

Eve the Devourer

By [Kai](#)

Story for Anon.

The Legend of Eve

Three shadowed female creatures move through an aged manor home in candle-light, two of them discussing in hushed whispers while the third listens. "The mistress will be wanting to feed again soon." One says, getting a nod from the other. "That's why we leave these books around. Eve can only visit this plane when summoned by mortals." The other replies. "Just like how she got me..." The third whispers. One of the others curls a dark shadowy appendage around the third and drags her along.

"Do try to keep up, I know you're new, but if you can't pull your weight... It's right back to *her* womb for you!" Says one of the more experienced figures. Whomever they were speaking of, their tones show fear and a reluctance to even say her name. The apparent leader of the group deposits a book into the bookshelf, then motions of the shadowy group to leave. "We have many more tomes to distribute, Ianka. You can ponder how you got here later!" The leader scolds.

"Right, sorry Vezesh..." Ianka replies, still sounding quite unsure. "You should be glad you even get the chance to be free like this, mistress granted you an amazing opportunity." The second states, drawing a circle upon the ground with her claws. "It doesn't feel like an opportunity, Aras..." Ianka mutters, careful that her betters don't hear it. Aras finishes the ornate circle, and the trio stands within it. The book they left behind would sit on its shelf undisturbed for quite a number of years.

Holding hands as a red light envelops them, the three robbed women would be bathed in pale red light, showing their demonic features briefly before they vanish in a wisp of flame to their next location. Some hours later, the trio of shadowy black demonesses re-materialize at a similar circle in front of a large, ornate castle, having finished their work. Ianka then separates from the other two and heads off to meet up with a few other new minions, though she was still the newest of the bunch.

"Lady Eve calls herself the mother of every creature, but that's a bald-faced lie." One says. "Don't let *her* hear you say that though," Another says, before the two laugh softly. Ianka just shudders, reminded of her encounter with Eve and how she became the lesser demoness she was now with a fair amount of chagrin.

"Still sore about getting stuffed into our lord and mistress' womb?" One asks Ianka. "Yeah... Being regressed from a full-grown woman like that, my whole life in reverse. I wish I couldn't remember it at all." Ianka says. One of the others pats her on the shoulder. "Look at it this way, you're one of the lucky ones, allowed to come back out and serve the mistress. Maybe you'll even get lucky and get to consume a few mortals yourself." The other says, using a teasing, sultry tone as she talks to Ianka.

Ianka shudders at the thought, her own time in the womb too fresh at hand to even remotely think of enjoying the other side of the experience. Before any of them could say another word, a horn sounds, summoning all of Eve's minions into a large hall to be addressed by their mistress. Ianka follows the rest, partially disrobing as the amazonian figure that is Eve steps out before her minions. The easily twelve-foot woman towering above the rest, and her crimson skin contrasting the black of her followers.

Eve doesn't speak, but Vezesh, her right-hand does. "Followers of Eve, the time of another feeding is upon us. Soon our mistress, our goddess will be freed to the mortal world and be allowed to feed once more!" Vezesh says with enthusiasm. Ianka just seems to tune out, especially as her superior goes into grotesque detail on the acts eve would be committing to other mortals. "Those of you who are lucky may get prey of your very own!" Vezesh calls out, to a wave of cheers from many of the veteran demons.

Back in the mortal world, it had been many years since the three minions dropped off the tome in the old manor, hoping to find someone foolish with just enough power to summon Eve. It had been nearly forgotten, written off as just another trap that was never sprung. But that would change, as a group of five younger girls went into the home, poking around. They were no more than college-girls of 18-20 years age, and some of the most picked-on in the entire campus.

Having heard that the manor once belonged to an old and powerful sorcerer, the group came there to find something to get them a bit more respect, and to punish their bullies. The group eventually ends up in the library, searching through dusty old tomes, until they come across the one left there so many years ago by Eve's followers. "Oooh, look at this one! 'Eve the Devourer,' this sounds like exactly what we're looking for, girls!" One calls out, as she flips through the tome.

The tome was designed to be a trap, altering itself to match the desires of the person who first picked it up, in order to lure them into using it. "The demoness Eve can be summoned to smite your enemies and those who would oppose you. Upon the summoner's command, Eve will take any mortal into her womb and regress them out of existence." One girl reads aloud. "That's perfect, that will show all those posh girls who're the real babies!" Another chimed in.

"I think after tonight, our days of being at the bottom of the pecking order are over. With Eve at our command, no one will dare cross us again!" The first girl says, closing the book with a grin. "Or pull nasty pranks on us!" Another called out. "Or shove us down the stairs!" The second chimes in again. They all leave snickering with malicious glee at the prospect of revenge, Eve's accursed tome in tow. If only those girls knew that they had been entirely set up yet again.

Much like the pranks they were constantly baited into by the more popular girls, this was a deep, dark trap. They might get some manner of revenge, but as they say, when you go out for revenge, dig two graves. Though with what was waiting for them, a grave might be a preferable alternative to the eternal torments laying in wait at the hands of Eve and her minions. Ianka knew only too well the routine awaiting, from falling into such a trap herself some time ago.

Ianka had lusted for power, revenge, and status. And while she had some modicum of power, she was forever indentured to Eve. Bound to serve, please and fear her mistress, lest she faces oblivion in her ever-hungry womb.

The Summoning

It had been another long, shitty day for 'the group of least popular girls at the academy' as most knew them. After being humiliated as a group once again, the five were more than ready to get their revenge. They work together, scrawling the ornate summoning circle, setting out candles and preparing the ritual. And most importantly, the youngest of the group is set in the middle. "Are you sure about this? I feel like I'm going to be some sort of sacrifice." The youngest says.

"It'll be fine, it says you'll share in the fate of the other summoners!" The eldest reassures her. It didn't make sense at first, but she trusted the leader of their group of friends. "Eve, mother of all creatures, we humble mortals call upon you. Come to our realm, we free you to feed! Hear our calls, and fulfill your needs!" The girls call out. The circle starts to glow for a moment, and all the candles are blown out by an intangible wind, leaving the girls in darkness.

But after sitting there, waiting, nothing happens. After about ten minutes, the girls start to get annoyed. "Ugh, what a rip-off. This stupid tome must be defective!" The eldest yells, tossing the book across the room and into a wall in anger and storming off. The other girls also leave disappointed, all except the youngest, who feels a strange chill in the air and a growing sense of unease. She shivers softly, and keeps looking over her shoulder all the way home.

