"Malarie, I don't want to hear it anymore! This is literally the last school that would take you." A Mawile Morph drove the car. The giant, black maw that grew from his head hung over the back of the seat.

"Because it's more an institution than a school." Malarie huffed from the back seat, her own crimson coloured jaws were curled around into her lap. A golden hand gently stroking over it. Her body was a bright golden colour, her dark clothes covering a heavy set form. The blood red maw had two onyx 'eyes' on the top, giving it a truly malevolent look.

"Well if you wouldn't keep starting fights, and getting yourself expelled."

"I didn't START those fights." Malarie snapped before cringing back into her seat under her father's stare.

"It doesn't matter, not when you almost kill someone." He said sternly before sighing as he parked in front of the gates. "Listen, Malarie, It's just a school. No more no less. Just keep to yourself and I'll come back to get you when the summer holidays start." He turned around to look at her.

Mal nodded. "So keep doing what I've been doing then. Got it." She sighed as she slipped out of the car. "See you in the summer..."

Pulling her baggy jacket over her shoulders Mal walked up to the gates where an arcanine security guard stood. Her pale pink eyes gazed at the three story building, the high fences were already making the Mawile feeling trapped despite being outside. "Just a school...yeah right." She said sarcastically, scoffing. Shuffling to the front gate, dropping her duffle bag, she placed her hands on the edge of the booth.

"Morning, how can I help you?" the Arcanine greeted her.

"I-I'm-I'm a n-ne-new student…'

"Alright, can I get your name?"

"M-Malarie." She mumbled, her eyes avoiding his, glancing at the wall just behind him.

"Malarie...ah here we are. You'll be staying in the east wing. The Headmistress will be just inside the main hall to take you there."

"Th-Thanks." Mal nodded as he buzzed the gates open and letting her through, taking her time to cross the school yard. She opened the heavy wooden doors and was greeted by the roil of a hundred voices. Pausing in the doorway, she looked over the crowd; receiving a few looks from a few morphs. She could hear the whispers, they were talking about her; about the terrifying maw that she bore. She sighed and closed the door before a tall, busty espeon morph strode towards her.

"Welcome! You must be Malarie. I am Leriah, headmistress of Ecruteak's All Girls' Academy." The Espeon took Mal's hand in hers, giving a gentle shake. "You'll be living here and taking classes with the other girls." The Mawile had to look up to meet her eyes, she saw the left eye was a dark bronze color while the other was a dark maroon. The second thing that Mal couldn't help but notice the size of her chest, It seemed almost unrealistic, but the EE cup breasts surprisingly fit well on the espeon's body. "I'll take you up to your room let you get settled in. I've unfortunately have to make it brief. I've got guite a bit

of work to do today, I do apologize." She said and took lead and guided Malarie up the main staircase. "Classes will begin Monday, here is everything you need to begin."

A large folder was shoved into Malarie's paws quickly. "Just a few last minute sheets I need you to fil out and bring back to my office. Your time sheet and syllabi. If you have any questions you can come to my office and talk with me. You do have a roommate, and she'll help you out as well. Here is your room key, Malarie, I'll be seeing you around." Leriah winked her red eye and handed a card key to the Mawile before departing, leaving Mal standing alone in front of her room.

Pressing the key to the door; there was a beep, then a click of the lock. She stepped in and saw the small living space. "Ugh, why is there so much pink?" Mal grumbled as she looked about. The kitchen was just to her right, separated from the entrance by a counter; there was a small woven bowl with floral decorations around the rim. Another keycard in the bowl as well as a keyring told her that her roommate was at home.

The sitting room was draped in pink curtains, a half dozen pillows in shades of red, pink and purple lining the couch. Walking back towards the short hall that led to the bedrooms, she glanced in one and saw it was empty. Across from it was another room filled with pink and light blues. The closed door ahead of her, inline with the hall, was the bathroom; singing and water hitting the bottom of the tub told her that much

Malarie walked into the vacant room, dropping her bag onto the bed, she sat down next to it. Feeling a growing pressure in her bladder, she groaned and clamped her legs together. All she could do was wait. And she waited...and waited...and waited. The longer she listened to the shower going, the more desperate she became.

