

# Maike & Tivf, NPC's/PostZhengMainQuest

*AKA Becoming the third wheel*

**By SoAndSo (also Savin)**

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## Overview

[illegible]

Currently, their talk scenes are WIP's because I think there's more I can do with them.

## Returning to Maike's Office post-Main Quest

//One off scene. Plays the relevant hacking mini-game if PC doesn't have the keycard or if they didn't hack the door before.

{/pcMetTivfBefore:

For one reason or another, you want to go to see Tivf.

{/pcNeverMetMaike: This 'Overseer' //else: The Overseer} is nowhere to be seen as you fiddle with the door and none of the security settings have been reset on the lock. Guess you got the go ahead to visit the boyish bee!

//pcNeverMetTivf:

You wonder why you never explored this part of the mines before, especially when this is <i>the</i> Overseers office.

{/pcHasKeycard: Using the Overseers pilfered master-keycard //pcNoKeycard: Having dealt with the lock}, you anticipate yourself as you put a hand on the door...

}

The door pulls open easily enough despite the lock and a warm gush of fragrant, temperate air blows across your body. The sounds of effeminate giggling that come from within are quickly silenced.

{/pcBluffedMaike:

"Uh..." comes a startled, feminine and <i>familiar</i> voice from the end of the dimly lit room. At the end of the pinkish-red interior is {/pcMetTivfBefore: that sumptuously plush, black silk bed //pcNeverMetTivf: a silk-laden black bed} that the dimly lit room barely covers.

Although the room is barely lit, it's impossible to miss the two embraced figures staring back at you out of the gloom.

"What in the... you??" cries out the Overseer.

//pcDefeatedMaike:

"Oh no. No, no, no," comes a startled, wavering voice as you step inside the dimly lit room.

You've barely any time to take stock of the room proper when-

///pcNeverMetMaike:

"I said no room service, you- wait... who??" comes a startled, feminine voice.

As you take stock of the room with its dimly lit, pinkish-red interior and rows of 'intimate' paraphernalia, your eyes quickly settle on the aghast couple seated in an embrace on the bed.

"Who the..."

}

<i><b>ZHYUNNNN</b></i>

Before you even utter a syllable, a web of energy strands forms around your limbs in a split second, binding you in place! The projections tighten and constrict your wrists and [pc.legs] the more you move and resist, setting your mind into panic mode.

The larger figure rushes out of the shadows wielding a cruel looking weapon, something that looks like a metal rod with spikes running along the side. A bright white light blooms above you and the radiant heat bears down on your [pc.skinFurScales]. She holds the weapon to your [pc.belly] and leers closer...

{/pcMetMaike:

...Overseer Maike, who else?

//pcNeverMetMaike:

A scowling, female face of royal blue chitin, blazing orange eyes that bore into your soul and pale-green horns swept back along with a bundle of silver hair.

This could only be the Overseer herself.

}

{/pcBluffedMaike:

"I had the most terrifying realisation that I'd see you again. From the first fucking minute, I knew you were off. I knew there was something but oh no, the Overseer, so overworked, she wouldn't know the difference, right?? And now look at it all. Ruined!"

Maike grits her teeth as she spouts off her words, the strange rod-weapon kept pressed to your middle. You can just about see her claws wrapped around a trigger: welp, you definitely don't want to set that off!

"You may rule the roost now but what's to stop me from gutting you right here?" growls the moth-domme as her gaze steals your eyes again.

//pcDefeatedMaike:

"I had the most terrifying realisation that I'd see you again. You'd come for me and I'd be ready! Now I'm very, very ready and you're all mine..."

Maike grits her teeth as she spits out her words with genuine contempt, the strange baton-weapon kept pressed to your middle. You can just about see her claws wrapped around a trigger: welp, you definitely don't want to set that off!

"You may rule the roost now but what's to stop me from gutting you right here?" growls the moth-domme as her gaze steals your eyes again.

///pcNeverMetMaike:

"Sun be damned, it had to be <b>you</b> didn't it? Disrupting our entire venture, getting to the bosses, fucking up this nice little corner of heaven I've made... "

Maike grits her teeth as she spouts off her words, the strange baton-weapon kept pressed to your middle. You can just about see her claws wrapped around a trigger: welp, you definitely don't want to set that off!