After dinner, the same young girl who'd sat in the middle of the summoning circle was on her way to bed. Even hours later, she still felt chilled to the bone. Her sense of impending doom only getting worse and worse until the point her heart was racing. The girl lays in her bed and tries to close her eyes, but a red light shines through her eyelids, bright enough to disturb her. She opens her eyes, seeing the towering amazonian form of Eve before her, just like in the tome, and tries to scream.

The girl can't even make a sound as Eve moves over her, lifting her up in hand. The girl feels herself growing colder still, and smaller. Inch by inch, foot by foot she dwindles in size, until Eve's hand was like a mattress beneath her. All the girl can do is look up at Eve's wicked grin on that crimson face in terror, before she hurtles down towards the demoness' loins. Eve wastes no time, pushing the girl up against her hungry lower lips and slowly working her around.

"Yes, it's been far, far too long since I have properly fed!" Eve's voice booms, utterly dominating the shrunken girl with its raw power. The shrunken girl can only scream as the radiant heat from the demoness' loins overcomes her, soft crimson flesh parting slowly as she's taken in as would a toy. But such was the fate of any mortal foolish enough to fall for Eve's trap, body, and souls mere playthings and fuel for the demoness. With her squirming prey's screams muffled by that flesh, Eve proceeds unhindered.

The girl squirms softly, feeling Eve's fingers pressing at her feet until she's entirely engulfed in the demoness' birth canal. With her face pressed against Eve's cervix, the shrunken girl starts to struggle, much to Eve's delight. From within the girl could hear Eve's pleased moans, and every soft flex of the womanhood around her. Thick, pungent nectar coats the shrunken girl as Eve's pleasure, and the wicked heat of her body rise. But along with the demoness' clenching pleasure, came a peristaltic motion.

Each squeeze would push the girl more and more against Eve's cervix, until the ring of muscle relaxes and starts to devour her. More panicked screams would be utterly lost to the flesh around the girl, especially as she enters the furnace that was Eve's womb. The girl would be taken up into a world of fluid, left floating and tumbling free for a moment. But before long, tendrils would extend from the walls, growing out towards their victim and connection right into the girl's navel.

She didn't realize what was happening at first, but eventually, she'd feel it. The girl was getting smaller and smaller, and less and less developed. She'd feel over herself, realizing she'd become nearly pre-pubescent in a matter of minutes. But as the minutes roll on, the years of her life roll backward steadily. Soon the girl was but a child, then an infant, and then, her consciousness ends as she regresses steadily towards nothing by a zygote.

The girl's soul was sucked out and taken in to feed Eve, while her body was rendered right back down to little more than an ovum, then freed of its constraint to drift in reverse up into Eve's ovaries. The act of un-making the girl had made an impact on Eve, a few more inches of height, a surge of muscle and curvaceous fat. Every life she consumed, only made her more, larger, more beautiful, and much, much stronger. With the surge of power from another victim, Eve roars out with delight.

"Another mortal, all mine. Your body, soul, your entire being imprisoned within me. How does it feel? I'd ask for your name, but that literally has no meaning now!" Eve booms, then laughs wickedly at her deed. There was literally nothing more enjoyable for Eve then consuming mortals like this. It was a rush of sexual pleasure and deep primal delight. Everything that was wonderful about carnal sin, and gluttony all rolled into one experience, the perfect way for a hedonistic demoness to enjoy herself.

With the deed done, Eve would take her leave of her victim's room, leaving only a puddle of her pleasure behind in her wake, and no other trace of the girl's fate. The girl's mind was left in limbo, a strange afterlife within Eve where she was vaguely aware of what was going on. The girl hears Eve's torments, then tries to scream, but nothing comes of it. "Poor thing, there's not even enough left of you to scream. Soon you'll fade, like all the rest. Such a delicious morsel!" Eve torments.

The following day, when Eve's first victim doesn't show up for school, her friends end up worried. And after classes, they head over to her home to see what's up. When they arrive, they'd find their friend had been missing since the night before. The other four couldn't possibly know where she went, and her parents certainly didn't. But unbeknownst to them, Eve had utterly devoured her, and they would all share a similar fate once the demoness they summoned caught up with them.

Back at Eve's fortress, Ianka was muddling about alone, still unsure. But Eve returns from her hunt, noticing the young demoness in the foyer. "What's the matter, my child?" Eve asks, moving closer to Ianka. "Nothing... Nothing, my... My mistress." Ianka replies, calling Eve mistress seemingly a strainful task. "It doesn't sound like nothing is wrong, child." Eve retorts. Ianka sighs at the larger demoness. "I... I'm just unsure of this, all of this." Ianka states.

Eve strokes her own chin softly and ponders a moment. "I think I have just the thing for it, child. Tomorrow evening, you will accompany me on my hunt. And you will get your very first victim." Eve tells the smaller blue demoness. Ianka grimaces at the thought, but she knew better than to ever tell Eve no. Though far be it from Ianka to thank Eve, much to Eve's obvious displeasure. Though Eve knew that after her first, Ianka would come around.

If she didn't, well, Eve can always rescind her gift, and banish Ianka to the same fate as most of her victims. Forever trapped inside her body like the souls and bodies of so many others, no worse than an ungrateful minion deserves.

Growing the Ranks

It had been an entire day, and still, no trace of the missing girl Eve had finished off the night before. Her friends were growing more and more worried, one even wondered if it had something to do with their seemingly failed summoning ritual two nights before. Some of the other girls doubted that, scolding the one who suggested it and playing it off as a bad joke. Oh how right that 'joke' had been, some of the girls would soon find out as night falls on their little town once more.

One of the girls heads off on her own as the sun starts to set, while the other three stick together for a late dinner and a bit of entertainment. Sitting at home enjoying pizza and movies would make the girls the perfect target for Eve, and Ianka in tow. A massive circle of red runes starts to etch itself into the carpet of the living room the girls were sitting in, sending them all scurrying for the walls. The room itself seemed to warp and grow, while iron bars spring from the floor like vines.

Those vine-like bars of wrought iron close off every exit, right as a red light envelops the room, and both Eve and Ianka appear before the girls. Ianka shyly hides behind Eve at first, but the demoness pushes her forward. "Pick any one of these mortals." Eve's voice booms. With fear motivating her, and not exactly knowing what her mistress was up to, Ianka points to the girl in the middle. Eve snatches the girl by the collar, and starts to shrink her.

Ianka shudders at the familiar sight, watching the girl dwindle out of her clothes. It was at this point what Eve had said before clicked, this girl was meant to be devoured by her. Ianka tried to be disgusted at the thought, but her body reacts like the demonic entity it is. A thick flood of excitement flows from her slit and down her legs, just like her un-birthing canal was drooling in anticipation. Waves of pleasure wash over Ianka, making her groan reluctantly.

