

Love Between Losers

Commissioned by superblue

Crack! A chop to the neck. Bam! Uppercut to the midsection. Whump! Knee to the crotch.

Krystal's voice echoed out, "Hya! Kiai!" as she continued her lethal combo, finishing with a twirl of her voluptuous body as she powered a roundhouse kick to her target's head that nearly sent it flying.

The training dummy, strung up from the ceiling, wriggled around violently as it sold her offense. She was really kicking the stuffing out of him!

She was clad in only her white training bra and matching gym shorts. Well, that was the only thing she had on that you'd call clothing... she was also adorned in bandages.

Krystal winced as she landed another kick to the dummy's groin, hissing in pain herself. It'd been a month since her 2 v 1 fight against Fiona and Risa, and she still had yet to be cleared to compete.

She really wanted to be the one teaming with Fox to face off against them, but that wasn't in the cards. Fox and Falco ended up thwarting them, and now there were rumblings of dissension between the two, blaming each other for the loss. She may never get her revenge at this rate...

The blue foxgirl pounded the dummy's face with a fist, filled with impotent rage. Her foray into wrestling had been a disaster so far, two matches, zero wins and she's still spending her nights in the hospital. Only today was she finally allowed to start training again.

Usually she was a calm and level headed sort, but she was also prideful and this had really gotten under her skin. It even made her a touch paranoid...

'They're thinking about it. I just know it.' she thought to herself, glaring around the room. She looked at some of her fellow furry anthros lifting weights, running treadmills, doing calisthenics...

'They're laughing at me. Cracking jokes. Of course they are.'

None of them were paying her any mind, but it didn't seem that way to her. She felt eyes on her, even when they weren't there.

After some debating with herself, she decided to confirm or deny her suspicions. Krystal closed her eyes tight, catching her breath as she leaned against the dummy.

With a little focus, she tapped into her mental powers and began to listen. Slowly, like a babbling river, came the undercurrent of noise as she began hearing the thoughts of those around her.

'...just ten more... come on... nine more...!'

'Hope nobodies' staring at my ass while I'm doing these squats...'

'Shit! Did they change the measurements on me again?! I swear a mile wasn't this long before!'

'...God, if only there was a workout to make THAT bigger...'

'Pain! Is weakness! Leaving! The body!'

'Hope somebodies' staring at my ass while I'm doing these squats...'

As she heard more and more voices, slowly the anger subsided. She began to feel a little embarrassed about her assumption.

They weren't thinking of her, of course not. Everyone was just here trying to make themselves better, focusing on themselves. Just like she should be doing.

She slowly pulled herself back to reality, letting her mental link with the whole room fade...

'...man, Krystal's so...'

Her eyes bolted open. Somebody WAS thinking of her! With a narrowed brow, she honed in on the direction that was coming from. She was ready to snap, anticipating more of the disrespect she'd been getting from the folks she'd faced off with.

'...she's just so beautiful... that's the prettiest girl I ever saw.'

Her mouth opened just a bit, the anger diffused in an instant. She wasn't expecting that at all.

Krystal turned her head over to the source. There, sitting on a bench was a young man, an anthro flareon that seemed to have dyed the big poofy tuft of white fur on his head to have some blue accents. This matched his rather effeminate blue leggings and arm wraps. He sported a dorky pair of blue glasses and wore tight black spandex shorts.

When he caught her gaze, the boy let out a gasp and glanced away with a guilty look on his face, like he'd just been caught committing a felony.

'Ohhh no! She saw me staring!' he whimpered internally. 'Aw man, she must think I'm a creep...! Oh no. I just can't help my eyes around pretty girls... dammit.'

She kept looking until the boy glanced her way again... and she gave him a friendly smile, just enough to assuage him, before turning back around. She heard him breathe a sigh of relief, 'Okay, at least she's not too bothered...'

As she turned back around, the smile didn't quite fade. After all she'd been through, the compliments were a nice pick-me-up. Especially because she knew for a fact he wasn't just saying that. In fact, he wasn't saying it at all!

She went back to her training, much more calm than before, casually elbowing and kneeing the training dummy. The boy kept stealing glances, a soft smile appearing on his face.

'Man, she's really something. Strong and lovely.' his thoughts continued ringing in Krystal's ears. Even mentally the boy sounded gentle, sheer admiration rather than carnal lust, even as he added, 'She's perfect, from head to toe. I'm jealous of that dummy, I'd get beat up just for the sake of feeling her touch...'

After mulling it over for a moment, she turned to the side, her big round bubble butt pushing out towards him as she lined up a kick. Of course, he couldn't help but watch as she threw that high kick, her long shapely leg extending up as her bare foot slammed into the dummy's head.

She paused, maintaining that pose for a lot longer than necessary. She heard his thoughts short-circuit for a moment and smirked to herself.

'Th-that ass...! Ohhh, I shouldn't look. But how can I not?! Ohhh it's mesmerizing...! Makes me wanna be sat on soooo baaaaad!'

The flareon bit at the back of his hand, struggling to maintain himself. It was becoming very tempting to make a scene.

Krystal's mood had done a real 180 hearing this. She whipped her hair around and walked with a certain swagger, a sway to her wide round hips as she made her way to the yoga mats.

There was one closer to her, but she intentionally skipped it so she could sashay past the boy. He shirked away, trying his best not to let her notice, but he kept trailing her in the corner of his eye, his gaze locked onto the rhythmic hefty bounce of her breasts and the hypnotic jiggle of her thick powerful thighs and generous plump ass.

'God, just watching her walk is amazing...! Ohhh it makes my day just seeing her. I'm so lucky.' he remarked to himself. 'Wait, is she about to do yoga stretches?! Oh, my heart...!'

With a downright cocky grin, Krystal took to the yoga mat and took a seat, thinking about what kind of stretches she could do to blow his mind. This was a game for her now, a very fun one that she'd stumbled onto.

Krystal chuckled softly to herself as she knew the exact one to go for. She put her hands to the mat, lifting her heels as she buried her toes. She arced forward, her head nearly touching the mat as her lower half slowly pushed way up into the air.

The downward dog was an old classic. Of course, she's a fox, but close enough. And the pose just so happened to put her ass up in the boy's field of view, prominent and wiggling.

He bit his bottom lip and hissed, 'Ohhhhhh my God, no way. Damn, Krystal's so hot, I'm losing it! That ass is spectacular... nnggh, I'm just leering! Stop it, Ravo! ...But I can't...'

