

The first thing Katie notices when she returns to consciousness is that she has a throbbing erection. The second is that she's completely naked in a small, blindingly white room. Her breasts are bare, and her cock is free, throbbing hard between her legs. The third is that she's tied up. Her hands are bound by cuffs to a chain that hangs from the ceiling. A red light pulses softly on each cuff, and when she tugs on her wrists, Katie can sense that she won't be able to break free.

The fourth thing that Katie notices is a disturbing feeling of fullness. Not inside her stomach, but inside her... lower regions. The futanari is alarmed to feel that there's *something* gently vibrating inside her vagina, and *something* long buried inside her ass. They don't *hurt*, but it's still an unsettling feeling to have something inside her that she didn't put there. She can also feel an odd soreness in her lower left ankle.

Katie looks around for a moment, trying to process what is happening right now. The last thing she remembered was... being at a sleepover with her best friend. She and Emma had... hung out, dyed their hair, watched a movie, and then fallen asleep together. A pretty normal sleepover for the two of them, really. And the next thing she remembered was waking up here. Had... someone broken in? Has she been kidnapped?

Trying to blink away her grogginess, Katie tries to get her bearings. She'd been unconscious, held up by the cuffs around her wrists. They were sort of cushioned on the inside, but her wrists were still aching badly. Now that she's awake, the futanari stands up straight, taking the weight off her wrists. It's a little better now. She's standing up, and able to move around slightly, but not far. There's... some kind of weird contraption in front of her, but before the futanari can start to make sense of it, she becomes aware of a fifth thing; a weird feeling inside her dick...

"Ugh... Katie?" Katie hears a familiar voice coming from below her. She looks down, and sees her best friend.

Emma isn't a particularly tall girl. It's not her fault though, since by the standards of most micro girls, she's actually taller than average at about six inches in height. She and Katie had actually met when the futanari had almost carelessly stepped on her. After a long and amusing argument, they'd become best friends. That had been almost ten years ago.

"Emma?" Katie says her best friend's name out loud in confusion, wondering why she can only see the top three inches of her best friend. Then, she understands. "H-huh?! What's... why are you inside my dick?!"

Her best friend is buried halfway inside Katie's penis, her hips stretching out the futanari's cockhole. Katie's dick is about eight inches long, and naturally points about forty-five degrees up when she's erect. The micro girl is half-hanging, half-sitting inside her erection, her tiny legs extending down her shaft. She looks almost comical, a pale white shape protruding out of Katie's dark brown erection. She looks up at her best friend, an alarmed expression on her tiny face. "I... I don't know?!" Emma struggles for a moment, and Katie shivers slightly as the

movement causes an involuntary pulse of pleasure. "I just... woke up like this! Where the hell are we?!"

"Ah, the two of you are awake. Right on time." The voice seems to come from all around them, and both Katie and Emma flinch. The futanari looks around again, her eyes adjusting to the brightness. This time, she can see what looks like a one-way mirror on the wall in front of them, and speakers built into the corners of the ceiling. "I realize this must be a rather alarming way to wake up." The voice continues. "I would tell you to calm down, but I'm aware that some panic is inevitable. I will give you sixty seconds to process everything, and then we'll get started." The voice recedes.

"Who... who the fuck are you?!" Emma calls out. As she yells, the micro girl puts both hands on the head of Katie's erection, and tries to pull herself out. Try as she might, Emma can't seem to budge. Any progress she makes is immediately reversed when she stops, her hips easily sliding back inside. With a grunt of irritation, the micro girl begins again. "Argh... let outta here...!"

"Ah...! Emma, wait!" Katie feels a pulse of unwanted pleasure, as the micro girl begins struggling inside her shaft.

Instantly, the micro girl stops, and looks up at her best friend in alarm. "Oh, shi... Sorry, Katie! I'm not trying to hurt you!"

Katie knows that Emma wouldn't try to hurt her. "N-no, it doesn't..." She begins, and then blushes deeply. "It's... you're stimulating me..." Oh god, the futanari had never wanted her best friend to see her like this. Not naked and especially not with an erection. "Oh god, Emma, this feels so weird!"

"S-shit..." The micro girl blushes herself, suddenly aware that she'd been accidentally pleasuring her best friend. She looks around the room angrily. "Who... who the fuck are you? Why'd you stick me in here? You sick motherfucker!" After a moment, Emma looks down and her eyes widen in alarm. "Uh... Katie?!" She asks, her voice rising in pitch as a note of fear enters her words. "I'm... I'm sinking!"