But even the strongest of wills tend to be eroded by lust, and this was a mostly human will fighting against supernatural lust. As Ianka tries to resist, it would bring her great pain to do so, so much so she surrenders to Eve yet again. The now tiny, palm-sized girl shrieks in Eve's hand as she's moved up between Ianka's thighs. The young demoness then gasps out at the feeling of the tiny woman's form being shoved inside. Ianka was leaking like a faucet and moaning intently as her body takes over from Eve.

Ianka's snatch sucks the tiny woman in fully, silencing her screams of terror. Her first prey is soon pressed up against the blue demoness' cervix, squirming and fighting for all she's worth. Ianka found some strange catharsis in the whole experience, her empathy for the victim slowly melting away to the pleasure of devouring them. "Ha..Ahhh... Ke-keep struggling m-mortal!" Ianka calls out, getting lost in pleasure. Eve just smirks, patting Ianka on the shoulder.

"That's a good girl, you're getting the hang of this quickly," Eve tells the younger demoness warmly. The other two girls were paralyzed with fear, eyes darting around to the blocked exits. Eventually, one of them speaks up. "What will happen to our friend?" She asks fearfully. "Ianka will unmake her, and absorb her utterly and for all eternity," Eve says plainly, smirking at the other two. "No, please, anything but that!" One cries. "Anything, we'll serve you, worship you! We're sorry we summoned you!" The other cries.

Eve's eyes light up with a wicked glow at what the second says, licking her lips with anticipation. But for now, it was Ianka's turn in the spotlight, and Eve wanted to vicariously enjoy her minion's first meal. Ianka gives a sharp gasp as the shrunken girl passes her cervix, her toes curling to claw at the ground. If Eve hadn't been holding her, Ianka would have surely toppled over as the pleasure makes her go weak at the knees. The younger demoness lets out a howl of delight, then slumps back against her mistress.

Perhaps Ianka had been too hasty to judge Eve, her body certainly showed the allure of it all in pleasure. "Oh... Mistress, is this what it's like for you?" Ianka asks drunkenly. Eve just nods in affirmation, tracing a finger up Ianka's belly. "And now, it's time to un-make that mortal, and add her soul to yourself." Eve says. Ianka just looks confused, she didn't really know how, but her body did. Before the blue demoness can even ask, another wave of pleasure surges through her.

Ianka could feel it as the girl inside aged backward, filling her with energy and pleasure. Shrinking, regressing, and all too soon it was over. The girl was nothing but an ovum, wandering its way deeper into Ianka, never to be seen again. The blue demoness just pants in delight, relaxing in Eve's arms as a small river's worth of lusty fem-spunk drools from between her petals. "Can I have one of the other two, mistress?" Ianka asks. Eve just chuckles. "I have other plans for them." She replies.

Ianka almost pouts, but she dares not cross Eve after a firm no. Eve moves over to the two remaining girls, then pushes them together firmly. The two continue to beg and plead continually as Eve readies to unbirth them. "Your pleas have not fallen on deaf ears. You will not be unmade, but remade, just like Ianka." The two shift their gaze to the blue demoness, before Eve pushes down over both of their heads. Before they can even complain, both girls are neck-deep into Eve.

The crimson demoness continues, pushing down over the pair's shoulders. Eve grunts out softly as she takes the widest part of the two, eyes rolling back. Ianka watches with some jealousy, rubbing her still drooling snatch as she watches her mistress. The blue demoness' outlook rather deeply changed by the sheer pleasure of consuming her first victim. I really was like a drug, all Ianka could think about was her next fix. Eve in the meantime was squeezing the torsos of her latest pair of victims into her hotly drooling snatch.

Within minutes of working herself downwards, Eve had reached the young women's hips. The demoness takes them dauntlessly, then squats down and uses the floor to push their legs in. All the while Eve's belly would round out more and more while her eyes roll back in pleasure. The last thing Eve did was push on the girl's feet, shoving them up her snatch and into her hot loins. A few spasmodic tugs, and the pair of young women were sealed away in her womb entirely.

Eve looks over to Ianka, then beckons her over. "Mmm, you get to do another first today." Eve says cryptically, giving a rather wicked smirk. Ianka hesitantly obeys, though less hesitantly than before, as her trust for her mistress was building steadily. Eve touches Ianka's groin, then draws her finger back with a twirl. With the motion of Eve's fingers, Ianka would sprout a sizable prick, already at full attention as soon as it was summoned.

Ianka gasps, but before she can form a word, Eve lays back fully and spreads her legs. Ianka almost immediately knew what to do, that lustful pillar between her legs guiding her thoughts. The blue demoness moves between her mistress' legs, taking one in each hand before pushing inwards and lining up to grind her newly given tool over the lips of Eve's needy slit. Eve gasps softly, entertaining Ianka with foreplay for the moment. The two in her womb were not ready just yet, Eve had much to do before the mating began.

Inside of Eve, the two young women would start to age backward steadily. They didn't notice at first, but as they become young teens they start to struggle more vividly. Eve gives a heated moan at the sensation, wrapping her legs around Ianka and grinding firmly with the other demoness. Back inside the two had become prepubescent, and were regressing through childhood. The panic of the two grew, but their ability to fight only diminished, along with the size of Eve's belly.

The two would quickly flash through being toddlers, then infants, and then they were as newborns. As amniotic sacs encased the pair, they'd regress through initial development, first fetuses, then down to barely embryonic. Their consciousness had ended when they became nothing more than embryos, but now the two were just germinal, before un-dividing into nothing more than zygotes, and lastly, unfertilized egg cells. Now was the time, before her body sealed the two away.

"Let the ritual begin, by dear Ianka." Eve says, guiding the blue demoness into her heated drooling slit. Ianka takes quickly to it, pressing her new length deep into Eve with a gasp. It really doesn't take the blue demoness long before she starts to pump her hips rhythmically, breeding her mistress with vigour. Eve gives a lustful cry, using her legs to push the younger demoness into the breeding ritual more intensely. Ianka can hardly keep herself contained, it was almost too much.

The younger demoness nearly hits her limit many times, though Eve slows down, edging Ianka many times over and making the blue demoness all the more lustful with every near orgasm. Finally, neither can resist enough to edge, pushing over the brink together as Ianka shoots her load deep into Eve's womb, re-fertilizing Eve's latest victims. From the other side, Ianka could see exactly why Eve does this, the pleasure was intense, and even in the afterglow, Ianka wanted to do it again.