Gritting her teeth, the Mawile finally stood up, a paw tucked between her thighs, inching toward the bathroom. She knocked and received a strong mreow of surprise.

"Flaire?! How many times have I told you not to sneak in here like that!" came the female's reply. The shower stopped and the rings of the shower curtain clattered along the pole.

"I-I'm not Flaire." Mal stuttered through the door. "S-S-so-sorry, I'm your n-neeew roommate, I-I guess. I di-didn't mean to interrupt, But I-I really n-need to pee!" she began to dance outside the bathroom door, her large may curling around as her whole body tensed to keep herself in check.

There was silence before the door opened and a lithe Liepard morph appeared in a cloud of steam. The female gave a shriek as she came face to face with the giant jaws, dropping her towel and stumbling backwards

The feline's fur was a light lilac, dark golden rosettes covering her body. Over her humble C cup breasts and down her belly to her crotch was a hot cotton candy pink; matching with the sharp pointed mask over her eyes and the blade-like tail tip. Swallowing, she pulled her towel quickly back up to cover her form.

"You've got to be kidding me? Someone set you up to this, right?" She spat, her tail flicking in aditation.

"N-No, I-I. The h-h-headmistress..." Mal gasped and pressed her hand against herself harder to no avail. The female couldn't hold anymore, her bladder releasing. "S-SORRY!" the Mawile gave a sharp

squeak as she shoved passed the Liepard. She shivered and blushed dark, her maw curling around to cover her as she stood in the tub, her sweatpants soaked.

The liepard shook her head, groaning. "You HAVE to be kidding me!" there was a knock on the door to the flat, yanking her attention away from the Mawile "I'll be right there, Flaire!" She turned back to the curvaceous steel type. "I want all this cleaned up! And I don't want to smell anything after!" the feline hissed before storming to the front door.

"She flicked the handle to open the door and walked back towards the hall. "Sorry Flaire, I just got some bad news and it made a mess. Just...grab a drink or a snack or something, I'm going to get dressed."

"Uhm, how can news make a mess?" The tall Typhlosion asked, her head cocked to the side. Her short fur was a gorgeous deep sapphire, the belly fur that ran from neck to just above her belt line was a baby blue. She wore a tube top that barely contained her DD breasts. Around her shoulders was a mane of emerald flames

"Just my new roommate appears to be an incontinent cub." She rolled her eyes.

"Aww, Poor girl. Don't hold it against her, Rosie. Everyone has accidents. You should stop taking long showers and hogging the bathroom." Flaire smiled softly, though it quickly faded when the Liepard turned on the Typhlosion with a glare.

"I told you to call me ROSE!" She snapped, but relaxed. "I'm not five anymore, It's just Rose. Anyway, you can't possibly be taking her side." Rose walked towards her bedroom, Flaire walking close behind.

"I'm not saying that, but it's her first day and things happen. You shouldn't hold it over her head too much."

"Whatever," Rose rolled her eves again and closed her bedroom door with a snap,

"Ex-excuse me?" Came Mal's stutter from the open bathroom, her head poking out from behind the curtain. "C-Can...Can someone get me m-my towel?"

"Sure, where is it?" Typhlosion smiled as she stepped up to the door, azure eyes scanning over the silhouette of the Steel-Type, the large scarlet may exposed above the curtain rod.

"J-Just hm. Just in my bag," She pointed towards the blank room

Flaire smiled and nodded. "Sure thing." She gave another brief glance over Mal before going to the bedroom. Opening the duffle bag, she rummaged through, setting identical black sweatpants and long sleeved tops. Finding the towel under all her clothes, she pulled it out and was about to return to Malarie when she spied a pile of books just underneath.

Turning around, she took a peek at them. On the cover was a Lucario and a Flareon morph; both females were back to back with a chain loosely encircling them. "Oh my...." Flaire giggled and stood, smiling knowingly. "Okay, here you are. I brought some fresh clothes too." She said showing the trousers and top, before handing her the towel.

"Th-Thanks..." She whispered and drew herself back behind the curtain

"No problem. I'm Flaire by the way, a friend Rose's. You must be the new roomie?"

"I'm-I'm Mal." She stammered and dried herself off. "I-I just got here."

"Then let me be the first to give you a proper welcome!" Flaire said excitedly.

"Th-Tha-anks.."