"W-what?!" The futanari looks back down, and stares for a long moment. It's true, Emma is indeed slowly slipping into Katie's cock. It's extremely slow, but as the futanari stares in horror, she can feel her best friend sinking into her. "Shit, what do... what do we do?"

Emma begins to struggle feebly, but it does very little other than temporarily stopping her descent. "I... I don't know! Just... stop sucking me in! Clench your muscles or something!"

Katie tries. She really does. But nothing she does seems to stop it. As soon as Emma stops struggling, the futanari can feel her best friend slipping down into her shaft again. "I... I can't!" Trying to clench her abdominal muscles again, Katie can't seem to do anything other than make her dick twitch slightly. "Emma, I can't...!"

“Sixty seconds are up.” The voice announces. It’s female, Katie can hear now, but she can’t discern anything else about their captor. “And yes, Katie. You are correct. You cannot do anything to prevent your penis from swallowing the micro girl. It is a natural process that you cannot control, and it will continue until she is inside your testicles.”

The thought is more than a little terrifying. “Who... why are you doing this?” The futanari asks, looking over at the one-way mirror. “God, don’t hurt us, please!”

“I realize this must be deeply alarming for you, Katie.” Their captor speaks softly and calmly. “But please understand that neither of you will be harmed. Once your... *education* is complete, you will be freed.”

“You sick fuck!” Emma roars angrily, trying furiously to pull herself out of her best friend’s cockhole. “You put us here, and you have the fucking *gall* to say that?!” Despite her best efforts, the futanari can’t feel the micro girl make any progress. The precum inside Katie’s shaft is just too sticky and slippery for a girl that size to make any headway.

“I stress again, the two of you will not be harmed.” Their captor says again. “This is not a punishment or some form of torture. The two of you are simply being educated. You don’t need to understand why, just as long as you understand that you’re not in danger.”

Katie certainly doesn’t *feel* not in danger. And for the micro girl who’s very slowly losing her battle with gravity, it’s a clear and obvious lie. “W-what’s going to happen to Emma?!” Katie asks, her heart pounding out of fear for her best friend.

“The micro girl?” The voice doesn’t bother to use Emma’s name. “She will sink into your testicles. Are you aware of what will happen to her in there?”

This is... vore, or something, right? Katie’s never had much of an interest in that kind of stuff. The futanari knows vaguely that it won’t be pretty, though. “She... she wouldn’t die, wouldn’t she?”

Emma, however, seems to be far more aware of what their captor is describing. “If I go into Katie’s nuts, I’ll...” She can’t seem to finish the thought, as her face pales even further.

“...be digested.” Their captor finishes. “You will be swallowed by her shaft, and descend into her balls. There, you will be digested into semen, and become part of Katie’s penis.” There is a long pause, as the two girls contemplate this idea in horror. “But,” the voice continues, “I will give you a chance to avoid that fate, Katie.”

“W-why?” Katie’s eyes narrow, as she glares suspiciously at the one-way mirror. She can feel Emma struggling again, and tries to ignore how good it feels. “Why would you do that? Why did you bring us-”

“Just to be clear.” Their captor interrupts, in a loud and firm voice that makes Katie and Emma flinch in alarm. “I will not answer those questions. Do not bother asking them.” The futanari hisses in irritation at that, but she knows she can’t force the voice to tell them anything. “The clock is ticking, Katie. Every moment that passes, your micro girl inches closer to death. Will you waste time, or will you listen?”

Katie wants to yell at their captor, or scream to the heavens, or do anything other than obey. But she knows that the voice is right. She can’t free herself, and Emma is sinking deeper every second. “F-fine!” She growls, her eyes flashing down to look at Emma. Her best friend looks terrified. “I’m... I’m listening, asshole!”

“Good.” The woman’s voice is clear and flat, neither warm nor cold. “Firstly, I imagine you may have noticed that there’s a lot of *equipment* near or inside your lower half.”

The futanari shifts uneasily, conscious of the tiny vibrations inside her vagina. She wants to ask *why* there’s things inside her, but she already knows their captor won’t tell her.

“I have placed a vibrator inside your vagina, in order to stimulate you. It will start off slow, but continue to speed up over time. I have also placed a large dildo inside your anus.” Katie groans in irritation as she feels the vibrator slowly begin to vibrate harder. “The dildo will stimulate your prostate if I press a button. Observe.”

Katie blinks, as she processes that last sentence. “Huh? No, wai-” Suddenly, there’s a pulse inside her ass, as a tiny spark zaps her prostate. The feeling is not unlike being poked hard, and the futanari feels her abdominal muscles involuntarily contract. “Gyaah!” She can’t prevent herself from crying out.