Within Eve, the two would undergo a rather accelerated re-growth cycle. The two eggs turning into new young demonesses over the next few days, these two purple, a mix of Ianka and Eve. It was quite fast, just as fast as Ianka remembered it, and in time the two would be born again into Eve's ranks. This time, it was Ianka who was tasked with raising and training them. Eve felt that Ianka was suitably turned, and that turning others would be the final step on Ianka's own training.

The New Recruits

Ianka felt a bit unsure as she stands over her newly minted juniors. Since her own meal, the young demoness had gotten noticeably larger, not that she wasn't already tall at a hair over six feet. Now having a couple of inches over six, Ianka stood more than a head over her juniors. Ianka had spent the past week parroting everything she was taught, with a few juicy reminiscings about her own first unbirth. Unlike her, these two were far more eager to get to their first hunt.

Eve had left Ianka with specific instructions, to make sure the last of the girls who had summoned her was tracked down, and to bring a few more victims as well. After all, a demoness needs to 'eat' to sustain her powerbase. Ianka stands before the two, clearing her throat uneasily. "Alright, the first order of business. You two need to track down your former friend, Eve wants the full set of summoners. Second, you will go out and hunt down suitable sacrifices to prove your loyalty." Ianka commands.

Despite not being the most commanding, her charges go into action quickly. Unlike Ianka, they gave into the transformation quickly, and because of that, they'd likely never rise above the other rabble. But Ianka's strong will? That made her a treat for Eve to bend and corrupt, and would make her all the more powerful and devoted when she finally snaps. The others fly off into the night on leathery wings, they still had enough of their previous lives left to know just where to find their friend.

And just enough to level their sights on a particular set of targets for afterward. The two survivors would get some solace, knowing their bullies would go screaming up Eve's cunny. Or perhaps if they played their cards right, up their own hungry demonic snatches. The two fresh minions convince their former friend to come with them, weaving a complex tale of demonic power, and revenge. The truth was, however, if they didn't get Eve what she wanted, they would wind up her next victims for good.

In the face of such a fate, turning on their friend seemed like the best choice. Eve would end up getting her anyway, right? No sense standing up for a lost cause. Placing trust in what the girl thinks is her former friends, she follows them back to Ianka. Sitting alone, Ianka was continuing to reminisce about her first victim. The still young demoness pleasuring herself and imagining her next. Her lust and greed both grow by the minute as she waits for the other two to return.

By the time the two brought their former friend in, Ianka just couldn't help herself. "Give her to me!" Ianka practically roars, snatching the now terrified girl up. Ianka licks her lips, in the heat of the moment, she didn't even care if Eve was upset she stole one of her victims. Ianka needed this young woman, there were no two ways about it, she just had to have her. Ianka concentrates hard, in her rush she'd not even considered she didn't know how to shrink victims.

Ianka turns to the other two demonesses and roars out a command at them. "Don't just stand there, go fetch me more!" Ianka bellows, putting a fear much like Eve had into the two before they dash off to find more prey for their senior and mistress. The two had just the perfect targets in mind, their former bullies. They were always so easy to find, and the two couldn't think of a more perfect way to get the revenge they'd wanted so badly in their previous lives.

But to Ianka the girl's size was no matter, she'd shove the girl in full-sized if she had to. Ianka's sheer lust seemed to drive her otherwise dormant abilities though, giving her exactly what she needed. The terrified girl in her grasp would start to dwindle in size, slipping out of her clothing. The girl slides right down her own pant legs and to the floor before Ianka drops the clothing atop her. With another bestial snarl, Ianka goes after her prey. The tiny girl screams and runs in fear, but it's no use.

Ianka closes the gap with a single stride, pinning the girl underfoot before leaning down and snatching her up. The look in Ianka's eyes was every bit as terrifying as Eve herself, but the soon to be victim would only get to witness it for a few seconds. Ianka moves her prey down, pushing the girl up between her legs and grinding her ass over her wet, hungry slit. The lips that were Ianka's labia wetly brushing over the terrified girl and smothering her in the juices and heat of Ianka's excitement.

The senior demoness holds a look of silent pleasure as her victim slips in, tongue lolling out in ecstasy at the sensation. It was just so satisfying to feel the girl's struggles, the feeling of power was indescribably good, and Ianka would only end up wanting more and more. Indeed, all it took was Eve to give her a little taste, and her morals melted in the face of raw pleasure and power. Inside of Ianka the screaming girl would steadily regress away just like the last one, reverse-aging more and more rapidly.

The girl goes through her teens backward, then childhood and infancy. Before too long she was just an embryo, regressing further and further by the minute and losing consciousness. Outside, Ianka was needily masturbating away, moaning and squirming in the purest pleasure she'd experienced yet. All too soon the girl inside Ianka was rendered down to just a zygote. It was almost over, much to the disappointment of Ianka, but now she understood Eve's want to constantly feed.

The regressed girl would un-divide right back into little more than an ovum and then start its journey up into one of Ianka's ovaries, sending waves of power and pleasure coursing through her body. It was all so amazing that Ianka didn't even notice Eve materialize halfway through the process. Eve clears her throat right above the younger demoness as Ianka pants in the afterglow. Ianka nearly jumped out of her skin at the sight of Eve, she'd just been caught stealing, and feared the worst.

While Ianka had been hard at play, her two juniors had been hard at work. Using trickery the two lured a group of four bullies back to the temporary lair that Ianka and Eve had set up in their late friend's house. Those stupid mean-girls were easy to bait, playing victims, and promising 'something good' in exchange for not being beaten up, those girls followed the two disguised demonesses right to their hot doom at the petals of Eve's voracious vagina and her all-consuming womb.

The two juniors come in to find Eve and Ianka, right as Ianka was bracing for oblivion in Eve's womb. Ianka would instead find Eve's hand on her head, gently patting her in praise. "Well done, my child," Eve says, showing a wicked smile. The powerful, towering, crimson demoness knew her corruption of Ianka was now completed. "You didn't even hesitate this time, I'm proud. And you three had a most adequate first hunt too." Eve says, motioning towards the four shocked bullies as they're lead-in.

"You've certainly come far, my little one." Eve booms. Ianka actually blushes a bit, certainly not expecting a compliment after stealing prey. Eve waves her hand, sealing the entrance with iron bars once again, before her prey can even think of fleeing. "That was your one freebie, however. Should you steal another of my prey like that, you *will* replace them with your own body and soul." Eve says, making Ianka shiver out and nod obediently.

"No... Never, my mistress, my mother." Ianka says obediently. The other two push their captured prey forward out of fear and respect towards Eve and bow. The four bullies were looking around, confused and in disbelief. "Ok, ha-ha, you dweebs got your laughs. Now give me the camera before I turn your dorky little face into a fist-shaped crater!" The seeming leader of the four says, crossing her arms. The two recent converts cackle, before revealing their demonic forms.

