

Coffee for Life
by Holo

Jessi couldn't stop staring at the pretty woman sitting across the cafe. The stranger was tall tabby cat, with long hair, sipping a latte and reading a book. Any normal person gazing at her would probably be thinking about asking her out, but Jessi wasn't normal. The oozing parasite Alpha that had infected her body put just one thought into her mind: consume. She and it couldn't live without occasionally absorbing the life force of others, and this usually meant eating them. The stranger was pretty, sure, but in the way that a well-prepared meal is.

"One tall mocha for Jessi!" the barista called out. Jessi smirked and got up from her seat, brushing her hair out of her eyes as she approached the counter and picked up her coffee. Drink in hand, she moved through the cafe and sat next to the stranger. Jessi was shorter by at least a head, and a bit more slender. The stranger would be... filling, to say the least.

The woman looked up from her book and glanced over at Jessi. "Uh... Can I help you?"

Jessi smiled, showing her teeth. It took some effort to not lick over her own fangs. "I'm sure you can," she cooed, scooting her chair closer, uncomfortably close.

The lady slid her coffee away, and her chair. "Look, uh, do I know you? I'm not really looking for company."

"Me neither." There was a slight hissing underneath the forced softness of Jessi's voice. "And I don't really care to know you, but I do need something from you." She grabbed the stranger's arm and grinned. Her heart-shaped pupils pulsed in her eyes, and a drop of black ichor dripped from between her sharp teeth.

The woman suddenly noticed all those things. The wrong shapes of the pupils, the sludge dripping like drool through the cracks in Jessi's smile. She tried to pull away, but Jessi was strong, very strong. "Let go!" she shouted. Heads turned to look at the pair, and Jessi flicked her gaze toward the crowd. Her audience.

Jessi leaned in and opened her jaws, stretching them unnaturally wide. Her black tongue Fell from her jaws and she pulled on the woman, dragging the cat's head into her own hungry jaws. A struggle ensued. The cat grabbed Jessi's shoulders and tried to push away, but Jessi's Alpha-enhanced strength was superhuman. She pulled and gulped, dragging the cat's muzzle into her throat. In a panic, the cat extended her claws and sliced at Jessi's neck, making the pure-white canine growl as her flesh was cut. Black blood dripped from the lacerations for a moment, before the wounds sealed themselves.

The crowd in the cafe started to flee as they witnessed Jessi swallowing someone whole, in addition to her inhuman regenerative abilities. Customers and employees alike both made for the doors, taking furtive glances back at the unearthly scene that was unfolding.

The corners of Jessi's mouth turned up into a grin, and she slid her tongue over the face of the cat that she was swallowing. The taste of her flesh was sweet, but nothing compared to the taste of her fear and energy. Jessi grabbed her under her arms and lifted, taking another heavy swallow. Her throat bulged with the cat's head. She was bigger than Jessi was used to swallowing, and Jessi's eyes watered as she fought the urge to gag.

It was too late to turn back anyways. The coffee shop had emptied, and she was too impatient to stalk another meal. Her heavy swallowing was audible as she wrestled with the cat,

opening her jaws wider as she tried to fit in a set of broad shoulders. The lady kicked at her gut, so Jessi lifted her up and pushed her against a wall to pin her legs down. Her arms were already pressed to her sides by the pressure of Jessi's jaws, and black drool was dripping down her body as she was swallowed. Jessi's throat swelled as she squeezed a pair of shoulders into them, and her tongue lapped at the cat's belly. Jessi's own stomach growled with hunger, impatient at how long it was taking to get the meal down into it.

Jessi was starting to pant, her breath coming heavy from her nose as she struggled. Her throat was stretched to its limit, almost choking her as she frantically tried to swallow down the pretty cat lady. Jessi grabbed her hips and shoved and pulled. The tabby had stopped struggling, and Jessi's middle began to bulge, groaning as it was filled. Jessi became acutely aware of another problem; she was barely managing to swallow the woman down, and she was no longer certain if she'd be able to stomach her. The button on Jessi's jeans popped off, and her striped top rode up her belly as it overswelled the bounds of the shirt.

Her own hunger had certainly gotten the better of her, as the cat's wide hips were squeezed past Jessi's jaws. The white canine's legs began to buckle from her growing weight and the increasing strain on her body, until she fell to her knees. She moved a hand from her prey to her stomach as it filled out, stretching to an uncomfortable size. Her gut bulged in awkward shapes as her meal was folded into her insides, and she did her best to press down the bulges made by splayed arms.

Her mouth hung open as she swallowed, over and over again, forcing a pair of legs down. They were easier on her throat than the shoulders and hips, but every inch of them she dragged in was another inch her stomach was forced to stretch, and it already felt dangerously full. Her whole body was trembling with the effort, and her face, once sporting a confident grin, was now fallen into a defeated and pained frown.

She was swallowing out of necessity now. She couldn't get up and walk off with legs in her throat and feet in her mouth, and so she kept gulping. Her mouth closed around the last of her meal, sealing it in. Jessi hunched over, leaning forward onto her belly to try and shift the pressure on it. It didn't help, but it fortified her mentally.

Her flesh was groaning, creaking from fullness by the time she finally squeezed the entire body into her stomach. Her gut was stretched bigger than she was, leaving Jessi panting in pain, and burping to try and ease off the sharp shocks of fullness that coursed through her guts. The churning of her stomach echoed off the walls of the deserted cafe.

Jessi lifted a hand to the table nearby, and with effort managed to lug herself back to her feet. She glanced over at the table, and spotted the tabby's book, and a pair of now-cold coffees. A weak grin flickered over her face, and she pocketed the little book, and grabbed both of the coffees before hobbling her way to the back door. After she slept off her meal, she'd need the coffees to rehydrate, and after that, she'd be ready for another hunt.