“Oh, shit!” Emma cries out in alarm as well, as the dick around her twitches hard. “K-Katie, are you alright?!”

“Oh, god...” The futanari blushes deeply, as she feels an unwanted rush of pleasure through her lower body. She’s never experimented with her prostate before, and Katie has no idea how to handle that kind of stimulation. “This... this is so embarrassing! I’m... I’m so sorry, Emma!”

She and Emma were best friends, but that was all that they were. Katie knew her best friend was attractive, but she’d had never had any kind of sexual attraction to her, and she was pretty certain Emma felt the same way. In their near-decade of best-friendship, they’d never once kissed, or even seen each other naked. The closest they’d come to that was changing in the same room, which neither of them really minded. Katie had *certainly* never discussed her masturbation or sexual experiences with Emma.

And now her best friend was nude and embedded inside her *penis*. Katie couldn’t have imagined anything more embarrassing, up until their captor started to describe all the nasty sex

toys that were inside the futanari right now. The idea that her *best friend* was present for all of this felt deeply humiliating for Katie.

“Oh god... Please, just let us go!” She begs, feeling Emma’s legs squirming inside her.

“I will... once the two of you have been educated.” Their captor says, without a hint of mercy. Her voice is... firm. Pragmatic. Katie can sense that begging won’t get them anywhere with this person. “If you wish to end this as quickly as you can, and be free again, I suggest you listen to me very carefully. I will explain everything.”

They don’t have a choice, do they? Katie looks down at Emma, and her best friend gives her a fearful nod.

“Good.” Their captor says. “There is a small scale in front of you. Can you see it?”

Katie looks down. Just past the onahole ring, she sees a small bowl with what looks like a weight measurement underneath. “Y-yes, I see it!”

“Good.” Their captor hesitates for a moment, and then continues. “It is calibrated to activate with the weight of the micro girl inside it. If you can get her into the bowl, your restraints will open.”

The futanari looks down at her friend, who is fruitlessly trying to pull herself out of Katie’s dick. “But... I can’t get Emma out?” Katie asks desperately. “How can she get out if I can’t...”

“Ejaculation.” Their captor answers for her. “You must have an orgasm. The force of your ejaculation will send her out of your penis, and into the bowl.”

“Oh... oh god!” The idea of cumming in front of her best friend is a little off-putting. Katie looks down at Emma, who looks back up at her nervously. “Emma, I...” The futanari blushes, and can’t find the right words to say.

Emma blinks for a moment, and then nods quickly, a serious look on her face. “It... it’s alright, Katie!” She clasps her hands together and gives her best friend a nod. “Just... do what you have to do, alright? Don’t worry about, uh, me seeing you... y’know.”

Katie blushes and nods slowly. Then, she has a realization. “W-wait, what happens if Emma gets...”

“If the micro girl descends into your testicles, she will be digested into cum, as already described.” Their captor answers smoothly. “Once this happens, you will fail the test, and I will activate the dildo and force you to empty your testicles into the bowl instead. As I have stated, the bowl is calibrated to her weight, whether she is solid or *liquid*.”

So, either way, Katie would walk free. That meant... "You're asking me to choose if Emma lives or dies?!" The futanari says, horrified.

"Indeed." The voice has no remorse in it. "If you wish for the micro girl to live, then you must fuck the onahole and ejaculate her into the bowl. If you fail to orgasm before she enters you, you will digest her."

"Can't you... Katie, what if you lose your erection?" Emma asks, suddenly sounding hopeful. "If you go soft, I'll just fall out, right?"

"An intelligent idea, but one that has already been considered." Their captor answers, and for once, Katie can hear just a hint of smugness. "Prior to your return to the waking world, I administered a powerful aphrodisiac to Katie. Her erection won't subside for at least a few hours, if I measured the dosage correctly." The futanari looks down at her left ankle, which still feels sore. Sure enough, she can see the familiar welt of where a needle had been. "Besides, there's a vibrator inside her vagina, as I already stated."

There's a long pause, as the two prisoners consider their captor's words. Katie can feel her heartbeat inside her dick, her erection almost painfully hard. It does feel like there's something unnatural about her arousal, and the futanari can already feel a distressing desire to cum. Inside her vagina, she can feel the vibrations slowly increasing, making her shudder.

