

Y'all ever seen a ghost? Would you like to see one?

Somewhere on the west coast of the United States, there is a campground in the Greenvale Valley called the Kent Wood Campground. Out here, far from any cities, the air is clear as crystal and the trees grow to heights that city folk might have trouble believing. Sandwiched between two small mountain ranges and carpeted by redwood trees, the campground is infamous for being a haven for ghost sightings. Some folk say that they've seen ethereal creatures flitting in between the redwoods, and strange voices outside their tents late at night.

Sounds like fun, right?

The door to the Kent Wood Campground office swings open, the small golden bell attached tinkling gently as the group of seven teenage girls wander in. Outside, their caravan is loaded with what looks like camping supplies. Immediately, the small office is filled with the chatter of a half-dozen teens, as the girls spread out.

Bella looks up from the book she'd been reading, and gives the new arrivals a warm smile. She puts down the book, straightens her dress and stands up behind the counter, as two of the girls approach her. "Heya! Welcome to Kent Wood." The girls look to be fresh out of high school, probably barely eighteen. Bella herself is in her late-thirties, so these girls feel quite young to her. Bella gives the youngsters a grin. "Name's Bella Kent. Most folks call me 'Mama'. Can I help y'all?"

"Heh, y'all..." One of the girls, a redhead who seems to be the leader of the group, snickers for a moment, and then grins back at Bella. "Uh, yeah. We have a reservation for the night here. The name's Toni Anderson, ma'am." She's tall, fit and looks quite dashing with her handsome face. A biker jacket and a short skirt completes her look. Bella initially thought she might be a cheerleader or something, but the bulge in the front of Toni's skirt suggests otherwise.

Bella adjusts her glasses for a moment, as she picks up the reservation list from below the counter. "Hmm... yup!" She taps Toni's name on the list. "I'll put you in the system now." The older woman opens the small laptop on the counter and pretends to type in the name. Toni... Anderson. Handsome name. It suits you." She grins at the redhead, as she taps away on the keyboard.

Toni blushes a little. "Er... thanks!"

Beside her, a tan-skinned girl with black hair scowls at Toni for a moment, before turning to Bella with a grin. "My name's Leah, by the way." She winks at Bella. "Leah Cooper." Behind her, some of the girls are trying on coonskin hats that are on display.

"Nice to meet you, Leah Cooper." Bella nods politely at the tanned girl. "I love your dress!" Leah's wearing a tight, short black dress, along with a choker and studded wristbands. "Is it... a goth look?" She asks, curious. Leah herself seems far too cheerful for that kind of fashion.

“It’s *ironic* goth.” Leah tugs at her dress straps for a moment, looking pretty pleased with her fashion sense. Bella has to admit, it looks good on the girl. It’s probably mostly due to the D-cups stretching the dress out, but still. “Hey, you ever seen a ghost, Bella?”

Ah, these girls are looking for the famous Kent Wood ghosts. Bella’s not surprised, they’re hardly the first or even hundredth group to come through here for that exact same reason. “Well...” Bella smirks, and reaches up to finger the cross that hangs around her neck. “I’ve seen a few... *curious* things around here. And a few people have gone missing over the y-”

“Really?!” Suddenly, Leah looks really excited. Turning around, she grabs one of the other girls, a small and cute-looking girl with short blue hair. “Hey, Janey, listen to this! There’s *definitely* ghosts here!”

“R-really?” Janey is wearing a sleeveless jacket that shows off her pale stomach, and a tight pair of jeans. On her wrists are tattoos of flowers, and a few piercings stud her face. Despite that, her face is etched with terror. “There’s really ghosts here?! D-do we really gotta stay here? I don’t wanna meet a-” She looks up at Bella, and her face pales even more. “I mean...! N-no offense, Miss...”

Bella lets out a chuckle at the sight of the terror-stricken teenage girl. “It’s okay, I’m not offended or anything.” She was very cute, now that Bella got a good look at her. “Your name was... Janey, right?” She reminded Bella of her youngest daughter, who was equally small and cute.

“Yup!” Leah puts an arm around her friend’s shoulders and grins at Bella. “And I’m Leah!”

“That’s nice, dear.” The ‘goth’ girl seems quite insistent on Bella knowing her name. But, Bella thought that was pretty cute as well. “So, y’all come down from the city to camp out and look for ghosts or something?” Behind the girls, the rest of their group is now taking photos, probably for their social media or whatever. Bella wasn’t young enough to understand that kinda stuff anymore.

Toni nods. “Yeah, we got a break from college for a few weeks. Thought we’d spend it out here together instead of cooped up in the city.”

“No-one told me there’d be *ghosts*...” Janey complains, her voice slipping into a painfully cute whine.

Bella can barely even remember the city nowadays. “Ha... That’s what I did about twenty years ago. Finished college and came out on a trip and then...” A dark smile dances on her lips for a moment. “Fell in love, let’s say.”

“Really?” Toni looks surprised. “I had you pegged as a country girl. Or from, like, the South, or something...”

“Nope. City, born and raised... Oh, could y’all pay now?” Bella holds out her hand, and Toni pulls out her credit card, and places it into her palm. “Thanks. Yeah, I moved out here and started a family. No regrets, Kent Wood makes me so much happier than the city ever did...” She licks her lips slowly.

“Cool!” Leah pulls Janey in a bit closer, squishing their cheeks together. The blue-haired girl’s cheeks redden, as Leah turns back to Bella. “Can you put us in, like, the most haunted area of the camp?” The look on Janey’s face is something that Bella will be remembering with amusement for a *long* time.

Yeah, Bella could certainly do *something* like that... “Sure! I’ll put you in Lot 13. It’s the furthest lot away from the camp entrance.” Handing back the credit card to Toni, the older woman hands her a map of the campground as well. “You might have an interesting time there...” Bella bites her lip, and smirks at the three girls. “After all... you’re the only group staying here tonight...”

For a moment, all three girls shiver with alarm at Bella’s ominous tone. Then, the older woman chuckles warmly. “Did I scare ya?” She asks playfully.

“N-no...” Janey is a bad liar, Bella is amused to see, as the small girl looks down at the ground with her cheeks almost painfully red. Just when she thought the girl couldn’t get any cuter.

“Little bit!” Leah squeezes Janey’s shoulders, and the girl shrugs her off and immediately scurries away. The tanned girl gives her retreating ass a sneer. “Geez, she’s so cold during the daytime...”

“Awesome, thanks.” Toni turns and calls out to the other girls. “All good! Lot 13, let’s go!” The other girls cheer, and to Bella’s slight annoyance, turn to walk out of the office without buying anything they’d tried on.

“Just a couple rules to let y’all know about...” Bella pulls out a small pamphlet, and hands it to Toni. “We’re a Christian family that runs this camp, so we don’t wanna hear about no indecent behavior, y’know?”

For a moment, Toni and Leah exchange a look out of the corner of their eyes. Toni licks her lips nervously, and looks back at Bella. “Would that include drinking, ma’am?”

Bella lets out a small chuckle. “Of course...” She says, winking at Toni. “But, we only like to intrude on our guests if they get too rowdy, y’hear?”

