

Sleepover At Anne's

The sleepover started like any other: at half past eight, a knock-knocking came on the Boonchuy Family's door. Mr. Boonchuy answered and found Marcy Wu and Sasha Waybright standing on the porch, pillows and sleeping bags tucked under their arms. Across their backs were backpacks, which looked fit to explode.

"Good evening, Mr. Boonchuy!" said Marcy, her face aglow with excitement. "Thanks for letting us stay the night! We really appreciate it."

"Yeah, thanks Jeff," said Sasha, weaving around Mr. Boonchuy as she stepped inside. The blonde wore an easygoing smile, her attitude breezy as the wind. "This is super cool of you. My dad never lets friends sleep over his place."

"Totally, my parents would freak if Sasha napped on the couch." Marcy flexed her fingers and rolled her eyes. "It would 'ruin the feng shui' of the living room or some junk. Oh, and hey!"

Dropping her stuff to the floor, Marcy dug around her backpack. Socks, snacks, and such fell out in bundles, but when Marcy pulled out a box of *Creatures & Caverns*, the Asian girl held it aloft like a one-of-a-kind treasure. Her tone full of awe and reverence, Marcy showed the box to Mr. Boonchuy.

"Look, I brought the third edition of *Creatures & Caverns*! There's the monster manual, expanded character builds and everything! Wanna play some with us tonight?"

Closing the door behind him, Jeff Boonchuy nodded his head. "You bet! It's been forever since I've enjoyed a good dungeon crawl. Edition 4 had lackluster premises and Edition 5F is so broken, so I'm glad Anne's friends have good taste! But, uh, I'll try not to intrude too much. Tonight's about Anne and you girls, I'd hate to kill the mood."

"Nah, it's totally cool!" Marcy patted Mr. Boonchuy on the shoulder. "You're easily the coolest dad I know. We don't mind him hanging out, right Sash?"

Alas, Sasha was no longer paying attention. The blonde was exploring the interior of the Boonchuy home, and let out a whistle as she admired the foyer from family photos on the wall to the beautiful bonsai. Deeper down the hallway was an antique grandfather clock, a leaf-colored banner, and at the end, a statue of the Buddha. She even strolled into the living room, dumping her stuff on the couch before picking up an orange-and-yellow elephant statue.

"Yeah, super cool, whatever," said Sasha, distractedly. She weighed the statue in her hands as her eyes wandered elsewhere. She let out a sigh. "Man, this place hasn't changed a bit! Same ol' wallpaper, same ol' stuff. After everything that happened in Amphibia, it feels... nice to return to the normal world again. You know what I'm saying?"

With a gentle grin, Jeff nodded his head. He recalled how Anne first reacted when she returned home: without any reservations, she threw herself into the domesticity of Earth, lounging in her bed, playing with her cat Domino, binge-watching months worth of shows she fell behind. Anne was grateful to be home, and while she matured into a responsible young adult, Anne was still a teenager who missed her old life. Jeff couldn't fault Sasha for feeling the same, if just a tiny bit.

"A little, yeah." Spreading his arms wide, Mr. Boonchuy said, "Feel free to make yourselves at home! Friends of Anne's are friends of mine. Whatever you girls need to feel comfortable, just let me and Mae know."

"Thanks," said Sasha, setting down the statue. "By the way, where's Anne? I figured she'd greet us herself."

"Oh, she's upstairs. Said she had a special surprise for you two."

“A special...?” started Sasha.

“Surprise!?” ended Marcy, whose eyes glimmered like stars. “What could it be? I’m *dying* to know.”

“Hahaha, be careful what you say! Knowing your luck, Mar-Mar, that might come true!” A familiar voice came from upstairs, one that filled Sasha and Marcy’s hearts with warmth. Turning their heads, they smiled as Anne Boonchuy climbed down the stairs.

As always, Anne was a modest yet bright beauty: the moment she entered a room, the whole world fell away and everything paled in comparison. With her almond skin, her rich brown eyes, and dark mane of hair, Anne was by far the prettiest girl Sasha and Marcy knew. Not only that, but she was the kindest, sweetest soul, and despite all their faults and mistakes made on Amphibia, Anne was still their best friend.

Dressed in a white-and-pink shirt with a blue jacket wrapped around her waist, Anne waved to her two friends.

“Hey, Mar-Mar! Sup, Sash? Glad you guys could make it!” Hopping from the final step, Anne held Marcy and Sasha one after the other, then pulled them together into a great big hug. “We’re gonna have so much fun, promise! This will be our best sleepover ever!”

Marcy and Sasha’s hearts nearly stopped. Enveloped in Anne’s embrace, the two girls felt a rush of emotions. Their palms sweaty and faces hot-pink, Marcy and Sasha returned the hug, trying not to betray their feelings.

If Anne sensed something amiss, she didn’t show it. Taking her friends by the hand, she pulled them into the living room, where they sat on the couch. Flipping through channel after channel on TV, Anne explained.

“I’ve got the whole night planned out! First we’ll watch the latest episode of Suspicion Island, ‘cause you know, it’s the greatest show evah! Then we’ll make dinner. I’m thinking *kaeng khiao wan* or *mee krob*? Mom’s working late again, so she cannot cook dinner. And after that, some *Creatures & Caverns*!”