"Can you feel a tightness around your testicles, Katie?" Their captor asks, breaking the silence. The futanari blinks for a moment, and then realizes that she *does* feel something around her balls. Nothing too constricting, but there's something tight around them. After a moment, their captor continues. "Judging by the look on your face, I assume you do." Katie glares at the two way mirror, but their captor does not seem to notice. "There is a small electronic device around your testicles. If you do not succeed, the micro girl will descend into your testicles, and the device will tighten, preventing her from escaping. I should stress that the device will not harm you, though it may be a slight discomfort."

"Oh, how fucking *kind* of you!" Emma yells out, as she takes a breather from trying to escape from Katie's cockhole. But even as the futanari watches, the micro girl's belly button is slowly slurped inside.

"Shit... shit!" Katie begins to panic. "Emma, I can't... I can't stop it! I can't control..."

Emma holds up her hands, and gives her best friend a desperate smile. "Hey, hey, Katie, calm down! It's not your fault; I know you're trying to help me!" Katie's dick twitches again, and she's pulled slightly deeper inside. The micro girl grabs the head of her best friend's dick and tries to hold herself in place. "Katie, listen, okay?" Emma looks up at her again, a serious expression on her face. "I don't trust this sick fuck at all, but if you don't do something, I'm gonna..."

“E-Emma...” Feeling ashamed, the futanari feels a wave of pleasure as tiny hands grab the head of her penis. “God, this is so nasty... I don’t wanna cum all over you...”

“Katie, you need to focus, okay?” The micro girl calls out, her voice panicking slightly. “I know it’s awkward, but you need to set it aside for now, okay? Just... please fuck the onahole!”

The futanari can’t imagine anything more humiliating than her best friend watching her masturbate. But, she knows she doesn’t have a choice anymore. Every second that passes is a second closer to Emma... Oh God, the idea of what came next was utterly disgusting. Taking a big gulp, Katie takes a step forward, feeling her cuffs tightening as she moves away from her restraints. She has just enough room to move over to the onahole.

The onahole is a small ring, just large enough to accommodate Katie’s erect penis. The other side is open, so that the head of the penis can stick out of the end. The inside is soft, cushioned for pleasure. From here, the futanari can see that there’s been lube squirted around it recently. Whoever had captured them must have set this up right before they’d woke up.

Katie takes another deep breath, and aims her dick into the hole. Normally, she would have used her hands, but they’re still restrained above her head, so instead she has to awkwardly point her dick and thrust her hips forward. Inside her dickhole, the micro girl squeaks nervously as the onahole passes her. There’s a nasty wet noise as the sex toy grips Katie’s penis, much to her embarrassment.

On the other side of the onahole, Emma looks down and sees the small bowl that she needs to fall into. “T-that’s it, Katie!” She calls out encouragingly. “If I can just land in the bowl, her cuffs will open, won’t they?”

“Indeed.” Their captor answers. “Now, please proceed if you wish for the micro girl to survive. She does not have long until the shaft claims her.”

It’s true. Emma’s now been swallowed up to her tiny chest. A small amount of precum glistens on the micro girl’s breasts, as Katie’s cockhole eagerly slurps down its first ever meal. Despite Katie’s own reluctance, her body doesn’t seem to have any issue with devouring her best friend. Fear grips the futanari’s heart, and she begins to awkwardly thrust into the sex toy.

It’s difficult for the futanari to fuck the onahole in this position, but that makes little difference. As soon as Katie begins slowly fucking the sex toy, she can’t suppress a nasty moan of pleasure, as her dick is gripped by the onahole around it. Her penis had been crying out for release, and now that she was giving her organ what it wanted, it was reciprocating with a truly shameful amount of pleasure. Even as her best friend’s life hangs in the balance, Katie is ashamed to realize that she’s *never* felt this good before.

Down below, Emma is jostled up and down by the motion of Katie fucking the onahole. It must be more than a little disorienting for the poor micro girl, but Emma holds on for dear life as her

best friend moans and groans in pleasure. The motion does little to dislodge the micro girl from her predicament, in fact it only increases the rate at which the cock around her slurps her down. It's all Emma can do to hold herself in place as Katie desperately tries to pleasure herself.

As Katie fucks the onahole, she can't resist letting out various grunts and moans of arousal. Her dick feels *good*, even better than it usually does when she jerks off. But when she usually jerks off, her best friend isn't watching her. Even as Katie tries to look toward the ceiling, she can still feel Emma's eyes on her, not to mention their captor's. The futanari can only hope that she's not making some nasty orgasm face right now.