The redhead nods quickly. “Gotcha, ma’am.” Seems that she’s quick on the uptake, Bella is pleased to see.

On the other hand, Leah is a bit slower. “How ‘bout molly?” She asks, mimicking taking a drag on a blunt. Bella blinks, and then smirks a little bit, not answering.

“Shut *up*, Leah!” Toni smacks her friend on the arm, and then smiles awkwardly at Bella. “We won’t make too much noise, ma’am.”

“Good to hear.” In truth, Bella was a Christian, but she wasn’t particularly bothered by the idea of these girls getting drunk or stoned on her family’s campground. In her mind, God had bigger things to worry about than some teenage girls having a good time together. “Well, have a fun night girls!”

As Toni turns to leave, Leah leans forward on the counter. “Hey, you should come and hang out with us tonight, Bella!” She winks at the older woman in a manner that’s unmistakably flirty. “The more girls, the better!”

“Me?” Bella blinks for a moment, and then smiles gently. “Oh, I’d love to, but don’t you think I’m a bit old for that kind of thing?” It’s not as if she’s bothered by her age, but a woman just south of forty wasn’t exactly a *girl*.

“No way!” Leah smirks, and reaches up to stroke a few strands of black hair over her ear. “You still look pretty young to me! I bet you’d fit right in with our group...”

Oh, Bella understands now. These girls aren’t just here to hang out. They’re here to get *frisky*. Well, it *was* 2022, wasn’t it? And it wasn’t like Bella had any room to judge them, did she? “Well, I’m *very* flattered, dear.” She smiles at Leah, who still seems rather hopeful. “But I’m a married woman.” She taps her wedding ring on the counter gently. “So, I think I’d better not...”

“Well, that’s a shame...” Toni flashes an annoyed glare at Leah, and grabs her by the shoulder. “Come on, Leah, let’s go and...”

As Toni pulls Leah away, the tanned girl looks back at Bella, her face still hopeful. “Hey, open invite if you change your mind!” Bella nods politely at her, feeling genuinely rather flattered. “It doesn’t bother me if you’re married or whatever-”

“Leah!” Toni interrupts her, looking mortified. “What have I told you about flirting with girls right in front of me...!” The door closes behind them and the small bell tinkles gently for a moment. Outside, Bella is amused to see that Leah is being harangued by the girl who’s *probably* her girlfriend. From the looks of amusement on the other girl’s faces, this happened pretty often.

Once the girls are safely out of hearing range, Bella picks up the office phone and dials her wife’s number. “Oh hey, honeybee...” Bella says sweetly into the phone. “No, I’m doing okay. Some teenage lesbians are staying the night in *Lot 13*.” A few moments later, she nods. “Yup. Exactly.” She smirks. “They’ve got booze and weed, so it should be pretty easy...” An evil grin

dances across Bella's kind face. "Yeah, get the girls and tell them we're having dinner as a family tonight..."

When night falls in Kent Wood Campground, city folk might be amazed to see the vista of stars that light up the sky above the forest. In the city, the light pollution blocks out so much of the starlight. But out here, high above the sea level, the glittering treasure of the cosmos is in full view. It's a sight that Bella Kent will never forget, or get tired of seeing. She'd conceived her first daughter under these stars. And tonight, they seem especially bright. Enough to dazzle any city girl into staring into the sky with wonder.

At least, that's what Bella *hopes*, as she peers out of the passenger side window of the Kent family truck. In the driver's seat, her wife Eliza sits with her muscled hands on the wheel, her face stony as ever. Her sleeveless shirt shows off her toned arms, a holdover from her years in the Army. Her jeans do nothing to conceal the massive lump between her legs. In the back of the pickup truck, their four daughters are chatting excitedly, eager for the meal to come. Well, three of them were, at least.

"You sure this group's gonna be an easy mark, Bella?" Eliza asks, her voice low and gravelly as ever. Bella has always loved her wife's voice, and even after nearly two decades of marriage, it still makes her heart beat faster. "You and I, I'm sure about..." Eliza's a veteran predator, after all. There's more than five decades of experience in her body. "Madison can probably slurp up a girl no problem." She grimaces. "But I'm ain't too sure about Sarah or the twins..."

"You worry too much, hon." Bella smirks at her wife, as she leans back into the truck. "Trust me, I checked these girls out when they arrived. They'll be too stoned or drunk to even notice us."

Eliza just shrugs dismissively. "Whatever. You said there was at least one futanari with 'em?" She sweeps back her long gray ponytail, looking irritated until Bella reaches over to straighten out her wife's hair. Years ago, her hair had been black as pitch, but Eliza had been an older woman back when she'd married Bella, and that had been before raising four kids.

"Yes, hon. The tall redhead." Bella smirks at the memory of Toni's bulge. "I think the tanned one might be one as well."

"Good." Eliza licks her lips. "The futanari's mine. Been too long since I had *real* meat..." Bella can see her wife's muscles tensing in anticipation.

Behind them, the back window of the pickup truck slides open, and their eldest daughter sticks her head inside the cabin. Madison Kent is the spitting image of Eliza at twenty-one years old, black ponytail and toned body, even down to the same heavy bulge in their jeans. "Mama, Sarah's being a pussy *again!*" She complains at Bella.

Behind her, the youngest Kent daughter makes a noise of whiny irritation. "Shut *up*, Madison!" The small girl complains. "Stop macking on Mom every chance you get!"

"Leave your sister alone, Madison." Eliza growls without taking her eyes off the road. "It's dinner time, so use your fuckin' dinner manners."

Madison rolls her eyes. "Whatever you say, *Pa*." She smirks at Eliza, whose eyes narrow. Bella resists a chuckle at how combative the two of them always seemed to be lately. Well, that was only natural for a girl her age, wasn't it? Madison turns back to Bella. "Mama, you look real pretty tonight..."

"Thank you, dear..." Bella adjusts her glasses, and smiles indulgently at her eldest daughter. She's quite aware that her daughter's words aren't meant as a platonic compliment, and sees no reason not to encourage her. "You look pretty hot tonight yourself. You look like you're positively glowing..."

"Yeah, I cranked one out before I hopped in the truck, Mama." The young futanari snickers, and pats her crotch.

Beside Bella, Eliza snorts at her daughter. "If you touched my porn mags, Madison..." She trails off threateningly.

Madison snorts right back at her. "Don't need no porno mags, *Pa*." She bites her lips and looks over at Bella. "Not when Mama's around anyhow..." Her expression of arousal changes to one of irritation as she turns to her sisters next to her. "Aw, for the love'a God!"

"Third Commandment!" Eliza growls at her daughter.

"*Pa!*" Madison whines, pointing to her sisters next to her. "They're making out again!" Bella turns, and she's unsurprised to see her twin daughters embracing each other in the back of the truck. Their identical brown hair mingling and their hands intertwined, Emily and Emma Kent are locking lips without a care in the world. Next to them, Sarah is staring with blushed cheeks. Looking annoyed, Madison lifts up Emily's skirt and slaps her on the bare ass.

