Name: Kathleen Booker

Nationality: Irish-American

Age: 19

Ivory skin, curly shoulder-length red hair, beautiful blue eyes and lots of freckles

7ft 10, G cup and an enormous perky heart-shaped rear

Athlete’s build

Usually wears a short skirt, spaghetti top, stockings, loafers, wooden cross pendant

Loves: Annie, Jesus, making people happy :D, cute animals, her family

Likes: DnD (after an introduction from Annie), nature, cuddles, cute girls, pink, eating, a good poo

Dislikes: being lonely, digesting people without good reason, metal jewelry, vegetables >:(, swearing

Hates: bullies/mean preds/creeps, the fact people are scared of her-worse because she knows there’s good reason, math

A quite prolific predator most of her life ever since the day she ate her future girlfriend’s bully to protect her on the kindergarten playground. Kathleen’s primary means of consumption are oral and anal, though she can unbirth it is completely safe and reserved for her girlfriend and occasionally a traumatized attempted meal by another pred or one of her sisters. She is not overly fond of digesting people but is often needled to do so as her girlfriend Annie has developed vorarephilia and other related fetishes, especially related to digestion and the end-result of a large meal’s trip. The reasons for her status as an apex predator spawn from her high control of her bowels and stomach acids. She can completely control movement through her digestion system, even changing meals positions in her stomach as deftly as if she was doing so with her hands or in a more consensual encounter with her short 4 ft 10 adorable pervert of a girlfriend, use her as a human dildo by pulling her in and out of her rear or give her a high-speed full-tour like a waterslide. Kathleen’s acids can be safe enough to be comparable to a warm bath if she desires, but she can ramp it up to the point where most meals start melting upon contact and even steel will melt until molten. This however causes her gut to visibly heat up and steam to rise from it, as well as terrible gas. The primary weakness she has is her empathy, she’s liable to let her food go if she isn’t convinced not too by Annie if they sound like they’re in pain or say they’re sorry. Another would be the fact her butt can get really sore if she poops metal.

Though she has claimed queen bee status in the school she attends it was mostly unknowingly and by her love’s machinations. Over her stay the local predators and top bitches would be caught trying to eat or bully innocent cute girls or her own girlfriend, and one by one or more at a time they ended up as an enjoyable bowel movement while Annie snuggled or humped her belly. As you can probably tell Kathleen isn’t exactly smart. The poor girl is an absolute sweetheart and extremely empathetic but isn’t too good at thinking. Due to her eating habits she’s grown dependent on her girlfriend, the group of friends she’s made mostly by saving from being meals themselves who mostly have crushes on her, and her younger sisters for support as she knows she isn’t very smart but she can tell people are scared of her and it doesn’t feel good! After meals she tends not to be shy about being gross, nobody really took the time to teach her manners concerning such things as they were too intimidated, including her parents. This results in her shamelessly farting in class, usually on her girlfriend who sits behind her for this reason, burping loudly and proudly, and taking a dump when she needs to after a large meal wherever is easiest. Usually with Annie watching intently.

When not shoving people up her rear or down her throat she can usually be seen taking Annie on cutesy dates or volunteering at the homeless shelter with some young nuns along with other girls that look up to her and have trouble not staring at her ass. The girl didn’t know what sex was until sex-ed in highschool and still blushes when Annie asks her to sit on her face. With hand holding of course.