The small white room is filled with a mixture of half-suppressed groaning and wet squelches. As the moments wear on, Emma can feel Katie's cockhole encroaching on her breasts. They're a pretty big pair of tits for a girl her size, relatively speaking, but her best friend's dick is merciless as it begins to slurp them down. Emma thinks to herself, desperately trying to think of how to help Katie reach orgasm.

"You... you can do it, Katie!" She calls out awkwardly, over the sound of the futanari fucking the onahole. "You're... you're doing a really good job! You're the best!"

Katie's face blushes even deeper. "E-Emma!" She groans, her voice rising with embarrassment. "I... t-this is already humiliating enough! If you say things like that..."

But the micro girl can feel the dick around her twitching excitedly. Part of Katie enjoyed that, Emma can tell. "But... you like it, don't you? Come on, do your best!"

The futanari does not answer her, but she seems to start thrusting even faster.

Emma takes a deep breath, and continues encouraging her friend. "You can do it, Katie! Work that shaft!" As humiliating as this must be for the futanari, the micro girl is feeling rather ashamed of doing this as well. But it seems to be helping her best friend, so... "You're... you're so sexy, Katie! Come on, spray me out!" For a moment, the micro girl feels a flash of hope. If Katie can just cum, then she'll...

But then, disaster strikes. Reaching down, Emma tries to reposition her grip... and misses badly. In a second, her entire lower arm is swallowed into the hungry cockhole. Letting out a shriek of alarm, the micro girl panics and reaches down to try and pull her arm out. It was a grave mistake. In a matter of mere moments, both of her arms are lodged inside Katie's penis, precum dribbling down her shoulders. Emma no longer has any means to resist the hungry embrace of her best friend's genitals.

"E-Emma!" Katie cries out in alarm, as she feels her best friend lose her grip. "Emma, are you okay?!"

“Ah... Ah!” Emma tries to struggle, but it’s utterly useless. The inside of the shaft is slick with precum, and there’s nothing to grip anyway. With nothing in its way, Katie’s penis begins its final assault on Emma’s shoulders.

“Emma! Hold on!” Redoubling her efforts, Katie begins to fuck the onahole even harder, trying desperately to reach orgasm. The futanari would never admit it, but she’s got a *lot* of experience with masturbation and sex toys. Years of pleasuring herself has made it difficult to reach orgasm easily, and Katie mentally curses as the feeling of orgasm eludes her.

Emma can feel precum flowing past her ears now. Her breasts are fully inside the maw of Katie’s penis, and when the micro girl looks up, all she can see is the hot wet darkness that awaits her inside Katie’s shaft.

Oh God... It finally dawns on Emma that Katie won’t make it to orgasm in time to save her. The futanari is trying her absolute best, Emma knows, but...

S-so... She was going to die. Emma begins to panic, knowing that there’s absolutely nothing she can do to save herself. Once she’s inside Katie’s cock, it will swallow her down and digest her. She’ll *die* inside her best friend.

But, maybe that’s for the best. As the end of her life nears, the motion of Katie’s thrusting seems to slow down. To Emma, the world suddenly seems bright, as if all her senses are heightened. Maybe this way to die wasn’t so bad after all. Micro girls didn’t tend to have pleasant deaths anyway. One day, Emma might get eaten or stuffed up someone’s ass. Or even stepped on, like Katie had almost done to her when they’d first met. Emma smiles at that memory, feeling her panic receding. Yes, compared to those ends, maybe dying inside her best friend wasn’t so bad after all. She’d live on, as a part of her.

“K-Katie...” The futanari hears her best friend calling out, as she desperately tries to reach orgasm. She can feel it in there, not too far off surely! “Katie...” Emma calls again.

Katie looks down, and sees that her friend is now barely outside of her dick. She can only barely see Emma’s head, her hair hanging down from Katie’s dickhole. “E-Emma!” The futanari blurts out, feeling panic in her chest again. “Emma, hold on! I... I think I’m almost there!” It’s a lie, Katie can feel it in her dick, but it’s still a long way off.

“Katie...” Emma smiles up at her best friend, her pale face already coated in precum. “Katie... you’re my best friend! I’m so glad you almost stepped on me, all those years ago...”

“Don’t talk like that!” Katie shrieks fearfully. Has her best friend already...? “D-don’t give up! I swear, I’ll get you out of there!”

“Katie... please...” The micro shakes her head, or tries to, at least. There’s not a lot of room to do that anymore. “Please don’t blame yourself for this... If I have to die, then becoming part of you isn’t the worst way to go...”

The futanari feels tears burning in her eyes, as she listens to her best friend’s last words. “No... Emma!”

