

throw the dog a bone[r]
(hey, it's christmas, right?)

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summary

PC walks with non-bimbo Siegwulfe on Tavros (around Christmas) and sees an advertisement for an upgrade pack. Unfortunately, the upgrade pack is already sold out on the dedicated online-shop on Tavros and no new shipments are announced. A few hours after checking the online-shop the PC gets an e-mail from m3talg4ze. m3talg4ze, or "Silver Eye" is a somewhat eccentric black market dealer, that trades favors with people in need of specific tech pieces and suggests the PC can help her with decorating a Christmas Tree in exchange for the, now rare, upgrade pack for Siegwulfe.

The PC comes to the specified location on Tavros (two new rooms on the res. deck on Tavros) and encounters a party organized by Silver Eye. The dealer then reveals to the PC that he/she is not supposed to decorate a tree, but stand in for the tree and BE decorated. With colorful, used condoms while being strung up in bondage rope.

After the PC having been gangbanged and "decorated", the PCs Siegwulfe is then equipped with the upgrade pack which slightly ups her stats through updated software (I'll leave the exact numbers to the discretion of the crew) and bestows a twelve-inch long doggy dick as new hardware onto her groin. Silver Eye binds a ribbon around the PCs butt and says "Merry Christmas!" Siegwulfe then gives her first time to the PCs butt.

room descriptions for new rooms

/// please add two more rooms to the south of the res deck



room in front of the new ones (location marked purple in the screenshot above)

OLD:

This part of the thoroughfare shines with countless holo-decorated apartments. The light-projected exteriors spruce up the otherwise plain exteriors, transforming this region into a shimmering cultural hotspot. One of the apartments to the west doesn't have a virtual exterior, but it does have a rather pimped-out looking hoverbike. Black, sleek looking plates cover its outside, with constantly shifting flame-paint on the sides; must be digital. Looks like a two-seater.

A fair way north is the central plaza and the deck elevators. There's a large steel wall to the south with 'under construction' written on it.

NEW:

This part of the thoroughfare shines with countless holo-decorated apartments. The light-projected exteriors spruce up the otherwise plain exteriors, transforming this region into a shimmering cultural hotpot. One of the apartments to the west doesn't have a virtual exterior, but it does have a rather pimped-out looking hoverbike. Black, sleek looking plates cover its outside, with constantly shifting flame-paint on the sides; must be digital. Looks like a two-seater.

On one side, a few construction projects seem to have been recently finished. Three big buildings stand proudly, adding to the local skyline.

[if "quest" is active: The third recently finished building is the spot you are supposed to head to, to find out what m3tal4ze wants as a favor.]

A fair way north is the central plaza and the deck elevators. There's a large steel wall to the south with 'under construction' written on it.

first room

The third recently finished building is the spot you are supposed to head to, to find out what m3tal4ze wants as a favor. It looks like a relatively normal building for appartements from the outside, but once inside, you quickly realize that this is the most luxurious apartment building around as of yet. Both in quality and size, this "apartment" feels more like a little mansion from the inside. Sure to be expensive.

Connor, the bald guy you talked to before, stands right to the side of the entrance stopping anyone who wants to enter for a check of sorts.

For what it's worth it looks like a relaxed house party is taking place here, albeit on a bigger scale than what one would normally think of. Rather young people of both genders, but seemingly strictly humans, are chatting here and there with drinks in their hands. You get the feeling they are waiting for something to be announced, from how

people keep checking the time every now and then. Other than that, they appear to be friendly towards you, while not terribly interested. Casual greetings and nods are the most you get, as you walk by them.

From your current position, you are able to look into the next, big room, which seems to be positively oversized and more at home at a mansion or similar. Except for its huge size, you can make out quite a few large, red and very soft looking carpets. An equally oversized tiled stove fills the room with flickering light, spreading a very homely and comfy feel. A person is sitting in front of the tiled stove in what appears to be a dressing gown.

Amidst a few other normal looking furniture, an open drawer next to the sitting person catches your eye. **Are those BDSM equipment you see there? You definitely see some prepared ropes there.**

And something about the commanding atmosphere around the person in front of the tiled stove makes you guess, she's not going to use the BDSM stuff on herself. There's no telling what she will do to you or your trusty android companion once you enter.