“Sounds frogging awesome, Anne!” said Marcy, bouncing in her seat. “What do you think, Sash?”

Both girls turned to Sasha. Before their adventures in Amphibia, Sasha used to make the plans. Whether it be hanging out at the mall, playing at the arcade, or partying with high schoolers, Sasha always made the decisions. Sure, she’d accept suggestions and tolerate Marcy’s games, but at the end of the day, Sasha was the boss. If she told the girls they would watch a movie, they asked which theater. If she decided to skip school, they’d tag the rundown gas station by Old Man McCorkins. And if Sasha asked Anne to steal a music box from a pawn shop, Anne obeyed.

Sasha was the boss, but no longer. After fighting hard and nearly ruining their friendship, Sasha turned over a new leaf. She actively worked to not order around her friends, to show them more respect. It grated against Sasha’s nerves, for she deeply desired control, but with each passing day, Sasha grew out of her bad habits, learned to relax, and became a better person.

Brushing some hair from her face, Sasha gave a thumbs up. “I love it! What comes next?”

Letting out a breath she didn’t realize she was holding, Anne continued. “After that, how about some karaoke? It feels forever since we’ve sung together! We don’t have the insect costumes anymore, but it’ll be like another Wartwood Battle of the Bands! And then...”

“And then...?” asked Marcy and Sasha in unison.

“And then...” Anne clasped her hands together and chuckled to herself. “I’ll show you two the secret surprise! You’ll love it, no doubt about it! And the night will wrap up as we watch movies until we pass out! Any questions?”

Marcy and Sasha shared a glance, then shook their heads. Anne’s plan was pretty simple, and while a lot was planned, the girls didn’t expect to sleep until well past midnight. There was plenty of time for fun and laughs.

“Perfect! I can hardly wait!” said Anne, and sitting between her best friends, she finally reached Channel 222. The opening for Suspicion Island was already playing, and as the characters deeply suspected one other of betrayal and polar bears battled with pterodactyl clones, Anne rested her arms across Marcy and Sasha’s shoulders.

That distracted the two girls, and as the sci-fi melodrama played before them, Marcy and Sasha clutched their aching chests. Not paying the slightest attention to the show, the two girls thought back to their conversation last week...

“Hey, Sash?” asked Marcy. The Asian girl laid upon Sasha’s bed, kicking her feet back and forth.

“Yeah, Mar-Mar?” asked Sasha, who silently texted on her phone.

“When did you fall in love with Anne?”

Like an innocent Corolla being steamrolled by an incoming bullet train, Sasha jerked in her seat. This unbalanced her chair, and after a moment of precarious wobbling, she fell hard on the floor. Rolling onto her hands and knees, Sasha stared wild-eyed as she broke out into a cold sweat.

“Wh-wh-what are you talking about?” sputtered Sasha. “I-I don’t l-love Anne, that’s crazy talk, you’re crazy Mar-Mar, stop talking crazy!”

Her gaze skyward, Marcy counted the glow-in-the-dark stars and moons that dotted the ceiling. They were a relic of a bygone era, back when she and the girls were naive and innocent. Sometimes, Marcy missed those days.

“There’s no need to play dumb, Sasha. Everyone can see it.” Marcy gave a small shrug. “Even someone ditzy like me sees it! Heh, what, did you think you were hiding it?”

Pulling herself up, Sasha gripped the corners of her bed. Unlike Marcy’s pigsty of a bedroom, Sasha’s room was perfectly neat with everything from hair brushes to dresses in place. Sasha prided herself on her cleanliness, for it was next to godliness, and even after Amphibia, Sasha knew she was a queen.

So, when Sasha tore the blanket from underneath Marcy and threw it at her, Marcy knew she messed up.

“I. Don’t. Love. Anne!” said Sasha, snarling through gritted teeth. “Stop making stuff up!”

After untangling herself from the messy blanket, Marcy poked her head out.

“I’m not! How long?” asked Marcy, persistently. “Like, was it during the siege on Newtopia, or after you fought two fought on Toad Tower? There musta been a moment where you realized, ‘ding, hello! I’m so mad at Anne because I want her to love me! Why won’t Anne love me? Maybe if I put Anne put Anne in her place, she’ll learn to love me?’”

With a growl, Sasha leapt onto the bed and pinned Marcy down, holding each limb while straddling Marcy’s waist. Her eyes slitted like a cat, Sasha spoke in a hushed, dangerous tone.

“Shut up, Marcy. You don’t know what you’re talking about!” Sasha’s teeth grew long and sharp, not unlike a lion. “Don’t talk like you know everything. You know how I hate that.”

Her lips pursed, Marcy looked up at her friend. She made no attempt to free herself, and simply admired Sasha’s mouth.

“Oooh, have you been dieting, Sash?” Marcy grinned from ear-to-ear. “Your Alpha chompers are sharper than ever! Like, crazy sharp. When’s the last time you tasted prey?”

Sasha blinked, confused by the topic change. She shook her head violently, her blond hair snapping free of her ponytail and growing wild. Blood red streaks appeared in the Alpha’s mane, rich in hue and glossy in texture.

“Wh-what does that have to do with anything? How much prey I eat is none of your business!”

Marcy frowned

“... have you stopped hunting so Anne will like you more? Sash, Anne’s known that we’re Alphas since, like, the third grade! Since when has she complained about it?”

