

"I think it's time to tuck you away for the night hun'..." Soline grinned. She was straddling Nattyk's chest, contentedly sitting nearly her full weight on the slender troll. Her thighs pressed in, pinning Nattyk's arms to her sides, and combined with the panther's simple size, Nattyk found herself pinned almost immobile, only her legs could move with any real degree of freedom.

Back on Alternia her concept of fun had consisted mainly of killing other trolls and occasionally the odd monster; but she *loved* the kinds of fun Soline insisted on introducing her to...intimately. Particularly the way she, like now, found herself pinned and submissive beneath a creature of such low blood. Red was little more than a legend, though plentiful on Soline's home planet. Nattyk wore her stereotypical garb, a dark grey t-shirt with her favourite symbol on the chest, and a short blue skirt. While they'd enjoyed one another, Soline hadn't felt the need to steal away much more than her bright red panties that found themselves steadily digesting inside her stomach. Her trainers were still on, as was the one elbow-length sleeve she wore and the blue hairband tying her long hair back out of her face. The result was that Nattyk found herself more than a little sweaty after their session, almost to the point of *feeling* sweat trickle down the soles of her feet.

The blue-blooded, grey skinned troll squirmed a little, feeling deliciously sticky and sweaty after their 'fun' together, and her gaze flicked across the room, from the bedding Soline had her pinned to, to the recuperacoon she'd persuaded her matesprit to let them build. The thick green, warm gloop, 'Sopor Slime' beckoned invitingly, she hadn't had a chance to slide into the tank since meeting Soline. The panther insisted on keeping her cuddled up in a tight, warm ball on the bed, usually trapped beneath her. Nattyk could hardly complain...but she wanted to show Soline how nice *her...*'bed' was!

"Tuck away into my Recuperacoon with you, you mean?" She giggled and craned her head upwards, receiving a firm kiss, hard enough to press her back down into the bed, for her efforts. "I know you'll love it!"

Soline thrummed softly, the heat from her sex distinctly noticeable on Nattyk's stomach even through her shirt. The panther herself wore little more than a simple white t-shirt, big enough to dangle below her hips and act as a nightie "Mmh, nope sweetie...I have my own 'recuperatunnel' to pack you into tonight..." She shifted suddenly, sprawling out atop the troll, and teasingly tugged down the neckline of her top, revealing the corner a flowing, curving scar on her chest. "My matesprit" she pressed her black lips against the troll's blue pair for a long minute, only pulling away to squeeze a bottle of lube, letting the chill of the clear slime ooze over Nattyk's face and hair.

Without any further warning, the panther shifted again, climbing up off Nattyk entirely, and turning around before plopping down again onto her knees, facing away from the troll this time. Nattyk instinctively sat up in response to being blinded with lube, the sweet, caramellic scent giving her hints to exactly what the lube was, before Soline's hand caught her head and pulled her firmly forwards, smushing her face roughly up between feline buttocks. Nattyk's reflexive squirming only smeared more of the lube over Soline's rump, tailhole, and Nattyk's own head.

"Good girl...now, in you get." The feline churred teasingly, and sat backwards as much as she pressed on the back on her love's head. A soft groan of delight escaped as she felt that wonderful horn sinking into her buttock and dragging over her flesh, sliding closer and closer before... "Nnhh!" her

pucker clenched for a moment, squishing lewdly over the intruding horn before she relaxed again, swallowing the candy coloured length entirely and letting her tailhole squelch over Nattyk's lubed head, inching wider and wider, matting down her hair and pushing the excess lube away to drip over her face and onto her shoulders, soaking her sweaty clothes even more until, with a thick, shlurking burble of displaced air bubbling through the lube, the troll's entire head slipped into the hot, tight depths of Soline's bowels.

She clenched tightly for a moment, pausing to enjoy the sensations as Nattyk spluttered uncomfortably, feeling *filth* coat her head and press in all around, the pliant, soft ring of muscle kneading around the troll's throat. "Oops...did I forget to relieve myself first?" The wicked smirk on Soline's face said it was *anything* but an accident as she pushed, forcing the crap filling her bowels a little lower, to squidge more thoroughly into Nattyk's hair, and accidentally farting around her neck as well.

As usual, Nattyk was torn, her hands drifting awkwardly between slapping at her matesprit's thighs, and delving down the front of her skirt, bordering that heady space between total submission and the instinctive desire to wriggle free and exert her blood-given dominance over all other creatures!