"Anytime; if there's anything you need, just let me know." Flaire straighten the folds on Mal's new shirt. The Mawile came out, towel wrapped tightly around her chubby from, her cheeks bright red as the Typhlosion unashamedly looked over her form.

"T-Take a p-pic-ture" She stuttered. "It I-lasts longer." the crimson maw curling around to her front to help cover her up once again.

"Sorry. Just couldn't help but admire." She stood up and handed the clothes to Malarie who blushed even darker.

"Come on, Flaire, let's get out of here. Don't forget about cleaning up the carpet, cub." Rose glared at Malarie before walking to the front door.

Flaire frowned at her friend's attitude. "I'll see you later, Mal." She turned to Malarie and smiled encouragingly, winking

Silence fell on the tiny apartment, leaving Malarie to her own devices. Heaving a sigh, Mal finished drying off, changing into her clean clothes before going to search for cleaning items for the carpet in the hall and the tile in the bathroom. As she started scrubbing, she sighed. "Guess things aren't going to be different. Just you and me, like always, buddy." She spoke to the large jaws that laid against her back as she cleaned.

The days passed by like a glacier, each of them seeming to last forever as Mal grew into the schedule of the school. Going back and forth between classes she'd hear the familiar mumblings of morphs, watching as they pressed themselves close to the walls as she passed.

"Just like fucking grade school..." She'd mutter as she glared at the others around her. When she wasn't going to class, she was hiding in her room, listening to Rose and Flaire laugh and talk late into the evening.

When she'd step out of her room to get food, she'd see them on the couch, Flaire's sapphire fur standing out against the pink decor. The Mawile's eyes would lock onto the Typhlosion's, the Fire-Type would smile and wink, making Mal blush and quickly dart back into her room.

Rose and Flaire heard the door close sharply before continuing their conversation. "How's your new roommate doing?" Flaire asked.

"Wouldn't really know. That's about all I ever really see of her." Rose said coldly and shrugged turning her attention back to the television. "Don't really care."

As night fell, Rose groaned and stood up. "I'm headed to bed, Flaire, You can stay here if you want." The Liepard yawned and walked to her room.

"Sounds good. Though I should..." She was cut off by Rose's closing door. "Head out." She finished under her breath. She grumbled and turned off the TV just as Mal's door opened. Mal stepped out and froze upon seeing Flaire on the couch.

"Oh, you're still here?" she asked, the large crimson maw coming to cover her form, having only a pair of underpants and a long t-shirt that just went to the top of her thighs.

"I am." Flaire nodded and smiled. "Just finished a movie, Rose already headed to bed."

"That's why I thought it'd be safe to come out." She rolled her eyes and walked towards the kitchenette.

"Well. It's good I could catch you," Flaire stood up and followed Mal. "I hardly get to see you anymore."

"When you only fit in with yourself, you tend to spend most of your time alone." Mal commented. She went to make a cup of tea, filling the kettle.

Flaire thought on what Mal said and then nodded. "I can get that.'

Mal turned around and found herself nose to breast with the fire-type. Blushing, she pulled back into the counter. "Y-Yeah?"

"Yeah. I came from a pretty traditional family, so being lesbian was pretty rough. My parents sent me here after I had a blow out and almost burned the neighbors' house down. What they don't know is that they're helping me out." A wide smile on her muzzle; stepping forward, she pressed herself hip to hip with Mal who was squishing herself further back into the counter.

"I-I see…I-I-I ju-just…" MaI stammered. "It-It's not…"

Flaire pulled back and blushed under her sky blue fur. "O-oh, I'm sorry, I..." She stepped back further, "I just saw those books in your back and thought. Sorry." Flaire turning around when she felt a hand grip her jacket.

"Wait...." She whispered, the steel-type's eyes averted away even as she spoke. "I-I just...I n-n-never," Malarie mumbled and shrunk back, rubbing her arms. "I'm s-so-sorry, I-I never t-t-told anyone before. N-not even my p-parents. An-And I never b-been...h-hit on. I thought y-y-you were pl-playing with me..."

"No, no." Flaire quickly shook her head. "I would never, I've had enough of that myself. I wouldn't do that to anvone else."