Sasha blinked again, this time more slowly. Her grip on Marcy relaxed.

“... never. She’s always been so... nice about it.” Sasha rubbed her neck as a soft smile crossed her lips. “That’s part of what I like about her. Anne’s always accepted that part of me...”

When Sasha’s ears caught up with her mouth, the blonde immediately pointed at Marcy.

“Hey, that was a dirty trick!” Sasha retightened her grip on Marcy. “Don’t distract me, especially with personal stuff!”

“I’m not trying to trick you!” said Marcy, raising her voice. “I just wanna know why you’re lying. You’ve loved Anne for a while, right? So why not admit it?”

The two Alphas stared at each other. While Sasha searched for the slightest hint of deceit, or perhaps any doubts, Marcy stood steadfast. She didn’t blink or flinch; she was totally serious. It was so rare to see her friend like this; normally, Marcy was a happy-go-lucky nerd, content to go with the flow. If she was so persistent, it had to be for a good reason.

Upon failing to sense any malice from her friend, Sasha relaxed her grip and leaned up. She remained on Marcy’s lap, for a tired look fell over her face. Sasha sighed and shook her head.

After a lengthy silence, Sasha said, “... was I that obvious?”

“As clear as the nose on my face.”

Sasha clicked her tongue in annoyance. “Damn! And... does Anne know?”

“I don’t think so. As smart as Anne is, she’s pretty dumb when it comes to love. Pretty sure that, like, half the girls in Wartwood were crushing on her, and she never noticed.”

Sasha snorted and covered her mouth to contain her laughter. The sharp teeth were one thing, but when Sasha laughed in Alpha Mode, she was a truly terrifying sight.

“Pffft, what? Get out of town!” Tears pricked the corners of Sasha’s eyes. “Were there really that many? It’s just, hahaha, I can totally see it: Anne and a frog, kissing in some dank, smelly swamp!”

Almost shoving Sasha off her lap, Marcy sat bolt upright. “Hey, don’t knock it ‘till you try it! Their tongues are super flexible! Plus their eyes are so cute up close and her hair was such a pretty shade of pink...”

“Wait, what?”

“Nothing, I said nothing!” The pink in Marcy’s cheeks faded and her focus returned. “A-Anyways, you needn’t worry. Anne is totally clueless, and your secret is safe with me. So...?”

“So?”

“So how long have you loved Anne!” said Marcy as a smile spilled across her face. Now that the first hump was cleared, she wanted to gossip to hell and back. “Come on, give me the deets! I’ve been hemming and hawing about whether to ask for weeks, and I cannot wait any longer!”

A red blush enveloped Sasha’s face and the blond anxiously rubbed the back of her neck. For the longest time, she kept her feelings a secret, burying them deep down in her heart. First it was because Sasha felt love was a weakness, a vulnerability to be hidden lest people exploit it. The battles in Amphibia seemingly proved that, which fueled Sasha’s burning determination and self-righteous fury to reclaim ownership of her friends.

And after King Andrias was defeated and Marcy freed from the Core’s control, Sasha hid her feelings because it wasn’t the right time. Even if she wanted to be a better friend for Anne and Marcy, Sasha didn’t know how. Self-improvement took time, and regaining everyone’s trust took even longer. Anne had every right to hate Sasha for the siege on Newtopia, and confessing her undying love for the cute Thai girl might have ruined everything.

Even now, Sasha wasn’t sure she deserved forgiveness. She hurt many people and threatened more. There was no undoing the past; the only thing Sasha could do was make amends and move forward. Maybe that’s why she hesitated to confess all these months later; Sasha felt like she didn’t deserve Anne’s love.

Maybe it was Marcy’s smile or the nerd’s boundless enthusiasm, however, because before she knew it, Sasha spilled her guts.

“Ever since... the sixth grade? I don’t know?” Sasha shrugged helplessly. “Maybe it started earlier, but that’s the first time I looked at Anne and thought ‘Woah mama, she’s cute.’ And who wouldn’t think that? Have you seen Anne? She’s gorgeous! That hair, those eyes, those legs! The funny way her nose crinkles when she laughs? How she’s so painfully honest, and sees the good in everyone?”

Twirling a lock of hair around a finger, Sasha continued as a genuine warmth filled her face.

“Her laugh is clear like a bell, and she gets excited about the silliest things. She’s great at sports; I wish tennis had cheerleaders, ‘cause I’d love to wave my pom-poms for her. And the fact she’s cool with me gobbling people by the dozen is great too. When I was young, I worried I’d never make friends as an Alpha, much less fall in love.”

For a split second, a flash of pain crossed Sasha’s face, but it quickly dissolved away as her heart filled with joy. “But Anne’s got her faults too! Anne isn’t very patient and she has secrets of her own. Plus she doesn’t always plan ahead when she should. B-But that’s okay, ‘cause if she was perfect, Anne would be totally boring.”

Sasha let out a happy sigh. It felt good to get that off her chest after so many years. But when she noticed the great big grin on Marcy’s face, the blond felt a guilty twinge.

“Oh! Sorry, I didn’t mean to ramble like that! It’s just so, so...”

“It’s so good to meet another diehard F-Anne!” said Marcy, her shoulders relaxing as relief washed over her. “Now I have someone to talk about my crush too!”