The twins break apart with a near identical whine. "Fuck off, Maddie!" Emily complains, as she fondles her twin sister's breast. Her short skirt is doing nothing to hide the one thing that she doesn't share with her sister, a pulsing erection. Emma reaches down to rub her futanari twin's dick. "Yeah, fuck off." She repeats, her voice almost identical.

"*Pa*, make 'em stop!" Madison demands, leaning back into the window. "Come on, ain't you the head of the family or something? Make 'em stop!"

Eliza just shrugs. "I don't give a shit if they make out. Long as they ain't fucking the back of my pickup..."

Emily, who'd been in the process of sticking her hand up her female twin's skirt, freezes with a blink. "Huh? Aw, come on, Pa!" She leans across her twin, and sticks her head into the window. "This drive always takes forever! Can't I just get my rocks off?"

"You ain't gettin' sperm in the back of *my* truck." Eliza says sharply, and Emily cringes slightly. Bella always loves hearing her wife lay down the law. "You already got your twin sister pregnant. Sides, it's indecent. How would *you* feel if your mama and I fucked in front of y'all?"

Emma pipes up for once. "I'd be down to watch that, Pa." It's rare to hear her speaking on her own, since she usually prefers to let Emily speak for her.

"That so?" Bella grins, and winks at her wife.

Eliza growls again, and then turns the wheel. "Whatever. Don't matter anyhow. We're here."

The pickup truck comes to a stop near a ridge that overlooks part of the campgrounds. As Eliza turns the engine off, Bella can hear distant pop music. From the sounds of it, those teenage girls are blasting their radio. "Oh my..." She says, snickering to herself. "It seems like they didn't listen to me earlier..."

Beside her, her wife's brow furrows in irritation. "They've got some nerve..." She turns and jerks her thumb at their daughters. "Get out. You know the drill. Madison, don't you *dare*..." Madison stands up and hops over the side of the truck before Emily can even open the cargo flap. "...whatever. Sarah, help Emily get Emma out of the truck."

"No, I wanna do it by myself!" Emily complains loudly, as she hops off the truck, holding her arms wide for her twin. Emma scoots over on her butt slowly, holding her stomach protectively. She's only a few weeks pregnant, barely enough to show even a small curve, but the twins aren't taking any chances with their little miracle. Sarah just sits in the back of the pickup, pulling her legs up into a fetal position as her pregnant sister swings her legs down. Emma hops off the back of the pickup, into her twin's arms.

As Eliza begins to root around under the driver's seat, Bella opens the door and steps out into the cool night air. At this distance, there's no way that the girls could have heard their truck, even if they weren't blasting loud music. As Bella walks around the back, she sees Madison sneering at Sarah.

"Come on, *runt*." Madison sneers at her younger sister. "Let's go. There's girls to eat!"

Sarah turns away, deliberately looking anywhere else than her older sister. "Fuck off, Maddie..."

The futanari rolls her eyes, and licks her lips. "Oh, don't be such a sour bitch, Sarah. I'm only teasing." Madison shakes her head, looking vaguely annoyed. "Are you *still* mad that I jizzed in your underwear drawer? That was just a fucking prank, sis. Get over it already." She leans forward, looking down. "Y'know when you sit like that, I can see right up your skirt..."

Sarah flinches, and pushes down on the hem of her dress, covering her black panties. "D-don't look down there, you perv!"

"Then don't *show* them to me, slut!" Madison turns to Bella, folding her arms. "Mama, Sarah's doing that thing where she turns me on, and then gets mad at me again!"

"Yes, dear..." Bella pats her eldest daughter on the shoulder. "Go and help Pa, please." As Madison stomps off in a huff, Bella turns back to her youngest daughter. "Sarah, are you alright?"

Sarah doesn't respond for a moment, until her mother puts a hand on her shoulder. Then, she looks up, her eyes downcast. "Mama... did I really have to come tonight?"

"Of course you do, baby." Bella gives her daughter a reassuring smile. Or tries to, at least. Sarah doesn't seem too cheered by it. "Family dinner means dinner with the *whole* family. And you're old enough to join us now, aren't you?" Sarah had turned eighteen only a few weeks ago. This was going to be her first proper meal, and it made Bella a little distressed to see how unenthusiastic her daughter is about the idea. Madison and the twins hadn't blinked twice when it had been their first time to eat someone. Why was Sarah having such a hard time?

"I know I'm old enough..." Sarah sighs. "I just... I don't really wanna eat people, okay?" She pouts slightly, which Bella can't help but find just a little cute. "And Pa and Maddie are being really mean to me..."

Ah, that was just tough love, Bella knew. "Oh, you know why that is, don't you?" Bella puts an arm around her daughter's shoulders. "Because you won't have sex with them." She pats her daughter on the shoulder. "You've got an erotic body now, Sarah. Can you blame them for wanting to have sex with you while you're teasing them like that?"

"I'm... I'm not teasing them!" Sarah protests with a blush. She lets go of her legs, covering her chest. Her breasts are suppressed by her tight dress, but Bella knows that she's hiding a pair even bigger than her mother's in there. "I just... don't wanna have sex that badly..."

Bella sighs, and pats her daughter on the head gently. "Sarah... you open your heart to Jesus, and you open your legs to your family. That's always been the Kent family motto." She smiles at her daughter. "Part of being a member of this family is opening yourself up to *all* our love, not just keeping it for yourself." Bella reaches up and pulls off her necklace, draping it around Sarah's neck.

Her daughter fingers the small metal cross that's now dangling on her chest. "I... doesn't the Bible say incest is wrong, Mama?"

"God loves you, baby." Bella leans down and kisses Sarah on the forehead. "Do you really think He would be angry about someone loving another person?" She smiles, and enjoys the scent of her daughter's hair for a moment. 'And the life in your sister's belly is a gift from God, too. Don't you think so?' Then, she pulls back. "Come on. The family's waiting."

The ridge nearby offers an excellent vantage point over the north-eastern part of Kent Wood Campgrounds. As Bella and Sarah approach, she can see the teenage girl's camp in the distance, burning brightly against the dark forest around them. From here, Bella knows her family is practically invisible. Her wife is staring down through her binoculars at the campfire, and Bella knows she's already envisioning how the attack will take place.

"How are we looking?" Bella asks, letting go of her daughter's hand. Sarah awkwardly stands next to her sisters, looking away when Madison gives her a smug look.

"Seven girls, like you said." Her wife lowers the binoculars. "If they're looking for ghosts, they're doing a shit job."

Bella takes the binoculars from Eliza's hands, and takes a look for herself. When her eyes adjust, she can see the seven teenage girls from earlier that day sitting around a campfire, their caravan behind them. One of them is smoking a cigarette... no, a marijuana blunt. She takes a long drag, and then exhales a haze of smoke, the stupid grin on her face visible even from this distance. She then hands it to the person next to her, a tall redhead. "I see Toni Anderson..."

The redhead takes a long drag from the blunt, as the rest of her friends laugh about something. "Stoned off their gourd." Eliza says smugly. "Not expecting any danger tonight, looks like."