You remind yourself for a split second, that you have no obligation whatsoever to go through with this. It's highly probable that you won't be able to quit after stepping forward though.****

second room

/// none needed, only for scene

opening

*/// trigger scene at random (2% chance?) while walking on Tavros if:
non-bimbo Siegwulfe is equipped, it's around Christmas and the event has not
been triggered before*

[Siegwulfe_name] walks in front of you and, ever diligent, stays on the lookout for any threats. Her animalistic ears turn this way and that, having you wonder if they actually function as ears or are in fact used in some other manner. It's easy to forget that your companion is not just some kind of taur-dog but a cutting-edge piece of technology[if PC is nice: ...and a friend].

As you walk towards your next goal on Tavros, you encounter yet another area plastered with advertisement screens in all shapes and sizes. On a space station like Tavros space is precious and every last bit is to be used in a meaningful way. Or so they will tell one, if they ask. You jolt your head. It comes and goes in flash, but one of these very advertisements catches your attention.

"Siegwulfe ver. 7.1! Upgrade pack out now!"

The picture that came along with the text is already gone before you can turn your head, but you clearly read that text. An upgrade pack? For your [Siegwulfe_name]?

[Who cares] tooltip: She's good enough as she is. You're not going out of your way for that.

[ohmygosh] tooltip: Something to improve my companion? Thank her for all that hard work she performs? That would be such a great Christmas present!

Who cares

/// ends the "quest"

Who cares. She's doing what she's supposed to, right? Why change a running system? You shake your head and go on your way.

ohmygosh

That's the first you hear of that! You didn't see any info on where to buy it, because you caught that advertisement at the last second, but it shouldn't be too hard to find online, right?

You pull out your codex and start searching while walking, trusting your faithful companion to keep you safe. You check several prominent online retailer but, unfortunately, it seems like the upgrade pack is already sold out. It IS Christmas time right now. Maybe other owners had the same idea? You put your codex away. Maybe you'll find it in one of the smaller stores if you look hard enough.

e-mail by m3talg4ze

/// PC gets e-mail something like 30 min after choosing "ohmygosh"

From: m3talg4ze

<m3talg4ze@???

To: [PC.name] Steele [PC.Emailaddress]

Subject: You are looking for: Siegwulfe ver. 7.1 upgrade pack

If you read this, you tried to buy something online on Tavros but couldn't because it's officially out of stock.

Help me, and I'll help you.

[Don't forget to bring any equipment necessary to process your request.]

<i>The middle line is a link to a message board of sorts. Requests are posted there by privileged accounts, but you have no way of registering and answering to them directly on the message board. Except for one, all requests are marked as "resolved". The unresolved request reads "Christmas tree" and, lo and behold, is posted by m3talg4ze himself.

"Need help getting a decorated christmas tree up and ready. Get a little favor and 1.000 credits as reward. If you're interested, ask Connor on the southern Residential Deck for this years Christmas Tree."

You see the exact coordinates for where to meet "Connor" below that text.

reaction to e-mail from m3talg4ze

/// trigger this after the player reads the e-mail for the first time and exits the e-mail menu

[i]1.000 credits[/i] for decorating a christmas tree? Are you supposed to decorate one in the middle of a firefight or why else is it 1.000 credits?

In any case, it might be your only chance of getting that upgrade pack...

meet Connor on the residential deck on Tavros (first of the new rooms)

/// upon entering the first new room on the res deck, trigger this check/scene and do not show room description yet

First time entering

The third recently finished building is the spot you are supposed to head to, to find out what m3talg4ze wants as a favor. It looks like a relatively normal building for appartements from the outside, but once inside, you quickly realize that this is the most luxurious apartment building around as of yet. Both in quality and size, this "apartment" feels more like a little mansion from the inside. Sure to be expensive.

For what it's worth it looks like a relaxed house party is taking place here, albeit on a bigger scale than what one would normally think of. Rather young people of both genders, but seemingly strictly humans, are chatting here and there with drinks in their

hands. You get the feeling they are waiting for something to be announced, from how people keep checking the time every now and then.

"Hold on."

A tall, bald but leanly built man in his mid-thirties steps in your way and gives you a once over. He seems to be completely human and eager to kick you out at your first wrong step.

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

You remember the e-mail you got from m3talg4ze.

"I'm interested in this years Christmas Tree. Can I meet Connor?"

His facial expression grows even sterner as before as he frowns and pulls out some sort of PDA.

"You are talking with him. What's your e-mail?"

"[PC.mailaddress]."

