

# Marshmallow Milfs

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## Story:

"Fuck." Being short, Julia was used to being overlooked, but she'd rather hoped that wearing a dress made out of peeps, and nothing else, with her curves would bring enough attention to keep from being run over at this Halloween party. Instead, she'd just been shoved from the side by a cute couple who seemed to have glued their faces together, and promptly mashed her right tit into someone. "I'm sorry! It's just--"

"A bit crowded, I know." Came a rather warm voice, quite the contrast from her own higher pitched tones. This one spoke of warm summer days and toasting marshmallows by the fire. She looked to see who she'd run into and gasped at the same time the other woman did.

They were both short women, about five feet tall, and if Julia didn't miss her guess, this other woman was just as curvy as she was, and possibly for the same reason. Kids.

Oh, and she was also wearing a dress made from peeps... And nothing else. Just like the dress she'd posted to 'Gram earlier that night and was currently wearing. "Hey, didn't I see that dress somewhere... like on my post?" She meant it as a good-natured jab, and the laugh the other woman gave let her know she was in on the joke.



“H-hi.” The tanned woman extended her hand, having to reach around her own large, soft breast and thanks to another bump from someone in the crowd, shoving it into Julia’s cleavage. “Oh my! Um, I’m Maria.”

“I’m Julia!” Julia giggled, pushing some of her dark hair out of her eyes, glancing at Maria’s blonde and how lovely it contrasted with the Latina’s sun-toasted skin. Breaking the ice a little, she offered her own hand to Maria’s cleavage as if to shake hands with her tits, giggling more as Maria tried to free her hand from Julia’s own large jubbies, the large white marshmallow mass doing a good job of keeping her hand there. Just as Julia was pulling her hand back, and Maria was about to pull her own hand out, both women blushing at one another, a bump came against Julia’s back, pushing her own hand deep into Maria’s cleavage.

“I guess that makes us even.” Maria said over the din of the music, laughing as the two women pulled their hands free of each other’s ‘booby traps’ but found they couldn’t really step away from each other with the pressure of the crowd.

“No complaints here!” Julia laughed in return. “Tell me, have you been munching nervously on your peep dress like I have?”

Maria gestured to her left hip, where a peep or two had gone missing. “Yup. Though I might have to stop soon. I think it’s all going to my tits and ass. A few more peeps and I might pop out of the dress.”

“Oh my, then I might have to-” Julia had something clever to say, she was sure she did. But instead of saying it, someone bumped Maria and the two women went from squished together to utterly smashed, their large, heavy breasts fighting for room as their wide childbearing hips knocked together.

The two women looked down, boobs nearly to their chin, each with a tit so smashed against the other woman’s the peeps had mushed up between them, and then back to each other, laughing.

Maria slid into a sly grin and stroked up one of Julia’s back before ostensibly going to push the two women’s tits apart, though her fingers gave a good tug to Julia’s nipple between two peeps. Julia gave a startled eep, turning to the side a bit and pushing into Maria’s side even harder. The squish she found was delightful... and pretty welcome as the crowd surged again and pushed the two even closer.

Julia licked her lips, blushing a bit. Had the cotton candy chap stick been too much? It made her taste sweet, even to herself. Like she was made of just as much marshmallow as much as her dress. “Getting a little, ah, hot in here.”

“Like I might melt at any moment.” Maria all but shouted back over the din of noise. “Though, I have to say, the companies nice.”

Julia blushed again, her eyes flitting to Maria’s plump, milfy curves and she couldn’t help sliding an arm around Maria’s back, hugging her closer to Julia, not even minding as her arm stuck to the darker skinned woman’s back.

And just in time too, as the crowd swelled the other way suddenly, pushing Maria hard against Julia, the two women smushing even tighter, bringing a moan from both, as their peeps squished together. Unable to take it a moment longer, and with their faces already so close Julia pulled Maria into a kiss, both

women moaning into each other's lips, their tongues briefly exploring each other, loving the sweet, marshmallow taste they found there, from chap stick and frequent peep snacks.

"I think we... might have a problem." Maria pointed between them. As the two had started to pull apart from each other, so had their dresses from themselves, literally.

Julia gave a startled squawk at realizing just how much side boob, and a good inch of areola she was showing, and just as she was about to try and free her arm from around Maria's back to cover herself, another crowd swell from behind pushed her arm firmly back in place, and their tits side by side against one another, melted peep oozing between the cleavage of Julia and Maria's side by side tits. "Oh Fuck. Uh, Maria, I think if I move my arm, your dress is going to disintegrate."

Maria tried to look first one way then the other, before throwing an arm around Julia, mirroring the dark-haired white woman and grinning at her as she gave Julia's plump backside a squeeze with the hand now firmly stuck across Julia's back and hips. "There, now we're even. Neither of us is letting go without a major wardrobe malfunction."

"You naughty bitch." Julia blinked, utterly flummoxed before going in for another kiss with Maria, one that was welcomed with an open mouth.

The two women barely noticed the next two crowd pushes and undulations, squeezing the pair closer and tighter, pumping the heat between them higher and their dresses losing more and more cohesion, the two only pausing as they came up for air.

"Damn you can kiss good." Julia sighed happily, briefly checking as she realized her entire right side was not pretty firmly stuck to Maria's left thanks to the melting marshmallow and crowd. Even her right leg and Maria's left, previously bare, felt stuck together. And she felt awfully hot too.

