

Satisfied Customer

Kia was so excited, it was her first day working at the massage parlor and she was busying herself with setting the relaxing mood just right. She had aromatic candles burning, a soothing zen CD playing, and an assortment of oils and lotions set within easy reach from her position by the table. All she needed now was her first client, which according to the schedule was one Essen Gillespie. She wasn't sure what kind of name that was, but deep down she hoped that it was the name of a nice buff man, maybe a salamander like herself. She looked at herself in the full length mirror hanging in the changing room in the corner and groomed just a bit in the chance that her dream man walked in for a rub down. Her black hair flowed half way down her back like an ebony cape, her slightly loose black top and white linen pants made her look a tad on the hippie side but it also communicated a sense of comfort which, after all, was her business. Her scarlet scales glistened slightly in the candle light, a nice contrast with the black stripes adorning her forearms, and concealed on her back and legs. At long last she hears a knock at the door to her "office", and her vibrant red eyes light up with anticipation. She can barely contain her excitement and calls with a surprising level of professionalism, "please come in."

All of the hopes that she had built for a muscly *salamander* are dashed as the door swings open to reveal the literal opposite of her wish. Her first client is a woman. . . a pig woman. . . a pig woman that lives up to the stereotypes of her species. The cotton tee the lady is wearing is noticeably strained in its efforts to contain her ample midsection, the curves of her torso hugged tightly by the purple fabric. Likewise her jeans are packed to capacity by her plump thighs and bountiful posterior. The amphibian snaps herself from her stunned state, "mustn't be rude," she thinks to herself, "a customer is a customer after all." She smiles brightly at the larger woman, "welcome, Ms. Gillespie, there's a changing room just over there. If you'll disrobe and lie on the table we'll begin." The porcine client giggles nervously, "sorry," she blushes, "I've never had a massage before. Do you really want me to get *completely* naked?" The

masseuse smiles gently, "You will be laying under a towel, which you will find in the changing room, but you can leave on as much clothing as you need to feel comfortable." As the hefty woman excuses herself to the next tiny room Kia takes a moment to stretch her muscles and pop her knuckles, "she may not be a hunk, but at least she seems friendly. Still, at her size my first session looks to be a real work out."

Soon the plump customer steps back out of the cramped changing room, wrapped partially in her towel, but having to grip it at her side for despite its stretched appearance the ends still do not meet at her other hip. She blushes, "I guess I've put on some weight recently." The scaly masseuse maintains her gentle smile, "I'm sorry ma'am, I must have only stocked small towels." She lies trying to avoid embarrassing the poor woman, "Now if you will just lie face down and get comfortable Miss Gillespie, we can begin." The nervous swine slowly makes her way to the table and eases herself onto its cushioned top, the sturdy legs creaking slightly as her full weight settles onto their support. She fidgets and wiggles, her soft midsection jiggling as she goes, until, at last, her face rests in the opening in the head rest, her plump derriere covered by the towel. Kia approaches the table, grabbing a bottle of floral scented lotion as she passes the assorted relaxation aids. She squirts a bit of the faded pink cream into her hand, then, upon looking at the expansive back she will be working on, empties more of the bottle into her palm until it is oozing between her fingers onto the cool tiled floor. Her crimson hands rub the lotion between one another before she lays them on the shoulders of her first client and begins kneading gently. The pillowy flesh wells slightly between her smooth scaled fingers as she works at the tense muscles below. As she adds pressure she hears a moan of pleasure rise from under the table and smiles, happy to know she's doing a good job. "Sorry if I get a little carried away." Essen says sheepishly. "Oh, don't you worry," the salamander assures her, "just relax. You seem to be carrying a lot of tension, but I promise you'll feel much better when I'm through."

