

(A/N: This is part of a trade with [darkflame8](#) A.K.A. [darkflame8](#) )

Sabrina had arrived home a bit later than usual. She took the same commute that she normal used, but had arrived with additional company whom she met on the subway. Following her into the humble abode were six other young women, each gazing lustfully at their host's ample ass and luscious legs.

"Just take a seat on the couch," Sabrina said, referring to the two-cushion sofa in the center of the living room. "I'm going to get some stuff from my room."

The sextet of guests did as they were told, allowing Sabrina to eye up her visitors. Perched on the right arm rest was an Argentinian by the name of Camila Rey, brushing some of her neck-length, chestnut hair away from her chocolate eyes with her sun-kissed hands. Resting on the right cushion, a Scot known as Skye Lìos yawned and cupped her pale hands behind her mid-back-length ginger locks, heavy green eyes nearly shut from the long trip. The woman slouching to her left, a Namibian named Tuli Risser, placed her shoulder-length white-follicle-covered head on her sable arms, her sapphire pupils dreary from boredom. An Azerbaijani called Zahra İbrahimoglu lazed on the left cushion, her green eyes narrowing as her olive-skinned fingers fidgeted with her smartphone until its screen lit up and illuminated her chin-length dyed-blue hair. Bouncing next to her was a Papua New Guinean referred to as Karma Pokana, whose red eyes were wide with excitement at being in Sabrina's home and bald albino skin matched nicely with the red couch on the ivory carpet. Rounding out the group was a Guatemalan named Yoselin Velásquez, poised on the left arm rest and holding a small mirror in her bronzed-skinned hands, allowing her to apply makeup to her ear-length, raven hair and onyx eyes.

"Ok," Tuli replied. "Don't be long."

Sabrina entered her bedroom and spotted a tangle of wires and circuits jumbled in the closet, which, upon further inspection, she recognized it as her filming supplies. *I really should organize this stuff better.* She thought before rummaging through the pile to find the relevant tech.

As Sabrina was searching for the equipment, she took a moment to look at one of her most treasured artifacts. Framed on the wall adjacent to her bed was a picture of a slender lady, mid-back-length reddish-black hair running down her spine and piercing azure irises focused on her three-meter-wide expanded abdomen. The amorphous organ

was massaged by her hands while her scarlet lips parted in a manner that implied she was releasing a colossal belch. The Top Pred Eva was by far one of, if not the most successful and gluttonous of all predators in history, with a prey count numbering well into the tens of thousands. Her appetite for women and fame drove her to score many multi-million dollar contracts and sponsors from the most influential Predator Based Corporations in the world, securing her wealth and notoriety. Such is the life of a Vore Runway model.

*Someday*, The blonde thought, her crimson lips curled into a determined smirk. *I'll be in your league.*

“Yo, Sabrina!” Karma hollered. “Are you done?”

Finally snapped out of her trance, the blonde carried the video and audio recording software into the living room. She placed the laptop on a coffee table on the opposite side of the living room from the couch, then hooked up a webcam on top of the portable computer. Upon activating the machine, a grin confirmed that it was capable of filming whatever faced the screen.

“Okay, let’s get started.” Sabrina exclaimed. “Who wants to go first?”

Karma immediately stood up. “I’ll go!”

“I’ll join her.” Zahra soon followed.

“Great,” Sabrina replied, walking toward the group of visitors. “Do you want to take your clothes off first?”

“That will take too long.” The Azerbaijani answered with a shake of her head.

The Papua New Guinean nodded in agreement. “I’d rather get this over with.”

*Not many people are so willing to do this.* The nude blonde thought, smiling in anticipation. “Well, I won’t keep you.”