Colour drains from the faces of the four as they glance back to the sealed entrance. "This is a joke, right? Where did you get all these special effects?!" Another asks, using loudness to mask building fear. "*Silence!*" Eve booms, snarling at the four girls. With a wave of her hand, the four are thrown back against the wall. Iron vines coil around their ankles and wrists before Eve motions to her three followers. Knowing what Eve wanted innately, they strip her victims of their clothes for Eve.

Eve licks her lips at the sight, and with another wave of her hand reduces the four to mere inches. A swipe of her other hand catches the four in one quick pass. Eve takes a moment to gently lick over the now terrified, struggling and screaming girls. "*Oh yes, you'll all do nicely,*" Eve says in a lustful tone, before pushing all four girls into her already dripping labia at once. Ianka looks at Eve with a bit of lust in her eyes. "Don't just sit there looking, come here and give them a push," Eve commands.

Ianka could have only moved faster if she teleported, her lust building up so rapidly she summons a thick needy shaft all her own. Grabbing her mistress' hips, Ianka thrusts deep and forces the four victims deep into Eve's hungry cunt. Eve roars out in delight, while the two juniors watch with excitement. "Oh fuck, that's hot... Think we'll ever get a turn?" One asks. The other sucks in through her teeth with excitement. "I hope so... I know so many bitches I'd love to jam up my cunt like that!" The other replies.

Eve uses her tail to grab Ianka around the waist and practically takes over, using Ianak's shaft as a plunger to force her latest meal in. The younger demoness goes limp, arching over backward in delight as she feels the shrunken girls squirm against her throbbing shaft. That fat rod pulses needily, building ever closer to an eruptive orgasm. Ianka moans out and arches up into Eve, pushing the four right into her womb, before drowning them in hot demon spunk.

Eve's eyes rolled back in her head, before she gently lays Ianka down under her, the younger demoness utterly spent, and slipping into a blissful sleep. Eve caresses the small bulge in her middle, then shows it off to the watching younglings as it steadily begins to shrink. Their eyes widen as they watch the bullies get un-made, imagining what's going on inside. But for the four girls, it's an all too real experience. The bodies they'd once been so proud of reversing and de-aging.

The plump asses and large breasts they lorded over others shrink away, lush lips vanish into pre-pubescence. Those girls continue to wither away into toddlers, then infants. Their last conscious thoughts are nothing but the nonsense that a newborn thinks when newly born, and then nothingness as they become four fetuses in their own amniotic sacs. It takes Eve longer with four entire girls, there was a lot to absorb all at once. But steadily they shrink away down to early fetuses, then to nothing but blastocysts.

Eve roars out with pleasure as she feels them pass from zygote to nothing but eggs. The four split up, two for each ovary and begin their journey up and to their final home. All the energy from their bodies would end up in Eve, turning into thick, juicy curves and toned muscle. With four at once, you'd really notice a difference on her ass, thighs, and breasts. Though Eve wasn't the only one who gained that night, with the sleeping Ianka showing a full cup-size up since before she'd fed.

The two watch in fascination as Eve's curves grow, and she gains well over 3 inches in height to her already impressive stature. But before the two can muster any words, Eve utters another command. "When Ianka wakes, you three are to hunt again. I expect double... No, *triple* the victims next time. You three will be my star hunters. And to keep you motivated, for every five you bring me, you'll each get one of your own." Those words are enough to make Ianka sit bolt upright and start rubbing her groin.

"Yes mistress, of course mistress!" Ianka says, getting a giggle from the two juniors. "We'll try to keep our Senior from taking all of them for herself." One says. "No promises though." The other chimes in. Eve chuckles. "You know the punishment for theft, either way, I will get my prey, even if I have to devour you in the process," Eve says, getting a gulp in triplicate from her minions.

A Successful Hunt

The three gather up after Eve had left, Ianka having recovered from her pleasure trip since Eve's departure. Motivated by Eve's incentive, Ianka was determined to bring back a haul big enough to sate her own building hunger as well as impress her mistress. And in that vein, she'd interrogate her juniors to find the best hunting grounds to do so. After a bit of talking, the three decide to first hit up the same school the two younger minions attended in their previous life, then to go for a popular spot usually full of jerky, cocky bad-girls.

Eve did have a taste for those that were cockier and full of themselves, and Ianka could easily understand why. Something felt profoundly satisfying about putting those arrogant girls in their place for good. This time the three would use more subterfuge, disguising themselves as normal, mortal humans, even hiding their exotic skin tones. They'd dress in some of the clothes left of the previous victims to pose as new popular girls to better lure their prey, building a ruse about having fun in a derelict house.

Their little ruse of fun, booze, illicit drugs, and sex proves quite the lure. About a dozen and a half girls show up at the old house, all expecting a 'killer' party. Little did those girls suspect, the party would indeed be to die for. However, it would only be Eve and her minions that would have any real fun with the little soiree. As the victims to-be show up, many would question the seeming lack of refreshments or entertainment. Constant reassurance from the disguised trio would placate the guests, for a while at least.

The delay tactics would keep all those cocky she-jerks there *just* long enough for Eve's arrival. And what an arrival it is, Eve appears in a flash of fire and sulfurous smoke. As soon as the smoke clears, Eve would gaze upon the bountiful feast and lick her lips with excitement. "My my, you three have sure been busy. I know putting my faith in you was the right play!" Eve's voice booms. With a wave of her hand, the demon queen seals off the exits with vine-like iron bars.

There would be no escape for this gaggle of girls, letting Eve gluttonously indulge at her own pace, however fast, or slow that was. At first, Eve's buffet would complain, insisting the party was boring, and 'some scantily clad bimbo of a magician' was childish. Eve just laughs at the naivety of her prey, *clearly*, they needed to be shown the gravity of their situation. Eve snatches up the girl who dared call her a bimbo, then stuffs her head-first into her drooling snatch.

At first the room falls silent, then one of the girls yells out. "Eww, the fuck are you doing, you old bag?" Eve ignores the insolence and just shoves her victim further in. The demoness engulfed the young woman's shoulders, then started to squat down smoothly, exerting her prowess by deftly devouring that bad-girl with her vagina. The others stare on in shock, not believing their eyes as the girl becomes little more than a vaguely humanoid lump in Eve's distended belly.