“W-wait!” Sasha’s eyes widened. “You love Anne too!?”

“Well, duh!” Marcy rolled her eyes like it was a dumb question. “Anne’s amazing! I’ve been crushing on her since, like, kindergarten? I even asked her to marry me when we grew up, buuuuut she forgot a long time ago. Oh well!”

Sasha blinked. When this conversation started, she wasn't sure where it would go, but it certainly wasn't here. Her jaws clenching, Sasha leaned into Marcy's face.

"I see. Well, if you wanna take her from me, you've got another thing coming, Mar-Mar!" A guilty wince came from Sasha even as the words left her mouth. "That is to say, what I mean is, uh, Anne doesn't belong to me. I don't own her, she's her own person who makes her own choices. If she falls in love with you, I'll accept it. B-But still, I won't lose!"

Marcy raised an eyebrow, then placed a hand on Sasha's hips. The other took the blonde by the shoulder, holding her tight.

"Whatcha talking, Sash? Why should we fight when we can share?"

"What do you me—"

Before Sasha could finish, Marcy pushed forward and kissed Sasha squarely on the lips. It was a short kiss, lacking in power or fancy tongue work, but it was packed full of passion. It spoke of years of yearning, of unrequited desire and overflowing love. Both warm yet wet, the kiss sent ice-blue lightning ricocheting through Sasha's lips before it turned her brain to mush.

When their lips finally parted, both girls locked eyes again. Her face red-hot and raw, Marcy cleared her throat as she pushed hair out of her face.

"Ahem! Y-You see, it's simple, Sasha: Anne isn't the only friend I love. I... love you too."

Sasha's mouth opened and shut. Her eyes boggled, and her limbs froze up. Some sharp, squeaky sounds escaped the blonde, but they were nonsensical gibberish.

It was enough to make Marcy sweat, and tapping Sasha on the shoulder, she asked, "Uh, Sash? Was it really that bad? I practiced kissing for weeks, and my pillow didn't seem to mind..."

Without ceremony, Sasha keeled over and fell onto her back, her body frozen stiff. Her jaws nearly fused shut, and when Marcy waved a hand over her face, she realized Sasha went catatonic. Pursing her lips, the Asian girl sighed.

"... guess we'll talk it out later, huh?"

It was a little past 11 PM, and the sleepover was going strong. After a heart-pounding episode of *Suspicion Island*, the girls made *Kaeng som* with white rice before burning away hours on a *Creatures & Caverns* session. As the Dungeon Master, Marcy sent the party on a quest to find the Lost Grail of *Yǒnghéng de Ài*, which Slasha the Rogue and Anneliese the Barbarian retrieved after Jeff the Bard sacrificed himself to stop the black dragon that guarded it.

Now, the three girls climbed the stairs to Anne's room, chatting along the way. While Anne looked straight ahead, her eyes aglow from the harrowing adventure, Marcy and Sasha glanced at each other. Gently, they gripped the other's hand.

"... that dungeon was so cool! I had so much fun stomping those giant spiders, and when the mama showed up? Whoa, talk about an intense boss battle!" Anne gripped her hands tightly, her voice bursting with enthusiasm. "You really outdid yourself, Mar-Mar! I cannot wait for the next session!"

"Thanks, Anne," said Marcy, distractedly. She made a number of hand gestures to Sasha, who fervently shook her head. Moving her lips without sound, Marcy asked "*Then when?*"

"*When I'm good and ready!*" said Sasha, wordlessly. "*It's too soon!*"

Marcy rolled her eyes, but she followed along with Sasha. The past week was fraught with wild and new emotions, for neither girl ever dated before. Being a secret couple was scary, but the danger of discovery felt thrilling too. Still, Marcy hoped to share this secret with Anne, and hopefully, add her as a girlfriend.

Before long, the girls reached the bedroom. Her hand on the doorknob, Anne turned to her best friends.

“Okay guys, I need you not to scream,” said Anne in a hushed tone. “Even if this is wild, please don’t scream. Last time you did, the neighbors reported a murder to the cops. Mom still nags me about it.”

“We won’t scream, promise!” said Marcy.

“Yeah, Anne!” Sasha smirked playfully. “Whatever surprise you have in store, I’m sure it’s nothing to freak out about.”

A dubious frown crossed Anne’s face. She trusted her friends with her life, but if past experience was anything to go by, Marcy and Sasha could get quite emotional. But, without wasting any time, Anne opened the door and stepped aside.

As usual, Anne’s bedroom was a cozy place: with its walls plastered in boy band posters and photographs of female tennis players, the bedroom was a sanctuary for teenage hormones. Everything from potted plants to the alarm clock was adorned with cat ears, and above the doorway were tiny flags of Thailand. The dresser overflowed with clothes and nail polish littered its surface, but the bedroom felt more homey than messy.

All in all, it felt like a normal bedroom, save for one detail: in the middle of the room stood a table, which held a lavish banquet. From potato skins smothered in bacon bits to spicy pork empanadas, the banquet had everything. Goopy cheese dripped off a nacho chip platter, while a dozen sauces laid beside the chicken tenders. A tower of brownies loomed overhead, while a bowl of raspberry blue jello jiggled. The devilled eggs were sprinkled in rich red pepper, and to top it all off was a huge bowl of mint chocolate ice cream.

A veritable smorgasbord laid before the trio, enough to make any mouth water.