Zahra and Karma brought their heads to Sabrina’s mouth, which widened beyond normal human measure. A nigh-inaudible popping sound indicated that the jaw unhinged, followed by Karma’s smooth cranium and Zahra’s blue-clad head filling the ever-growing maw. So eager were Karma and Zahra to enter her host’s body that Sabrina had a harder-than-usual time keeping pace with her prey, the swallowing occurring at a rapid tempo to match their exuberance. In the span of a few seconds, the pair were up to their chests inside Sabrina, Zahra’s red t-shirt and Karma’s yellow crop top drenched in saliva to help them slide down more easily. Imprint of their heads appeared in Sabrina’s bulging throat, the expression of ecstasy etched on their faces could be seen even beneath a layer of elastic skin. So hyper were these women that Sabrina had to use her hands to hold Zahra and Karma in place in order to consume them in a safe manner, now at the Azerbaijani’s and Papua New Guinean’s asses. Zahra and Karma’s faces squeezed through the sphincter leading to Sabrina’s stomach and descended into the digestive organ, landing in a shallow puddle of viscous juices. Humid air permeated the interior, a miasma of stomach acid and previous eaten meals filled the duo’s nostrils, making them even more excited. They tried reaching their hands to their southern extremities to relieve the tension but were unable to. Sabrina felt cum bleeding through Zahra’s green shorts and Karma’s black jean shorts, so she decided to help them climax, worming her tongue into their undergarments and piercing the vaginas before licking them thoroughly. A few seconds later, Karma and Zahra ejaculated, semen geysering forth from their womanhoods and painting the floor in an ivory hue.

*I hope the other girls are as horny as you.* Sabrina mused, lifting Karma and Zahra’s cum-covered legs up over her mouth then letting gravity slide the marinated meat through her gullet, getting a final taste of Karma’s bare feet and Zahra’s yellow heels.

Sabrina’s belly bloated out even further now that the whole of Karma and Zahra were inside, taking on a vaguely ovular shape with their faces, hands and feet pushing against the skin at various points. “They tasted wonderful,” Sabrina turned her head to the camera while palming her paunch in pleasure. “A bit chubby around the waists, but their cum gave them some much welcomed flavor.” The predcam girl paused to thump a fist to her chest, emitting an epic eructation that polluted the living room with sickly jade haze, before raising another hand to facetiously cover her mouth. “Oh, excuse me! It must have been something I ate.”

In addition to stinking up Sabrina’s home, the belch also removed the air supply from inside her belly, deflating it and revealing a more detailed visage of Karma and Zahra’s fetal positioned bodies. They squirmed less frantically, probably due to a lack of oxygen, and when Sabrina poked Karma and Zahra through her belly, they felt... softer.

“I guess my stomach’s already going to work on them.” Sabrina commented. “Even with my efficient metabolism, that’s impressive.” She took a few moments to probe and prod her engorged gut before shifting her focus to the others. “Who’s next?”

The quartet of women shared glances until two stepped up. “Us.” Skye stated, referring to herself and Tuli, offering their hands to Sabrina’s mouth.

“We don’t care if we wear clothes or not, it doesn’t really matter in the end.” Tuli piped up.

Sabrina took Tuli and Skye’s hands and sucked them into her mouth, pulling their arms closer to her lips. Another gulp yanked the Namibian and Scot’s forearms further down Sabrina’s esophagus, drool soaking the redhead’s argent long-sleeved shirt and the snow-haired woman’s green tank top. The blonde predator stretched her jaws even farther apart so as to encompass Tuli and Skye’s head and shoulders, pausing to savor the meals’ soft faces and lickable locks of hair before continuing. Skye and Tuli saw nothing in the lightless black of Sabrina’s mouth, but they felt their hands pop though the stomach sphincter and touch the rapidly liquefying figures that were Zahra and Karma. The blonde dragged even more of the duo into her mouth, currently on their waists, before undoing Skye’s azure jeans and Tuli’s yellow sweatpants and removing Skye’s matching boots and Tuli’s red tennis shoes. After all, they expressed their ambivalence towards their attire for this event and Sabrina wanted to make their last moments memorable. Sabrina dug her index fingers into Tuli and Skye’s vags to arouse her meals, masterfully stroking the interior with the ease of an experience finger fucker. Her quarry thrashed about inside the stuffed stomach, though less so than Karma and Zahra, until they ended up spraying the floor in a second layer of bodily fluid. Barely conscious, Skye and Tuli resigned to their fate and were pushed herself deeper into Sabrina’s extended abdomen, squishing into Karma and Zahra’s dissolving bodies. Sabrina slurped up Tuli and Skye’s legs like a quartet of noodles, their ejaculate-coating giving them more lubrication to slide down her throat, licking her lips to extract any remaining flavor she could.

Sabrina’s gut once again took on a more rotund shape, of course the distinction now being that it contained more melting meat inside. “Oh… they’re squirming so volatily in there,” Sabrina breathed to the camera. “Those girls must be enjoying themselves.” She felt gas swell up in her throat, and decided this time to share her meal with her two remaining guests. “**\*BBBBUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPPP!\*** I bet you two enjoyed that.” Sabrina cum-scented belch blew back Camila and Yoselin’s hair, an additional aroma of digesting dames dominating their nasals. However, in lieu of being disgusted, the duo giggled lustfully and stroked their hosts bulging belly.