His thoughts were becoming more lewd and shameless, even as he cursed himself. He wasn't trying to be a lech, he hated the idea of creeping on her, but he was just so entranced. He was fighting a big internal battle with himself, and jobbing hard.

And Krystal couldn't have felt happier about it, some of that pride restored. Maybe she wasn't the best fighter in the world, but she had a body that drove people wild.

She playfully wiggled her hips and got deeper into the stretch. This was actually some very effective yoga, she was forgetting about her aches and pains in the gaze of this boy, who was apparently called Ravo.

Krystal slowly shifted herself, turning towards him but keeping her eyes shut tight and tilting her head away. She didn't want him thinking he'd get caught...

She was going into another classic, the cobra pose. This one she had no claim to at all really.

But whether the name fit or not, she sure looked great doing it. She pushed her crotch into the mat, legs flattening on the floor as her upper body rose.

She pushed her upper half up, puffing her chest out right towards the shy nervous young man that'd been leering at her.

His jaw nearly hit the floor as he gazed deep into her cleavage, her enormous breasts swaying and jiggling heavily, straining against that sports bra.

'Ohhhh I can't handle this! I should just go. I should just leave, I can't deal with this, it's so tempting! Can't...! Can't look away.'

Ravo grit his teeth and crossed his legs, squirming uncomfortably as he tried to shield the erection that'd grown in his shorts. He felt like the whole room was watching him gawk at this poor unsuspecting girl.

Perhaps he shared a bit of Krystal's paranoia...

Then again, he was being very blatant. Someone stepped randomly in between the two on the way to the treadmills, and Ravo found himself instinctively leaning from side to side to look past them and keep his eyes locked onto Krystal's prominent bust. 'I just wanna bury my face in 'em. Give her a big hug and get lost in titty...'

She had to fight to stifle a giggle. This was just too fun. She didn't even know this boy, but she had him in the palm of her hand. He was unknowingly showering her in praise like she was some kind of goddess and it felt good.

This continued, with her leaning back and propping herself up on her side. Slowly, a leg rose up, her bare foot pointing up towards the ceiling.

Krystal always did take some pride in her flexibility. Even more so with the way it was making Ravo melt in his seat, eyes trailing from her bare foot to her supple thighs and the barely hidden womanly paradise that laid in between them.

'I want you. I want you so bad...' Ravo pined, his thoughts becoming more personal as he imagined himself speaking directly to her, unaware that he basically was. 'You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I'd do anything... anything to have you.'

Gradually she lowered her leg and then flipped away. She did the same motion with her opposite leg, and this time she was facing away from him, giving him another golden look at her immaculate ass.

She was putting on one hell of a show for, really the whole gym, but specifically for Ravo. It was starting to feel like they were the only two people there. But that wasn't true at all, it was still pretty crowded.

And atleast one person was paying attention to them.

In the back of the room, Wave leaned against a wall. The purple bird girl that beat Krystal in her debut was dressed in a black tracksuit, opened all the way to reveal her skimpy white bra. Her arms were crossed beneath her enormous bosom as she scowled at the scene.

She'd had some fun toying with Ravo in the past, though she was only ever leading him on. The thought of him being so into this lady who she put down with ease... it bothered her for some reason. Felt wrong.

But neither of them took notice of her. Krystal didn't even hear her thoughts, mentally linked with Ravo alone at the moment. The rest of the world and all her worries seemed to be vanishing.

Once again she shifted to a neutral position sitting on the mat, contemplating what pose to show off next.

Ravo looked away during the slight reprieve, and as soon as her body stopped being his focus, his mood seemed to sour.

'...Dammit. I wish I wasn't such a loser.' he cursed himself. 'I already know there's no point in trying to talk to her. I'd never have a chance with a girl like Krystal. She'd probably be offended by the attention...'

Her smile faded hearing that, her expression softening. "Oh, don't say that." she uttered softly.

Ravo's eyes bolted wide as she looked back to Krystal. "Huh?!"

Uh oh. Krystal winced slightly at her mistake and waved it off with a nervous smile. "Ah, nothing! Just... talking to myself!"

The nerdy flareon gave her a crooked smile, adjusting his glasses, "Ahaha, yeah... I-I know the feeling."

He was blushing furiously as he looked to the floor, trying to hide his shame behind his smile. 'Ohhh God, did she really hear me? Please, please don't tell me I said that out-loud! So embarrassing...'

If Krystal weren't so scantily-clad she'd be tugging her collar right about now.

It was starting to feel like the game had run its course. Krystal stood up and avoided looking at Ravo as she began to turn away.

'...She actually spoke to me, though. That was nice.' he murmured internally, 'Man, on top of everything else, she even has a mommy voice! That's not even fair!'

Krystal paused, unable to keep the sweetly smug smirk from returning to her face. She couldn't help herself, she just needed to indulge him for just a little bit longer.

She wasn't even on the yoga mat anymore, in fact she'd stepped closer to him. But that was okay. She turned right around and opted to give him another view that he'd hold onto for life.

This was referred to by some as the Cammy stretch. She clasped her hands and held them out in front of herself as she slowly bent over.

Her upper body perfectly bent forward as her lower body rose up. Her powerful legs spread to give her a base as she practically stuck her ass right in Ravo's face. He was but a few feet away, almost perfectly lined up with her... his eyes locked onto her backside.

His mind was a complete blank at that moment, he couldn't even think straight looking at all that ass. But she could feel his eyes on her, almost hear him salivating, his tongue lulling out shamelessly.

He gazed at her backside, looking as though he were in a trance as her tail waved back and forth like a pendulum, teasing him, hiding and revealing her big round cheeks. Those flimsy little panties did nothing to hide them.

From afar, Wave watched, her hands tightly gripping her biceps. "Ohhhh, you've gotta be kidding me!" she growled under her breath. Impressive that a bird can even growl that much. "That's too much...!"

But the pair didn't notice or care in the least. Krystal was having a ball, slowly raising her tail and listening to him gasp as she exposed herself.

Not only was he getting to feast his eyes on her ass, but from that angle and with the way her tiny panties rode up, he was getting even more of a show than expected.

There between her widely spread legs, he could see the edges of her womanhood, damn near making out the shape of her entrance through the fabric! Glistening slightly from the thrill, Krystal's pussy seemed to beckon him towards her.

Ravo's mind was such a blank, acting on instinct as he began to lean in. If he didn't catch himself, he was about to jump on that backside. And Krystal might not have even minded too much in the moment.

But he wasn't about to get the chance.

With a leap, Wave made her presence felt, landing right between the two of them. This snapped Ravo out of his trance in an instant.

