-and the mother! Your genetics are incredibly tasty!”  
 “Well, I just hope you don’t get any ideas about eating Millie over there.” Mrs. Chio said. “I’ve heard a lot of good things about you from her.”  
 “Well, uh, that’s actually what I came over to talk about.” Sylvia said, glancing at Millie. Millie’s brain was still clogged up with post-orgasm haze, but she nodded her encouragement. “I, uh, I proposed the other night, and Millie accepted.”  
 “Oh!” Mrs. Chio clapped her hands together, and a gigantic grin came over her face. “Congratulations! Oh, I’m so happy for you two! That means that you won’t eat her, right?”  
 “Correct.” Sylvia said. “Lamia marriages last at least through the first batch of children. I’ll lay about a dozen eggs in Millie’s stomach, and assuming she survives the birthing process, I’ll legally have to keep her alive until they reach adulthood. But if I may be frank, Mrs. Chio, I plan on keeping your daughter alive for many, many batches of offspring, as I love her so very, very much.” She smiled at Millie, who had recovered enough to give her a genuine smile back.

“That’s all so wonderful!” Mrs. Chio said. “Well, I’m sorry I don’t have anything to give you as a present!” She looked around, and then gave a dark grin. “Perhaps you’d like seconds? Or thirds?”  
 Alice’s eyes widened, and she looked at Sylvia with a mixture of fear and arousal. Sylvia gave a dominant, predatory smirk.

“Mrs. Chio,” Sylvia said. Millie gasped as Sylvia’s tail snaked around her, pulling her closer to Sylvia’s torso as the farthest end of the tail darted towards Alice and wrapped around her waist, “If I may be frank, I’m certain that Alice here tastes phenomenal. My every predatory instinct wants me to claim this entire family for myself…” She locked eyes with the matriarch of the family. “All of it.”

There was a tense pause as Mrs. Chio registered what her daughter’s date had said…and what exactly would happen to her if she went along with it. She set down her wine glass.

“Dear, dear Sylvia,” The mother replied, “You’re more polite, more sweet, and quite frankly more sexy than any of my daughters. You deserve to dominate this family.”  
 “That includes you too, you aged piece of meat.” Sylvia said. “Strip.”  
 Sylvia had heard from Millie that Mrs. Chio was a submissive at heart; and yet, she was still shocked to see Mrs. Chio pull off her bra, and let Sylvia feast her eyes on boobs, larger and firmer than her daughter’s.

“You…you’ve captured my entire family, Sylvie.” Millie’s haze made this whole scenario feel like a dream.

“Hope you don’t mind, fiancé.” Sylvia said, with a fanged grin, “But they’re just such natural prey, and I couldn’t bear the thought of anyone other than me getting to slurp them down. Mrs. Chio, if you wouldn’t mind leading me to your bedroom, please.”

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Millie was both in heaven and in hell.

She was still bound to the chair by Sylvia’s tail. She couldn’t reach her boobs, or her pussy, in order to stimulate herself.

The sight in front of her was driving her crazy.

Her mother-the woman who had birthed her, who she’d repressed a faint crush on for years, knowing that she didn’t want to become obsessed with her own mother when there were women like Sylvia around-was currently wrapped up in Sylvia’s tail, towards the base. She was wrapped up tighter than even Millie was, as the lamia gave her no choice but to eat out Sylvia’s snatch. The sight of her mother’s naked body, her wide, perky, pale ass stark against the dark green scales, was enough to drive Millie wild.

Then she looked up.

Alice’s lower half was sticking out of Sylvia’s mouth. Her legs flopped out to either side, giving Millie an excellent view of her ass, squished out as it was by Alice’s thighs. Sylvia’s forked tongue darted in and out of Alice’s asshole, tasting, before wrapping itself gently around each cheek, as Sylvia carefully savored every inch of her fiancé’s older sister. Her tongue then tightened around the rear, before it darted down into her mouth.

Millie was completely powerless. Between being ensnared in her girlfriend’s coils, and the firsthand sight of how easily Sylvia was eating her family-that knowledge was sinking in. She was just prey. Humans were just prey.

“If I die in childbirth, Sylvia…” Millie said, “Or, if you’re just done with me…you eat me, all right? I don’t want my body to end up anywhere else other than in you.”  
 The tip of Sylvia’s tail caressed her cheek in response as Sylvia’s tongue snaked around Alice’s slender thighs and swallowed them down. Sylvia’s coils slackened their grip on Millie, who darted forwards. She gave her mother’s perky ass a few spanks before wrapping her arms around Sylvia’s belly. She could feel her younger sister’s limp body inside of it, and she felt the belly swell up as more meat was added to it.