PC is without Siegwulfe

"Where is your companion droid? You are supposed to bring it along. You are not getting in without it."

/// kick PC out of the first room, back into res. deck

PC enters again after failing Siggyclick

"You again?"

The bald bumper you know as Connor steps up yet again into your way.

/// check again

PC is with Siegwulfe

"One [pc.race] and one companion droid. Check. You can head in."

Connor steps back to his stool and runs his head over his shaven head.

"But keep your nose clean!"

/// do not run any Connor check again, show room description

meet m3talg4ze/Silver Eye (entering the second new room)

The soft, red carpets muffle your trusty companions and your own steps as you walk forward to the person sitting in front of the tiled stove. Moving closer, you finally get a chance to take a look at her.

The person you suspect to be m3talg4ze is a tanned woman, with dark red, shoulder-length hair. Some very soft wrinkles around her lips are the only sign of aging you can make out, but lead you to guess she should be in her last thirties. She's sitting in a wooden chair, staring into the fire and apparently enjoying a cup of tea while waiting for something. Or somebody. There's an atmosphere of authority and dominance about her. The way she brings her teacup to her lips, the way she has her legs elegantly crossed, the way she wears her dressing gown way too low around her shoulders and showing you that she wears nothing underneath.

The way she addresses you without even looking at you.

"The Christmas Tree request?"

You stop walking and wave your companion to be at ease and answer in the positive. She must have heard about you from that guy at the entrance.

"Finally. The guests are starting to get bored."

As she stands up and turns to you, you see something shine in her right eye. No, that's not quite right. It is *<i>her eye</i>*, that is shining. It's evidently synthetic and has a shiny, silvery color to it.

"My name-"

"I don't want to know. I don't need to know. And before you ask regarding my name, you don't need to know."

She smiles.

"You don't want to know."

She walks over to the drawer you could see from the other room and picks something small up.

"Have your android sit and watch. She's not needed right now, but is welcome to stay and observe.

[if PC is not naked: Oh, and strip naked if you please.]"

[if PC is not naked: Strip naked. Of course it wouldn't be just some ordinary Christmas Tree decorating. But]

[if PC is naked: You have a bad feeling about this...but]

you decided to do this and already came all the way. You gather your resolve and do as she says, ordering [Siegwulfe_name] to remain on standby

[if PC is not naked: and strip]

.

As you are done, she walks over to you, her dangerously low hanging dressing gown slowly slipping even lower in the process.

"Here, change into this."

You look confused as she hands you...a ribbon.

"Change into...?"

"Yes. It goes right there"

[PC has penis: She proceeds to bind the ribbon around your [if multiple dong: pc.firstcock][if one dong: pc.cock], slightly too tight to be comfortable even while it's still flaccid.

"Cute, isn't it? Also you won't have any need of that for now anyway. Oh, and have another one here."

She produces another ribbon and ties it around your hips, so the ribbon sits on top of your buttocks.]

[PC has no penis: She proceeds to bind the ribbon around your hips, so the ribbon sits on top of your buttocks.

"Cute, isn't it?"]

You gulp, as she picks up the rope with a big grin on her face. Resigning yourself to your fate, you let her do as she wants. And that she does.

Surely not new to this, she has you all tied up in barely a minute, arms and [legs/tail] properly restrained and you find yourself dangling from the ceiling just moments after. You can barely move your arms and legs, but can lean forward or backward and thankfully don't need to stand on your own because of the way you are dangling from the ceiling.

"Now, let's get the guests in here. They should already have their "decoration items".
You frown. Decoration? For the Christmas Tree? Wasn't that your job?

"Did you figure it out yet? You are not decorating a Christmas Tree. You *<i>are</i>* the Christmas Tree. And my honored guests will be decorating the tree."

She holds up something colored, flat and round. It has this kind of shiny gloss that remembers you of Christmas tree ball ornaments but that...

That's a condom, right? You sigh. Of course.

With your sigh as their cue, or at least it seems like it was, the guests you saw on your way in come flooding into the room. Most are already completely naked, some are stripping in a hurry but they all have two things in common.

For one, they all wear victorian masks, like you would expect from guests of some kind of decadent ball, hiding their faces just enough to give a sense of anonymity.

And also...they all have dicks. The men, and also the futanaris and shemales you thought to be females, all are equipped with above average lengths of differing shapes. They are dangling hypnotically left and right between their legs as they enter and move towards you, already starting to harden at the mere sight of your tightly bound body.