But her best friend can’t answer anymore. The micro girl has sunk down past her lips, and all Katie can see now are her big green eyes. Emma stares up at her, and the futanari is amazed to see not a hint of fear in her eyes.

And then, with a tiny wet pop, her best friend is gone.

Katie can feel Emma inside her dick, slowly sliding down her shaft. “N-no!” She cries out, desperately struggling against her restraints. If only she could break free, she could grab her dick, stop her best friend from being sucked inside...

But it’s hopeless. The cuffs around her wrists are too strong. Try as she might, as tears fill her eyes, Katie knows she can do nothing other than feel her best friend descend into her.

The worst part is how obscenely *good* it feels. If it had hurt, Katie was sure that she would be able to endure it better. But the feeling of a micro girl being slurped down her shaft feels disturbingly good. As her testicles begin to swell to accommodate her best friend, Katie grits her teeth as a wave of pleasure makes her muscles twitch. Around her balls, there’s a quiet beep, and the futanari feels the ring tighten slightly, preventing any chance of Emma’s unlikely escape. True to their captor’s word, it doesn’t hurt at all. If anything, it actually slightly intensifies Katie’s pleasure, to her disgust.

Emma feels... heavy inside her. As the micro girl enters the futanari’s testicles completely, Katie can feel her balls hanging low, and there’s something horrifically satisfying about her best friend weighing down her ballsack. “Please, Emma...” Katie begs softly, tears streaming down her face. “Please, struggle! Fight back, please! Don’t just...” The futanari isn’t sure if her best friend has given up, or is just trying to avoid hurting her, but either way it fills Katie with a deep shame. “Emma...”

“And so, another micro girl reaches her rightful station in life.” Their captor speaks again, and Katie can hear a distinct note of satisfaction in her voice.

“You bastard... you *bastard!*” Katie yells in impotent fury. She tries in vain to struggle, more out of a desperate desire to do anything other than quietly feel her friend’s imminent death than any real hope of saving her. All she manages to do is cause her balls to swing like a sack, the poor micro girl inside flinching in alarm. “What did she ever do to you?!”

There's a moment's pause, and the futanari expects their captor to simply ignore the question. But unexpectedly, the voice answers after a moment. "To me? Nothing." There's a snort through the microphone. "As I told you before, you have the wrong idea. I'm not punishing her for some crime. I am simply educating you."

"How is *this* education, you sick bitch?!" Katie demands. Inside her, she can feel an odd sensation inside her balls... oh, no! "E-Emma!" The futanari's eyes widen, as she feels digestion begin. Her balls are rumbling. It's a feeling Katie's never felt before, and it's as unsettling as it is erotic. "Emma, no...!"

"There is no cause for upset." The female voice insists softly, as Katie stares down at her balls in horror. "The micro girl has achieved her rightful place; as food for a superior human being."

Katie looks up at the one-way mirror, and bares her teeth angrily. "She was... she *is* my best friend! She's not my fucking food, you asshole!" Her best friend... digesting inside her. Oh God, Katie is *killing* her best friend and she can't do a single thing to stop it. "You... you fucking bigot! You got something against micro girls, is that it? Is that why you...?"

"I won't deny that I'm a 'bigot', Katie." Their captor speaks firmly. "Micro girls are inferior to all other kinds of human. When I see something as disgusting as an 'equal' friendship between a micro girl and someone superior like you, I feel honor-bound to correct the unnatural bond." There's the sound of a deep breath. "Yes, I don't deny that I am a bigot. But I also don't deny that I'm correct, and neither can you."

"W-what...?" The futanari feels more than a little stunned at the response. "No, I... fuck you! You're not fucking *correct*, you piece of..." Suddenly, she feels a pulse of electricity inside her anus, and she gasps with involuntary pleasure as her muscles contract. "N-no!" She moans, feeling sweat break out all across her body.

"I don't expect you to understand, Katie." The voice continues softly. "If you were able to open your mind and understand that your 'best friend' is better suited to being your *food*, I wouldn't need to educate you, would I?" She sighs, and the sound echoes through the small white room. "I don't expect you to thank me, either. But you will one day, I hope."

"S-screw you..." Katie shudders, as the vibrator inside her vagina begins to speed up again, faster and faster. "I will *never*... thank you for killing my best friend..."

Inside her, Katie feels Emma reach and stroke the walls of her testicles. She's still alive in there, somehow.