"Ain't that the truth... oh?" Bella blinks, as she watches Toni tap the tanned girl next to her on the hand. Leah Cooper, that was her name. She'd expected Toni to hand the blunt to Leah, but instead the tanned girl nods and stands up, walking toward the caravan. "Got some movement..." Toni tosses the blunt into the campfire, and then gets up to follow her friend. As the door to the caravan closes behind them, Bella can see the two girls embracing through the window for a moment, before they move away. She lowers the binoculars and smirks at her wife. "Looks like two of them are going to be doing some summer lovin' in the meantime..."

"Good." Eliza bites her lip. "I didn't fancy our odds against seven girls, even if they're stoned." She nods over at the twins. "Sides, Emma's pregnant. I don't want her fighting anyone."

Emma pats her belly with a smile. "I can still pin a girl down, Pa!"

Beside her, Emily looks stricken by the thought. “No way, Em!” She hugs her twin from behind. “I ain’t letting my baby get hurt.” Her hands cover her twins hands, and together they massage Emma’s belly. “Or my *baby*...”

“Let’s eat!” Madison interrupts, clearly impatient. “I’m hungry! I wanna eat those sluts before their MJ high wears off.” She licks her lips and takes a step toward the camp in the distance...

Eliza’s hand seizes her daughter’s shoulder and pulls her back. Bella swoons a little to see that her wife is still strong enough to pull back her adult daughter with ease. “Hey! You forgot someone?” Her eyes narrow, and she points upward to the stars.

Madison’s eyes widen, and she blushes a little. “Oh! Uh... sorry, Pa.”

“Everyone, gather round...” Eliza gestures for the family to come closer. Once Bella and her daughters are arranged in a circle around her, the futanari puts her hands together and closes her eyes. Around her, Bella watches to make sure their daughters do the same, before closing her own eyes. “Lord, we thank you for this bountiful meal...”

Bella listens intently as her wife says grace. There will be no time to say it before the actual meal, so this has always been their tradition. As the wind whistles through the redwoods around them, Bella can feel the presence of the Lord, calming and soothing.

A few moments later, Eliza concludes the prayer. “...and watch over Emma, and the child within her. Keep her pregnancy safe, so that we can make our family even larger for you, Lord. Amen.”

“Amen.” Bella says, in unison with her daughters.

“Good.” Eliza begins to stretch her arms, warming up for what’s to come. “Get ready, then...”

“Um...” Sarah speaks up, and the family’s eyes turn to her as one. The youngest daughter cringes, but soldiers on. “Um, would it be okay if I... didn’t come this time?”

Eliza seems rather taken aback. “Huh? What are you talking about?” She looks over at Bella, apparently baffled.

Bella turns to her daughter. “Oh, Sarah, not this again... I thought we discussed this.” She smiles at her daughter, trying to reassure her. “I know you’re nervous about eating girls, but you’ll do fine, I promise...”

“No!” Sarah shouts suddenly, though she at least has the presence of mind to muffle it somewhat. Even so, it makes Bella jump. “Mama, you don’t *get it!* I don’t wanna eat a girl...”

“Hey!” Eliza rounds on Sarah, making the girl flinch in fear. Bella sighs inwardly, feeling a bit awkward. Her wife isn’t the most peaceful person, but she wouldn’t fly off the handle if her daughters talked back to her. Talking back to *Bella* on the other hand...

Sarah backs away from Eliza, as her furious mother advances on her. Finally, the girl comes up against a redwood tree, and leans back on the trunk away from Eliza. The shadow of the futanari falls over her, and Sarah cringes away from her mother. “Don’t you *dare* talk back to your Mama like that!”

“S-sorry, Pa...” Sarah looks down at the grass, almost in tears.

“Don’t apologize to *me*, apologize to your Mama!” Eliza glares down at her daughter, folding her arms. “And fix this attitude of yours! What is this nonsense about you *not* wanting to eat people?”

“I... I don’t...” Her daughter admits, shivering a little. “You and Mama love it, but I just...”

Eliza snorts derisively. “You’ve only just turned eighteen. You haven’t even *tried it!*” She shakes her head for a moment, and then reaches down to the zipper of her jeans.

Sarah follows her mother’s hands for a moment, clearly confused as to what Eliza is doing. As her pants drop, and her mother’s cock and balls flop out, Sarah gasps in shock and covers her eyes.

“Look at it...” Eliza growls angrily, grabbing her flaccid penis with one hand, and placing her other hand on the redwood next to Sarah’s head.

“Pa!” Emily calls out, looking alarmed. In her arms, Emma looks equally upset. “She said she’s sorry...” Beside them, Madison is shocked, but stays quiet.

Bella holds up a hand, and the twins fall silent. “Please calm down, girls. This is for her own good.”

Slowly, Sarah pulls her hands away from her face. Looking down at her mother’s genitals with a deep blush, she takes a deep gulp.

“Good.” Eliza pulls back her cock, exposing her testicles to her daughter. “Do you see these balls, Sarah?”

“Y-yes, Pa...” Her daughter responds, looking mortified.

The futanari nods. “Then, do you remember swimming around in them before you were born?”

Sarah blinks for a moment, looking confused. “N-no?!” She takes a deep breath. “I mean... no, I don’t, Pa...”

Eliza nods again. “No, I wouldn’t expect you to. But I *do* remember.” Letting go of her cock, she cups her balls gently as her penis flops down again. “You used to be one of millions of sperms that were a part of *me*, Sarah.” She nods over at Bella. “Until one night, under stars just like these ones, your mother and I made love...”

“O-okay...?” Bella knows where her wife is going with this story, but Sarah clearly doesn’t. “I’m sorry about talking back to Mama, Pa...”

“I’m not done *talking*, child!” Her mother growls. “Do you know what your mother and I had been doing before we made love that night?” Sarah shakes her head after a moment. “We had just finished eating a newlywed couple, who were staying in Lot 7. We were in the middle of digesting them when I spurted you into your mother.” Eliza nods at her daughter. “God chose the moment of your conception for a reason.”

“Huh?” Sarah still looks baffled.

Eliza lets go of her balls, and places her hand on her daughter’s shoulder. “Sarah. You were conceived by two predators, while those two predators were each digesting a meal. God doesn’t let things happen like that happen by coincidence.” She nods at her daughter. “You were meant to be a predator, Sarah.”

Sarah blinks a few times, and then finally nods. “O-okay Pa...” She takes a deep breath. “I’ll... I’ll do my best.”

“Good.” Eliza almost smiles for once. “Now, you’ll eat a girl tonight, and no complaints.” Sarah nods again silently. As her wife lets go of Sarah and steps back, Bella moves in to hug their sniffing daughter.

Emily wipes a tear from Emma’s eye, and even Madison looks a bit overcome with emotion. As her mother stuffs her cock and balls back into her jeans, the young futanari grins. “Damn! How was *I* conceived, Pa?”