Taking a deep breath, Marcy opened her mouth wide ready to scream, only for Sasha to clasp a hand over it.

“What did Anne just say?” asked Sasha. Instantly, Marcy deflated.

“... oh. Sorry,” said Marcy, guiltily. Shaking her head, Marcy turned to Anne and took her by the hands. “Still, this spread looks delicious, Anne! Is this the surprise?”

“You bet!” Anne grinned. “I knew dinner would never fill your Alpha bellies, so I prepared an extra big helping of snacks! Do you like it?”

“Like it? Like it!”

Like a cheetah pumped full of crack cocaine, Marcy dashed over to the snack table. Snatching the nacho platter, Marcy stuffed a handful into her mouth.

“I love it!” said Marcy, mouth full of nacho cheese. “The *Kaeng som* we made was tasty, but I might have swallowed a pillow in my sleep. I’m that hungry!”

Sasha snickered, and strolling over the banquet, she dipped a chicken tender into the honey barbeque sauce. When she took a bite, her teeth briefly sharpened like knives.

“Yeah, not gonna lie: I’m still famished. Thanks, Anne. This was super thoughtful.”

Anne let out a chuckle and bowed her head humbly. After years of growing up beside two Alphas, Anne learned how voracious her friends could be. Anytime they went to a restaurant, Sasha and Marcy always ordered a second or third helping, if they didn’t eat a waiter outright.

This worked like clockwork, but Anne felt a teensy-bit guilty for assuming her friends were gluttons.

“Ehehehe! Anything for my best buds!”

After snagging herself a small pudding cup, Anne ran over to the entertainment set. While her TV wasn’t a fancy-schmancy flat screen or came equipped with the latest console, it was a serviceable size. With the remote in hand, Anne pulled out a selection of DVDs and laid them across the floor.

“So, whatcha wanna watch for the first movie?” Pointing at each DVD, Anne said, “We’ve got *Night of the Killer Klowns*, *Sleepy in Singapore*, *My Big Fat Thai Wedding*, *The Duchess’ Bride*, *The Lord of the Cursed Bracelets*, and *That Man From Bangkok*.”

Munching on their snacks, Marcy and Sasha joined Anne in front of the TV. They looked at the selection, their faces sprinkled with crumbs.

“How about *Night of the Killer Klowns*? I love sitting at the edge of my seat,” said Sasha. Wrapping an arm around Marcy, Sasha squeezed her tight. “Don’t worry, Marbles! If you get scared, you can hold me nice and tight!”

“Ha ha, you’re so funny, Sash,” said Marcy, although she didn’t shake off the embrace. She pointed at *The Lord of the Cursed Bracelets*. “How about this one? I finished watching the prequel the other day, so I wanna see if the original holds up.”

“Please! We’ve seen that movie, like, a billion times!” said Sasha.

“So? You cannot go wrong with the classics.”

“I’d rather fight a horde of Killer Klowns than watch it again. At least that won’t put me to sleep.”

“Well, we are at a sleepover...”

“Mar-Mar, people don’t sleep at sleepovers. We’re gonna party until the crack of dawn, then eat a cheap-ass diner and ogle the waitresses.”

“Boo! Why do we gotta do that? I’d rather watch the sunrise and stuff.”

“Fine!” Sasha rolled her eyes. “Let’s have Anne decide. Anne, what movie do you wanna watch?”

“Yeah, Anne. Which one?”

Both girls turned to Anne, who withered beneath their gaze. She didn’t realize choosing would be such a big deal. With a weak shrug, Anne glanced between the two.

“Uh.” Anne held up *The Duchess’ Bride*. On the box art was a picture of a beautiful, golden-haired duchess holding hands with a bonnet-clad handmaiden. They stood at an ivy-covered altar as the sun rose over the ocean horizon in the background. “This one? ‘Cause, uh, I’m in the mood for a romance?”

Marcy and Sasha shared a look. It was a mysterious look, one that Anne couldn’t decipher, but when the duo turned back to her, they emphatically nodded their heads.

“Sounds perfect. Let’s do it.”

“Yeah. You have such great taste in movies, Anna-Banana.”

Popping the disc into the DVD player, Anne raised an eyebrow, utterly bewildered.

“Uh, thanks...?”

She followed up by clapping her hands, which cut out the lights. Soon, the three friends watched the movie in rapt awe as a whirlwind romance for the ages unfolded before them. Whether it was during intense action scenes where the handmaiden dueled swordmasters atop runaway carriages or passionate love scenes where the Duchess cradled the handmaiden in bed, whispering sweet nothings, the movie held their minds hostage.

During the scene where the Duchess mourned her father, who died from a poison apple, Marcy idly popped a nacho into Sasha's mouth. Taken aback, the blonde looked at her friend, who simply winked and giggled.

Not to be outdone, Sasha fed Marcy a brownie. The Asian girl moaned at the sweet taste, licking her lips as the chocolatey goodness washed over her tongue. The brownie was still warm from the oven, and its crust crinkled like a wafer cookie.

After a hearty gulp, the two girls looked each other in the eyes. Her hand placed on Marcy's cheek, Sasha smiled warmly.

"Love you," said Sasha, her lips moving silently.