Sylvia swallowed down Alice’s feet with a swallow, and Millie felt Sylvia’s belly stretch out to the max.

“Oooooh.” Sylvia lowered herself onto the bed, lying back. She forced Mrs. Chio’s mouth away from her pussy.

“Fuck,” Sylvia muttered. She belched, softly, and Millie caught a whiff of her sister’s perfumes. “I’ve never had this much prey in my stomach before. Once they move to my tail, I’ll be ready to eat more. Although, I could probably shove your mother up into my pussy if you want to see me really stuffed-“  
 “It’d be a waste.” Millie said, looking down at her mother, who was suspended aloft in Sylvia’s coils, her face dripping with Sylvia’s precum. “She married my Dad for the consistent fucking, and then ate him up when his eyes wandered. She had a guy and a girl fucking her the next day. She’s a huge slut. Surely it wouldn’t hurt to keep the bitch around a while longer…”  
 “She’d make a good wedding meal.” Sylvia said, smacking Mrs. Chio’s ass with the tip of her tail. “You know, in Lamia culture we like to have a meal of particular importance for the bride’s meal…and the mother of the bride is a common choice. What do you think about that, Mrs. Chio?”  
 The MILF smirked. “As long as I get to fuck the two of you plenty before then. Sylvia, do you think any of your family could do with a one-night stand?”  
 “What did I fucking say.” Millie said.

“You will leave us, slut.” Sylvia said, releasing her from her tail. “You may masturbate if you choose, but if you aren’t cooking breakfast for me tomorrow morning…well, keep my belly full or your daughter might be in it next. I don’t have to keep her alive until after the ceremony. Do you have any friends who might be interested in becoming Lamia chow?”  
 Mrs. Chio nodded. “I’m sure some of my girlfriends would-“  
 “Silence.” Lamia said. “Leave.”  
 Mrs. Chio did as she was told.

Millie wrapped her hands around her girlfriend and kissed her deeply and fully. Sylvia reciprocated, wrapping the two of them together in her coils. For a moment, it was just the two of them.

Sylvia broke off the kiss. “Oh, Millie. I will eat you when you’re dead. But I could never eat you while you’re alive. You’re so hot and kind and wonderful…you make everything more fun. Even eating humans. Just the look on your face…”  
 “I’ll find you lots more people to eat.” Millie said. “You’ll be the fattest fucking lamia in the entire land.”  
 “And let me guess,” Sylvia said, “You’ll be the horniest human in all the land? Sounds like a fun challenge.”  
 Millie felt Sylvia’s tail creep towards her pussy.

“Millie, I’m going to love you forever. Both emotionally…and physically.”  
 Sylvia’s tail slid into Millie’s snatch, gently thrusting.

Millie’s night passed in a blur of ecstasy, of Sylvia’s muscular, toned body, of her bulging, powerful belly, turning her sisters to mush. She remembered being bent over, being bound to the bed, pinned under Sylvia’s belly, and being grabbed in Sylvia’s coils, and lifted around like a rag doll. She remembered being pleasured with Sylvia’s tail, with her fingers, her tongue, her penis, her words, the strap-on she brought for some dirty reason. Each one pierced her to her core. Sylvia knew exactly where to strike with each of them to elicit the maximum pleasure and was gentle and loving with every touch. Millie did her best to pleasure her Amazonian Lamia fiancé back, but at the end of the night, she gave out, exhausted, both physically and sexually. It had been three hours, and several orgasms. Cum glistened across Millie’s lithe frame, and across Sylvia’s gigantic belly.

Millie rubbed it. “Do you think they’re still alive?”  
 “Definitely not.” Sylvia said. “I felt them moving when I had you pinned under the belly and was thrusting into your pussy and asshole at the same time, with my tail wrapped around your boobs. I lost track of them once you started eating me out…and I think they haven’t moved since. I’ll wake up tomorrow with them in my tail, dissolving away.”  
 “Do you think you can eat some girls for breakfast?” Millie said. “Will you be hungry again by then?”  
 “I will.” Sylvia said. “You humans don’t realize how much food it takes to power a Lamia. There’s a reason our ranch has both cattle and meatgirls…”  
 “Did I do a good enough job?” Millie said. “I think I might not be good enough in bed. It’s okay if you need to bring in other people in order to-“  
 Sylvia shut her up with a kiss, a deep one, one that was chaste and romantic.

“Trust me, Millie.” Sylvia said. “Just the sight of you watching me eat is more than enough. I want to always put on a show as I gulp down worthless human after preyslut…I want you to be there. Forever.”