“Condom broke twenty-two years ago.” Eliza turns back to address their daughters. “Okay, remember girls. *No survivors*. There’s seven girls here. One for each of us, and one for later.” She curls her hand into a fist, and slaps it against her palm. “If one of them gets away, it’s a fucking pain to hunt them down later, y’know?” Bella remembers the rare occasion in which one of the group sometimes runs away into the woods. Hunting down that last girl is indeed quite a pain. “So, no foul ups this time. Each of us eats a girl and drags our asses back to the truck with that last girl in tow.” Bella’s stomach rumbles eagerly.

“Go for the legs.” Eliza instructs her daughters. “Don’t wait for them to react to you. Use the element of surprise and knock them down before they even know what’s happening.” Madison and the twins nod slowly, their faces serious. Her daughters are rowdy, Bella knows, but even they know when to be quiet and listen. Nearby, a sullen Sarah stares at the ground, looking miserable. Bella feels a pang of sympathy for her daughter, but she knows that Eliza’s just using tough love on the girl. Best if Sarah just surrendered and went with the flow, really.

“If they’re on their feet, they can run away. If you’ve got them on the ground, they’re nothing but meat to be swallowed.” Eliza continues, licking her lips between sentences. “If you wanna have some fun with them before you eat, go right ahead. But *only* if your sisters have everything under control.” She pointedly glares at Madison. “I don’t care if you’re about to bust a nut, if one of them legs it, you drop everything and get her. Okay, *Madison?*”

“Only happened *once...*” Her daughter complains, folding her arms.

Bella chuckles under her breath, and then looks around at her family. “Anything else, hon?” All of them look ready to go. Well, Sarah looks more resigned to her fate, but close enough. “Okay, let’s go!”

The most enjoyable part of the hunt, in Bella’s opinion, is right before pouncing. As she slowly and silently slips through the forest toward the teenage girl’s camp, her family fanning out alongside her, Bella takes a moment to sniff the air. She can smell hints of alcohol, and a smell she can’t quite identify. Probably marijuana, she’d bet.

Advancing through the forest without any torches or light to guide them isn’t easy, but the family’s eyes have already adjusted to the darkness. Bella can see Eliza creeping along to her right, and Madison to her left. Behind them, Sarah and the twins trail along behind them. If anyone could see them now, Bella thinks to herself, they might mistake them for ghosts...

It only takes them a few minutes to reach the outskirts of the camp. Bella can see the five girls sitting around the campfire, chugging beers like they’re going out of style. Which, they might be. Bella is too old to know what’s in style. She can see Janey, the small girl with blue hair, in the group. Around her, Eliza and their daughters take up positions behind the trees, waiting for the signal.

For a long moment, Bella and the girls wait for Eliza. She feels her muscles tensing, ready to leap into the attack. But, her wife doesn’t give the signal. Bella looks over at Eliza, and her wife holds up a finger. *Wait*, she’s signaling. The music coming from the camp is too loud here to whisper here anyway.

After a few minutes, Bella understands why. One of the girls, a blonde in jean shorts, stands up and points to the trees a short distance away from where the family was waiting. For a moment, she fears they might have been spotted, but the blonde just begins to wander off in that direction, stumbling a little from the drink. Taking a piss, Bella realizes.

As the blonde girl wanders into the trees, Eliza stands up and begins to move toward the girl. She's not walking toward the family, but it's not that hard for Eliza to catch up and begin quietly stalking behind her. As the blonde girl stops in front of a tree and begins to unzip her shorts, Bella watches her wife move up behind her. Looking around carefully, Eliza sucker punches the blonde girl in the back of the head.

The girl goes down like a sack of bricks, collapsing into a bush next to her. Eliza goes down as well, and for a moment, Bella holds her breath. If Eliza hadn't knocked the girl out, then it could be a serious problem...

But then, her wife resurfaces, looking back at the camp. Bella does too, and is relieved to see that the remaining four girls haven't noticed that their friend just got taken down. It had been far away enough that the music had drowned out the sound as well. Eliza turns back and gives her wife a thumbs up.

Bella nods, and turns back to the twins behind her. "Emma!" She mouths, gesturing to her pregnant daughter. Emma isn't looking in her direction, but her twin is. When Emily taps her on the shoulder, Emma looks around and Bella gestures for her to go over to her mother. Emma blinks in confusion for a moment, and then understanding dawns. Eliza had just secured her an easy meal.

As Emma moves over to claim her prize, Eliza crosses paths with her on the way back. Moving over to stand next to her wife, she gestures for their remaining daughters to join them. Once the five of them are bunched up, Eliza issues her final orders.

"Ready?" She asks, close enough to be able to whisper over the music. She gets four nods in return. Bella smirks, Madison and Emily lick their lips in anticipation, and Sarah looks terrified. "Good. The futanari is in the caravan, right?" Bella nods at her wife. Leah is in there too. She's looking forward to meeting the young flirt again. "Then... you three take the four out front. You've got the element of surprise, don't waste it. Mama and I will storm the caravan." Their daughters nod again. "Remember, go for the legs and get them on the ground. Okay, on three..."

Eliza holds up three fingers, and the five of them spread out again, just enough that they won't trip over each other when they leap into action.

Three... Sarah licks her lips nervously.

Two... Madison closes her eyes for a moment, and her lips move in a silent prayer.

One... Bella's stomach grumbles, eager for the coming meal.

Go.

“Ah... yeah, right there!” Leah moans, as the head of her girlfriend’s cock probes her anus. Lying face down on the end of the caravan’s narrow bed, her dress bunched up around her waist, the ‘goth’ girl holds the pillow in her arms tightly. “Come on, don’t leave me hanging...” Her own erection is slapping against her thighs.

Behind and above her, Toni Anderson, the tall redhead, chugs a beer. Slurping loudly, she kicks away her pants and presses her erection into her girlfriend’s ample behind. “Ahh...” Toni sighs as she finishes her beer. “Fuck, coming out here was *such* a great fucking idea...” Tossing away her empty bottle, Toni jumps up onto the bed, legs on either side of Leah’s thighs. Squatting down, the redhead grabs her hard cock, and tries to aim it at her girlfriend’s waiting hole.

“Fuck, smoking that shit has made me so fucking horny...” The tanned girl reaches back with one hand, spreading her cheeks in eager anticipation of the cock that’s about to take a wrecking ball to her asshole. After a few moments of wonderful anticipation, Leah looks behind her impatiently. “Geez, hurry up, bitch! My ass isn’t gonna ruin *itself!*”

“Hold on...” Toni’s face is screwed up in concentration. Aiming carefully, she hits Leah’s left asscheek, then pulls back. Squatting down again, the head of her cock bounces off Leah’s right asscheek. “Fuck, I keep missing...” Pausing for a moment, the redhead rubs her eyes. “Dude... I am so fucking high right now...”

Leah bursts out laughing, and after a moment Toni starts giggling along with her. “God, getting high and fucking on a camping trip is the best...” The tanned girl says, through her snickering. “Okay, but we gotta actually *look* for ghosts later, okaaaay?”

“Whatever, just give me your butt, slut.” Toni reaches down and grabs Leah’s waist, pulling her girlfriend a little closer. This causes Leah to giggle even more. “Yeah, keep laughing, bitch. I’m gonna paint your colon white... Huh?” Suddenly, Toni’s head tilts up, and she looks around in confusion.