Eve just gives a wicked grin to the rest, before her middle steadily starts to shrink. The terrified girl inside would steadily age in reverse, losing size and shape until she was nothing more than a pregnancy. From there, the girl would whittle away until she's just a flat belly, nothing left but an egg winding its way to one of Eve's ovaries. The other victims to-be looked on in shock, but fear really sets in once Eve's vagina spits out her victim's clothing, showing them that girl was indeed gone.

Eve would move swiftly towards the other girls, licking her lips in wicked desire. The demon queen's will alone would start to shrink roughly a dozen of them, causing the dwindling girls to try and flee. But as they do, they would become entangled in their own clothing, tripping over the garments as they got much too large. Eve then starts to pluck her soon to be meals from the piles of clothing left, gathering them all up into her hands. Eve then sits herself in a nearby chair and leans back.

The large red demoness then proceeds to start popping the girls into her drooling, needy cunt one by one. Each screaming girl brings Eve a wave of pleasure, struggling against the hot, slick folds of her vagina as she presses them in. Eve can't help but roar out in delight as she tucks the third girl into her cunt, pressing her in tightly with the two before her, then squeezing down on all three. Eve nearly crushes the girls, before relaxing her cervix, and letting the three shoot right into her hot, humid and very deadly womb.

The remaining nine girls look up at Eve in terror, before the demoness presses all of them up against her needy folds with a deep desire-filled moan. Without any ceremony, Eve just starts to messily work the lot of them into her slick sex, making a show of it for her minions and the rest of the girls. Ianka and the others grip their groins as the sight works them up, squirming in place and eager for their rewards. Eve wasn't entirely heartless, at least for her loyal and productive minions.

With a nod, Eve gestures to the remaining girls. "One each, unless you want to end up joining these little cunt-snacks," Eve says, between bated breaths of arousal. Ianka lunges and pounces as soon as she's given free rein to, but as she presses her drooling snatch into her intended prey's face, she pauses. Ianka looks to Eve, then the two minions she'd sired, and ponders. After deciding, Ianka lifts up off her victim, and leaned in to whisper "You'll get your turn, soon." She says, before giving a wicked smile.

Ianka then grabs two other girls, and shrinks both down in her hands, looking over to her mistress with a smirk as she does. Eve seems intrigued, though still busy shoving two handfuls of shrunken girls into her sloppy snatch. Ianka pushes the two younger minions into the wall with her shoulders, then shoves both shrunken girls into her juniors. Ianka slightly lifts both of them, making them whine out in surprise and pleasure from the sensation.

Both girls squirm softly as Ianka holds them, and tantalizes their drooling, needy snatches with live, squirming prey. Eve looks on at Ianka, seemingly pleased by the show as she holds the squirming, struggling mass of shrunken girls against her snatch. Eve was letting the struggling of her prey pleasure her as she watched Ianka tease her juniors. The two would whine and squirm as Ianka moves their prey close to their cervixes, then tugs them away over and over.

All the while, Ianka takes turns kissing the younger demonesses, quieting their lustful moans and stoking the fires of her own passion. Before long, the younger demonesses just can't take Ianka's tease anymore, whining out in unison as they reach a wet, and juicy orgasm, drowning their prey with a torrent of female ejaculate. In the heat of their orgasm, Ianka then jams both shrunken girls home into the wombs of her juniors. The two younger demonesses howl out with delight, then go limp against Ianka.

Whimpering in an overload of pleasure, both younger demonesses slump to the floor in front of Ianka as soon as she releases them. Inside the two victims would age backward steadily, just like any snack taken into those deadly wombs would. Combined with the sexual tease, the young demonesses just couldn't take all the pleasure, orgasming once again. The two then pass out, cuddled together on the floor before Ianka.

Ianka then moves to take her victim, dragging the terrified girl over in front of Eve. Ianka then sits down, smothering her meal to be with her inflamed, leaking folds and grinding back and forth. Ianka then pushes the girl's head into her cunt, getting a renewed struggle from her. Enjoying this exhibitionism, Ianka slowly stands up, moving her prey to sit below her, before steadily sitting back down. Ianka gasps in delight as she's stretched out around her meal's chest, and a definitive bulge of the girl's head and arms inside her belly show.

Ianka is quick to repeat the process, standing up, and getting her prey to her knees, before sitting and driving her further. The demoness' belly domes out steadily with her young prey, making her moan and gasp with delight. One more effort was all Ianka needed, standing and getting the girl on her feet, then slamming down hard to drive her home. The girl is forced to curl up inside her womb, making Ianka moan and finally reach her peak.

A thick, musky discharge splatters from Ianka's snatch, getting all over the floor as well as the demoness' inner thighs. Ianka takes a moment to get back to her feet, hands rubbing over her full belly. But Ianka was still far from satisfied, sexually speaking. The demoness moves over and snatches up the two remaining girls, descending on Eve with a lustful look. She presses her hands against Eve's, helping to push the mass of struggling, screaming prey into her cunt.

Ianka's tail would hold the other two in place by their necks as she helps her mistress feed. Using her hand, she'd push the mass of squirming girls deep into Eve's pussy, holding them against her mistress' eager cervix. That ring would flex downwards, pursing over the prey one by one, slurping them up into Eve's womb greedily as Ianka holds them close. One by one, the girls would end up inside Eve's womb, trapped and bound for regression like any other meal.

Inside Eve, the process had already begun for the early three, leaving them as mere toddlers by the time the other girls started to join them. Inside Ianka, her own victim had regressed to a young teen, and was rapidly getting younger and smaller. Across the room, the two slumbering minions had both finished their own prey off. Just zygotes remaining, before they finally regress down to eggs and begin the long, slow journey up to the young demonesses' ovaries.

Eve continued to suck her prey up, one by one, until there was only one remaining in her vaginal cavity. Ianka then pushes the last one up into Eve, making her mistress groan in delight. But the senior minion wasn't done yet, she had two more to feed to Eve. Ianka takes the first, then presses the girl's face into Eve's snatch. The girl gasps as she's released from the tight grasp of Ianka's tail, only to scream as she's pressed face-first into Eve's pussy.

Eve relishes the feeling of muffling those screams with her cunt, then groans as Ianka pushes the girl's whole head inside. Ianka moves to hold the girl out straight, then pushes with full force, jamming the girl up into Eve right to her hips and making her mistress roar with delight. Meanwhile, most of those smaller girls had become a collection of zygotes by now, pushed out of the way by the larger girl entering, while those who had become eggs were already on their way to both of Eve's ovaries.

So much feeding had greatly accentuated Eve's musculature and curves, making her all the more intimidating and gorgeous. So many girls were now just fat and muscle for the large red demoness, amplifying her powers as much as her looks. Eve hadn't fed this well in one sitting in such a long time, and the look of pure ecstasy on her face was evidence of how much she enjoyed this gluttony. Inside of Ianka, her own victim was now just a fetus, continuing to regress and add to Ianka's form as well.