"Huh...?" Krystal uttered, glancing back just in time to see the bird rearing a leg back.

Without a word, Wave thrust her long powerful leg forward, delivering a swift kick right between the uprights. The way Krystal was posed made this so easy, it was an incredible direct hit, Wave's foot blasting her right in the pussy that Ravo was about to get lost in.

The whole gym stopped what they were doing and turned to look, one unfortunate soul even slipped off their treadmill as they looked back and faceplanted on the floor.

As for Krystal, her groin hadn't even recovered from the last beating she'd taken. This was a dirty blow in about a dozen different ways, and it hurt like hell. She howled, a loud high pitched yell as all the pain came rushing back in an instant.

The voluptuous blue fox crumpled to her knees and clutched her crotch, tears forming in her eyes as Wave stepped over in front of her. The bird hissed, "Couldn't beat me in a fight so you try to encroach on my territory, huh?"

"Wh-What do you think you're doing?!" Ravo spoke up, his voice cracking as he shot to his feet. Wave put a finger up to stop him. That's about all it took.

She leaned down and grabbed Krystal by the chin, making her look up at her. Krystal glared at her, seething through hissed teeth, "Ch-Cheap shot...!"

Wave just ignored that and pointed at Ravo. Firmly she declared, "He's MY toy. I'm the one who teases his little dick, you got that?"

"G-Go to hell!" Krystal sputtered.

Wave smiled wickedly at that. She took a step back and shook her head. "...You first."

With that, she uncorked a roundhouse kick. Krystal braced herself for a kick to the head, but instead Wave's shin splattered across her enormous plump breasts!

The blue fox whipped her head up and cried aloud, tears streaming down her face as she crumpled onto the floor. One hand clutched at her bosom while the other cupped her crotch, she was in searing pain.

And Wave wasn't done. She lorded over her, cracking her knuckles, "Apologize for stepping on my turf, and I'll let you off with that. Otherwise, I might make sure you NEVER come off the shelf, foxgirl."

Ravo was shocked watching this unfold... not least of which because apparently it had to do with him. Helplessly he sputtered, "Wait...! Leave her alone, Wave!"

"Stay out of this, pipsqueak! Say it, Krystal, just tell me you're sorry and you won't do it again!" Wave shouted.

Krystal looked up at her, teeth grit. Even through choked sobs, she refused to give her the satisfaction.

"I did nothing to you...! What's it to you if he I-likes me?!" she sputtered.

Wave's eyes darkened hearing this. She took a deep breath and nodded to herself. "Fine. If that's how you want this to go down."

She stepped closer, prepared to start curbstomping the prone and defenseless fox. But then, something small and fluffy intervened...

Wave stopped dead in her tracks as Ravo rushed in, stepping in between the two curvaceous ladies. He was shaking as he stood right in front of Wave, arms outstretched to defend her.

"Hey! I-I-I said...! Um..." Ravo stuttered out as Wave looked down at him, towering - he barely came up to her chest.

He remembered mid-sentence that he held zero authority.

Wave's eyes narrowed as she glared right through him. "You said what? Go on. Finish the sentence."

Ravo briefly glanced back at Krystal. She was too hurt to move. She could hardly even speak up, though she wanted to tell the boy to run away.

But the flareon turned back to Wave and with a gulp, he gave his reply, "I said... I said to leave her alone."

His voice lacked any gravel to speak of. Weak, hesitant. Yet he said it again, "P-Please! Leave her alone. S-Stop hurting her."

The bird's eye twitched. She was incensed, but holding it in for the moment. But it was clear to see the rage burning under the surface as Ravo felt her gaze burning his skin.

She reached down, slowly... her hand came down on his shoulder. Gradually her grip tightened to a squeeze.

"Ravo." she uttered lowly. "Do you mean to tell me that you're taking her side? You prefer Krystal to me?"

He whimpered a bit at her touch, his glasses nearly falling from his face as he shrank even further down towards the ground. There was no hiding his fear, he was petrified.

And also very turned on. Extremely fearoused.

His legs shook, but his feet remained planted. He looked up at Wave and stammered, "Th-That's not the point. I just don't want to see you hurt her when she's... when she's already injured. It's not right, that's all..."

Wave leaned in close, her beak poking his nose. Her free began roaming up her own curves... slowly making its way up, she pulled her tracksuit open further to show off her bust in full. Gradually her hand cupped at her left breast.

Ravo's eyes darted to her chest as her fingers kneaded the soft, malleable round titty. He couldn't help but stare and she knew that full well.

Ravo softly shuddered at the sight. "Wh-What are you doing...?"

She flicked at the hem of her bra, her voice lowering as she whispered into his ear, "Choose me. Abandon this girl and choose me, and I'll let you see. I'll show you everything. And you know there's no other way a loser like you can get it, don't you...? Go on. Just stand down and let me finish this."

His cheeks flushed deeply, a truly intense blush. He felt a stirring all across his body. His member throbbed visibly beneath the spandex, a twitching bulge that seemed to beg him to go along with her.

But she wasn't the one who gave him that erection in the first place, and Ravo always vowed to have a loyal cock!

He bit his bottom lip and shut his eyes tight. He couldn't believe he was about to turn down an offer like that, but he summed up all his will power and hissed out, "N-No. Maybe some other time...? B-But I can't let you... can't let you hurt Krystal. So no. Oh God..."

Wave's eyes slowly widened, a small gasp escaping. Startled, at first. And then... aghast.

Her hand tightened around Ravo's shoulder until he began to wince. "You're saying NO to seeing my TITS?!"

Ravo's mouth opened for a moment, then closed again. He just looked down to the floor, in disbelief at himself.

For a moment, Wave reared a fist back, ready to smash his lights out. But she stopped herself.

Wave looked past Ravo at the various onlookers. They really DID keep to themselves, not seeing fit to intervene, just gawking like they were watching a car wreck. But she did at the very least get some disapproving scowls.

Attacking Krystal was one thing, but beating up tiny little Ravo was some grade A bullying. If she just started stomping him in front of everybody this would probably become a much bigger problem for her...

She took a breath and calmed herself down, giving him a little pat on the chest. "Alright. Fair enough. You made your choice."

Wave grinned a humorless grin as she let go of his shoulder and instead cupped his cheek. The frazzled flareon slowly looked up at her, glasses crooked on his face.

The moment their eyes met, her knee soared upwards, right between his legs. With a loud SLAP, she'd kneed him square in the testicles!