“W... what’s wrong?” Leah asks, her speech slurring. She blinks slowly and tries to listen.

Outside the caravan, there’s the sound of people... fighting? Are their friends fighting each other? “Hey, who the fuck are-” One of their friend’s voices calls out in a panic, but then it’s cut off by a thump and the sound of someone being knocked to the ground. There’s a couple of screams, which are cut-off halfway through.

All of a sudden, something hits the side of the caravan. It’s a bulky structure, but not particularly sturdy, so the whole thing rocks for a moment. Toni, already off-balance from booze

and drugs, lets out a shriek of surprise as she falls off the bed. She hits the floor with a loud thump, and a string of curses.

“Toni?! You alright?” Leah asks as she groggily looks behind her, concerned that her girlfriend might have just hurt herself. To her relief, Toni is already getting to her feet, holding the back of her head and swearing softly.

“Ow... I’m fine, babe.” The redhead stumbles over to the caravan window, and blinks a few times. “Wait, what the fuck?” Suddenly, her face goes from confused to horrified. “Oh, *shit!*” She turns and tries to stumble back to Leah. “Babe... babe, we gotta go!”

“Wh... huh?” Leah stares up at her girlfriend, not understanding what she’s saying. “Whatta ya mean?”

“I mean we gotta go, Leah!” Toni fumbles for her pants, but almost falls over in the process. “We gotta go and save our friends-”

Leah’s next question is cut off by the caravan door crashing open. It hadn’t been locked, why would it have been? A huge musclebound woman storms into the caravan, looking around furiously. Behind Eliza, Bella Kent steps into the caravan with a smirk and points down the cabin toward Toni and Leah. “Down there!” She calls out to her wife.

“On it!” Suddenly, the huge woman charges down the small caravan toward the two of them. Toni only has time to drop her pants in shock before Eliza slams into her like a truck, knocking her off her feet and back onto the caravan floor. Almost instantly, Eliza is on top of Toni, pressing down on the teenage futanari with her superior weight.

It had happened so suddenly that Leah hadn’t even had time to react. “Huh?” Is all her weed-addled brain has time to say.

Bella carefully steps over her wife, as Eliza wrestles Toni into submission. She grins warmly at Leah. “Nice to see you again, dear!” She remarks, as she moves toward Leah, who is still on all fours on the bed.

Reacting slowly, Leah tries to stand up, but she loses her balance and falls down the side of the bed, almost becoming stuck between the bed and the wall. As she blinks slowly, the ‘goth’ girl looks up to see Bella’s shadow falling over her. It occurs to her for the first time that Bella is much bigger than her. “B-Bella?” She asks, still in a daze. “What are you doing here?!”

“What do you mean, dear?” Bella’s hand shoots out, and grabs a handful of Leah’s dress. With a shocking amount of strength, the older woman pulls the unwilling girl to her feet. “You invited me to hang out tonight, didn’t you? Well, here I am! And I brought my whole family to play...”

“Your... family?” Leah looks over at Toni, who has been successfully wrestled into submission by Eliza. Now, the older futanari is unzipping her pants... “No!” Leah shouts, stumbling toward her girlfriend.

Bella catches the girl easily, turning her away from her wife and her prey. As Leah struggles in her grip, the older woman grabs the young futanari’s arm and twists it behind her back. “Wha... Ow! Ow, ow, stop, *please*...!” Leah begs pathetically, as Bella calmly continues to twist. Eliza had taught her this technique for subduing weaker girls, and she always loved hearing their cute little cries of pain when she used it.

Stepping forward, Bella forces Leah toward the window. As they reach it, the older woman forces the futanari up against the glass. “Look, dear...” She says softly. “Don’t your friends look like they’re having *fun*...?” Leah opens her tear-filled eyes and looks out at the scene beyond.

Outside, the four girls who’d been sitting and laughing by the campfire are now scattered in disarray. One of the teenage girls has already disappeared into Madison’s gullet, the eldest daughter patting her stomach with a deeply satisfied expression. Another girl is lying prone on the ground unmoving, clearly unconscious. Emily is sitting on top of another girl, jerking off and pointing her dick down at the terrified girl. She always loves to cum on a girl’s face before eating them, Bella knows. Finally, Sarah has pinned down Janey, the blue-haired girl. Poor Janey looks to be begging for her life, and poor Sarah looks too guilt-stricken to eat her.

“Looks like everything’s under control, honeybee!” Bella calls out to Eliza. As she watches, Madison looks over at Sarah, and then turns to grab the hair of the unconscious girl, dragging her by the hair towards her younger sister.

Her wife snorts with satisfaction. “Good!” As her hard cock bounces, Eliza grabs Toni’s hips, and pulls her ass toward her erection. “Now, stop crying and calm down, bitch! This is gonna be a *lot* more painful for you if you’re tensed up!”

“No, please!” Toni begs, tears streaming down her face. “No, not up the ass! Don’t put it up my ass! Please, I’ll do anything!” Eliza, unsurprisingly, does not listen. Easily overpowering the redhead’s feeble attempts to pull away, the older futanari presses the head of her cock into Toni’s butthole. “No! No, ple... Aaaah!” There’s a groan of pleasure from Eliza, as she enters the younger futanari.

Bella smirks down at her wife. Poor Toni. If she’d just relax, she’d be having the time of her life. But, she couldn’t blame the young futanari for not realized how good it would feel to give in and let Eliza conquer her. The first time her wife had raped her, Bella had been scared too. But over time, she’d learned to get used to it, and then fall in love with it. And then, with Eliza herself. “Have fun, honeybee!” She smiles down at her wife, who’s too busy plowing her prey to listen.

“Toni...” Leah reaches back toward her girlfriend feebly. “Please don’t hurt her...”

“I think you’re a bit late for that, dear.” Bella shakes her head, and smiles down at her prey. “Come on, it’s time for me and you to get frisky!”

“Huh?” Leah asks. “What do you- Mmph!” The young futanari lets out a cry of terror as Bella shoves her down. She lands back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling of the caravan, still seeming half-dazed.

Bella sits down on top of the tanned girl, her weight easily pinning the smaller Leah, and pulls off her flowery dress. Underneath, she’s wearing nothing at all. Her big breasts bounce like jelly as she throws aside her dress and then smirks down at Leah. Between her legs, her vagina is already soaking wet in anticipation. “When you invited me to hang out tonight, Leah, you wanted to fuck me, didn’t you?”

Leah blushes at the memory. Back then, she’d just seen an older woman who’d looked easy to get into the sack. “N-no!” She lies, desperately. “I was just being nice...!”

“Lying’s a sin, dear!” Bella slides back along Leah’s stomach, allowing the young futanari’s erection to flop free. Leah stares at it in horror. She’d been horny as fuck for her girlfriend, but why was she *still*...? Then, she feels a powerful hand on her balls, and Leah feels fear in her heart. “Now, would you like to try again? With the truth, dear!”