"You may rule the roost now but what's to stop me from gutting you right here?" growls the moth-domme as her gaze steals your eyes again.

}

"H-Hey, you said it! I'm the top dog! {/pcHalfAusar, Ausar, BitchMorph, etc: Literally!} I'm ensuring you get to stay here to do whatever the hell you want, killing me just forces you off the station," you say with a knowing grin, keeping in mind the other person in the room with her. The Overseer may be an aggressive sort but she's got a brain, you're sure.

"Mmmistress, we don't really have to worry, right? [pc.HeShe] seems fiine. Pleasepleaseplease put the weapon away," comes the {/pcNeverMetTivf: voice of the other figure, male but very effeminate //else: familiar voice of Tivf, filled with worry}.

The rankled Overseer says nothing at first, simply staring your grinning face down with disgust.

"Ffffine! Whatever. Release," she sighs, pushing herself away from your suspended body and ordering the energy ropes to power down.

You somehow manage to land on your [pc.feet]. It only takes a few seconds to get back to normalcy but the peeved Overseer has already set aside her gauntlet and gone back to the bed.

"Thankyooooou," giggles {/pcNeverMetTivf: her effeminate partner //else: Tivf} as she sits. The blue moth merely sighs in relief as yellow hands wrap themselves over her shoulders. "Now get back to cuddling me... please. Please mmmMistress..."

With the situation very quickly cooled, you can't help but admire the two shadow-bathed figures as they hug, caress and kiss in the reddish glow of the room. The overhanging light shuts off and the mood lighting of the room brightens to compensate. You're greeted to the rest of the

bedroom - or perhaps 'love dungeon' would be more accurate - as its sensuously decorated interior becomes bathed in a gentle mood light.

That weird weapon of hers is something you can't get out of your head. It seems strangely primitive in shape, construction and design but you're still not sure exactly what it even does. Discharge energy? Extend outwards? The more you look, the more obscure its purpose becomes. You even tap away on your codex out of pure curiosity to see if there's something relevant on there but you only end up with obscure uber-weapons from an ultra-popular MMO.

"Uh, excuse us. Get out?" interrupts Maike, taking a second to give you 'the eye' and point towards the door. "You've had your moment, I've nothing to say to you. Leave me and Tivf alone..."

"If I'm the top dog then I have to know who's living on this rock, right? I'd have to come to you sooner or later," you smirk, keenly aware that your new-found respect is something you'll have to rub into her.

"Rnnnggg," snarls the Overseer.

"Mistress, what if we... 'test' [pc.himHer]? See if [pc.heShe]'s willing to play the game? I'm up for it," murmurs the bee boy with the most devious of grins. {/pcHadTivfMassage, went Lewd: "I can personally attest to their playfulness, you know? You trust meeeee, right?"}

Maike turns her head to her smiling sub and meets his gaze with a half-smirk of her own. There's a certain 'knowing' between their expressions as he beams back at her and she inhales through her nose. You notice her hand squeezing and massaging the shrink-wrapped, plush butt of the zil as if to reaffirm her claim on it.

"Aaaalright, alright, Tivf. We could both stand to blow off some steam. {/pcDefeatedMaike: Personal humiliation notwithstanding.} That is if our 'guest' wouldn't mind a bit of third-wheeling and playing by <b>our</b> rules," says the moth-domme as she turns her head to you. Her frustration and anger simmers into more of a half-smile, half-sneer but hey, if she's offering...

"So if you've got rules, what's your game?" you ask with a squinted look.

"Strip," they say in unison.

[Well Okay!] [Mmmno]



## Well Okay!

//PC gains 30 lust. Not available if PC is taur (sorry, it's just impossible to work with).

//tooltip: When in Space-Rome!

{/pcNude: Even though you're pretty much naked, y //else: Y}ou get right to stripping yourself of your [pc.gear]. You put it all aside out of view so that there's nothing to get in the way and pose in a way that shows the best of your assets.