They stood in the kitchen a while longer before Mal spoke again. "I-If you're be-being serious...I..." She mouthed the last words as she finally let her eyes raise to look at the Typhlosion. Swallowing she repeated what she had said. "I w-want to. bu-but I..."

Flaire smiled and pulled the female into a hug, gently squishing her to her bosom. "We'll go at your pace, Mal. And if I step outside of any boundary, you tell me."

"S-Sounds g-good, FI-Flaire." Malarie smiled and blushed as her tense form began to relax into the warm embrace of the female Typhlosion. It was a feeling she'd never thought she'd ever experience. And she loved it.

The last weeks of summer faded into fall, leaving the trees turning to browns, yellows and reds. The winds turned cold, easily cutting through coats and fur, making everyone stay inside the school.

For Rose, this was a major problem. Whenever Flaire came over it was mostly to be with Mal. Any time either of them would speak to her; even when alone she'd hiss and growl dangerously.

They were curled up together on the couch while Rose kept as far away as she could on the couch. Her fur bristled as she's hear them whisper together. Finally she'd had had enough and lept from the couch and stormed to her bedroom, slamming the door and causing the pair on the couch to flinch.

"F-Flaire...sh-sho-should we...uhm not be so, you know...around Rose?"

"Well...I guess we shouldn't," the Typhlosion whispered back and squeezed Mal gently around the middle, the giant maw hung over her shoulder, letting the fire type lay gingerly on it. "Let me up for a second, hun. I've got to use the bathroom." Flaire smiled and kissed Mal's head.

Malarie laid back on the couch, smiling softly as Flare glanced back before she zoned out on the sofa eyes flitting as she felt herself totally relax in the residual heat put off by Flaire. In a few seconds, she iolted when she heard Rose shout from her bedroom.

"You're my fucking problem!" She shouted. "You and that fucking twit of a 'morph!" There was a sudden slap of flesh against flesh. "Get out!" Rose roared, the pair of them walked out of the bedroom, Rose rubbing her cheek, a red paw print already appearing under the short fur. "And you!" She flung her arm to Flaire's back. "Out of MY fucking home!"

"Come on, Mal..." Flaire said quickly and reached out a paw.

"Bu-but I-I..." She glanced at Rose, hearing the loud growling seeing the anger seething in her eyes. "C-coming Flaire." Malarie got up quickly and dashed over to the Typhlosion, leaving the Liepard's living room in silence. When they got to Flaire's room, Mal spoke up. "W-what was that about?" Whispering so that Flaire's roommate wouldn't wake up.

"You know Rose is a bit of a bitch. How she's always got her knickers in a twist about this and that." Flaire sighed and sank onto her bed, leaving Mal to stand in front of her. She covered her face with her paws and continued. "But when she insulted you, I couldn't help myself and I slapped her."

Malarie sat down and rubbed over Flaire's back. "Y-You didn't..."

"I couldn't help myself, Mal. It's always been my flaw. I just get angry and..." she balled her fists up on her cheeks, tears matting the fur under her eyes. The emerald flames began sputtering to life around her neck. "I keep trying and trying to control my anger, but I fail every." She swallowed and shook her head,

the flames disappearing as she hid her face again. "I'm scared that...if I can't control it. I-I don't want to hurt you."

The Mawile wrapped her arms around the Typhlosion. The giant maw moved around to hold the larger female closer. "You can't hurt me, Flaire. I promise. I w-want to help you as much as you've already helped me." Mal whispered.

"Thanks love..." the Typhlosion sniffed and wiped her cheeks before she wrapped her arms around Mal, nuzzling against her head, her heat growing around them. "We'll get your stuff and move it in here tomorrow. I'll explain it all to Kandice then," Flaire whispered as they laid back in the bed, settling in for the night.

The following afternoon they both walked back to Rose's room, peeking in and looking into the bowl by the door, seeing that it was empty. Slipping in, they went to Malarie's room and began to gather everything up. All of her clothes and books were stuffed into the duffle bag, leaving the room as bare as it was on Mal's first day. "I think we've got everything. Let's get out of here before Rose comes back." Flaire kissed the top of the Mawile's giant jaw, receiving a happy hiss from it.

Malarie smiled and nodded, grabbing the bag when they heard someone clear their throat, startling the pair.