Ravo let out a long squeal of pain as he collapsed. By the time he'd even sank to his knees, Wave was already a few strides away, not sticking around for any censure.

She looked back past her shoulder, one last glance at the fallen Krystal. She scoffed, "Showoff..." and marched on out the door.

Krystal had rolled onto her side, still laid out on the floor. Ravo shifted himself to look her way, hands firmly clutching his nuts.

"A-Are you okay...?" he croaked.

Krystal gave him a wry smile, still wincing. "...No. Can't say I am. But I'd definitely be a lot worse off with you. Thank you... mmf. Are you alright, Ravo?"

"I'm fine!" he replied, pained, his voice a higher octave than normal. He gave her a weak smile for a moment, but then his brow furrowed slightly. "Wait. You... know my name...?"

"I-I could use some help getting back to the hospital!" Krystal replied quickly, cutting that train of thought off quickly.

Ravo nodded. Though hurting himself, he sidled in and offered to help.

Krystal marveled at the boy's selflessness as he let her splay an arm around his shoulder and carry her weight. She practically used him as a crutch as she made her way to her feet.

He felt a vibration coursing through his chest as he felt Krystal's tall, powerful yet soft and curvy figure push against him. He was lucky she didn't have the focus to keep up her mental link and hear all the dirty thoughts running through his head as he helped her out of the gym.

Twenty minutes later...

Krystal found herself in an all-too-familiar spot, laid up in the hospital, and in the same bed she'd been fighting to get out of no less. Ravo sat in a nearby chair beside the bed.

With a hefty sigh Krystal shook her head, "That damn bird, what's her issue anyway? Something's seriously wrong with the girls at that promotion. Trying to keep me on the mend for life."

Ravo slowly nodded, very concerned for her. But even now his eyes struggled to stay locked onto her face.

"Y-Yeah. Wave, she... likes to tease me. Bully me, really." he recounted. "She knows I'm a sucker for... um. Well, everything on her. So she likes taunting me with... with her everything. Um, and I guess she thought you were doing the same."

He scratched the back of his head as his gaze sank to her hips - even underneath the covers, the round swell was obvious and tantalizing. "P-Pretty ridiculous, huh?"

Krystal chuckled to herself, a knowing smile on her face. "Very."

Ravo fiddled with his fingers for a moment, trying to come to terms with the fact that Krystal was actually talking to him. "Uh... is there... are you sure there's not something more I can do for you?"

"Oh, you've done plenty already, really. I'll be okay, Ravo, but you're nice for-" Krystal replied. She was almost saying that instinctively. But as she saw the pleading look on Ravo's face, a smirk slowly grew on hers. "Well. Actually, now that you mention it, you could maybe... help me fluff up my pillow? It's rather flat."

"Oh sure!" he remarked, a chipper smile on his face. He was genuinely happy to help her in any way he could. He reached his small hands up towards her, "You wanna hand it here?"

She gave him a playfully pouty look, "Mmm, it's difficult for me to even sit up right now. You can just fluff it up while I'm still on it, can't you...?"

He looked confused at this for a moment, before he saw her pat a spot on the bed next to her. His face went fully flush as he caught her meaning.

"Oh. Well... well, sure. I guess I can do that." he remarked.

Cautiously he climbed up onto the bed. His heart was pounding against his chest as he sidled up next to Krystal.

She seemed so comfortable with him nearby. For once he felt like he wasn't so out of place next to a girl.

Ravo leaned over, hands trembling. They nearly brushed the sides of Krystal's face as he came to grasp the pillow.

He was practically on top of her, blushing madly as for all the world it looked as though they were about to make love. But that was just a fantasy, surely.

"Um... um... is this good...?" he stammered, his hands beginning to knead and massage the pillow. But she could see even now that his fingers were trembling, he was so nervous it seemed like he could pass out at any minute.

Krystal put a hand to his chest. Gentle, careful, yet it made his breath catch in his throat and nearly had him jumping out of his skin.

"Relax, darling. There's nothing to be afraid of." she explained in that mommy voice he was so enthralled with. "...I'm glad that you're here."

Her voice seemed to drill through the many layers of apprehension and doubt that encompassed him. He quietly nodded, a small smile appearing on his face as he continued. "Thank you. I'm... glad to be here."

Krystal smiled serenely, gently lifting her head from the pillow as his hands ran behind it. As he pulled back, for just a moment, his fingers ran through her hair. It gave him such a shiver.

"S-Seriously though, did I... do it? Does that feel better?" he asked, adjusting his glasses with a shy smile.

"Mmm-hmm~" Krystal nodded, nestling her head into the pillow. "You're such a good boy, Ravo."

"Eheh..." he chuckled, blushing all the more. He began to climb off of the bed, but Krystal's hand on his shoulder stopped him.

"Hold on. I think you need to be cared for a bit too, sweet boy." she purred, eyes fluttering a bit.

The flareon's eyes doubled in size as he felt this. "Wh-What do you mean...?"

"Your balls." she replied, simply.

"Huh?!" he choked, glancing down at the bulge in his shorts.

But Krystal spoke as though it were the most natural thing in the world, "Wave kneed you in the balls. I wanted to make sure they were okay. Do you mind if I... check?"

"Ch-Ch-Check?!" Ravo stuttered, on the verge of hyperventilation. "Y-You mean you-?!"

Krystal slowly reached her hand out towards his crotch. She gave him a little head tilt, silently asking his permission.

"I... that's..." he stammered, eyes darting around the room. His voice went quiet as a mouse as he replied, "O-Okay, yeah, go ahead..."

He could hardly believe this was happening. Could hardly process this, he just blurted out those words before his head could catch up, before his shyness kept him from admitting what he wanted.

Krystal smiled and reached between his legs. He let out a shocked gasp as her hand cupped his balls... and then a slow soothed moan as she began tenderly fondling them.

"Mmm. They feel so nice in my hand." Krystal cooed as she weighed them in her palm. They weren't very big but had a soft warm roundness that she appreciated.

Ravo's eyes fluttered shamelessly, his erection twitching against the spandex. Even at his size, the skin tight fabric made it very revealing.

Her touch felt so heavenly to him. "This is... n-no girl has ever touched me like this before...!" he sputtered.

Krystal smirked, "Ah, then I'm very lucky to be the first~" she replied with a little wink.

Ravo smiled brightly, a mix of disbelief and euphoria as she massaged his testicles, and he let out a little yelp of pleasure as her fingers incidentally grazed against the base of his erection. To this, Krystal stifled a giggle.