The younger demoness' ass, breasts, and hips would swell with fat, while her musculature becomes more defined and toned as well. Ianka was starting to show the traits and figure of a successful huntress, though nowhere near what Eve had, even before this night. Another firm push sends the first of the remaining girls up into Eve fully, doming out Eve's belly quite nicely. But before Eve could even think of relaxing, Ianka starts to shove the other in, feet first this time.

As Ianka works the second into Eve, she finishes with her own prey. The last cells un-dividing into an egg which is whisked away to her right ovary. In the aftermath, Ianka lets out a wet, sloppy queef, ejecting the victim's clothing much as Eve had earlier. The feeling makes Ianka pause and shiver for a moment, before she resumes feeding Eve. Another good shove and that girl was lodge up inside next to the other, forced to compete for space inside of Eve's womb.

The two wouldn't be forced to compete for the cramped space for long though, as they begin to regress in tandem to a pair of pre-teens, then back to mere toddlers. Outside, Ianka watches her mistress' belly shrink, laying against Eve in sexual exhaustion as he mistress pets over her. Ianka lazily climbs up and into Eve's arms, caressing her shrinking belly and starting to pass out. As Ianka does, Eve would gather up the other two, and make her leave of the mortal realm.

But before she did, those final two girls had finished, passing from toddler to fetus, then down to nothing but a blob of cells. Those blobs regressed to zygotes, and finally just eggs, like all the rest. The eggs make their way to Eve's ovaries, one for each side. In the afterglow, Eve herself finally reaches a massive climax, expelling the clothing of both girls with a wet "splort" and a torrent of gooey female spunk. Eve sighs in delight, Giving all three of her minions a fond hug.

"You three have done so well, I think I will keep our deal in place for our future hunts. But for now, I grow weary, and we must return to my realm." Eve states. With the prospect of those continues rewards, the three were left drooling from both ends and squirming with excitement for the next hunt. Just how many would the three be able to capture, and how many would they get for *themselves*? Ianka and the two new converts could hardly contain their excitement.

With all that lust and excitement build-up, the three almost cried as Eve informed them they would have to leave Earth and return to the citadel Eve called home. But demons like them could only remain in the mortal world for so long, and their time was well up. With reluctance, the three circle-up with Eve and she cuddles them up, vanishing in a flash of light and leaving the mortal plane for the time being. The three would reappear within Eve's bedchambers, as good a place as any to end their adventure.

Once home, Eve cuddles into bed with the three and nods off, sleeping off the pleasurable exhaustion with them. This had been one of the best hunts Eve had in a long time, and she'd need a good long rest. But when Eve finally awoke, she'd be filled with energy and new power. Eve would gently wake her new star huntresses, then whisper quietly how proud she was of them. Eve would also add in she expected many more fruitful hunts from the three as well, and reiterating the rewards.

Those Eternally Within

It had been quite a wild night, and an equally wild week before. So many new experiences and pleasures, for both Ianka, and her two charges. The still young demoness' head was still swimming with pleasure the morning after. But more than just her head, there was a strange pressure in her belly. It wasn't at all unpleasant, far from it really. Ianka felt good, filled, but while her more sexual and debaucherous appetites were sated, her curiosity was growing.

Not knowing who better to turn to, Ianka would go to her mistress. After working up the courage to pester Eve, of course. Ianka had seen Eve devour other minions just for pestering her, but she hoped her good performance would buy her sway. With a gulp, the blue demoness knocks on Eve's door, then waits for an answer. "Who dares disturb my post-meal rest?!" Eve bellows from the far side. Ianka takes another swallow, mustering her courage. "It is I, your humble servant Ianka." She replies.

Some rustling and rummaging can be heard from within Eve's room, as she makes herself more 'presentable' for Ianka. Though given Eve usually walked around in the nude, it wasn't much effort to 'dress up' for a visitor. "Enter, young one." Eve finally says. Ianka doesn't hesitate for a moment, quickly entering, and bowing to her mistress. "Forgive my intrusion, mistress, but I wanted to ask you about... About a feeling... Inside." Ianka explains rather apprehensively.

"I feel a pressure inside, like there's something inside my belly" Ianka adds, in response to a silent head tilt from Eve. "That's entirely normal, my child. Come, take a seat, and your mother will explain everything." Eve states, patting her lap. Ianka does exactly as told, sitting in the larger demoness' lap like a child. "Your prey aren't just gone after you finish regressing them. Alongside all that muscle and fat, you get their whole soul." Eve explains.

Ianka looks up at Eve with wonder in her eyes, silently listening to her mistress. "Those girls you devoured last night are still very much alive and conscious. Their souls, their entire being, all of it now trapped in your ovaries." Eve says. Ianka can't help but squirm a bit, pressing at her own flanks. "Can they hear me?" Ianka asks, getting a nod from Eve. "This still feels a bit odd, mistress," Ianka says, continuing to press at her sides with some concern.

"Do not fret, my child. This is a natural feeling for a predatory demoness, in time you will learn to appreciate and enjoy it." Eve reassures. Ianka blushes a bit, moving her hands more boldly to Eve's sides. "Does that mean you have?" Ianka asks. "Yes." Eve interrupts. "You must have thousands..." Ianka muses. "Millions, my dear, *millions*." Eve corrects. Ianka squirms a bit, her snatch squirting a thick, wet blob of excitement right into Eve's lap.

Ianka looks at her mistress, flustered and aroused, and just a bit embarrassed she'd squirted right in Eve's lap. Eve rolls with it though, taking Ianka's hands and helping the younger demoness caress her sides, pressing in deep to feel her large, full ovaries. "They feel so big mistress, so full..." Ianka says, quivering in Eve's grasp. "Are you jealous, my child?" Eve asks in a teasing tone, causing Ianka to blush. "Very... And I wish my own were so full." Ianka admits.

Eve chuckles softly, continuing to help Ianka rub and caress her ovaries through her toned, plump flanks, pushing into her attractive love handles to feel the warmth of millions, possibly *hundreds* of millions of souls trapped inside. "You can tease and enjoy your own too, my child. You can get them riled up, and enjoy as your victims squirm within you for all time." Eve says, making Ianka shiver and arch her back. "I want to feel them squirm, and struggle uselessly inside me!" Ianka says, pressing into her mistress with building need.