"Love you too," replied Marcy, before nodding towards the snack table. "*Wanna pig out with me?*"

"*Nothing would make me happier.*"

And so, while the romance movie neared its climax, Marcy and Sasha shared the snacks. Sometimes Marcy fed Sasha savory stuff like the deviled eggs, popping it between her cheeks. Other times, Sasha fed Marcy sweet snacks like the mint chocolate ice cream, listening to the Asian girl moan. Fingers were licked and crumbs brushed off cheeks, and as the Duchess stood beside her beloved on the altar, so too did Marcy and Sasha cuddle in the dark.

None of this was lost on Anne. Sure, her attention was split by *The Duchess' Bride*, but who could possibly ignore all the lip smacking, sultry stares, and gasping? Silently, Anne watched Marcy feed Sasha a bacon-wrapped jalapeno, her jaw ajar.

"Woah," thought Anne. "*Since when are they so close? Like, closer than usual? Not gonna lie, feeling pretty left out...*"

As the credits rolled, Anne tapped Sasha's shoulder. The blonde flinched at the contact, then guiltily rolled over on the floor.

"Uh. Yeah, Anne?"

Her lips pursed, Anne asked, "Say... why are you and Marcy feeding each other?"

"Uh." Sasha's eyes darted back and forth. "N-No reason! Why? Does it... bother you?"

"No..." Anne shook her head and twiddled her thumbs. "I just kinda feel... you know? Like I wanna... you know?"

Leaning in close, Marcy spoke in a hushed voice.

"Anne... do you wanna feed me and Sasha?"

A bright shade of pink tinged Anne's cheeks. For reasons she couldn't explain, not even to herself, she felt heat wash over her in waves. Palms sweaty, Anne twiddled her thumbs faster.

"... maybe? Uh, if that's alright with you two, of course!"

While Anne chuckled nervously and felt ready to keel over and die, Marcy and Sasha shared a look. Although their faces were immobile and expressions unreadable, a flicker of hope flashed between them.

Turning to Anne, the two girls said in unison, "Absolutely. Please feed us, Anne."

What followed could only be described as a young woman's feeder awakening: with potato chips in hand, Anne fed Marcy and Sasha chip after chip. Marcy moaned with every bite, her mouth drooling with clear satisfaction. She smiled at Anne, her face bright as a rose.

Sasha, on the other hand, was more playful. Every time Anne fed her, Sasha pulled a new trick: sometimes she would chew extra slowly, savoring every crunch. Other times she snapped at Anne's hand like an overexcited puppy, her teeth long and sharp. And more than once, Sasha licked Anne's fingers, rolling a fat, pink tongue between the digits.

While licking the salt and crumbs off Anne's hand, Sasha covered it in wet, warm drool. Fluttering her eyes, Sasha smirked at her long-time crush.

"Having fun, Anne?" asked Sasha. She playfully nibbled the forefinger, letting out a husky growl. "Sorry if we interrupted the movie. Can you ever forgive us?"

Anne gulped hard as her throat tightened. Sweat covered her brow and the cute Thai girl felt her mind racing. Sasha looked so gosh darn beautiful right now, and all over, Anne felt her body tingle with desire.

Not knowing how to handle these feelings, Anne nodded numbly.

"Uh, yeah, sure?" Anne gave a shaky thumbs up. "D-Don't mention it! Uh. Is there any more food left?"

"Fraid not," said Marcy. The Asian girl stood at the snack table and upturned a bowl. Only crumbs fell out, littering the floor in cheeto dust.

Sasha gave Anne's hand another nibble, then rose to her feet. Whipping out her cell, Sasha typed out a number before putting it to her ear. After pacing in circles for a minute or two, the blonde spoke up.

"Hello? Is this Marco's Pizza Palace? Yeah, yeah it's me. Sasha Wayright. Yeah, I know you said never to call again, but listen: can I place a delivery to the Boonchuy Residence? They're located at..."

Sasha stopped pacing for a second, then let out a heavy sigh.

"Sir, I'm sorry about eating your best employee. I really am. But what did you expect? When you send a pretty girl to a known Alpha's house, of course I'm gonna scarf her down! Yes, I sent those flowers to her boyfriend. Can you please shut up and take my order?"

While Sasha argued over the phone, Marcy pulled out her cell as well. After swiping away a few tabs about dating advice and how to romance Thai girls, Marcy called a number.

"Heyo! Is this Uber Eats?" Marcy pumped a fist in the air. "Perfect! Yeah, can you fetch me food from Santiago's? What do I want? Oh, nothing major, just everything on the menu. Yeah, yeah. That's all one order."

With a proud huff, Marcy put a hand to her chest.

"What can I say, I'm a growing girl! How soon can we expect you? Only an hour? Splendid!"

Snapping her phone shut, Marcy grinned widely.

"No worries, gang! I ordered some Mexican!" With a certain slyness, Marcy winked at Anne. "Now you can live out your feeder fantasy, Anna-Banana!"

Frozen on the spot, Anne shook her head rapidly. All of this was so wild and new to her. Strange as her feelings were, Anne wanted to embrace them. Feeding her friends felt satisfying, like taking a fresh breath of air after months underground. At the same time, Anne felt exposed, as if caught with her pants down or in the middle of tagging a stop sign.

Her head full of confusing emotions, Anne gripped her burning cheeks.