"Goodness, you're so cute!" Krystal remarked with a beaming smile.

She was so beautiful. The moment was so beautiful to Ravo. It felt like a dream. It felt like...

Like more than he deserved.

Slowly the shame and doubt crept back in. He fiddled with his fingers again, murmuring, "S-Sorry... I'm sorry."

Krystal raised an eyebrow, still cupping his nuts. "Sorry? You? Whatever for?"

"I-I know you probably expected... m-more." he remarked, glancing down between his legs. The shame on his face was blatant. "It must be disappointing. I wish I could be bigger, but-"

She placed a finger to his mouth to cut him off, giving him a warm smile. "You worry too much. What you have is more than enough, I promise."

That next brush against his twitching member looked a lot less accidental, and had him twitching and squirming in delight.

Krystal giggled slightly at this intense physical reaction. She continued cradling and massaging his balls while her honeyed voice did the same with his ego, "Besides. You've got Big Dick Energy, and that's a lot more important."

"M-Me...?" he stuttered.

Krystal nodded. "You were obviously afraid. But you stood up to Wave for my sake. That was very noble of you. And very, very manly as well..."

Her hand ran up from his crotch and made its way up to his chest. Her free hand gently cupped the back of his head until her other hand made its way up there too.

"I-I was just... um, I was just on that white knight stuff, you know? Just trying to impress you..." he uttered. He wasn't even sure that was true, but it was second nature for him to self-deprecate, to put himself down. Ravo really thought the worst of himself.

Tenderly, she pulled him in close... her arms wrapping around him as she continued her gentle assurances. "You took a knee to the balls from a woman twice your size for my sake. That's not something I take for granted, okay?"

Ravo melted onto the bed as he accepted her embrace. It was hard to believe, there he was cuddling with the gorgeous lady he'd been checking out from afar in the gym on a daily basis.

It felt like more than he was worth, but that sultry voice kept interrupting his thoughts. "You don't have to avoid my chest. I don't mind, really."

Ravo looked up to see her knowing smile. It was true, he'd buried his head in her shoulder, purposefully trying to keep from touching that bust, even though he wanted it with all his heart.

"Is it... is it really okay?" he asked weakly.

Krystal pulled a cover down, and with a pinch of her shoulders she pressed her enormous breasts up against each other, creating an even more tantalizing and deep cleavage.

"Give me a big hug and get lost in my chest~" she cooed. She was cheating a bit here, knowing exactly what to say, but it was too fun not to exploit.

Ravo's face just lit up. No amount of self-doubt was getting him to turn THAT down!

"O-Okay!!" he replied excitedly. The flareon reaffirmed the hug, wrapping his arms around her snugly and pushing his head into her immaculate bosom. He was utterly smitten by the sensation as her enormous soft breasts hugged him right back.

Krystal chuckled softly to herself, delicately petting him as he nestled deep into her cleavage. "There you go. Get nice and comfy."

He let out some happy muffled noises, though she couldn't parse any words. But that wasn't a problem for her.

With a bit of focus, she re-established the mental link between them and began listening in to his thoughts as he burrowed in further into her colossal bust.

'...So perfect. So good. Feels sooooo wonderful, soft and welcoming. It's paradise... thank you sooooo much!'

She giggled happily and pat him on the head, letting him rest there for quite a while. And all the while she keenly listened to his inner thoughts, learning about everything else he wanted to do with her.

In doing this, she also learned that while Ravo was on the roster, he was not a trained wrestler, only entering the league on a lost bet and only accepted because his losses made for a hellacious spectacle. That hit a bit close to home for her...

In time of course, they had to break away. Krystal had more tests that needed to be given by the doctors and Ravo certainly wasn't going to be allowed to stay for that.

It took quite a while for her to get checked out... by the time that was done, she was truly exhausted and directed to get some much needed bedrest...

Several hours later...

In the dead of night, some time around 3 AM, Krystal found herself stirring awake, eyes still heavy. She had no clue how long she'd been out.

Head foggy, she rolled over and, for a moment, was a bit startled at seeing the figure sitting on the chair beside the bed.

“Huh?! ...Oh...” she uttered as her vision cleared.

There, snoozing soundly with his head hung was Ravo. He’d been escorted out of the room earlier... she hadn’t expected to see him still hanging around.

A small, pure smile appeared on Krystal’s face as she leaned her head back into the pillow and closed her eyes. She slept a little more soundly this time around...

Come sun up, Ravo woke up first, stretching his arms above his head and letting out a tiny yawn before gazing over at Krystal, admiring her face. She slept so peacefully... it was adorable to him. The silence held such serenity.

He didn’t leave. The thought never even crossed his mind.

As her eyes slowly fluttered open again, their gaze met for just a moment. Ravo’s cheeks flushed, glancing away as though he’d been caught. But her relaxed smile made clear that she had no judgment for him, only a playful giggle at the sight.

“G-Good morning.” Ravo muttered, nervously fidgeting with his hands clasped.

“Morning... hmhm...” Krystal remarked, stretching out on the bed and rolling over to him, intentionally puffing out her chest as her enormous breasts squished close together to create an incredible crevice of cleavage.

“Ravo... how long have you been here?” she asked with a knowing smirk. “Did you stay here all night for me?”

A bashful grin appeared on his face, he began to rub at the floof on his head as he slowly looked back at her. “W-Well, I... I just wanted to... see, um...”

Quickly his eyes sank to that alluring cleavage. He could almost feel them on his face, how wonderful it felt the night before. He let out a small moan, before stammering, “J-Just wanted to... to see...”

Krystal batted her eyelashes at him, coquettishly running her hand down her womanly chest. “Wanted to see what~?”

Ravo was trembling so much he almost lost his glasses, but managed to will up enough composure to answer. “...I wanted to see if you were okay. T-To make sure. I was worried.”

Her expression softened all the more as a tiny warmth stirred in her chest. For just a moment, she considered scanning his thoughts to see if he was telling the truth...

But she decided against it. It wasn’t necessary... she trusted that it was true.

Slowly, Krystal sat up, the covers sliding down her tantalizing figure. Nothing but a skimpy white bra and panties on her at the moment.

“You really are a sweet boy. Well, you’ll be happy to know Wave didn’t aggravate any injuries, thanks to you getting in the way.” she replied, reaching over to place a hand on his, and giggling at the way his breath hitched at the contact.

“Th-that’s awesome!” he sputtered, fixing his glasses to give her a crooked smirk.

Krystal nodded, “That means I’m still good to keep training. But after yesterday, I don’t think the public gym is the right spot for it.”