And you have no chance to escape. At all.

"Like them?"

<i>She</i> husks closely to your ear.

"I pick them by hand. Demand they modify their bodies sometimes."

Without even waiting for any reaction from you, she leaves your side with the soft steps of her bare feet on the pillowy carpet and turns to the crowd.

"Let it be known that Silver Eye only throws the most magnificent of parties!"

The redheads right index finger flies accusingly in your direction.

"I give you the main attraction of tonight! Our beautiful Christmas Tree! Decorate it with as much love as you can give!"

With that, she takes a seat in her chair again and treats herself to a sip of tea as she continues to watch your fate.

The crowd is on you in a heartbeat. They are obviously eager, but also disciplined as nobody forgot to put on his or her condom. Some are content to start by just rubbing their lengths against your [pc.skin], while others try to grab you to cop a feel or to turn you this way and that, until finally one manages to get his hands on your buttocks and his hips [if PC has legs: between your [pc.legs]]

[if PC has naga tail: right in front of your own].

Amidst the flood of hands, squeezing, grabbing and pulling you, this one lucky guy doesn't want to waste any time. His frustration would surely know no end, if he would get pulled away after waiting too long to fuck you. His dick is quickly lined up with your
[if PC has vag: [PC.vagina]]

[if PC has no vag: [PC.asshole]]

and starts pressing in. Although you are not particularly wet, the slimy outer texture of the condom covering his cock lets him slip right in. You can't hold back a long, deep sigh as he slowly advances into you until he's completely sheathed in your body.

But something is off.

There's this prickly, tingling sensation in your [vagina/rear entrance]. It starts out as rather uncomfortable but as you continue to build up heat along with that sensation, it turns into a pleasantly invigorating feeling.

A giggle.

"My own design.", Silver Eye starts elaborating, as your lover pulls back and begins pounding you into your restraints.

"The inside of the condom is filled with little helpers for male virility, while the outside is laced with a mix of aphrodisiacs. I take a lot of pride in that special formula, because, well, "simple" is just not my style.", she leers as the sound of skin slapping on skin from your vigorous fucking fills the room and more and more dicks start rubbing against you from all sides. Hands, feet,

[if PC has legs: the hollow of your knees]

[if PC has naga tail: a curve of your tail]

[if PC is a goo blob: the embrace of your gooey matter]

, even your armpits and the sides of your breasts. Anything on your body that is in reach and could vaguely simulate a hole or warm softness is lusted for by your crowd.

"That formula, you see, increases your lust skyhigh but also blocks your nerves. Without a little magic trick...you won't be able to orgasm. Oh, but take your time. I will too."

As she leans back in her comfortable chair and exhales a long and content sounding sigh, your lover reaches his climax. One last hard thrust brings him

[if PC has vag: to the entrance of your womb]

[if PC has no vag: to the depths of your colon]

and his condom balloons up like an explosion. The heat and rushing movement of cum inside of you brings you...not over the edge but rather to the limit of your sanity. A thick layer of lusty clouds block your judgement and your animalistic desires take over.

Something holds you back! You should have orgasmed from that! You should have received that cum inside of you! You want it so bad...To fill you. Warm your insides. These damn condoms. You feel your head spin, even after your stud pulls out and hangs the first filled condom from one of the many ropes binding your body.

Immediately you are jolted around by two new lovers, positioning themselves in front of and behind you,

[if PC has vag: conquering your body through both of your holes.]

[if PC has no vag: both conquering your body through the same hole on your rear.]

In your daze, you don't even realize until their bodies start slapping against yours, but judging from the softness of their upper bodies and the dripping wetness on their thighs, both of them seem to be futanari. The one in front of you sporting a thick horse cock filling you mercilessly and the one behind you a barbed kitty dick, which deliciously scrapes your insides with every movement.

As you are rocked back and forth from horsey to kitty and back again, more and more condoms are filled, while abusing your body as a masturbation device. Used condoms, filled with slimy loads, continue to be hanged from your restraints and slowly but surely you begin to take pride in it.

All the condoms are designed to bloat into a spherical shape when filled with a proper amount of cum and combined with their glossy, christmassy colors...you begin to feel at ease with your role.

<i>Yes! More! Decorate me more!</i>

The pettily build horsecock wielder in front of you blows her load while grimacing in ecstasy and puts another condom on your body.