The futanari gasps in despair, feeling her best friend reaching out to her. "Oh God, Emma... please forgive me... I'm so sorry, I can't stop it..." Inside her, she feels the micro girl shivering, and she reaches out to touch the walls of her final resting place one more. Perhaps she's trying

to show that she can hear her best friend, and forgives her. Perhaps she's simply reaching out desperately, as she's digested alive. Katie will never know.

Finally, the micro girl gives one last great shudder... and goes limp. Katie feels her best friend's death rattle, and cries out in distress. "N-no! Emma, no! Don't... Oh God...!" She begins to sob softly.

A few minutes pass. Inside her balls, Katie can feel Emma melting. It's horrifying swift, now that her best friend has died. She looks up at the one-way mirror. "Please... you got what you wanted, right? Please, let us go..."

"I will not." Their captor answers almost immediately. "As I said, you must deposit your friend in the bowl. It does not matter if she's solid or liquid."

Katie looks down at the onahole again. "If... If I do, you'll release me, right?" God, she just wanted to cry in a corner, but she knows she has to stay strong. Emma's death couldn't be in vain. She had to escape.

"Correct." The voice says simply.

"You... are evil." The futanari gasps, and takes a difficult step forward, conscious of the weight swinging between her legs. Awkwardly, she inserts her penis back into the onahole. "Emma... forgive me..." She pulls her hips back and thrusts into the onahole, feeling a deeply shameful burst of pleasure.

Wet squelching fills the small white room again. As tears flow down Katie's flushed face, the futanari begins to moan in pleasure once more. Inside her balls, she can feel her best friend losing shape and becoming one with the cum that had already been inside her.

"Good." Their captor says, with a hint of smugness. "Allow me to help you..." There's a clicking noise, and another voice fills the room.

"You... you can do it, Katie!" The tinny recording of Emma's voice plays over the speakers, as Katie gasps in alarm, and then despair. "You're... you're doing a really good job! You're the best..."

"N-no..." The futanari can't handle hearing her best friend's voice again this quickly. "H-how...?!"

"There's a microphone under the bowl." The voice says softly.

Katie wants to give up, curl into a ball and cry. But her best friend's voice echoes in her ears, the futanari knows that she can't give up now. With an anguished roar of grief and fury, Katie begins pounding the onahole again.

“You... you can do it, Katie!” Emma’s voice plays over the speakers, as the room fills with wet squelches once more. “You’re... you’re doing a really good job! You’re the best!”

“Emma!” Katie cries out, feeling her best friend’s weight inside her balls. “Emma!”

Finally, the futanari reaches orgasm. As she thrusts into the onahole, Katie feels her dick explode with pleasure. The sensation washes over her cock muscles, sending them into a twitching frenzy, and then into her nerve endings. The orgasm spreads like lightning through her body, causing the futanari’s whole body to shudder. If Katie hadn’t been attached to the ceiling by her handcuffs, then she might have fallen over. Even so, she dangles limply from her wrists as she shamefully grunts like an animal.

Down below, her balls tense, springing eagerly into action. With a pulse of pleasure, they begin to send Emma back up the shaft that she had slid down earlier. Katie’s dick responds by violently twitching, swiftly sending the load further and further upward, until...

White cum sprays into the air, as Katie lets out a gasp of relief. It spurts out of the head of her penis, as more of Emma’s remains are piped up her shaft to follow. A moment later, the first rope splatters into the small bowl. It’s swiftly followed by a second, and then a third. Emma had been digested into a *lot* of cum, after all.

Katie can only watch in despair as the small bowl is filled with the cum that had been her best friend, as she’s forced to enjoy the orgasm that Emma had given her life for.

Finally, once the bowl has almost been filled, there’s a pleasant dinging sound from the scale beneath the bowl. Katie blinks for a moment, her mind still stunned by the afterglow of her orgasm. As the last of her load dribbles into the bowl, the futanari gasps in relief. “That... that’s it, right?” She asks, her voice ragged. “That’s... that’s what you wanted, right? I filled the bowl...”

“Indeed.” The voice answers, and Katie can hear the smile in her captor’s voice.

“Congratulations, Katie. You passed the test. You won.” A moment later, there’s a beeping sound from above her, and the futanari looks up to see the light on her cuffs change from red to green.

Katie looks down at the bowl, at what had used to be her best friend. This was *winning*?

“Emma...” She sobs to herself, and then turns to the one-way mirror. “You... Don’t think you’re gonna get away with this, you...” The futanari trails off, and looks up at her cuffs. Despite the change from red to green, they haven’t released her. “H-hey, you said...!”

“I said they would open once the bowl was filled.” Smugness fills the voice’s tone. “And they will. When I’m satisfied.”