She slinked out of bed, right towards Ravo. He gulped bit as he found himself looking up at her. She was already much taller than him, but with him seated, his face barely up to her belly button. He had to look past her remarkable breasts as she leaned over, her half-lidded eyes locked squarely on him.

“I think it’s best I find a more private spot to get some training in.” she continued, her voice lowering seductively. She reached down and placed a hand on the trembling flareon’s shoulder.

She practically purred, “And y’know... I could *really* use a sparring partner~”

An hour later...

The sun bore down at the beach, the waves very gentle today. There, sticking out of the sand was a small wrestling ring. It was setup in advance for a special Beach Blast show later that night, but at the moment the area was entirely secluded, locked off to the public.

Ravo was already in the ring, back in his leggings and armbands but with a new wrinkle - a color-matched skimpy speedo that left very little to the imagination. He waited nervously as he looked out onto the sand and saw her approach.

With a white microbikini that hid her nipples and little else, and bikini bottoms so tiny that it was practically a G-String, she sashayed towards the ring. Ravo moaned just watching her walk, the impeccable sway of those perfect hips...

She made a show of getting into the ring, bending way over and slowly swinging her long powerful legs between the ropes before marching over towards Ravo.

"K-Krystal. You look... y-y-you look s-so...!" Ravo stammered, breathy, hardly able to get any words out. "You... look sooooo..."

The blue fox smirked, hand on a cocked hip as she raised an eyebrow. She looked like she was waiting patiently, but she opted to look into his mind for a moment to get the quick answer.

'Oh my God she's so ridiculously hot I want her so bad, please take my cock, it's yours, I want you to OWN ME...! Ride me, ravish me, I wanna fuuuuuuuuuuccck, you're so hot I'm meeeeeelting!!'

"...Pretty!" Ravo finished with a shy smile, his voice a whisper.

Krystal stifled a laugh and placed a hand on his chest. "Mmm, you're looking nice yourself. That speedo seems a bit daring for you, I must say. But I like it~"

He gulped, looking down at his not-so-prominent bulge. He looked up at her with a frail bit of hope in his eyes, "I-I'm usually too self-conscious to be this exposed. But you made me want to... give it a try."

The fox smirked, proud of this news, as she guided him to the center of the ring. "I think you'll be glad you did. Gives me VERY easy access, hmhm. Now then, shall we get started?"

Ravo nodded rapidly, his head a blur. His eagerness was a thrill for her.

She placed her hands on her sides, long thick legs spread and flexing ever so subtly. "Well, how about you make the first move then? See if you can take me down."

With a deep breath, he made his attempt. He darted in and ducked down as he tried for a single leg takedown, which meant wrapping his arms around her large thigh and trying to pull and trip her.

He strained as he tugged on that long large leg, trying and failing to budge her at all. Krystal just smirked. They were both jobbers in a sense so far, but the gap between the two of them was still stark.

Rather than try to counter, Krystal pushed her leg forward... her shin brushing against Ravo's nethers, earning a shiver of delight from him. He blushed madly and looked up at her teasing smile, but said nothing.

"Hmm, not a bad attempt," she lied, "Let me show you some of my moves~"

The foxgirl bent over and hooked her arm around the nape of Ravo's neck. He gasped as she pulled him in close for a headlock.

He was flinching, anticipating the pain but none came. She just pulled his head into her side, letting her hip slowly roll against his chest. He gasped at how nice her smooth round curves felt against his flesh...

And then she shifted herself so as to rest her enormous left tit on Ravo's head. His blush deepened immensely, a whimper of pleasure emitting from his lips. He couldn't see it, but he felt the substantial weight and the overbearing softness as her titty melded atop his head.

Krystal smirked, "This feeling comfy enough for you, darling~?"

Ravo gulped and softly nodded, nuzzling his head against her bosom in the process. The floof of his hair tickled her slightly. "Y-Yeah... n-no problems here."

Not content with that, Krystal looked into his mind again for a brief moment...

'Ohhh I'm a lucky boy...!'

She giggled at this and replied aloud, "Oh, you don't know the half of it!"

"Huh...?"

Without acknowledging this little gaffe, she separated from him and instead stood right in front of him. She was starting to look a little frisky, bouncing on the balls of her feet as she raised a hand up. "Go on, then! Test of strength! Let's see what you've got~"

Ravo slowly nodded and reached his hand up to clasp with hers. Except, he was so short, his little arm couldn't make it all the way. Krystal stifled a laugh as she reached down to lock hands with him instead.

"Aaaand, go!" she commanded, but she didn't actually move a muscle while Ravo pushed forward.

He slammed his body against hers as he tried to shove against her, but she wasn't budging. He grunted and groaned briefly before realizing his position... the side of his face was pressed into her chiseled abdomen, his chest was basically pushed against her crotch... her thighs could've swallowed his torso in that moment.

And as she bent down just the slightest bit, her breasts brushed against him again. She slowly rocked her shoulders back and forth, tits sliding across the crown of his head, effectively petting him with her boobs.

Ravo gasped and groaned, "Nnnnggh, K-Krystal...!"

"Yes, something the matter?" she asked cheekily, as if nothing were amiss. "Oh yes, I suppose I should try and push back!"

With the greatest of ease, as if he weren't resisting at all, Krystal pushed Ravo, forcing him to bend over backwards. His feet were still planted but he had to twist so much that his shoulder blades had hit the mat. Krystal's tall voluptuous body lorded over him, her overwhelming breasts digging deep into his chest and had him shuddering and quivering in delight.

"Hnnnk...! Ohhh my God!" he gasped, struggling to keep from grinning. This felt good, though he was embarrassed to say it aloud.

But his member twitching in his speedo gave her all the info she needed on that regard. She took a moment to soak in the dominant position before transitioning to her next provocative hold.

She got her legs underneath Ravo and tripped him, taking his legs out from under him and leaving him flat on the mat. He didn't offer any resistance, eager to see what she had in store next.

He wasn't disappointed when she clasped her enormous thighs around him. His arms were trapped to his sides as her legs coiled around his upper body and basically clamped around his entire torso.

Ravo let out a moan from deep within his lungs as she put him in a snug bodyscissor. Not tight, not painful, but firm, like an impassioned hug from her legs.

It was like her thighs had become a weighted blanket for him, plush and ridiculously thick, especially from his scale.

He squirmed from sheer pleasure, a flushed and embarrassed smile on his face. As he shook against her, Krystal let out a tiny moan of her own as she felt his shoulder rubbing against her crotch, a subtle hint of wetness appearing at the front of her panties.