<i>Yes! Make me pretty!</i>

"...cum inside me...", you weakly gasp to the horsecock futanari, "Make me pretty...but cum inside me also...I need it so bad..."

Your lover grins and looks over to the redhead watching the scene. A nod. And a wink. "Alright then."

She's really going to do it? Bareback? You are so happy, as she really, really pushes back into you without a condom. You tighten your

[if PC has vag: vagina]

[if PC has no vag: butt] as much as you can, to wring her as fast as possible. Even though she came <i>just</i> now she is immediately rock-hard again because of the chemical agents in her system.

"You want my cum that badly?", she laughs, "You can't be serious!

[if PC has vag: I could easily get you pregnant!"]

[if PC has no vag: I'll make you look pregnant and leak cum from your ass in no time at all!"]

"I don't care! Make me

[if PC has vag: pregnant then!"]

[if PC has no vag: look like a pervert then!"]

Anything! Anything that might grant you orgasm, you need!

Succumbing to the pleasures of your body and dirty talk, the futanari approaches climax again, but pulls out at the last second and blows her load onto your [pc.belly]. Your disappointment knows no end, even as she kisses you passionately to make it up to you.

"You're too cute!", she giggles while retreating from you and gives a nod of encouragement to the remaining one behind you.

You hum as that very last one of your lovers, your kitty stud, bends you forward and goes to town on your [pc.asshole], eagerly using the barbs of her dick to scrape and please your lovehole.

Wait. The last one?

It's really hard to think clearly while having all those chemical agents in your body and being anally invaded at the same time, but you finally realize that you are almost alone in the room by now. Your feline stud climaxes a few heartbeats after your realization and after giving you a quick peck on the cheek with her lips full of hearty, red lipstick, she quickly positions her condom on you and also leaves.

As if she could read your thoughts, Silver Eye reassures you immediately.

"Don't worry. The guests have thoroughly enjoyed you and have even prepared a present for you before they left. It's Christmas after all and no Christmas Tree should be without presents. Speaking of."

She produces a gray, unremarkable suitcase from beside her chair - you suppose she had someone bring it, while you were "preoccupied" - and carries it over to your trusty android companion, who remained silent throughout it all but is also visibly worried. And turned on.

"[Master/Mistress]...?", she fidgets, while standing on shaky legs.

From where you are tied up, you can't really look at her, but from the edge of your view you can make out how Silver Eye opens the suitcase and shoves it underneath your animalistic android companion.

"Here's my Christmas present to you, lovely android. Although your [Master/Mistress] picked it for you."

[Siegwulfe_name]'s ears perk up at that.

"[Masters/Mistress] Christmas present...for me? You want me to have this, [Master/Mistress]?"

You nod weakly, still in a lusty kind of stupor but also powered out after all that fucking without even cumming once.

From the edge of your vision you see how [Siegwulfe_name] cowers down and something from the suitcase connects to her body. Her armor shifts slightly and some kind of docking process seems to occur. As she's done updating her drivers, she moves closer to you and you can take a proper look at her new hardware upgra-

It's a dick.

Underneath her four-legged body now hangs a twelve-inch long canine member, complete with knot and sheath. It's clear to you even in your current stupor, that it's already ridiculously hard.

"[Master/Mistress]...", her voice shakes with every syllable, "The first time...setup comes with...special command properties...I can't..."

"Which brings me to the final present for today! Your second one, android. This time from your [Master/Mistress] personally."

The redhead walks up to you and with just two effortless hand motions unties the key knots of your bindings and lets you sink to the silky-soft carpet. With a strong pull your shaky ass is lifted into the air and your face consequently mashed into the carpet. A few skillful adjustments later, the crumpled red ribbon around your hips is upright again and, although stained by a few spilled splashes of cum, still pronounces your ass nicely.

Your sense of reason, overwhelmed by your lust crazedness, finally caves completely. As you lie there in your doggy-style position, you look back at your animalistic companion over your shoulder.

"M-m...merry Christmas..."

In that very moment [Siegwulfe_name] loses all restraint and flings herself on top of you right there. Her cool underside and, in contrast, hellishly hot dong crush you against the floor without mercy. Some kind of liquid, you suppose the stand-in for actual cum, slowly dribbles down your back even right now, after barely having skin contact.

