

Roxxi moaned softly, her expression twisted into one of wicked amusement as she squirmed and shifted on the table, moaning just enough to tease her date for the night. The slender, short girl looked young, though she'd assured her date Mawne that she was legal age, and could certainly pack away the alcohol to prove it; and dressed in high heels, thigh-high stockings, fingerless gloves that stretched almost to her shoulders, neon pink spandex shorts and matching vest that only reached the upper curve of her smooth, soft abdomen, she'd definitely fitted into the club she'd picked Mawne up in.

Now, several hours later, the young girl had brought Mawne back to hers and shown off her massage room. "Massage therapist babe, I use this room for practice...and fun. Wanna have a go?"

Much to Roxxi's delight, the other woman had wanted to have a go on the massaging side and get her hands on that slender body. She hopped up onto the massage table and made a long, taunting show of removing her shoes, displaying feline levels of flexibility as she kept her leg straight, bending almost in half to draw the footwear off, wiggling her silk-clad, slightly sweaty toes at the blushing woman.

"Stop teasing and show me where you keep the oils Rox" Mawne giggled, lightly slapping at the heated feet and walking around the table

"Oh, in that cupboard, take your pick, but I *love* the strawberry," Came the playful, lilted response. The cupboard was chock full of...well...Mawne had to admit they looked strangely like potion bottles, with labels that made no sense, and a few containing liquids that really didn't look like oils...one even just held silver beads. Opting to follow requests, she grabbed the obvious 'Strawberry Massage Oil' and turned around to get a pair of body-warmed, musky spandex shorts hitting her square in the face.

Roxxi giggled innocently, "*oops*", her voice sounding anything but sorry as she tugged her stockings off, stretching back on the bed in nothing but her gloves, top, and panties. "What?" she grinned, spreading her legs just a little and looking down at her date, the other girl having not moved, simply enjoying the view.

"You...look kinda androgynous y'know? If it weren't for those..." she nodded towards Roxxi's small breasts, soft, squishy mounds of flesh just barely stretching her shirt, nipples having poked noticeably through the material all night; though Mawne's gaze also drifted lower, fixed on the swell in her panties, clearly just a very aroused, engorged vulva filling the pink underwear...but...it looked almost too high for that.

Roxxi feigned an insulted expression "Hey! Right, you owe me a *full* massage for that, missy." She stuck her tongue out, waggling the glistening pink muscle before adding "I'll still 'pay' you for your services", leaving Mawne to gaze at those lips and imagine exactly what kind of payment she'd get. Moving down to the end of the table, she began at Roxxi's feet, drawing some *very* delighted moans

from the girl as she rubbed the self-warming, slick oil into her aching feet, working out the kinks of a day in heels. Slowly working her way up higher and higher, Mawne clambered up onto the table; straddling Roxxi's oil slicked legs to massage higher and higher up, pouting when the girl deliberately slipped her hands up above her groin, forcing her to skip the fun part until the end. With one hand on Roxxi's belly, she tugged her own top up and off, exposing large, heavy breasts jiggling like water balloons inside her bra and after planting a kiss on Roxxi's lips and flipping her onto her belly, Mawne shuffled out of her jeans, sitting her own swollen, needy cunny across the smaller girl's thighs while she massaged downwards. This time, Roxxi didn't stop her, letting those oil-soaked fingers stroke right down her crack, pushing the panties up inwards, framing her pert little butt, and sliding just around her inner thighs, leaving Mawne practically squirming as she explored almost every inch of her date's body.

Flipping her back over, Mawne crawled back up for a kiss, only for Roxxi to wrap both arms around the back of her lover's neck and flipped them both again, putting Mawne back down on the table and settling her lighter weight atop, straddling the woman's hips.

"My turn..." Roxxi's voice *dripped* seduction as she physically *slid* higher, dragging her slippery body up against Mawne's, the soft swell of her breasts brushing the woman's nose, followed by Roxxi's navel, until the girl pushed herself upright, sat very nearly on Mawne's face, that slightly abnormal bulge pressing against the woman's chin. Finally able to feel it, something clicked as 'wrong' in her mind...the bulge wasn't indented in the middle like a vulva should be.