Leah swallows nervously. “Okay, okay!” She begs, terrified. “I wanted to fuck you, okay? I thought you were hot!” The grip on her balls tightens ever so slightly. “Ngggh! I... I have a fetish for older women! I love the idea of impregnating them! Okay?! I wanted to knock you up!” Tears are streaming down her cheeks. “Please... please don’t crush my balls...!”

Bella chuckles to herself softly, and pats the young futanari on the thigh. “Now, why would I do something as nasty as that, dear?” She licks her lips. “Why, I’d only be hurting myself then, wouldn’t I?”

“Please don’t hurt me...” Leah begs, horribly aware that she’s at Bella’s complete mercy.

“I’m not going to hurt you, Leah Cooper.” Bella runs a finger down Leah’s erection, enjoying the shudder that runs through the younger girl’s body. “I’m going to make your dreams come true...”

“Oh God...” Leah moans, as Bella lifts her hips up. As the older woman grabs her erection and points it toward her wet pussy, the young futanari licks her lips nervously. A few droplets of arousal fall from Bella’s vagina, burning down the length of Leah’s shaft. “Oh God... Oh God yes...” It’s unclear if it’s the idiocy of teenage hormones, the aftereffects of smoking copious amounts of weed, the biological desire to empty her balls, or a mixture of all three that’s suddenly caused Leah to *desperately* want to fuck Bella.

So, when Bella slams down on Leah’s dick, both of them moan in unison as the futanari’s cock enters the older woman. Bella feels the teenager’s organ fill her up, and sighs in pleasure. Her

wife's dick is powerful and experienced, but sometimes she misses the youth and virility of a young dick. Leah feels the entire length of her shaft being enveloped by hot wetness, an intense feeling of stimulation along her entire cock. This is the first time she's ever done it raw, despite her fetish for impregnation. It's... indescribable how good it feels compared to wearing a condom!

Bella licks her lips, and looks down at the young futanari. "Shall we begin, dear?" She asks, adjusting her glasses with a warm smile.

"Y-yes!" Leah moans, eager to have her cock milked. Forgetting about her girlfriend, who's still being fucked on the floor nearby, the tanned futanari surrenders completely to the pleasure as Bella rises up again, and then slams back down.

A wet slapping fills the small caravan, drowning out the massacre happening outside and even the pained whimpers of Toni being conquered by an older cock.

"Ah... ah!" Leah squirms underneath Bella, unable to deal with the powerful stimulation that's assaulting her erection. "Ah... please.... Slow down! I'm going to..."

Bella does not slow down, not even a little. "Oh, honey! You gotta endure!" She smirks down at the tanned girl. "But, if you can't hold out... just release all your sperm into me, okay? Mama won't be angry..."

"M-mama?" Leah blinks in confusion, and then her eye twitches as Bella's pace increases. "Oh... Oh God!"

Bella sits on top of Leah, not giving the young girl any power to control their pace. When it comes to sex, the older woman prefers her partner to be completely at her mercy. Well, unless her partner was her wife. Then, as God intended, she surrendered completely to her. "Come on, Leah... you were so cocky before... Don't disappoint me by cumming too early, okay?"

"Ah... Ah..." Leah shudders, sweat breaking out across her face and body. "I'll... I'll try, Bella..."

"Call me "Mama", dear!" Bella tells her.

Over the next few minutes, the two wives brutally assault their prey, eager to play with their food before they eat. This is how they've hunted for over two decades now, Bella reflects. Ever since she'd come up to the Kent Wood on a family trip, and Eliza had kidnapped her and locked her in the basement. She'd been so scared back then, an eighteen year-old girl at the mercy of a thirty year-old futanari. Eliza had not been gentle. But pain had turned into pleasure, and fear had turned into love...

“Ah, Mama!” Leah cries out, interrupting Bella’s pleasant memories. “Mama, I’m sorry! I’m gonna cum!”

“Oh, then *cum*, dear!” Bella reaches out and strokes Leah’s cheek. “Mama loves you...”

“Ah!” Inside her, Bella feels the dick reach boiling point. When she slams down for the final time, she can feel the young futanari’s balls twitching as well. A few moments later, Bella feels a beautiful heat spreading through her vagina, a slow and wonderful feeling of warmth that flows down from the tip of Leah’s dick. As it reaches the entrance of her vagina, Bella looks down and sees white cum flowing out of her, running down Leah’s thigh.

It’s enough for Bella to reach her climax. Smiling happily, the older woman feels pleasure spreading from her crotch and spreading throughout her body. “Ooh...” She moans, feeling her muscles spasming as the feeling washes over them. Leaning back, Bella feels her pussy eagerly slurping down as much cum as it can, eager for fertilization. Oh, is it that time of the month? Was she ovulating? Part of Bella had resigned herself to being a mother of four, but perhaps her vagina had different plans...

Beneath her, Leah goes limp, breathing heavily. Inside her, Bella can feel her dick beginning to soften. After a moment, the tanned girl looks up at her, her eyes half-lidded from drugs and exhaustion. “What... what happens now?”

Behind them, Eliza lets out a powerful grunt, and grins her hips against Toni’s ass. As the redhead whimpers pathetically, the older futanari groans as she empties her balls into the poor girl’s ass. “Oh yeah... Thanks for staying so tight through all that, you little slut...” After a few more seconds, she pulls out, leaving a trail of white sperm between her dick and Toni’s red and sore asshole.

“Ow...” Toni tries to push up off the floor, but Eliza’s foot presses down on her back, forcing her to the ground again. “Please... let us go! You’ve... you’ve had your fun...” As she speaks, her ass twitches, and a spurt of white cum dribbles out, splattering down onto her balls.

“Not yet we haven’t!” Eliza smirks, and scoots back a little. Reaching down, she grabs the redhead’s ankles and opens her mouth wide. Toni only has a moment to blink in confusion before Eliza begins to swallow her feet. Then, she screams. “No! Please! No, rape me again, just don’t do *that!*” Eliza ignores her, and slurps down her ankles with ease.

Bella turns back to Leah, and smiles warmly. All color drains out of Leah’s face, as she realizes what’s about to happen to her. “N-no... Please, Bella...” She begins, but Bella just shakes her head.

“Now dear...” Bella says softly. “This is going to happen one way or another. I’d rather make your last moments a pleasure, wouldn’t you prefer that to pain, dear?”

Leah thinks for a long moment. Her eyes dart around the small caravan, as the sound of Toni being swallowed echoes behind Bella. Perhaps the young futanari is looking for a way out. There isn't one, Bella knows. Even if she could somehow get free from her, Eliza would stop her. And even in the impossible situation where Leah got past her wife, there were four of her daughters outside. Finally, the tanned girl gives up. "I... just make it fast, Bella."

"Call me 'Mama'." Bella repeats, smiling down at her prey. Then, she opens her mouth wide and leans down. Leah has a full second of staring down into what will become her grave, before Bella's mouth begins to swallow her face.

Behind them, Eliza had succeeded in reaching Toni's hips. Letting out a small burp, the older futanari slurps down her prey with the ease of an experienced predator. This redhead isn't the first, or even twentieth girl she's swallowed. She might not even be the twentieth *redhead* she's swallowed. It's not as if Eliza's bothered to keep count, considering that she's been an active predator for almost four decades now.