"I thought I told you two to get out of here?" Rose spat, her long tail lashing in agitation behind her

"We were just getting her stuff. We'll be out of your hair in a second, Rosie." Flaire rolled her eyes and picked up all of the spare books, holding them under her arms.

There was a sharp hiss from the Liepard. "Fine, Don't forget your jacket." She jabbed her thumb at the couch.

"Th-thanks..." Mal whispered, only getting a huff as the feline pokemon as she turned to enter her own room, the door clicking shut. She smiled weakly and went to get her jacket and they left.

"You SURE that your roommate won't mind?" Mal asked as they walked down the hall back towards Flaire's room.

"She won't. She's always bring over someone over, so I say it's my turn." Flaire chuckled and swayed her hip to gently bump into Mal's. "That and she hates Rose as much as we do."

Mal chuckled as they came to a corner and were almost knocked over by the large bosomed headmistress

"Oh, Sorry Ms. Malarie!" She clapped her paws together and smiled apologetically. "Glad I could catch you, though, I was just coming to see you." Leriah said with exaggerated happiness, her odd-eyes peeking open and locked onto the Mawile's jacket. "May I see that real fast Malarie?" Her forked tail pointed to the jacket.

Malarie lifted it with hesitation, when Flaire stuck her paw out and stopping her. "Why do you want to see it, Headmistress? We ARE still allowed our privacy." A golden pink glow formed around Flaire, freezing her in place. She stared wide eyed, growling deeply. "Headmistress, you can't do this!"

"I just received a call. As Headmistress of the school, I'm obligated to investigate." Leriah waved her hand and from the pocket came a gaudy gold necklace; gems of red, blue and pink dangled from short chains. "Tsk, tsk, Miss Malarie; I'm so disappointed..."

"Th-th-that's n-not...I-I-I d-did-didn't." The Mawile looked back towards Rose's room.

"Come with me, please." She said and turned, taking Malarie's hand.

"She didn't do anything! I was with her--" Flaire was cut off as Leriah turned around and her eyes glowed once again.

"Go back to your room, Miss Flaire, I'll send her to you when we're done." Without another word, the Typhlosion continued down the hall. "Shall we?" The Espeon smiled a pseudo-sweet smile, guiding Malarie down to her office in silence.

"P-Please...Headmistress. I-I d-di-didn't take anything" Mal stuttered, the maw giving a quiet hiss as the door closed behind her

"Rose told me she saw you put it in your pocket. And here we find it, just as she said." Leriah said lifted the jewelry again, letting it hover in mid-air spinning in slow rotations. She quickly put up a paw to silence Mal before she spoke. "It's a serious issue, Malarie. Now I'm not going to expel you. Neither will contact the police or your father." The Espeon paused and clicked her claws against the desk. "I can't let it go unpunished, though, can I?" She added with a darker tone to her voice.

Malarie sat still unsure how to answer. The giant maws gave a soft hiss as they opened and closed, feeling Malarie's building anxiety.

"Stand up and lean on my desk, please, Malarie." She stood up straight again and waved her paw, all the items moved themselves onto a pile, the necklace laying on top gently.

"Y-Y-You want me to w-what Headmistress?"

"Bend over my desk." She said in a more commanding demeanour. The bi-coloured eyes gleaming menacingly. The Headmistress's voice hissing incoherently in her mind, she stood up and though she fought the urge, Mal found herself moving towards the desk against her will. A deep amber-pink energy wrapped around the maw, forming a tight grip and forcing its jaws together.

"Hea-h-headmistress..." She begged. "Please I-I did-dn't do anything..." Her body leaned against the bare desk, her belly pressed against the high edge. Leriah grabbed a meter stick from the pile of items on the desk.

"I think maybe...fifty should be enough, don't you think?" Leriah purred and waved her fingers again. The gold-pink glow appeared on her ankles, forcing Mal to spread her legs and lift the maw up out of the way, making it growl around its muzzle. "I'll start slow, I promise." Were the last words she spoke before

she began patting Mal's round backside in slow pats. It didn't take long before they began ramping up in intensity.

By the tenth smack, she couldn't hold back the squeals that Leriah forced from her. With the Espeon holding the pace, the squeals turned to sobs; the once sharp feeling turned to a dull ache over her backside. The longer that Leriah kept spanking, Malarie began to catch a growing feminine scent. She felt a twisting in her stomach, gritting her teeth as the 'eon at long last counted forty, giving a brutal stinging smack before pausing.