Eve moves Ianka's hands back to her own flanks, helping her rub and caress her ovaries softly. Ianka was far, far less full than her mistress, pouting just a bit. But Eve gives Ianka a reassuring look, pressing her hands more firmly into the young demoness' sides. "Your new goddess requires pleasure, so you better start squirming in there, if you value whatever pathetic, little existence you still have left. *Or else*." Eve says, voice booming commandingly.

At the threat from Eve, those souls start to pulse and squirm, begging for mercy with muffled wails. Almost immediately, Ianka starts to squirm in Eve's lap, moaning and groaning with delight. Within mere moments a thick waterfall of honey starts to drool from Ianka's cunt, bathing her mistress' lap with thick excitement. Ianka just groans and pants, barely even able to speak. "Th-ha-hank you mi-hiss-tress!" Ianka pants out between deep needy breaths during her pleasure.

"Now, how about you try teasing them yourself? Let me see what your naughty little mind comes up with, my child." Eve says, smirking to Ianka. "Mmph, your entire lives, your existence, it's all mine now. Your only remaining duty is to pleasure me, that's why I keep you around. Why I let you feel anything!" Ianka says, pressing both her hands against her ovaries and squirming in delight. Eve chuckles, moving Ianka off her lap, then showing off a bit herself.

"Squirm for your mother, my millions. All of you weren't good enough to make it outside, not like your sister Ianka. No, you're all better off in my ovaries, your bodies went to feed mine, and make me look all the better." Eve says, causing the audible moans and groans of millions from inside her. A dull glow emanating from her sides, showing through her wide, curvy form. "No matter how much you struggle, or beg, my ovaries are your world now, and nothing will ever free you!" Eve adds.

The moaning and glow both intensify, making Eve sigh out in delight. Ianka just watches in awe, fingers delving deep into her own snatch. "Enjoy the room you have while you can... One day you'll be packed in just as tightly as in mistress' ovaries." Ianka quietly says, groaning out as she hits the peak of her orgasm, and gushes all over Eve's bed with a sweet little moan. Eve smirks playfully before putting a hand on Ianka's chest, pushing her over, then sitting on her minion's face.

"Now, since you woke me, and got me worked up, I think it's only fair you help all your sisters *inside*, and pleasure mother from the *outside*." Eve booms, licking her lips. Eve was quite proud of Ianka, but she had her own needs too. Ianka slowly suckles and kisses her mistress' lower lips, darting her long demon tongue deep into Eve and searching for her mistress' sweet spots. Normally, Ianka would be terrified of that slit, but the memories of being shoved into it, and reborn from Eve were starting to take on a new light.

In the past week or so, Eve went from a terrifying mistress Ianka would have sooner run from than indulged in anything carnal, to a mistress she was starting to adore like a perverted mother. And with that warming affection to Eve, Ianka dives in deeply, holding nothing back from her mistress' pleasure. Ianka slurps, licks and suckles wetly, putting her all into pleasing and pleasuring her mistress. "Mmph, mistress, your honey is so rich and sweet.~" Ianka compliments, 'coming up' briefly for air.

"Mmhm, every soul devoured makes my juices sweeter, thicker, and richer. Along with enhancing my body, and the sensitivity of my slick, needy tunnel of devourment." Eve boasts. Ianka groans out, flicking her own tail up between her legs to work on her own building second orgasm. The younger demoness would reach up, rubbing at her mistress's groaning, moaning, glowing flanks, kneading them while her lips, tongue and even teeth pleasure Eve's hot love-tunnel.

Eve relishes every moment of pleasure delivered by her minion, and the millions of squirming souls within her. Ianka's unrelenting cunnilingus and rubs along her flanks and into her radiant ovaries were helping to build her demonic ecstasy more and more. Eve was riding the edge of orgasm, panting and pressing down against Ianka, almost starting to devour her, and only just resisting the urge to do so. Ianka shivers under Eve at the threat, whimpering into her mistress' slick tunnel.

Ianka's fear was just the push Eve needed, cresting over the brim, and into a massive orgasm. Copious amounts of thick honey flood from her snatch, flavoured from her countless victims. Ianka has to start swallowing it, or risk drowning in her mistress' pleasure. Mouthful after mouthful of rich honey courses down the younger demoness' throat, making her squirm and claw at her own groin from the flavor of her mistress' intoxicating pleasure.

Every gulp of that lusty, prey flavoured excretion made Ianka lust for more of her own victims. The more relieved Eve got, the more lust-filled Ianka would become, as if drinking Eve's juices transferred her mistress' boundless lust into her body. And by the end of a several minute orgasm, Ianka's groin was aching, while Eve was quite satisfied. Eve stands up after letting Ianka finish cleaning up her dripping slit, giving a smirk at Ianka, then walking off.

What a cruel mistress Eve could be, leaving Ianka hanging so. The younger minion would spend her day eagerly pleasing herself, teasing her former prey, but all to little avail. All Ianka could do was temporarily sate the pangs of hunger she felt in her womb, and further whet her own appetite. Eve had done a number on the formerly hesitant demoness, in just a week she went from unsure, to a needy predator. And Eve couldn't have been more pleased with how she turned out.

Ianka would eventually find her juniors, then make the pair help her relieve her own tension, giving them much the same treatment Eve did to her. Ianka lords her own superior number of prey over the two, even threatening to add them to her numbers if they couldn't bring her to the orgasm she so badly needed. The two shivered with a fear reminiscent of what Eve would instill in them at the threats, and feeling the handful of souls squirming within Ianka's ovaries.

Of course, as a side effect, those two subordinates would find out about teasing their own victims, indulging with a few taunts while taking turns going down upon Ianka. The two would remind their first victims of their eternal fate, teasing them and telling them how much better off they are as prey. But the main attraction was having the two rub and torment Ianka's victims, making their senior squirm in delight before jetting thick honey all over the pair, and flopping back in delight.

In the afterglow, the two press up alongside Ianka, caressing her sides and kissing up her neck. And for the moment, Ianka would feel just like Eve. She relishes in that feeling of comparative power and dominance, and fully understands her mistress. Her corruption was totally and utterly complete, making her just like every other minion, though perhaps just a bit more motivated. She also held a more earnest adoration for Eve, alongside the same fear all her minions shared.

Soon enough Mistress Eve would plan another hunt for Ianka and her two subordinates, they had proved themselves well on their first hunt, and Eve was eager to see how they improved with experience. Eve had a never-ending hunger, only kept in check by her inability to stay in the mortal realm indefinitely. And with her little reward strategy, those young, eager girls would most certainly bring her another haul to be proud of.

With such promise, Eve herself could scarcely wait for her own next meal, feeling a similar lusty excitement to her young, and *well-motivated* new minions.

- End -