The futanari blinks for a moment, confused. Then, her face twists in fury. "You fucker!"

Her captor snorts derisively into the microphone. "Katie, I'm well aware you'd mistakenly want revenge. But you won't get it." She sighs happily. "This went even better than usual. Most girls just cry pathetically until they digest their micro. Some of them just swallow them down without a second thought. But you two... put on a real show for me." There's the sound of the woman snickering. "And so, I'll give you a nice reward."

"Re... reward?" Katie's anger fades away, replaced by fear. Whoever had taken them captive was an evil fucker. Whatever reward they gave wasn't likely to be pleasant. "N-no, I don't want..."

But her captor has no interest in listening to her, as usual. "Do you see that tube under the bowl?"

The futanari looks down and sees a narrow tube under the bowl, extending down to the floor. Her eyes follow it, as horror dawns in her heart. The tube goes down to the floor, along the ground to between Katie's feet, and up her legs into the... "Oh God..." Katie gasps in horror. "No, no, please don't!"

"The tube attaches to the vibrator inside your vagina." There's a clicking sound from the bowl, as the cum begins to drain out of it, and into the tube. Katie can see white cum filling the transparent tube, trickling down to the floor and then back up between her legs. "When it reaches the device, the vibrator will release your own sperm into your womb. Perhaps if you're lucky... or unlucky, depending on your perspective, you'll have someone to remember your micro girl by."

"No! No, please don't...!" Katie struggles in terror, as she watches her own load snaking up between her legs. She tries to kick the tube, but it's much too slippery to stop. "Ah, God, please have mercy...!"

"The aphrodisiac I gave you contained a decent amount of fertility chemicals as well." The voice continues lazily, as the futanari begs pathetically. "In the *likely* event that you become pregnant, I suggest that you try to be more grateful toward me than you were today. I've done you a great favor, by restoring that micro girl to her rightful place inside you."

"Ah... ah...!" Katie braces herself, but she can't resist shuddering as a warm heat begins to spread through her groin. "No...!" She moans, as her own cum fills her womb, spurted into her by the vibrator buried in her vagina. Even as she groans, the device begins to buzz harder than before, stimulating her genitals. "Who... who are you?!" She demands, as her own sperm begins to fertilize her.

Her captor does not answer for a moment. "No-one important." She says simply. "I don't know you personally, Katie. I just... happened to see you and that micro girl one day. And the sight

filled me with disgust. Micro girls are food, not friends. One day, in a perfect world, I hope all micro girls achieve their rightful place inside superior humans. But until then, I'll have to be content with correcting unnatural relationships like yours." There's a sigh of contentment. "Goodbye, Katie. Once you're free, I'll move on to my next target, and you won't ever meet me again." As Katie sobs to herself, there's a click as the speakers turn off.

In the small dark room behind the one way mirror, the woman turns off the microphone and sits back in her chair. She studies the sobbing futanari for a long moment, a satisfied smile on her face. Rubbing her vagina, the woman feels a throbbing in her groin. She came four times during this whole 'lesson', though she'd been careful to conceal that from Katie. She didn't want the futanari to mistakenly think she was doing this only for pleasure.

Today has been a very successful day, in her eyes. Another unnatural relationship corrected. Now Katie had unwillingly experienced the feeling of dominating a micro girl, the woman hoped that the futanari would come to understand how *right* it felt to do so. Stretching her arms, the woman stands up and decides to leave Katie alone for a while. Oh, but before that...

Pressing another button in front of her, the woman watches in delight as Katie cries out from the dildo zapping her prostate once more. Clicking the button in, she sets it to zap the girl once every five seconds for the next hour. Then, she turns up the vibrator to its maximum setting. There, all set. Over the next few hours, Katie would dump everything inside her balls into the bowl, and then into her own womb. And once the girl has run out of energy and fallen unconscious, the woman will simply drug her and return her to her home.

Turning, the woman smiles to herself. Another micro girl has learned her place, and another superior human has been educated. Whether or not that education would keep is another story, but at least she'd tried. Then, she grabs the microphone before her and swigs down from the huge chair. It was much too big for a micro girl like her, but the woman liked it that way.

Soon, she'd educate another girl, and then another. It would be a long road, but one day, the woman hoped, she'd live in a world where micro girls like herself were mere food for superior humans like Katie.

Yes, it would be a long road, and Katie was just another step. The futanari's muffled cries of unwilling pleasure fill the room as the woman walks away. One day, Katie would understand the truth. Until then...

Well, she'd just have to find someone new to educate, wouldn't she?