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“I’ll take that as a ‘yes.’” The predator said. “Clothes on or off?”

Camila responded by tripping herself of her light blue blouse, white skirt, and yellow heels. “We’ve waited this long, so what’s a couple seconds?”

“We want to feel every inch of skin go down your slimy, hot throat.” Yoselin added, now void of her sky blue tube top, white yoga pants, and green flip-flops.

“Also, could you please not eat us out, while you’re eating us up?” The Argentinian requested.

The Guatemalan concurred. “We have something special in mind once we enter your belly.”

Sabrina nodded, having a good idea what they meant, and chose to start with the Latinas’ legs. They giggled as her tongue tickled their toes, offering an impromptu foot massage before gulping up to their knees. Sabrina’s cheeks ballooned like a chipmunk as more of the tan flesh entered her gaping maw, her tongue making sure to lick every patch of skin that it could before moving on. Camila and Yoselin were sweating up a storm, finding it difficult to avoid prematurely giving into their primal urges with every swallow of their bodies that Sabrina took. In seconds, they could feel their feet pass into the stomach and step in the semi-solid pile of meat that were their compatriots, submerging into the mass like one would a mud bath. The sensation of sinking into the avaricious abyss that was Sabrina only grew as the blonde arrived at their midsection, eyes nearly rolling into their heads as they struggled to control themselves. Sabrina couldn’t help but sample the pair’s bodacious butts, savoring the tender flesh whilst lathering them up with her saliva to better engulf the delicious derrieres. Enough of Camila and Yoselin had been eaten that Sabrina was able to hoist the duo into the air, letting gravity assist in their descent. A particular strong swallow brought Sabrina to the Argentinian and the Guatemalan’s perky breasts, their milky cannons pervaded by her slick tongue and lactating nutritious ivory liquid. The dairy deluge caused Sabrina’s mouth to comically swell with enough fluid, eliciting a childish chuckle from Camila and Yoselin and prompting another gulp from Sabrina.

At this point, only the Latinas' heads remained free, the feeling of arousal was almost overwhelming as her warm breath wafted toward their noses, an omen of their fate as her food. With a playful wink, Sabrina swallowed a final time, sending the Latinas plummeting into the depths of her digestive tract. Once fully encapsulated in Sabrina's tummy, Camila and Yoselin immediately got to work releasing their pent up sexual frustration, the energetic rhythms of their vorgy stirring up pockets of air that Sabrina was all too willing to let out.

“\*HHHHHHUUUUUUOOOORRRRRRPPPPP!\*

”

The subsequent burp rattling the walls of her room, threatening to collapse her home completely. Thankfully, such a fate was avoided, although much of her belongings were knocked down and damaged. The Latinas must have been turned on by the gaseous outburst, as their ingestive intercourse became even more kinetic, conjuring up yet further maelstroms of rancid stomach vapor. This led to a cycle of fucking, burping, fucking, burping, until at last Camila and Yoselin came and fainted from arousal.

Now that her belly had calmed down, Sabrina shifted focus to the laptop and patted her belly like a drum. “Well, hopefully you got a few good laughs out of that,” She mused, rocking her obtuse abdominal area horizontally as if to bring future viewers under its hypnotic sway and lure in more potential meals. “I’ll need a lot of air fresheners to get this place smelling fine again.” She said petting her belly, feeling it begin to sag down to the floor as its occupants become more soupy. A few taps of her fingers sent ripples across her tummy, akin to a pebble skipping over water, showing how quickly the meal was breaking down into nutrients despite the sheer amount of matter inside. Over the course of the digestive process, more eructations were unleashed, echoing throughout her home and knocking down even more of her property. Her laptop was fortunate enough to survive the gassy hurricane, the webcam on top having filmed the whole event.

At a point, Sabrina began to tire, likely a delayed reaction to a food coma caused by ingesting all of that protein in a single sitting. Sabrina felt that it was time to rest, so she set an alarm on her phone and laid on her sofa with her belly covering the carpet, the lullaby of her digestive gurgles and meaty belches helping her to drift into slumber. She knew that due to her advanced metabolism, her weight gain would only total to 30 pounds tops, but at this very moment, she felt content. The road to greatness was slow, but an upside was that it allowed her to relish in every gluttonous, voracious second of progress, which was something that Sabrina would indeed savor.