As he wriggled in her legs, Ravo's head movements caused his glasses to jostle and actually slide off of his face onto the mat. Noticing this, Krystal casually picked them up and placed them back onto his face.

He glanced at her as she chuckled warmly, "Now's no time to be struck blind, wouldn't you agree?" and ran a hand up her own curves, making her right breast bounce heavily.

Indeed, he had never been so thankful to have eyes...

Krystal shifted once more, releasing him from the hold only to pull him into another. This one was a unique take on the abdominal stretch as she did it on the mat, bending his upper body to the right. Her right thigh slid up into his side, her hands clasped around his neck as she pushed her breasts into him again, up against his cheek this time.

There was no force or malice, this was much more like foreplay than fighting. Ravo let out a deep exhale, his body relaxing in her arms, all but one part of him going limp. He didn't realize wrestling could be so therapeutic.

"Mmm, I think it's your turn again, love." Krystal announced as she released him. He remained right where he was for a moment, laying on top of Krystal's large soft figure was just so nice. She giggled and gave him a playful push, "Go on, get up. This only gets more fun, I promise~"

"Ah, r-right, eheh." Ravo chuckled nervously as he slowly pulled himself up to his feet. He never felt so loose in his life.

"Alright, I'm sure you've got more in your arsenal than what I saw before. Give it a go~" she said, arms and legs spread wide, giving him access to whatever he wanted.

Ravo shyly stepped over and tried for a belly to belly. His head pushed against her abs again, but now with his arms wrapped tightly around her back.

He thrust his hips forward, trying to suplex Krystal to the mat. That was a doomed proposition to be sure, but he held her tightly, making high pitched grunting noises as he gave it his all.

"D'awww, you're a sweetheart." Krystal cooed as she leaned down and wrapped her arms around his neck, propping her breasts upon his head again. "I was asking for a wrestling move, but I'll always accept a hug from a cute boy like you~"

He blushed furiously, hiding his face in her abs. "I-I was trying to-... mmf, nevermind. This is better." he mumbled.

She giggled softly as she stroked his head. "Maybe try a different approach?"

Reluctantly he broke away from her and tried to think. But it was so hard to focus when Krystal's breasts were right there, hanging free in front of his face...

Instead he stepped behind her, only to of course see her enormous round plump ass, about level with his chest. He gulped... there was no escaping her curvy thiccness.

Still he tried to push it out of his mind for the moment as he wrapped his arms around her again, this time looking for a German suplex.

Predictably, as he pulled on her, that colossal ass pushed into him. Krystal playfully swayed her hips back and forth at a gentle rhythm, and Ravo had no chance at focusing on the move as her enormous, practically bared ass cheeks ran across him.

He could hear the soft clap of her cheeks coming together, perfectly see and feel the way the soft orbs melded to him.

"Th-This is hard." he muttered, though he smiled even as he complained. "You're making this hard, y'know..."

"Ohh, don't I know it!" she replied with a wink.

As Ravo looked to tug on her again in a fleeting attempt to suplex her, Krystal squatted down at just the right moment. When Ravo's pelvis pushed forward, he ended up unwittingly thrusting his bulge right up into that ass.

"Ohhhhhh yes!" he shuddered, tongue lulling from his mouth shamelessly as his erection rubbed up against her enormous ass. He'd never felt anything like it before, his modest but rock hard erection just burying itself in her booty, getting lost in it...

She bucked her hips up and down, causing her cheeks to bounce and nearly sending him into convulsions as she grinded against him. "Mmm, you see? I told you it'd be fun!"

In time, Ravo's arms tired, hardly having the strength to keep up the attempt. Begrudgingly he let go of her, he was panting as she stepped away, his cock throbbing blatantly in his tiny thong.

Krystal turned around, arms crossed to prop her enormous tits up as she looked down at him with a smug satisfaction. "Mmm, I think you're ready for something more advanced, Ravo. How about you go up top? Try and get me with an axehandle."

"H-Huh...?" he muttered, puzzled. But he wasn't about to say no to her. "W-Well, if you say so."

Ravo marched to the nearest turnbuckle and climbed to the top rope. He was new to this, his feet a little unsteady but he made it. Krystal stepped closer to the corner, ensuring he didn't have very far to go.

He had no clue where this was going, but he was excited for it. He summed up all his nerve and made a leap of faith from the top rope, flying at Krystal.

He forgot to even put his arms up, forgot to even make it look like he was trying to attack her. But that's what practice is for.

Either way, she caught him out of the air. Ravo was stunned at the sensation as his momentum came to an immediate stop, as though a switch were flipped and gravity was shut off.

And she didn't just catch him - she caught him with her arms around him, right in a bear hug!

"Since you seemed to be such a hugging mood, I thought I'd oblige!" Krystal joked as she gave him a nice squeeze.

Ravo groaned deeply as he felt her enormous breasts flatten against his torso. She playfully ragdolled him, swiveling back and forth slowly.

Krystal was definitely womanhandling him but not quite rough enough to cause any harm. She was simply reveling in the show of strength, and frankly so was Ravo. He was in awe at her power, and in love with the sensation as she held him.

"You like that? Because that's just the warm up." she noted with a mischievous glint in her eye.

With a quick adjustment, she pushed Ravo up a bit higher. His eyes bolted wide as she pulled his crotch into her womanly chest.

His head reeled back and he let out a delighted groan. There was no hiding it anymore, the look on his face was that of shameless ecstasy as his quivering erection was pulled against the incredible twin mounds.

"Auuggghh, that feels so goooood! I-I'm gonna...! I'm gonna cuuuuum!" he sputtered. No need to read his mind on this one.

Krystal grinned and nodded, "Damn right you are!" as she grasped at Ravo's booty, a hand for each cheek. She pulled him in and out, he was practically weightless in her hands.

He let out a delighted howl as Krystal essentially titfucked herself, using his body to do it. She pulled and pushed, pulled and pushed... it was the closest to sex Ravo had ever come, but he could never thrust as hard and fast as Krystal was having him do.

The boy had no chance, that speedo became a mess as he came to a furious climax. Thanks to the skimpy fabric, a touch of seed spilled onto her generous bosom as Ravo squealed with delight, his whole little body wracked with pleasure.

Gradually, Krystal loosened her grip on Ravo, letting him slowly slide down her body until his face landed on her bust... she set him down onto the mat, though he was on wobbly legs.

"Mmm, this is fun! You're able to continue, yes?" she asked with a coquettish smile.