"You're pretty awesome yourself," Maria panted back, fanning her face with her free hand. "I feel like a roasted marshmallow between the crowd and your kisses."

"Wanting more?" Julia teased.

"The crowd? No. You? Yes!" Maria answered before pulling the dark-haired woman against her lips again.

The two kissed more and more as Julia squeezed Maria tighter against herself, the mature woman's soft curves as squeezable and huggable as the best marshmallows, and she wanted nothing more than to squeeze Maria so tightly, they both gooshed together like two hot peeps. The crowd seemed intent to help her desire, as well as Maria, the dark-skinned woman's arms pulling her deeper into the peep stickiness and the hot crowd pushing and pulling the pair of marshmallow milfs this way and that.

With a gasp they came up again and Julia shuddered, trying to get her bearings. No one's kisses had ever done this before, not even her children's late father. Glancing down, she took a quick stock of what was left of her dress and her free hand flew to her mouth. "Oh MY!"

And then Julie felt it. A soft, warm, wet pussy. It was hungry, needy, begging to be stroked, filled, and most of all FUCKED. The only problem was, she already had one of those.

Their legs, Julie's plump thighs, apple bottom, pear shaped ass and Maria's powerful calves and dainty feet. Above that, their plump soft tummy, pregnancy and the years having put them in their current

shape, merged together, two belly buttons mixing together and bringing a tremble through both women as they did.

The pair of women gasped as they felt their long deep pussies' love tunnels and well camped out birth canals rubbed together inside of them, better than the feeling of being completely stuffed by the longest cock, before blending into one pussy, with all the combined sensitivity and pleasure of both women's originals.

"Did we just..." Maria started before looking sidelong at Julia and then glancing around at the crowd. Julia caught it a moment later, they were TALLER, one of the tallest women here, and they had mixed!

"Let's get outside!" They said together.

The two women briefly turned away from each other, feeling like stretched marshmallow before snapping back together, their four breasts suddenly condensing down to two huge ones, one the color of toasted marshmallows, the other a pale white marshmallow that'd been heated too long in the microwave, both filled and fluffed. They looked down in shock before another crowd swell smooched the two almost cheek to cheek, involuntarily hugging their arms around each other even tighter, both women gasping as they felt their shoulders, and the arms around each other's back, squish into the rest of their peep covered marshmallow body, leaving them with two arms, two HUGE breasts, a cute belly, long, soft legs with wide hips and plump thighs.

Making their way through the crowd was easier than it had been getting in, Julia assuming it had something to do with the fact that they had to over six feet tall now, a far cry from the soft, short women they'd come to the party separately as. With a gasp, their marshmallow clad body hit the cool open air of the outside and the two took a moment to breath in and think for a moment.

"Ok, I just wanna check where we're at, here." Maria broke the silence first. "We became kinda... marshmallowy."

"I think we kinda always were." Julia mused, pushing a finger against one of her... *their* large breasts, noting it was less tacky than it had been inside.

"Yeah, but I mean... like melty. Like our dress."

"Ummm... yeah. I mean it's a silly quirk I got. I can kind of take on the effects of any material I touch." Julia shrugged. "Wore a rubber dress and spent a week as a mannequin in an art show in college once, but otherwise it's a pretty useless quirk. Doesn't work on dense materials like metal or rock.

"Oh, same." Maria nodded, it was rare to run into someone with a similar quirk, but not that unusual. "But... I didn't think it'd work on something super soft like the marshmallows. If it did, every shower I took I'd go down the drain."

"Hmmm..." Julia tapped a finger against her lip, only realizing a moment later it was their right hand, the one on Maria's side. Giving a grin, she gave it a good suck, enjoying the sweet taste she found there, and enjoying the moan from Maria. "Hehe, well I think marshmallows must be enough one way and not the other that it worked for us. Not too soft, not too hard, and unique enough to... well..."

“Melt the two of our soft milf bodies together?” Maria grabbed their tits with both hands and mashed them together.

They came apart of their own accord, but Julia noted how she now somehow had freckles that were Maria’s skin tone on her side, and Maria had the opposite, pale white freckles on her otherwise brown skin tone. Julia decided she liked the look. “No complaints here.”

“Here either. But... I get the feeling if we want to separate into anything resembling our old selves, we gotta do it before we solidify together.” Maria jerked a thumb, the one on Julia’s side, back at the party. “The longer we’re in this cool air, the more I feel us ‘cooling down’ you know?”

“Well, I only have one answer to that.” Julia pulled Maria into another kiss, cupping the other woman’s cheek. Maria reciprocated, the two almost, but not *literally*, melting into the kiss with each other. “Let’s take a long, cool walk to my place. It’s a few blocks away.”

“Mmmm let’s do my place instead.” Maria grinned. “It’s even further away, and it gives a chance to enjoy a few more peeps.”

Julia found the hand on her side popping a melted, mashed, two headed peep free from her bust and stuffing it into her mouth, quite of its own accord, *or more likely Maria’s accord*. She grinned at the other woman as she chewed it, rolling the sweetness over her tongue. “You sweet thing.”

“You know it, marshmallow sweet.” Maria purred out, as the two stepped out of their heels, stooped to scoop them up, and started a nice, cool walk home, their soft body jiggling with each step, happy in each other’s company, and ready to see just how hot they could make things back at home.

~Happy Halloween!