"{/pcHyper: Well... that's definitely something. How do you... I mean, where does it... who even... eh? //else: Serviceable, wouldn't you say Tiffany?}" comments Maike as the two of them eye you over.

"I just want those buns, like look at theeem, looook. See them bounciin' and jiggling and fi-"

"Shhh, build up, remember?" hushes the moth as she lays a finger across the exuberant bee's black lips.

The trappy boy nods, still beaming as he gracefully slides out of Maike's lap. You hold your arms under your [pc.chest] as he slinks around on his dainty feet, golden orbs fixed keenly on your body. You do your best to give him a show of it: a [pc.hip] for him to caress, your [pc.ass] pushed out for a squeeze, [pc.chest] laid bare for him to fondle. The bee boy takes his time with every curve and angle, drawing lines with his delicate fingers across your [pc.skinFurScales]. His smile doesn't change with his 'assessment' and he keeps himself focused with casual puffs of his fancy cig. The surprisingly fragrant smoke wafts freely around you while pleasing the nostrils and putting you into quite the relaxed mood. The zil brushes his luscious locks aside and blows an aromatic smoke ring into your face, giggling as you blink when the scent hits. Something floral, citrusy... hard to pin down.

As he finishes his grand tour of the Steele Estate, Tivf spins on his heel to face his mistress. You can't help but be drawn to the bee boys pert, peachy ass as he gives his finely honed opinion.

"{/pcHadTivfMassage, wentLewd: Not that you're that new to me, big [pc.boyGirl], but even sooo...} I'll take [pc.himHer] for five, madam," he says with a suck on his cig-holder.

"Mm, do me proud," smiles his mistress as they blow each kisses. You're not exactly sure what they mean with their little verbal song-and-dance but as the bee boy turns back and places his hand on your [pc.belly], you can certainly understand <i>that</i>. With a lovers caress, he pushes his slender body against yours and rests his head against your {/pcHeight5'7<: shoulder //pcHeight>5'7: arm}.

“So who’s the big [pc.boyGirl] in charge, hmmm? Conquered the big, *bad* space men with nothing but your brains and body? And what a body, so pooweful,” teases Tivf as he rubs your [pc.belly] with playful, gentle fingers. “Such a thing needs special care, hmmm?”

With his other hand, he guides your palm to his latex-wrapped bulge and squeeze your hand against it. Why not: you’re happy to oblige the sultry bee as he lavishes praise on your ability and being. You grin at him as you give his bulge a crude massage, that grin widening as his painted face blushes with every squeeze.

“Mmmmuha, you want this junk, big [pc.boyGirl]?” half-whispers the breathy, flushed zil. You feel his hand guide your other wrist to rest on his perky, plush bee butt and without thinking, your hand does all the squeezing. “You like *that* junk too?”

“Yeah, maybe I do,” you murmur as you nuzzle {/pcHeight5’7<: his blushing cheek //pcHeight>5’7: the top of his head}. You hold him tight to you with your hands full of cheek and bee-cock, wondering where he’s taking this. With a quick suck, Tivf fills himself with more warm, aromatic smoke, purses his lips and blows the pale-pink fragrance into your face again. This time, your [pc.face] fills with heat as a heady blush takes hold of you, almost making you wobble on your [pc.feet]. You hadn’t even noticed the mild arousal building in your [pc.crotch]: there’s just something so enchanting and alluring to this seductive bee boy.

“You really want it? Want **aaall** of me? What would you do for all of me? Anything?” says Tivf in a smoky, cool voice His hand slinks lower and lower down your [pc.belly], stopping just shy of your netherzone. His grinning face turns into lip-biting blush as he asks the question.

“Anything...?”

“Mmmmanything? Would you?” he asks sweetly, blowing another cloud of

“Anything...” you say again as if you were on auto-pilot. Having a willing slut-boy just slide so easily into your hands, how could you say no? That’s how it works, right...? Right...

“Then lemme give you a rub down, hm? My specialty massage for such a **hard**-working boss? Just take a little rest down there and let Tivf handle it **aaaall**.”

You hear the subtle chuckle of his ever-watchful mistress play along to his words.