He was loopy, in a dreamy state as he asked, "Th-Th-There's more...?"

"Ohhh yes! MUCH more~" Krystal winked.

She put on a small show for him, running her hands up her wide round hips, clasping and massaging her breasts. Meanwhile, her bushy snuck out, playfully running up Ravo's inner thigh, the tip of it teasing his crotch.

He was in a trance watching this and did nothing to stop her as her tail playfully brushed his manhood. His eyes widened in shock though as she slowly pushed her breasts his way, silently offering to give him a touch.

Didn't need to ask him twice, his hands were right on her colossal breasts. Krystal smirked and put her arms behind her head for a moment as she let him massage her titties. As this went on, she watched her tail slowly move on its own - his erection returning in a hurry.

Without warning, she pivoted away and gave him a hip bump, her huge heavy ass smacking him in the chest. Already wobbly, this sent Ravo stumbling into the same corner he'd just jumped from.

Krystal marched over to him and turned around, shaking her glorious ass for his viewing pleasure. His eyes were locked onto it, even as it got closer and closer to his face.

She performed the same Cammy stretch as before, but now without Wave getting in the way, and much more up close and personal as well. As she got up on her tip toes and put her all into the stretch, her humongous ass slid from Ravo's chest right up to his face.

The usually shy boy let his inhibitions go and hugged her hips, pushing his head deep into her ass, practically motorboating her booty. Krystal smirked, "Hey now love, I'm supposed to be the one in control here~"

She pushed back against him, firmly pinning him against the turnbuckle with her ass. The humongous squishy cheeks rolled and wiggled against him, his glasses pushed up to the crown of his head. Ravo moaned deeply in her feminine flesh, his words muffled but his feelings all too obvious.

"Careful not to run out of air." she warned, "Give me a tap on the thigh when you want me to back off."

Several minutes passed. He never tapped on her thigh.

Eventually she straightened herself up and Ravo fell limp to the mat. He was still conscious but only barely, yet he'd never had such a large and genuine smile on his face.

Seeing him there, legs splayed, erection twitching, Krystal simply stepped forward, putting her bare foot upon his crotch.

Ravo cooed deeply as she began to speak mid-footjob, "You know, Ravo. It's tough out there for people like us. Being on the lower end of the roster, it can really have you feeling down."

She ran the flat of her foot down against his member and gently squeezed the tip between her toes earning a gasp of delight as she continued, "Yesterday, I was in such a terrible mood. My entry to this organization was such a disaster. A... 'dumpster fire', as some have called it." she sighed.

Krystal pushed her heel into his groin and gently swiveled it. Ravo gripped at her ankle trying to brace himself, keep himself bound to the Earth as she went on with this non-chalant yet masterful footjob. "So... I wanted to thank you. You gave me a big pick me up when I needed it. And you didn't even know that you did it, heh. You're a real sweet boy."

With another tight grip of her toes, she milked out another rush of cum from, Ravo groaning deeply as he just ruined that speedo with another orgasm. Krystal just gave him an innocent smile as she remarked, "Us losers need to stick together, no?"

Ravo's body went limp as he slumped forward, mindlessly hugging her leg and nodding along to whatever she was saying. He might've been a loser in the ring but he was handedly winning at life right about now.

"Glad you feel that way." she replied with a knowing smile, "Now let me really give you a show."

She grabbed him by the ankles and pulled him to the middle of the ring. In one swift motion she yanked his speedo off of his body. His currently shriveled member did look very puny at the moment but she wasn't deterred by that.

Slowly, Krystal lowered herself, straddling his stomach, her enormous ass planted firmly in his tummy. She gave a small clap to his cheek, "You still in there? Pay close attention darling."

This was a good call as his vision was pretty hazy. But this woke him enough to focus.

A choked gasp escaped from him as he saw her reach behind her back and unclasp her bikini. She allowed it to fall to the wayside, her gigantic breasts bouncing freely.

Krystal took a moment to let him drink in the sight, subtly squeezing her breasts together and lightly shaking her chest. "...What do you think?" she asked, as if she needed to.

"They're... they're marvelous. it's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen." he shuddered, an awed whisper.

Krystal nodded. "That's what I thought you'd say. Get a real good look..."

She leaned in slowly, letting her gargantuan breasts hang just inches from his face, precariously close to touching him. He watched them dangle lovingly with his mouth agape in shock and awe.

Delicately, her fingers touched his glasses and pulled them up to his scalp as she lowered her chest, making sure he felt every bit of it full-on as she gave him an incredible titsmother. Both breasts were far bigger than his head, and they hugged his face so deeply and tenderly.

She remained on top of him for a while, another intensive smother as she let him just drink in her feminine figure. This was the happiest day of Ravo's life, something he always wanted but never felt worthy of.

And it was about to get even better. Gradually, she ran her breasts down his face, across his chest and tummy before settling at his bared crotch. Needless to say he was fully erect again.

She propped his hips up on her lap as she grasped her breasts and hugged his cock with them. Her gigantic bust was very much overkill on his penis, it totally disappeared within them, but it was hard enough that she never lost track of it.

Steadily, she began pumping her soft malleable titties up and down. Ravo was swiftly taken to another level of ecstasy, he couldn't handle this at all, her paizuri finished him off swiftly, another spray of cum splattering on her bosom.

He was gasping for breath, nearly blacking out from the intensity of the climax. And even still, she wasn't quite done with him.

Krystal lifted him straight off the mat with absolute ease and hoisted him upside down. A confused but delighted flareon found his head sandwiched between Krystal's massive mighty thighs while she pushed her snout into his groin.

With just a single lick, she managed to get his cock right back to full mast again, before hungrily taking it into her mouth.

He'd been stimulated to such a degree that he was running on empty, which meant this one took longer. Not that he was complaining. Ravo lightly gasped and sighed, though he'd likely still be screaming in ecstasy if he had the air in his lungs left to do it.

Krystal's blowjob was enthusiastic, affectionate and highly skillful, her long soft tongue wrapping around his member as she bobbed her head back and forth on it. This next climax came from deep within Ravo's soul as she sucked his remaining cum directly out of him, happily drinking it without a word.

This was far beyond what he could take. Ravo passed out with a massive smile on his face.

Krystal held him aloft bridal style, looking down at him with a gentle smile. She rocked him back and forth and cooed in his ear, "Rest, love. We'll be hitting the showers next. And that's where I'll REALLY rock your world~"

She kissed him on the cheek and trotted off with him in her arms. The day had only just begun...