Biting her lower lip, tail gently pressing Nattyk to remain sitting up, the panther sat steadily back, her rump resting firmly on, and then around, the troll's shoulders, lube smearing over them moments before they sank up out of sight as well, squelching into the panther's capacious rear end, forcing her face deeper and deeper into the cloying, clay-like muck; another reason for Nattyk to willingly slip inside. It felt so similar to the Sopor Slime in her Recuperacoon, pressing in all around her and sinking into every possible nook and cranny, filling her with warmth...even the smell, ever so subtly of caramel, the odour that laced everything about Soline.

With her tailhole clenching snugly around the young troll's chest, quashing her small breasts flat against her ribcage, Soline looped her tail around Nattyk's belly, holding her forearms down to her sides, and gave the troll reason to protest. "I should probably mention, Natty dear...you *won't* be coming back out this time...at least, not looking like the fuckable, edible little troll you are...or were," She smirked "Soon-to-be-crap."

It took the troll a moment to process and understand exactly what Soline was saying...that she was going to be digested this time! By the time she *did* start to resist properly, the panther only needed to lean back a tiny bit more and completely off balance herself, and with a wet fart of displaced air she sat down heavily onto the bed, her weight dragging the large panther's body down over the slender, cute troll beneath her. With so much lube and her rectum already stuffed and stretched out with waste, Nattyk sank inside as easily as one of the many sex-toys the predatory feline owned, some as big as the troll herself. Clenching and wriggling her hips happily, sat around Nattyk's own, Soline paused for a moment to rub her nethers, delicate fingers dancing over her clit and lips while the other hand ran over her belly, a layer of softness concealing her deceptive muscles, and obscuring any bulges or imprints Nattyk might have made, but she could still *feel* the troll inside, squirming and wriggling delightfully, already starting to curl around the bends of her bowels, pressing up through seemingly endless tunnels full of gloopy muck. If she wasn't so pre-occupied with squirming, even giving a few muffled shouts, she'd likely have noticed the odd bone or scrap of clothing or, once, a semi-digested mobile phone as she pressed into and past them. Soline had been holding on for *days*, building up and planning for this moment.

Another shift, this time slow and careful, with Soline's hand slipping down to cup her lover's bum and hold her hip deep in feline ass as she lifted to one side and rolled over, tilting up onto her knees and then dropping down onto all fours, one arm reaching behind her to give Nattyk a firm grope as the slender troll's legs kicked and flailed uselessly; doing herself more harm than good as her struggles worked herself deeper into Soline's backside. Dropping down lower, almost as if to snuggle into the warm patch left behind below where Nattyk was lying, with her chin on the pillows Soline pointed her ass up into the air, and gently pushed on the troll's skirted backside, loving the rougher sensations of her clothes dragging up inside her. Inch by satisfying inch Nattyk sank deeper, a wonderful filling sensation as the solid, lumpy weight settled deeper into Soline's body, pushing at her belly from the inside and squirming so very nicely into her already stretched bowels, 'bathing' in crap as she sank lower. Soline glanced coyly over her shoulder to watch Nattyk's slender, sleek-skinned thighs trail from sight, her ass giving off thick, lewd sounds as it gaped naturally around her legs, taunting her with the lack of a clenching, tugging ring of muscle at the entrance, instead she simply 'sank' into the tunnels of filth just inside.

Her kicking legs soon came to rest against the panther's dripping wet petals, the troll up to her knees in panther butt. "See...who needs a silly old slime tank? I'm *much* better, don't you think Nattyk?" Soline teased, the muffled splutters and attempts to speak sounded quite...negative, and in response Soline simply clenched hard and wiggled her hips, tipping Nattyk just a little deeper, until gravity took over again and started to swallow up her diminutive, slender calves as well.

Deep inside the panther, the only external thing Nattyk could hear with any clarity was Soline's voice, the soft, lilting sounds passing through her body to reach the troll with ease while any other noises absorbed into the feline's fur, even the occasional fart, forced out more to taunt Nattyk than anything, were felt as ripples around her legs more than heard, her calves positively *chilly* compared to the steaming, sweltering temperature of the crap and intestines wrapped snugly around her sweating, sticky body. All around her the lewd, gurgling, thick noises of panther guts churning and kneading and squishing around her filled her ears, above the constant, rumbling vibrations of Soline's constant purring, and ever so faintly, just below everything else, more a *feeling* rippling through her body than a noise, she could hear the panther's powerful, steady heartbeat. With a groan of discomfort she wriggled like a larval pupa again, feeling the pressure of Soline's hand around a trainer, pushing her in deeper, and sure enough moments later the cloying heat and sticky embrace of filth swallowed up her legs, and her entire body slid deeper still into Soline's body. With only her trainer-clad feet free, tucked neatly up between Soline's buttocks, on the brink of slipping inside, Nattyk paused in her struggles, feeling a distinctly *sticky* sensation around her extremities.