In a clumsy rush of hasty movements, a panting [Siegwulfe_name] tries to reach down and fondle your body, while attempting to line herself up with your entrance, but ends up repeatedly slipping away from your love hole with the wet head of her cock. The teasing promise of penetration, that you want *oh so much right now*, is within your grasp several times but remains an empty promise time and time again until it's just too much for you. Any dignity you have left, you throw away, along with all your cares. You really just don't care anymore.

You want that cock.

Grabbing your own [pc.ass] you spread and present yourself.

"Please! I can't stand it anymore. Fuck me stupid ahead-!"

The sudden sense of fullness robs you of any air you have left in your lungs. Your [pc.asshole] had no chance of resisting that thrust, not for a second, but that's just what you wanted. Even now as your inner organs rearrange yourself around the intrusion, and your breathing stops for a few heartbeats, you want more.

"Yes.", you wheeze as soon as she pulls back and gives you room to breathe again,

"Thrust until you *wear* me. Knot me. Breed me."

A full twelve-inch of what you want, spears into you a heartbeat later, leaving no more room for dirty talk but sends the used condoms dangling from your body flying all over. [Siegwulfe_name] moves like possessed and proceeds to rut you into the ground with more and more speed and force, resolute to introduce her knot to your insides. Only blissful moans and slippery wet sounds fill the air as you are reduced to a female animal in heat and then to just a soaked hole for your male to fuck, not even allowed to orgasm due to your drugged system. Dangerous sounding, feral growls come from [Siegwulfe_name] at any time you even move a muscle. *You are to remain still and take it*, is what that tells you. And you understand.

And obey.

Her knot is already at the size of a duck's egg and not looking to get smaller anytime soon. You know your poor [pc.asshole] can only take so much abuse and you hope with every thrust, that it would just give up already. It is not until a particularly forceful and determined push, that your hopes are answered and the knot ploughs halfway into you

where it stops for a dangerous second, threatening to stay out. But, summoning the last of your strength, and enduring the growl of your breeder, you frantically push back and are rewarded with the fullness you longed for. [Siegwulfe_name]'s movement is more limited now, but stronger than ever, kneading your insides around by moving that thick knot inside of your body.

You don't even know how long you have been pounded, having lost all track of time, when finally your android companion announces her impending climax.

"I'm going to...going to...cum..."

With no strength left, you just stare into the air and wait for the inevitable as Silver Eye crouches down to you. *<i>She's still here?</i>*, you find yourself thinking.

"Do you remember about me saying the guests prepared a present for you, lovely? Do you know what that fluid of your android friend is, that's already lubing up your asshole right now?", she grins that grin of hers again, supporting her chin with both of her hands in an almost childish pose. She bends down even lower for you and husks.

"It's their cum. A nice, big bucket full of cum from some pervert strangers."

She gets up and turns to take her leave, seemingly finally satisfied.

"Have fun cumming your brains out while you are being filled with that."

A moment of hesitation jolts through you. Should you try to stop [Siegwulfe_name]? Get her to pull out? Maybe ask her to do this somehow different?

And then that moment is over.

"Cumming...Cumming! Going to...fill you up. Take it all!"

Right before being hit with a flood of pleasantly hot, fresh cum, the smallest zap of an electric shock hits your nerves straight from [Siegwulfe_name]'s bestial dick and instantly frees you of the orgasm blocking qualities of the chemical agents in your system.

That very instant your first orgasm washes over you and destroys any train of thought you could have had.

[if PC has penis: The neatly tied ribbon on your member practically flies off of you, as you ejaculate bursts of white seed in a big arc uselessly into the red carpet.]

A split second later, gooey white goodness gushes into your rear, bloating your mid in a heartbeat and tearing yet another orgasm

[if PC has penis: and even more cum than before] out of your body. The flow slowly loses in intensity and, while tickling your colon in the most pleasant way, fades to a

trickle, but not before bringing you to an almost painful, slowly building, final third orgasm

[if PC has penis: as well as one lust bubbling trail of cum, lazily dripping from your urethra to the ground].

Without any strength whatsoever left, you collapse on the spot and your vision fades to black.

/// go to Aftermath, "deactivate" the two new rooms

Aftermath

/// move PC to ship, six hours later; also, please add 1.000 credits to PC's digital moneybag

You woozily awaken in a familiar environment. This is your bed on your own ship but how did you <i>get</i> here? All your items are still with you, you are fully clothed and, as you find out, you are even 1.000 credits richer than before. Just as promised.