"Something wrong, babe?" Roxxi teased, a knowing smirk on her lips, sliding forwards, she dragged her crotch and ass right over Mawne's face, leaving a musky scent of arousal surrounding her, to kneel directly above her date's head. "Well...I suppose I should come clean with you, even if you're not gonna be very soon..." Ignoring the confused look Mawne gave her at the cryptic words, she hooked two thumbs into her panties and pulled them down, slipping the sodden material off her oiled, round backside first, revealing a dark little pucker nestled within. "You see...I'm not a girl." Roxxi giggled, pulling her panties down to mid-thigh, the waistband behind Mawne's head, fully exposing herself. The soft, innocuous bulge revealed itself to be a soft sac and small cock, albeit larger than the bulge had suggested, carefully packaged into tight underwear to form a completely nondescript bulge.

Before Mawne could respond, Roxxi sat back, planting his pert backside over her mouth and nose, the oiled sac half-covering her eyes, his slender thighs squeezing around either side of her head. Clearly he wasn't remotely interested in her preferences, even though they'd met at a gay-bar. "Nawh.." he answered a question she hadn't asked "I'm not a herm or shemale...no girly bits, I just like dressing and smelling good" he ground back and forth idly, smearing oil over her face...however she might feel, Mawne had to agree he smelled *good*, a slightly saltier, fleshy tang to the strawberry scent coating his entire body, just another layer of his favourite perfume it seemed. "Oh, these?" Roxxi jiggled the soft, small breasts "They're fake, slime girl implants. Expensive, I don't think the girls really want to be stuffed into my chest and condensed down to fat," Roxxi giggled at the thought "I'm told they're still conscious too, anyway, expensive but sooo worth it, as good as real boobs; even if a whole slime girl only adds maybe a cup."

As Roxxi ground idly back and forth, smothering his date, that previously hidden cock swelled up and stiffened, growing so much it seemed to be inflating, quite clearly attracting Mawne's attention as even his balls seemed to get bigger and heavier "Oh, you like? I suppose it's pretty lucky I'm a grower, easier to hide...but mnh, trying not to get aroused while you're rubbing all over me? You have *no* idea." He sighed softly and leaned back, one hand on her breast, the other wrapping around his now slightly bigger than average erection, slowly stroking up and down the oily shaft, wriggling his butt a little lower, until Mawne could feel the anus squishing and twitching over her nose with each stroke.

"Ahh, that's a bit better." Roxxi sighed, letting go of his throbbing shaft, the tip drooling a fat glob of pre right onto Mawne's forehead "Make sure you squirm...wouldn't want my body forgetting about you." He smiled lovingly, and patted her head, before lifting upwards. The slightly blue Mawne gasped furiously, greedily inhaling air, half suffocated, before Roxxi simply spread his feminine cheeks with both hands and sat down hard, her nose spearing up into his anus, the greasy ring of muscle stretching far wider and easier than it had any right to, swallowing up Mawne's entire head with a lewd squelch. "Oh...*gods!*" Roxxi groaned, his voice still light, soft and girly, just like the rest of him, even as he bent a little, stroking up and down his cock as her head mashed roughly against his prostate, pucker twitching softly around her throat. Taking his hand away with visible effort, Roxxi clenched hard and shifted, legs stretching up lithely as he rose into a crouch, dragging Mawne up the oil slicked table to 'sit' beneath him. Almost immediately her fists came up, punching and clawing at his lower half...though she couldn't manage to twist around to do more than his buttocks and thighs.