"Feel that hun'?...that's my bowels starting to work." Soline murmured, her eyes closed, simply enjoying the sensation of being so full and content, packed with her matesprit, and feeling the tingling, shuddering *warmth* filling her intestines much as Nattyk probably was beginning to feel all around her body. Soline reached back and quickly stole the satisfaction of actively pressing on Nattyk's trainer-clad heels, slowly sinking her down out of sight entirely, until her twitching, clenching tailhole inched slowly closed, leaving just a single loose shoe-lace trailing from Soline's depths. Almost as soon as the troll was fully encased in bowels and shit, the powerful digestive effect began to take hold.

Rolling over to sit on the edge of the bed, Soline lingered for a moment before rising to her feet, completely unhindered by the weight of the small girl crammed up her ass, and made her way curiously across the room to Nattyk's recuperacoon. Each step she took jostled the trapped girl inside her, the powerful, stretched walls of flesh clenching and undulating, working her deeper to prevent her sloshing around inside the panther's body too much. It wasn't until Soline stopped moving, looking down into the oversized tank and wrinkling her nose at the odd smell that Nattyk realised her bowels were actively clenching and crushing down around her, kneading and dragging her deeper. With a barely noticed tickle her shoelace vanished up into Soline, every inch of the fully dressed troll worked deeper and deeper, coming to a rest almost horizontally somewhere inextricably deep within Soline, her kicking feet at *least* as deep as she was tall. The tingling, burning sensation had grown to encompass her entire body, and Nattyk could *feel* bits of her flaking off, melting and converting into more of the sticky brown filth all around her. Mercifully it didn't hurt too much, just a constant tingle, like bad pins and needles, but she could very much sense her body deteriorating, her arms nothing but more of the apparently acidic shit and her legs much the same by the time Soline gave a mental shrug and stepped gingerly into the vat of green slime.

"Oohh!" A shiver rippled up the panther, translating into a tight clench that smushed more filth in over Nattyk's steadily digested body, her struggles almost non-existent as she rapidly transformed to more self-aware than self-existing, more crap than troll. Soline *adored* the sticky, gooey way the slime sucked and slurped at her foot, welcoming it into the warm depths, much like her ass had done to Nattyk. Wasting no time the panther stepped inside and lowered herself into the over-sized recuperacoon, her matesprit had specifically designed it as big enough for the panther...and Soline hadn't missed the fact it was only *just* big enough, meaning Nattyk would have to snuggle in *very* tightly for them both to share it. Of course that didn't matter so much anymore, and as Soline sank fully into the slime, leaving only her head free...she didn't quite believe Nattyk about being able to breathe the slime just yet, Nattyk faded completely, her last conscious thought being to hear the distant, delighted voice of Soline say "Ooh... I *love* this!" before she was gone, transformed into four feet of filth nestled deep inside the panther, a heavy, delicious weight between her hips.

The next morning, Soline woke remarkably calmly, to discover herself fully submersed in the Sopor Slime...and breathing easily. Breaking the surface and coughing up a mouthful of the odd tasting goop she inhaled air and smiled, loving the slimey bed...perhaps she should sleep in Nattyk's creation more often. Her hand ran over her abdomen with a smirk, pressing in and feeling the churning mess inside her giving way softly. Clambering out of the recuperacoon she padded to the bathroom, leaving little pools of slime with each step. Not bothering to shower first, she slipped onto the toilet seat and relaxed, groaning with utter bliss as the waste of a weeks meals oozed thickly from her body. Once she was done, the panther hopped into the shower and...after a moments hesitation hopped out again *without* getting clean. She paused by the toilet on her way out and smirked down at the partially digested red trainer lodged into the filth, and flushed "Mmh, you were *so* sure you were the Alpha, weren't you hun'? Oh well..." Humming softly to herself, Soline padded back into the bedroom and slipped herself back into the recuperacoon with a purr of delight, taking another nap as she waited for yet another of Nattyk's doomed timelines...or perhaps the true alpha herself, to stumble into the feline's den.