"Almost done, Miss Malarie. Just ten more to go, you're doing so well!" Leriah giggled and brought her paw to the steel-type's backside, rubbing gently in small circles. Her long fingers moved up to the waist and Malarie felt the grip on her mind loosen just enough that she was able to turn her head; looking over to the Espeon, she saw that the leggings she wore were growing wet under the short skirt. "We'll try them bare, okay." She stated rather than specifically asked.

"N-No please...n-n-no!" She sobbed quietly.

"I'll be gentle." She used the same soft voice as before. Leriah slipped Malarie's sweatpants down. "Ooh these are just adorable." came a moaning comment as she looked down at the bright blue panties that Mal wore, a pair that Flaire had encouraged her to get. Her long forked tail curled around, taking place of her paw, which had disappeared under her skirt. "Ten..."

The tail left her backside and came back down across her cheeks. It wasn't as painful as the ruler, but the swat still made Malarie jump and squeak out softly.

"Nine. Eight."

Malarie growled out weakly, the maw hissing and struggled to break free of its binding. It wasn't the feeling anymore that churned her stomach, it was the humiliation of the Headmistress pleasuring herself over the Mawile's position.

"Seven, Six, Five."

Tears streaked Mai's cheeks. The pain was abating into a dull aching heat

"Four Three Two"

The air was filled with the espeon's powerful feminine scent, Malarie heard the lewd wet sluching sounds as Leriah continued to pleasure herself.

"And one. You did very good, Malarie. You may head back to your room." She smiled up from her chair, unashamedly fingering herself. "Oh and do be a good girl, okay?" Leriah said in the same cheery tone she used when they had first met.

Malarie pulled up her sweatpants, whimpering as she inched the waist over her sore rump. Quickly grabbing her bag, Malarie scampered out of the room, hearing one last loud moan from Leriah as she left. She held the bag close to her chest and wiped her cheeks, as she turned the corner to get to Flaire's room, the pink-gold aura around the maw disappeared, allowing it to growl and snap at the empty air. "It-It's okay." She whispered to it, shivering as she held back another wave of tears.

"She's a goddamn sadist; how the hell is she still Headmistress?" Flaire growled lowly when Mal finished telling her what had happened in the office. "And openly getting OFF on it." The emerald flames that wrapped her shoulders burned bright.

Mal grit her teeth and whined as Flaire passed over a sensitive spot, spreading a cooling ointment across her backside. The maw was laid out behind the Typhlosion, giving its own low rumbles. "At least got you to help me..." She gave a weak chuckle and pressed back into the gentle, warm hands.

"That and we'll only be here a few more months. I promise, I'll keep you safe." Flaire smiled and kept rubbing over Mal's butt. The flames calmed down to a gentle putter, Malarie shifted about and pulled Flaire to lay down next to her, legs slipping between Flaire's to press her chubby form as close to the Fire-type. "I love you, Mal." She kissed Mal's forehead.

"I love you too, Flaire." Came the Steel-type's reply, pressing her head into Flaire's cleavage, feeling the soft fur on her cheeks. "Hey...hun?" She mumbled into the larger chest.

"Yeah?"

"I-I just...With your p-paw and I-I'm a-already...half n-n-naked...do you think...?"

"Oh? You want to play around a bit?" Flaire couldn't help a giggle as Mal never took her face from her breasts. The Steel-Type nodded. "Even after having to deal with that? We can wait." Flaire whispered and rubbed her back with one paw, petting the maw with the other.

Mal lifted her head and smiled up at the Typhlosion. "Just with your paw." She repeated. "It just sort of got me excited. Is it bad?" Malarie blushed darkly.

"Not at all, dear." The Typhlosion kissed Malarie sweetly, her tongue pressing in and making her whimper pleasurably.

Flaire pulled Mal close, still laid on their sides, one of her paws moved to tease the Mawile's chest over the shirt, kneading and massaging the large breasts, a small grin coming to her muzzle as her partner pulled back and moaned out from the teasings. But it was nothing compared to the noise she made when the Fire-Type reached down and pressed her digits against her sex, rubbing her bare labia.