"D-don't say that, Mar-Mar! I just, I just like feeding you. That's all! Yeah, Alphas need to eat, like, ten times what other humans do! S-So I'm keeping my friends well-fed and nourished." Face red as a tomato, Anne put her hands to her side, proud to solve this conundrum. "Yeah, that sounds right!"

"Whatever helps you sleep at night, Anne." With a sigh, Sasha turned off her phone. "I managed to convince that lousy manager to deliver here... so long as I pay triple in advance."

"Ouch!" Marcy winced. "Will that be a problem?"

“Nah!” Sasha flashed a fan of credit cards and waggled her eyebrows. “‘Cause it's not me who's paying! Thank, Daddy Piggy Banks, for letting me ‘borrow’ your wallet~”

Marcy and Anne gasped at how naughty Sasha could be, but they weren't surprised: Mr. Waybright wasn't the most attentive parent, and since the Waybrights had more money than sense, he wouldn't even notice the upcharge.

With nothing else to do but wait, the girls started another movie. This time they watched *The Lord of the Cursed Bracelets*, much to Sasha's chagrin. Sure, the special effects were dated and the actors hammier than *Hamlet* played by pigs, but the nostalgia factor couldn't be denied. When the Prince of the North led the Armies of Man against the evil Ogres, Marcy gasped at the giant battle and its epic fight scenes, and when Little Folk climbed the back of Death Mountain and Sammy the Shrewd carried Frolo on his back, Anne cried like a baby.

Even Sasha had to admit the friendship between the dwarf, Grimglod the Stoneback, and the elf archer, Shalia, was touching. Perhaps it was Sasha's imagination, but Grimglod reminded her of a certain Toad she knew.

By the time the movie reached its halfway mark, a knock came on the Boonchuy's door. All three girls shot climbed out their sleeping bags, and their hearts thumping hard, they ran downstairs as fast as they could. Although she tripped and face-planted on the bottom step, Marcy reached the front door first and tore it open.

In the doorway stood a pizza delivery guy, who wore a red uniform and visor. A tall stack of pizza boxes were balanced in his arms, and peeking around the side, the delivery guy raised an eyebrow.

“Uh. Is this the Boonchuys?”

“Yes indeedy! Thanks so much!” said Marcy. She eagerly accepted the pizza boxes and carried them away, leaving the delivery guy at the door.

Scratching his forehead, the delivery guy outheld a hand.

“Sorry, don't mean to be rude, but uh... should I expect a tip?”

“Yeah!” said Sasha, stalking towards the delivery guy. “I got a tip for yah!”

With inhuman strength, Sasha took the delivery guy by the collar. She jerked him close, her mouth lined with razor sharp teeth. The teeth glistened with drool in the orange porch light, and the cat-like pupils glinted menacingly. Letting out a husky chuckle, Sasha tapped the delivery guy on the forehead.

“Work for a better pizza chain. If Marco's is gonna charge through the nose, I'm gonna eat my fill.”

With that, Sasha pounced on the delivery guy. Jaws stretched wide, she swallowed his head whole with a wet *plorp*, her cheeks round and puffy. Drool that gathered in her mouth spilled forth, splashing across the man's chest.

The reaction was instant: his hands on Sasha, the delivery guy tried to pry himself free. He jerked this way and that, searching for leverage, but it was a futile attempt. Her grip ironclad, Sasha twisted his hand into a wrist lock, which sent jolts of pain up his arm.

This served as a great distraction, and taking a hearty chomp, Sasha swallowed the man's neck. The next part was the hardest: fitting the shoulders past her jaws. If Sasha wasn't careful, she could easily pull a muscle and let the prey escape. Sure, she hunt him like the dog he was, but it was much too late at night to chase down a car.

Besides, car tires tasted rubbery and it took weeks to digest all that metal

So, with great care, Sasha devoured the shoulders bite-by-bite. The process took a while, but to keep the delivery guy in-line, Sasha raked her sharp teeth across the bare flesh.

Goosebumps rose on the man's skin as his shirt was torn to shreds, and his body seized stiff. Even in the belly of the beast, if a prey was scared enough, their resistance would be minimal.

"Good, good," thought Sasha, snaking her tongue across the succulent flesh. "*Stay still, and maybe I won't digest you too painfully.*"

Next came the best part: the chest. While rather bony and covered in freckles, the delivery guy had a rich, appetizing flavor like the finest of delicatessen meats. It reminded Sasha of bratwurst, the skin crunchy but the meat smooth and clean. The taste of pork and veal washed over her tongue, making Sasha's taste buds sing, and the spicy aftertaste was a nice surprise.

Whatever cologne this guy wore, it smelled damn good too, not unlike a countryside covered in golden grain. The musky aroma mixed with the flavors to make an awesome meal, and slathering the delivery guy in drool, Sasha moaned with pleasure.

Like all good things, however, the meal came to a swift end. By the time Sasha reached the hips, she was tired of the meal, so she lifted the man off his feet and took a mighty gulp. More drool splashed forth as the legs slid down her throat with a slimy *shuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurk*, and with a fleshy *gloink*, the delivery guy landed in Sasha's stomach.

The moment the delivery guy landed into his fleshy prison, the belly stretched forth, expanding to ridiculous proportions. Skin stretched taut while muscles audibly contracted, making a sound like a rubber-band pulled tight. Sasha let out groans as pain and pleasure swirled together, and by the time the gut stopped growing, it was roughly the size of a blimp.