On the bed, Leah's entire head is now in Bella's throat. The young futanari has, to Bella's delight, completely given up. There's no resistance left in her, even if she'd had the energy to struggle. After all, the only way out is through Bella's guts now.]

"No..." Toni is still moaning, feebly struggling as Eliza swallows her breasts. Her arms are fully inside the older predator, which means there's not even a *hint* of a chance of escape now. "No..." She moans again, her final, vain, act of resistance. "Ugh... too tight!" She squirms inside Eliza's throat, trying and failing to relieve the overwhelming pressure. "C-can't breathe... can't... Ngh!" And with that final pathetic gasp, Toni Anderson gives one final great shudder and then dies. Her head hangs limply of Eliza's grinning mouth.

Her head now inside Bella's stomach, it's hard to know if Leah noticed that she's now single. Though considering that her hips are now being swallowed, Bella suspects that the tanned girl had bigger problems to worry about compared to spending the remaining few minutes of her life without a girlfriend.

A few moments later, Eliza finishes sucking Toni's head into her mouth. At almost the same time, Bella swallows Leah's feet. As both wives heave a massive gulp each, their stomachs bulge as the shape of the two girls stretches out their bellies. Both women hesitate for a moment, and then let out a belch in unison, and then turn to grin at each other happily.

Bella pats her stomach, inside which she can feel that Leah is still alive. Inside Eliza, Toni is deathly still. The redhead must already be in Heaven, Bella decides and smiles happily. Soon, she'll be reunited with her girlfriend up there. The thought makes Bella deeply happy. One day, when Bella herself arrives there, she's sure that the two futanari will thank them.

Eliza takes a moment to catch her breath, and then stands up. Despite having the full dead weight of a girl inside her gut, her wife seems quite able to stand and move around with little

effort. Bella will never not be impressed with her wife's awesome strength. Picking up her own pants and Bella's dress, Eliza tucks them under her arm and holds out a hand to her wife.

Bella takes the offered hand, and Eliza pulls her to her feet. Bella isn't quite as strong as her wife, but she can stand with a meal inside her. Eliza kisses her on the lips, and Bella responds happily. Pulling away, her wife nods at her. "Come on, let's get out girls and get outta here." Eliza says, pulling her by the hand toward the door. As the two wives step outside, Bella sees something quite surprising.

Sarah is sitting on the ground, one of the teenage girls halfway down her throat. Emma is holding her prey's feet, slowly pushing the girl's body down Sarah's gullet. Their youngest seems to be having trouble, but she's not resisting, to Bella's happiness. Not far away, Emily is standing over Janey, the small blue-haired girl. Her gut, like her twin's, is heavy with the body of one of the teenage girls.

Madison is sitting behind Sarah, her belly also bulging with the body of one of the teenage girls. "Pa, look!" She calls out, hugging her sister from behind. "She's doing it! She's really doing it!"

There are tears in Sarah's eyes, but she's slowly gulping down the girl being pushed down her throat. Madison's hands are groping her breasts, but she's not making any move to shrug her sister off. Rather, Sarah is holding Madison's hands, squeezing occasionally as she struggles with her meal.

"Don't go too fast!" Madison calls out, her voice a little worried as she looks down at her sister. "Sarah, is she going too fast? We can go slower if you want..."

Sarah blinks for a moment, and then shakes her head. Well, as much as she can give that a girl's legs are sticking out of her mouth. As Bella and Eliza approach, she looks up at the two of them, her eyes nervous, but determined.

"Oh, honey!" Bella kneels down next to her youngest daughter, hugging Sarah's arm. She wants to hug her daughter full, but that would cause trouble for her swallowing. Besides, Leah's kinda blocking her. "You're doing so well! Isn't she, dear?" She looks up at her wife, shooting her a meaningful look.

Eliza clicks her tongue. "It's... good enough." She nods at the twins. "Come on, we don't have all night."

"Okay!" As the teenage girl's ass slips into Sarah's mouth, Emma nods at her younger sister. "You ready for the final push, Sarah?"

Sarah takes a deep breath, looking terrified. But she just nods. Bella lets out a squeal of delight, and nods at Emma to begin.

The pregnant twin grins, and leans forward, forcing the teenage girl's limp legs down Sarah's throat. Sarah remains brave as the thighs slide into her mouth, and then the knees, and then the ankles... Finally, as Emma lets go, her lips close around the girl's feet. Sarah hesitates for a moment, seemingly unsure what to do now. "Swallow, sis!" Madison urges from behind her. Sarah blanches, but she then does a big gulp. Bella watches with delight as her youngest daughter's belly expands, the familiar shape of a girl in a fetal position filling it out.

Bella pats Sarah on the back. "Well done, dear! Now, be a good girl and burp..."

A few seconds later, Sarah lets out a loud belch, and then covers her mouth with a blush. "Urgh..." She groans, looking down at her belly uncomfortably. "I feel like I'm gonna be sick..."

"No, you're not." Eliza says, flatly. She gestures to Madison. "Maddie, get your sister to her feet. It's time to go." Turning, she looks down at the last surviving teenage girl. "Your name was Marnie or something, right?"

"J-Janey!" The blue-haired girl stammers, looking terrified. "Oh God, please don't eat me!"

Eliza scowls. "First of all, don't take the Lord's name in vain, young lady. Second of all, we're not gonna eat you... yet." She smirks. "You seem like a cute girl. Maybe if you play your cards right..."

"Yes!" Janey interrupts, putting her hands together as if in prayer. Her cute face is even more adorable when she's terrified of her impending doom, Bella is amused to see. "Yes, I'll do anything you want! Just don't leave me here!"

"Huh?" Eliza and Emily stare down at the blue-haired girl. Bella herself is a little surprised. Usually girls in this situation would be to *not* be taken away. Her wife shakes off her confusion. "I mean, yeah, if you *want* to come with us, that's fine, but why?"

Janey shivers, and looks around at the shadowy trees around the camp. "I definitely saw a ghost earlier..." She turns pale. "I don't wanna be left here alone! Didn't you say this place was haunted?"

Eliza looks back at Bella. "This girl's got a screw loose or something..." The older woman shrugs, grinning. Well, she'd fit right in, wouldn't she?

Bella claps her hands together. "Okay girls! Time to go home and digest!" She holds out her hand, and Eliza steps over to help her up. "Maddie, help your sister back to the truck. Emily, escort our guest back with us." She looks up at her wife. "Honeybee, you are gonna *fuck* me tonight..."

As the family stumbles away, Bella stops and turns around. "Oops, almost forgot!" She kicks some dirt into the campfire, and watches to make sure that it's fully extinguished. There's a yelp of fear from Janey as the darkness surges in, but Bella doesn't mind.

The older woman turns to leave, but something catches her eye. On the outskirts of the camp, Bella sees a strange shape hovering near one of the trees. Smiling cheerfully, she waves at it and turns to leave. It's nothing she hasn't seen before, and there's no fear in her heart.

After all, the ghosts in *this* forest were just the spirits of the girls her family had eaten over the years.

TO BE CONTINUED