Malarie squealed out, having to bury her face in Flaire's breasts to muffle the noises she made. Flaire couldn't help but giggle and rub the back of her head. "That's a good girl. Let it all out." She smiled and continued her menstrations. Moving her paw, she sank two over her fingers into her rubbing against the most sensitive spots, Flaire's thumb teased Mal's clit in small circles while her fingers pressed against her passage.

"I-I never...th-thought..." She pulled her head out a little bit, panting heavily. Her thighs were already soaked with her juices. "I never thought another one t-t-touching me would f-feel so good...." She whined in pleasure smiling up at the Typhlosion as she shook through miniature climaxes.

"You mean you've never? Ah. I'm happy I could truly be your first, then."

"N-not exactly. I mean...l've often...used my own maw..." Mal blushed dark and buried her face deep into Flaire's cleavage again when she felt another digit wiggle into her sex, stretching her.

"Oh really now..." Flaire growled softly, feeling her own pants growing wet from her own arousal. "Show me, love."

Nodding again, Mal pulled back away, her cheeks burning red. "L-Lay back and take off your pants..." She blushed darkly and shifted about, spreading her legs. She admired Flaire's form as she took her top releasing the large, almost E cup breasts before she pulled off her pants and panties, leaning back on her bed, spreading her legs. "Ready when you are, love."

Mal smiled and unbuttoned her shirt, slipping it off and then doing her bra, joining her mate in the nude. She smiled and sat down on her mate's lap, parting her legs on either side of Flaire's, leaning back against her with her head on her breasts. "I don't think I've really done it any other way after I did this the first time." She joked and curled the maw around to the front so that it laid over her thighs.

Rubbing over the underside of the maw, Mal smiled and wiggled back as the mouth opened. The long, thick tongue lapped against her sex, making the chubby Mawile shudder in pleasure. "Little lower buddy..." She moaned and guided the maw a little more down to tease against Flaire's lips. The maw's tongue seemed hesitant with the unique flavor and powerful heat of the Fire-Type.

Malarie's smile widened hearing the female's moaning behind her. "What do you think?" She whispered. The tongue dragged slowly between Flaire's cheeks, pressing against her labia, sampling the strong flavored juices that poured from her slit.

"I think it's amazing!" Flaire growled and wrapped her arms around Mal, one paw instantly going to massage her breast, pinching the nipple between digits. While the other paw slid between Mal's thighs, rubbing her clit as the tongue continued to lap at her sex.

"Ready for the next step?" She smiled and tilted her head back.

"Born ready." Flaire responded and spread her legs a bit more, Mal's following suit, sneaking two fingers into her pussy. She cried out as the wide tongue pressed into her slit. "O-Oh Arceus!" She cried out. "T-That's...bigger than any toy I've had..." She moaned and pressed her hips back against the maw.

"It is amazing, huh?" She whispered and blushed dark, licking her lips as if she were tasting the Typhlosion herself.

Flaire could only nod as the tongue continued to press deeper into her, stretching her sex as juices continued to flow over her backside. Her fingers digging into Mal's sex, making the Mawile moan out too, shivering as they both drove each other quickly towards climax.

In unison the pair gave another cry of pleasure out as they both came together, the thick tongue pressed deeper into Flaire's sex as it attempted to collect the powerful spray of nectar that Typhlosion offered.

The both of them shuddered as their bodies relaxed, one last moan coming from Flaire as the tongue slipped from her sex, feeling the heat of her once over stuffed sex lingering. "Hah...Mal, That was..." She squeezed Mal around the middle. "And you can take all that no problem? I'm going to be sore tomorrow!" The Typhlosion giggled and kissed and nipped the Steel-Type's neck.

"Yeah, I can." Mal panted as she laid with her mate in their afterglow. "I didn't know you were a squirter." She replied, receiving a nod back.

"No...one else has ever done that to me before...." She panted and nuzzled into Malarie. "I love you so much, darling Mal."

"I love you too, sweetie." She moaned softly as she felt the heat grow against her back. She heard the soft snores from the Typhlosion. "I couldn't have imagined a more perfect first time. Thank you, Flaire." Mal shifted and kissed the Typhlosion's neck, settling against the Typhlosion's warm form and joining her in sleep.