Still suspicious you take a look around and, in fact, find [Siegwulfe_name] sitting in a corner in some kind of factory default safe mode. Maybe she carried you here? As you ponder the question, she speaks in an unusually robotic voice.

"MASTER/MISTRESS! DID YOU ENJOY UPGRADE 7.1?! DO YOU WISH FOR THIS UNIT TO PROCEED WITH CURRENT HARDWARE OR RESET TO FACTORY DEFAULT HARDWARE?!"

[keep upgrade 7.1] Tooltipp: [Siegwulfe_name] will keep her newly equipped hardware (dick) and start improving software updates

[Factory Default] Tooltipp: [Siegwulfe_name] will drop her newly equipped hardware (dick) but keep the stat improving software updates. You are not likely to get another one, though.

keep upgrade 7.1

"UNDERSTOOD."

Your companion sits still for a second and after a gentle surring sound, proceeds to talk with her usual voice again.

"[Master/Mistress] what happened? There is a gap in my- What is this?!"

Did that redhead temper with your androids memory drive? Or did that "incident" overload her sensors? Whatever the case, you find yourself explaining to a confused android how you gave her a dick as a present for Christmas. And maybe leave a few details out about how you got it.

Or not...?

Factory Default

"UNDERSTOOD."

Your companion stands up and after a few surring sounds, the new "hardware" drops onto the floor like dead weight. [Siegwulfe_name] picks it up herself and throws it into the trash. That's that.

Your companion goes rigid for a second and a heartbeat later, proceeds to talk with her usual voice again.

"[Master/Mistress] what happened? There is a gap in my memory drive? And I have new software updates?"

Did that redhead temper with your androids memory drive? Or did that "incident" overload her sensors? Whatever the case, you find yourself explaining to a confused android how you gave her a Christmas present.

And maybe leave a few details out about how you got it and what, originally, came along with it. Or not...?

Update [Siegwulfe_name]'s appearance

OLD

Siegwulfe is a tall, sleek mechanical 'taur in a roughly canid configuration. Four powerful chrome legs ending in sharp claws clatter on the ground, supporting a slender but strong body that ends in a long, sinuous tail capped with three tendrils and an elastic-looking port. The other end of her body culminates in a humanoid shape, obviously feminine and sensually attractive to boot. A layer of creamy pale synthskin coats her upper body from the waist up, seamlessly transitioning from the armored chrome and clinging tightly to a flat, tight bare stomach. Above rest a pair of small breasts — barely C-cups, perky and palmable — sitting high on her chest. Each is tipped with a single coin-sized black nipple, perpetually stiff and begging for a thumb to flick across them.

Her figure is otherwise toned and athletic, with two arms ending in segmented fingers and armored wrist-guards built into her flesh, which house a pair of extendable claws. A pair of highly alert ausar-like ears sit at the top of her head, growing from a permanently-affixed polysteel helm. From the helm flows a mane of dark hair, pulled back into a ponytail that runs down the small of her back. The visor slides up when not in use, revealing a statuesque synthetic face, chiseled but distinctly feminine like the rest of her, with pouty black lips and faintly glowing crimson eyes.

At present, she's wearing nothing but a tight, dark blue sports bra and a pair of metal shoulder-guards that display the Fenrir Robotics logo. She has little need to cover her metallic lower body, and seems to find showing off her toned belly and strong arms agreeable enough. A tight leather collar, complete with dog-tags, clings to her neck — a sign of submission, loyalty, and your ownership of her all at once.

“Do you find me to your satisfaction, mistress?” Siegwulfe purrs pleasantly, taking a step closer. Her slender tail coils happily around one of her legs, as close to a wagging tail as the ausar-built companion can get.

NEW

Siegwulfe is a tall, sleek mechanical 'taur in a roughly canid configuration, complete with a twelve-inch doggy-styled dick. Four powerful chrome legs ending in sharp claws clatter on the ground, supporting a slender but strong body that ends in a long, sinuous tail capped with three tendrils and an elastic-looking port. The other end of her body culminates in a humanoid shape, obviously feminine and sensually attractive to boot. A layer of creamy pale synthskin coats her upper body from the waist up, seamlessly transitioning from the armored chrome and clinging tightly to a flat, tight bare stomach. Above rest a pair of small breasts — barely C-cups, perky and palmable — sitting high on her chest. Each is tipped with a single coin-sized black nipple, perpetually stiff and begging for a thumb to flick across them.

