

21's Futa Feast (Food TF, Vore, Dragonball)

"Mmm~, mmmm~, mmmm-mmmmmm, mmmm~, oh, oh, my oh, simply delectable~."

Elbows in the dirt of the generic DBZ wasteland, Android 18 grit her teeth and shuffled back another few feet, her body rigid with fear.

Not three meters away stood the pink monstrosity, her latest victim already halfway in her mouth. Screwing up her eyes, Android 21 suckled on the lollipop she'd made of Bulma, slurping it hard, before pulling its saliva-sticky form from her mouth with a plop. Legs spread, a stick up her sex, and her hands spread in a pair of v-signs, Bulma didn't exactly look as if she were enjoying the process.

Sticking her back in her mouth, Android 21 crunched her to pieces and swallowed with a tremendous gulp. "Mmm~, delicious." The remains of Videl and Chi Chi lay at her feet, a handful of crumbs and a few tiny pieces of chocolate, respectively.

Slurping up the last of Bulma, Android 21 tossed aside her stick and turned her attention back to 18. "Now it's your turn," she said, licking her lips. "I wonder how delicious *you'll* taste."

18 grit her teeth and snarled, digging her fingers deep into the dirt. There had to be something she could do to get out of this situation, didn't there? She couldn't just lie here and let this monster *eat* her!

Android 21 cocked her head, a smile playing on her lips. "Go on, try to run," she said, taking a step forward. "The fear only makes you more delicious."

A bead of sweat dripped from 18's brow. With a scream, she threw herself to her feet and flung herself at the other android, fist raised.

It never made contact. Inches from her opponent's face, 18 slammed to a stop, a thick pink tail coiled tight around her waist. She squirmed and punched, but all 21 had to do was stretch it a little and she was out of reach.

21 smirked. "I'm going to especially enjoy *you*." And she planted her finger on 18's nose.

"No! Don't—!" These were the last words 18 managed to speak. An instant later, 21's transformation beam crashed into her, striking her head and running through her body. She screamed, writhing like she'd been electrocuted.

And then, in a puff of smoke, she exploded.

When the smoke finally cleared, she found herself considerably smaller, lighter... *browner*, her clothing gone and pale skin replaced by beige pastry. She tried to move, but she couldn't even twitch, not at all. And her figure...

To her horror, the spell had done more than simply reduce her to pastry. Like Chi Chi and Videl and Bulma before her, it had also warped her into a lewd parody of herself, her limbs stolen, her boobs and her buttcheeks blown to enormous size relative to her tiny new form, and her eyes rolling back in their confectionary sockets. Her tongue lolled out of her pastry new mouth, as if she'd been caught in the middle of orgasm.

Snatching her out of the air before she had a chance to fall, Android 21 held her up and smiled at her in amusement. "Mmm~, you look delectable already," she said, lowering her free hand to her belt. "The only thing you're missing is a little cream..."

C-cream? Wh-what do you...?

21's pants dropped, and out into the open sprang a fat pink rod, twelve inches long and veined like a bodybuilder's arm. A thick white liquid already oozed from its tip.

As 18 stared in horror, too stunned even to put her terror into thoughts, Android 21 tightened her grip and lowered her to her shaft, delicately, as if to give her time to savor it. Only as its awful tip nuzzled her vagina, did 18 finally regain the strength to protest. *Stop! Stop! Take it away! Get it away from me!*

With a thin chuckle, 21 slammed it into her instead, stretching her tight, pastry body around the awful, rigid rod. 18 screamed, losing her mind to ecstasy as 21's enormous rod tore through her like a battering ram, cracking and splitting and threatening to tear through her entirely. It felt as if it had traveled all the way up her esophagus.

Digging her fingers even deeper into 18's body, cracking her breasts and her butt and leaving her stomach splintered, 21 drew back and thrust. And thrust. And thrust again, her gigantic balls swinging like a pendulum under her shaft. 18 screamed a little louder with each pump—it felt as if she were losing a little more of her mind with each impact. And still 21 continued to thrust, slamming her cock into her again and again, till 18 was certain she'd crumble to dust.

Finally, just as she thought the horrendous experience couldn't get any worse, she felt 21's shaft twitch. 21 herself screwed her eyes tight and sucked in a deep breath, her face flush, her chest rising and falling. Drawing back, she bit her lip, gave one last intense thrust, and—

—something cool and sweet smelling filled 18's body, filled her and filled her, stretching her stomach almost to bursting and shooting up her esophagus to spill out of her nipples and her mouth and her ears. And with it came an overwhelming shockwave of pleasure like nothing else she'd ever felt, as if every cell in her body had been supercharged, as if her bones were on fire and her nerves coursing with lightning. Though she couldn't speak, in her head she screamed and screamed as her thoughts and vision turned pink.

By the time her senses returned, 21 had already withdrawn from her, leaving her cream to spurt out of 18's stretch vagina. Now she found their situation reversed: before 18 lay 21's lips, open and waiting for something big and creamy to fill them.

As 21 slipped her into the sticky cavern of her mouth, 18 had just enough time to regain her strength and whimper, pleading for someone to help her.

A second later, 21's teeth came crashing down on her fragile, cream-filled form, silencing her cries forever.