"Hey!" Roxxi gasped, giggling and *sitting* onto her shoulders, clenching and grinding "I like it as rough as any guy, but that's just plain assault!" he teased, cock throbbing as he relaxed and *pushed* down, stretching over her shoulders in one smooth, oiled motion, sending her upper arms inside with a lewd, gooey squelch, her breasts too soft to offer any resistance despite stretching him wider, the oil just making everything wonderfully slippery and stretchy. Inside, any part of her not covered with strawberry oil was quickly caked in a thick, lubricating layer of slime, helping her to push effortlessly through the internal ring of muscle into his colon and deeper, up into Roxxi's intestines. By the time he reached her waist, legs stretched out in front as he wriggled and worked that ass lower, Mawne's upper body was slick with sweat, the woman panting at the ungodly, sweltering heat within the stifling depths of his intestines, only barely thankful she wasn't outright suffocating inside him. Initially afraid this was some perverse manner of devouring an entire person, Roxxi's real desires became apparent soon after, as he got his feet underneath again and slowly rose up, twitching asshole farting and gurgling thickly around her slime-coated upper body as she slipped back out, all the way to her breasts, only to plunge right back inside even easier than before. Moaning, shuddering in delight, her captor brushed his drooling tip with his fingers, before shuddering with restraint and moving her deeper inside, clenching and leaning forwards, pushing out his stomach to create suction, literally dragging Mawne's broad, curvy hips and backside up between his taut cheeks and into that ravenous hole. Clenching tightly, he carefully worked back up to his feet, planting Mawne's bare soles in the sloppy puddle beneath them both and slowly sitting down, shuddering delightedly at her terrified, frantic screaming; the poor woman could do nothing but wriggle and scream her fears into the intestines, unable to even resist as Roxxi sank smoothly down

over her, his bulging gut bit enough to press hard against his twitching cock, pleasuring him with every shift and movement of either person. Once past her knees, Roxxi finally gave in to the intense pleasure and curled one hand around his cock, almost *purring* with delight as precum *spurted* from his tip, splattering the underside of his distended gut. Pulling upwards, his clenched hole held out long enough to lift Mawne's toes off the table, before her weight overcame and she slopped back down and outwards, her thighs slipping back into view only to be swallowed back up. Screams turned into angered cries of humiliation as he reduced her to a toy, riding up and down the entire length of her legs. Feeling close to climax, the femboy dropped down heavy, ass hitting the table with a wet thud, the muffled screams drowning out the wet, gooey noises of his stroking. Arching his back and clenching hard, Roxxi sucked those feet up inside as well, shuddering and rubbing even faster as his hole clamped down tight enough to hold her completely immobile, trapped inside, toenails scratching the wrong side of his anus. A minute later, he finally came, hot ropes of spunk spurting out, splattering his belly, the table, and the pile of clothes Mawne had left on the floor.

Finally spent, Roxxi cradled his distended middle with both arms, licking cum and oil from his fingers as the enormous weight of a whole person pushed down, Mawne's toes forcing right back out of his gooey backdoor again, pushing up against the coolness of the table, a last, lingering treat against the cloying, sweltering, positively *ungodly* heat of Roxxi's intestines.

"Oh...you're amazing Mawne...I'm totally up for a second date if you are..." Roxxi purred, patting her belly, deliberately ignoring the seeming rejection and screaming and struggles, behaving as though he was simply saying goodnight after a trip to the movies. Flopping onto his back, he paused, getting used to the weight sat on his spine, before pushing his hips upwards, clenching and sucking those toes back out of sight as he reached down, grabbed those panties and pulled them back up, shivering happily as the elastic gave a *snap* against his flesh. Sitting up again, he spun around, hopped off the table, semi-erect cock tenting the oil-soaked panties, and groaned as her feet slipped free again "Stop that!" he giggled, bending over to scoop up his shorts, and at the same time reaching back and *shoving* her feet inside, his hand vanishing up his ass along with a fistful of satin as he pushed her feet deeper inside, feeling something inside give a satisfying 'pop' as her feels slipped over his sigmoid sphincter. Un-wedgie-ing himself, Roxxi slipped into the spandex shorts and pulled them on, loving the pressure over his semi-hard cock.

"It's only eleven" Roxxi mused, giving an extremely feminine *stretch*, arching his back, belly pressing forwards, arms stretching down and outwards, his palms facing down to the ground. "A movie before bed sounds good...popcorn, hot chocolate...mmnhhh" Giggling, he sauntered out of the room with a sated wiggle of the hips, pausing by the movie-rack to fish out his copy of Mean Girls, before heading downstairs to the living room and kitchen.