Kia continues massaging her plump customer's upper back, steadily relaxing the tightly knotted muscles concealed within the fatty tissue. Each time she presses into the soft pink flesh her fingers partially vanish as the soft meat wells between them. "She's so soft," the masseuse muses to herself, "this is actually kind of fun." As she continues to knead and play with the porcine back her tail begins to sway back and forth, revealing her enjoyment like she were a pup. Steadily the tension under her fingers eases and she begins to work her way down, pressing into the larger woman's lower back and finding the muscles there incredibly tight as well. "You seem really stressed," Kia remarks. "Huh?" Essen questions as she rises from her blissful haze back to reality, "Oh, well I've been under a bit of pressure lately at work, and I just "dumped" my girlfriend last week. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but. . ." she sighs, "So I'm pampering myself to lift my mood, a massage and a nice dinner afterwards." As she says this her stomach growls as if it can hear her talking about food. The amphibian woman giggles, "Sounds like you should have eaten first. I'm sure you had your reasons for the split, so don't beat yourself up over it." She presses into a particularly tight knot. "Ohhhhh," her effort rewarded by another deep moan as pain and pleasure course from the relaxing spot in the pig's back. "Well I can't undo it anyway," Essen gasps out at last, "Guess I'll just have to play the field again." "Now that's the spirit girl," Kia replies as she lets her hands wander along the piggy's expansive back, seeking out and working over any pockets of tension they find. Soon the small talk subsides again as Essen loses herself in the sensation and Kia focuses on her fun task.

As the salamander readjusts her footing she feels a distinct squish under her foot right as it starts to slide from under her, the smooth scales offering no added grip on the lotion slickened floor. A yelp escapes her muzzle as her hands attempt to grab anything to catch herself, yet nothing provides a steady purchase to her hands which are also lathered in the same damnable lotion. Soon her head collides with the hard tiled floor with a loud **CRACK**. Essen glances over and sees the masseuse lying unconscious beside the table and hefts herself from her comfy position, kneeling beside the unmoving

body. "Are you ok?" she asks in a panic, "Hello?" She nudges the salamander gently, but gets no response. "Ok, I see that she's still breathing, and. . ." she leans forward and searches the sides of the unconscious woman's head for ears, finally locating the tiny holes, "no blood or other leaking fluids. Then again I only read that in a novel. I think she's ok, but ohhhh what to do what to do?" Though she does not expect to hear an answer to her question a single reply sounds in the silent room, another longing growl from her belly. Suddenly she looks at the smaller woman in a new light, one of hunger instead of concern.

The one-time predator shakes her head, "No, eating her is not going to help, that would be in bad taste." Again her stomach cries out. "Cecile that's different," the swine counters, "you were a willing meal and you know it. This girl though. . . she was providing me with a service, it would be rude." A longer growl of hunger as if her insides are furthering the argument, eliciting a blush from their porcine owner before she chastises them, "Yes, I know that you did far more for me than she did, but this discussion is over. I'll get my cell and call 911 or alert the lady at the front desk, yes that will work." She rises to her feet happy to have won the debate when a veritable roar from her belly stops her dead in her tracks. "Well I guess I DID tell you I would do "that" again," she responds sheepishly as she rubs her hands over her fat belly, fingers sliding through her soft rolls, part of which had so recently been her beautiful bunny, "I can't break a promise to you, not after what you did for me." The empty organ within gurgles softly causing Essen to scowl, "you don't have to rub it in that you're still winning all of our arguments, be a gracious winner at least." As her eyes fall once again upon the prone amphibian girl she lightly bites her lip, her view of the woman becoming the same she would have for a steak or bountiful buffet. She circles around to the woman's head and again crouches next to her, her intentions this time being far less pure. "I know you can't hear me," the hungry client says apologetically as she takes the salamanders hands in her own and raises them towards her maw, "but I just can't help myself." She smiles weakly, "sorry about this."

With that last apology she gently eases the hands that had only moments ago been massaging her into her mouth. The slightly sweet taste from the lotion spreads over her tongue as the greased pair slides along the warm wet muscle. “Mmmmmm,” the pink pred takes just a moment to savor the first taste of her meal, but knows she has to hurry to at least get the woman’s head in before she wakes up. As such she soon gulps the skilled hands down into the tight darkness of her throat, pulling the crimson masseuse’s head closer to that wide maw. She gulps again and the small woman’s arms are drawn down that long tunnel, the tip of her nose pressing against her client turned predator’s own flat snout. Essen caresses the scarlet woman’s head for a moment before opening her mouth wider and pushing her inside, swallowing more of her slender arms to make room. Already those skilled little hands are brushing the opening to that eagerly waiting stomach.