Jaws clenched tight, Sasha's eyes rolled into the back of her head.

"Ooof! That... that hit the spot!" Peering over her shoulder, Sasha looked outside. "How's your meal, Mar-Mar?"

Sitting cross-legged on the Boonchuy's porch, Marcy gave a thumbs up. A pair of feet slid down her throat, and snapping her jaws like a bear trap, blue shoes tumbled to the ground. A hand to her throat, Marcy moaned as the bulge disappeared and her meal filled her belly, which bloated to a similar size as Sasha's.

"Fan- *braaaaaaaaaaaaaaap*- tastic!" said Marcy, whose belch cracked the windows of the cars parked outside the Boonchuy's home. "That Uber driver was delicious with a capital D!"

Her face damp with drool, Sasha wiped it clean with the back of her hand. Steadily, her Alpha traits faded away, starting with her red highlights and ending with her cat-like pupils.

Slapping her stomach, Sasha jiggled it firmly, feeling the delivery guy shift around. Gastric acids bathed him from head to toe, and as a thunderous rumble rose from the glutton gut, Sasha smirked.

"Yeah, so was this chump! I kinda feel bad for the guy, carrying all those pizza boxes, working so late at night." Sasha shook her head sadly. "Really, eating him was a mercy! Now he doesn't have to work any more crappy deliveries!"

Turning back towards the house, Sasha continued.

"Hey, Anne! Where did we put those pizza boxes? I'm still pretty peckish."

Standing in the hallway, Anne was speechless. Eyes wide as dinner plates, she stared at Sasha and Marcy's bellies, from the way they shook from the preys' struggles to their great girth. Time and time again, she'd watched her friends devour people, but never before did it feel so... right.

And who could blame her? Marcy and Sasha were beautiful young women, so obviously more of them was better. Who didn't like a little belly flab? Fat was in, and honestly, Anne felt a twinge of envy towards anyone who filled out Marcy's butt and Sasha's chest.

As chemicals bubbled inside the Alphas' bellies, putting in mind a symphony about a mad scientist's laboratory full of colorful vials and hissing machines, Anne pointed upwards.

"I, uh. Brought them upstairs. I also made..." Anne gulped hard, unable to peel her attention off the bloated bellies. "M-Milkshakes. To help us, uh... wash the food down."

"That's perfect!" said Sasha, who climbed upstairs. Her belly bounced off each step, making her meal cry in protest. "I'm super thirsty after that meal. Pizza Boy was delicious, but awfully dry."

"Heh, tell me about it!" Marcy shrugged as she followed after Sasha. Her belly swayed back-and-forth, bumping into the walls. "The girl I ate was saltier than a saltine cracker! My mouth feels like a desert right now."

Soon, the trio lounged in Anne's bedroom once more, enjoying the movie's second half. While Marcy chowed down on Mexican food of every description, Sasha ate slice after slice of gooey, cheesy pizza. There was pepperoni, mushroom, and chicken galore, and all of it disappeared into the Alphas' hungry mouths.

Anne fed her friends as well, and whether she placed a steak tostada on Marcy's tongue, or stuffed a meat lover's pizza in Sasha's mouth, the cute Thai girl felt her heart race. Nothing thrilled her more than to watch food disappear into those toothy maws, or to watch those bottomless bellies bloat bigger and bigger. Even the cries of their prey was music to Anne's ears, and as they were crushed beneath mountains of food, Anne stroked the Alphas' bellies.

Shivering with passion, Marcy said, "Oooh, Anne... your belly rubs are the best!"

"Yeah! Your hands feel so warm and soft," said Sasha, her eyes fluttering shut. "Please, give us more. I, I love how you touch us..."

Although her ears burned with embarrassment, Anne was only too happy to comply. Even after all the food was gone and the prey digested away into mush, Anne massaged her best friends' bellies, feeling the silky surfaces grow smooth and squishy.

Perhaps it was a food overdose or maybe Anne's nurturing touch, but by the time credits rolled for *The Lord of the Cursed Bracelets*, Marcy and Sasha fell asleep. At first, they slept in their sleeping bags, adrift in Dreamland, but all too soon, they rolled over onto Anne's bag. Huddling around their friend and long-time crush, the two Alphas dreamed peacefully with Sasha drooling in her sleep and Marcy snoring up a storm.

Anne, much to her dismay, was trapped between the two Alphas. With their heavy guts, slipping free was impossible and rousing them felt highly dangerous. With no other options, all Anne could do was think about the sleepover.

So much happened tonight. The movies were fun and Anne loved the TTRPG campaign, but more than that, Anne discovered something new: she had a feeding kink. Nothing pleased her more than to fill mouths with food; just the idea made her tingle all over.

And feeding Marcy and Sasha? Stuffing their bellies full of food and seeing them smile? Oh boy, that reeved Anne's engines real good! Her heart pumped harder than a steam train, and her body ached with desire. If Anne's arms weren't pinned to her sides, she'd be tempted to fondle Marcy and Sasha's stomachs right now!

... and like that, the final puzzle piece fell into place. Eyes wide in the darkness, and smothered by the warm bellies of her friends, Anne Boonchuy spoke in a hushed whisper.

"... oh crud. I'm in love with my best friends."