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back into a ponytail that runs down the small of her back. The visor slides up when not in use, revealing a statuesque synthetic face, chiseled but distinctly feminine like the rest of her, with pouty black lips and faintly glowing crimson eyes.

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variation of sex scene above as repeatable sex scene while on ship: get mounted

[get mounted] Tooltip: Have your trusty companion use her dong on your butt

You strip naked without a word and then tell her you want her to take you. Again and again until you can't say her name anymore.

"[Master/Mistress]...", her voice shakes with every syllable, "If you order me like that...my command protocols...I won't be able to hold back..."

You tell her, that's your intention.

In that very moment [Siegwulfe_name] loses all restraint and flings herself on top of you right there. Her cool underside and, in contrast, hellishly hot dong crush you against the floor without mercy. Some kind of liquid, you suppose the stand-in for actual cum, slowly dribbles down your back even right now, after barely having skin contact.

In a clumsy rush of hasty movements, a panting [Siegwulfe_name] tries to reach down and fondle your body, while attempting to line herself up with your entrance, but ends up repeatedly slipping away from your love hole with the wet head of her cock. The teasing promise of penetration, that you want *oh so much right now*, is within your grasp several times but remains an empty promise time and time again until it's just too much for you. Any dignity you have left, you throw away, along with all your cares. You really just don't care anymore.

You want that cock.

Grabbing your own [pc.ass] you spread and present yourself.

"Please! I can't stand it anymore. Fuck me stupid ahead-!"

The sudden sense of fullness robs you of any air you have left in your lungs. Your [pc.asshole] had no chance of resisting that thrust, not for a second, but that's just what you wanted. Even now as your inner organs rearrange yourself around the intrusion, and your breathing stops for a few heartbeats, you want more.

"Yes.", you wheeze as soon as she pulls back and gives you room to breathe again,

"Thrust until you *wear* me. Knot me. Breed me."

A full twelve-inch of what you want, spears into you a heartbeat later, leaving no more room for dirty talk. [Siegwulfe_name] moves like possessed and proceeds to rut you into the ground with more and more speed and force, resolute to introduce her knot to your insides. Only blissful moans and slippery wet sounds fill the air as you are reduced to a female animal in heat and then to just a soaked hole for your male to fuck, not even allowed to orgasm due to your drugged system. Dangerous sounding, feral growls come from [Siegwulfe_name] at any time you even move a muscle. *You are to remain still and take it*, is what that tells you. And you understand.

And obey.

Her knot is already at the size of a duck's egg and not looking to get smaller anytime soon. You know your poor [pc.asshole] can only take so much abuse and you hope with every thrust, that it would just give up already. It is not until a particularly forceful and determined push, that your hopes are answered and the knot ploughs halfway into you where it stops for a dangerous second, threatening to stay out. But, summoning the last of your strength, and enduring the growl of your breeder, you frantically push back and are rewarded with the fullness you longed for. [Siegwulfe_name]'s movement is more limited now, but stronger than ever, kneading your insides around by moving that thick knot inside of your body.

You don't even know how long you have been pounded, having lost all track of time, when finally your android companion announces her impending climax.

"I'm going to...going to...cum...Cumming...Cumming! Going to...fill you up. Take it all!"

Right before being hit with a flood of pleasantly hot, fresh cum, the smallest zap of an electric shock hits your nerves straight from [Siegwulfe_name]'s bestial dick. That very instant your first orgasm washes over you and destroys any train of thought you could have had.

[if PC has penis: Your [pc.penis] is raises skyhigh, as you ejaculate bursts of white seed in a big arc uselessly onto the ground.]

A split second later, gooey white goodness gushes into your rear, bloating your mid in a heartbeat and tearing yet another orgasm

[if PC has penis: and even more cum than before] out of your body. The flow slowly loses in intensity and, while tickling your colon in the most pleasant way, fades to a trickle, but not before bringing you to an almost painful, slowly building, final third orgasm

[if PC has penis: as well as one lust bubbling trail of cum, lazily dripping from your urethra to the ground].

Without any strength whatsoever left, you collapse on the spot and your vision fades to black.

A while later you wake up dressed and cleaned on your bed.

"Good morning, [Master/Mistress]~", your animalistic android companion hums.

"I hope you slept well, because I did! I dreamed of you and- FLATTERY.EXE

CRASHED! SENSORY OVERLOAD!"

Huh.