With Kia’s mouth safely in her mouth, muffling any cries for help that might arise, the plump pig takes a moment to truly enjoy the slender amphibian’s flavor. Her tongue runs over the poor woman’s face, drenching the scarlet scales in saliva. As she enjoys the delicious girl she reaches down and starts to undo the masseuse’s soft top button by button so that the ebony fabric wouldn’t separate her tongue from the tasty scales within it. With the blouse now hanging open the ravenous swine swallows again, sliding the still unconscious woman’s head into her throat where it makes a distinct bulge. The tight opening to Essen’s stomach slides over the slippery hands and clamps lightly over her forearms. The gluttonous sow’s tongue slides under the cotton bra still covering Kia’s bosom, running over the two tender dumplings. A moan rises from Essen’s throat, but it isn’t her own, the salamander stirs slightly as her nipples are rubbed by the side tongue, yet she doesn’t awaken.

A quick tear sounds out as the bra gives way and the hungry swine pushes her tongue further along her morsel, gliding it over the salamander’s trim torso. Kia’s head soon follows her arms into the surprisingly tight stomach as her client continues to feed her down that greedy gullet of hers as if she

were just another large dish. With that flat tummy now laying in her mouth, inching towards her waiting throat, Essen reaches down, her fingers carefully untie the drawstring of the flowing white pants. She tugs them down and they slide off of the rounded pillows of her prey's ass, which is now completely uncovered as the tight g-string the sow finds there does nothing to shield her cute little pucker. A spark flashes in those greedy emerald eyes, the perfectly sculpted derriere being far too tempting a treat to wait for. She wraps her hands around the slender calves of her meal and practically crams the living treat into her mouth, leaving only her legs sticking out from the knee down. The eager tongue wastes no time in setting to work on this new bit of meat. It runs over the succulent thighs, slathering them in lubricating saliva to ease their descent as it takes in their rich flavor. Slowly it slides between them to taste the more flavorful lips hidden there. Deep in the confines of her belly the sleeping Kia curls into a fetal position, cuddling up in the warmth. She moans in pleasure as her petals are teased and tickled by her consumer; instinctively she grinds into the intruding muscle, her sleeping body desperately wanting release.

Alas, climax wasn't meant to be as Essen tilts her head back and, with a final gulp, slurps down the woman's calves and feet. The last of her meal bulges out the pink flesh of the porcine throat before disappearing behind the soft fat belly that is now her once masseuse's temporary home. Young Kia curls up in the cradling warmth of the tight stomach, unaware that she is now nothing but fat in waiting for the pig. Both relaxed and full the plump customer gently caresses her belly and the girl concealed within it. She smiles down at her hidden occupant, "you were a tasty little thing, and. . ." she stretches her arms in the air with a yawn, "I haven't felt this relaxed in weeks. I really must thank you for all that you've done." She rises to her feet and twists to and from, stretching her back. As she does so her belly, with its extra weight, sways about. She crosses the room to retrieve her things and movement catches her eye, she turns to see her own reflection staring back at her and grins, rubbing her round gut, "for such a filling meal you are a tiny thing, you don't even make a bulge on me. I'm sure that will change after

Cecile's done her job though," her smile grows a tad awkward, "I guess another apology is in order, but you just looked so yummy laying there."

Slowly she dresses herself and sure enough the outfit slides on just as easily as when it only covered one woman. The sow giggles, "good thing you don't show. That might have caused a problem with the receptionist." Her belly jiggles as the woman within stirs lightly uttering a drowsy "hmm. . .?" "Shh, shh." Essen reassures her meal, "just go back to sleep." She waits a moment to ensure no further sounds rise from her belly before scooping up the discarded pants and placing them in her purse. "You know something Cecile?" she muses, "I might just have to make a habbit of this. Time to take you home my sweet little salamander." She giggles as she closes the door to the now empty room behind her.