[Aight]

## Aight

{/pcHadTivfMassage: You know how this goes down, you could never get enough of <i>those</i> hands on your back. //else: A massage? Just like that? Hey, if this is ‘anything’, you’re down!}

You take a step forward and sink to your [pc.knees], your hands slipping away from their tender purchases as Tivf helps you down from behind. You lay on your front with your arms folded under your chin and the busy bee boy settles himself across your back. You look dead ahead towards the shadow of his mistress, watching her as she strokes and fondles her glistening nipple piercings. Her eye catches yours and she spreads her legs wide in a brazen show of her lust. The thin strip of silver that covers her feminine nethers snaps into her corset and reveals the wet mess of her alien slit. Her hands find themselves quite comfortably drawn to her puffed labia...

“All settled, {sir/my fair lady}?” asks Tivf from behind as he gives your [pc.hair] a quick petting. Your attention is quickly drawn to the sudden weight that sits itself on your lower back. The lightweight bee quickly gets to work in applying a soothing, warm oil across your neck and shoulders. The simple contact is enough to loosen your muscles and relax your upper body as the aromatic, sweet scent of the oil mingles with the oh-so-delicious smoke still wafting from the zil-boys lips and cig.

You can only sigh in content as he plants his small palm across your spine and begins working his way up to your neck. <i>Just</i> the right amount of pressure to get things eased in. The palm is joined by the other as the fingers touch your neck and the sliding pressure spreads a deep warmth throughout your shoulders. You rest your cheek on your arms as your masseuse works his magic, finally at peace with getting the girl and saving the day. Well, girly boy. Oh who cares, he’s cute!

It hadn’t quite escaped your notice that Tivf’s bulge is a bulge no longer as his hard trap-cock strains through his boyshorts. {/pcHadTivfMassage: You’ve certainly been <i>here</i> before although he never did quite get to go all the way... is this what he meant by ‘anything?’ //else: In your lusty mindset, it’s more an invitation than anything. How could you say no, what with him so well placed...?} Regardless, his hand motions quickly fall in line with the pattern of frustrated, insistent thrusting. This poor, thirsty boy mustn’t have got off in hours!

“Anything, yeah? Said you’d do anything for lil’ old me, hmmm?” teases the sultry bee boy as he digs his hands into your collarbones with surprising aggression. “If you want all of me, I’m gonna need a piece of youuuu.”

[Yeah] [No]

Yeah

//Always available.

//tooltip: It's just hard to say no, ya know? Give him <i>his</i> happy ending...

"Yeah. Anything," you repeat back to him in a breathy, whispering tone. To drive the point home, you jiggle as much of your [pc.ass] as you can to get his attention. A sharp spank is your reward for such bold teasing and the zil slides down your lower back to rest on your [pc.thighs].

"Yusss, I mean, ahh! That's what I.. like to hear," exclaims Tivf as if he wasn't quite expecting that response. "Only a really dirty slut says 'anything'..."

Despite all the build up, despite all the lowered inhibitions, you can't help but smile as he revels in his small victory. To cement the claim, his hands slap and grab your cheeks with as much force as his girlish frame can muster. You hum a faux-moan to egg him on and give him the 'fuck me' eyes over your shoulder. Two can play this game.

"{//pcAss>14: Now what does a <b>useless</b>, squishy ass like this do to get all the attention? See me? I'm small, I'm gonna get lost in these meat bags //pcAss8-14: Ugh, starfarers and their <b>obsession</b> with big behinds. All this <b>useless</b> flesh just <i>here</i>, //pcAss7<: Now that's an ass I'd <b>fuck</b>, all tight and grippy without all the useless stuff making it big and goofy,}" snarks the charmingly arrogant bee boy as he gives your behind a mocking appraisal. You have an urge to sass him for it but as you look at him, you catch him winking to his mistress. Out of your periphery, you catch her already three fingers deep in her sodden slit! She whines as her sub continues to insult your butt in strangely specific ways, almost as if...

"Can't wait ta... mmm," groans the zil as your attention is drawn back to him. The poor lad can barely focus on his shorts as his straining stiffie proves difficult to let out. You grin at his cute little struggle, reveling in his frustrated fumbling. To free himself up, he puts his fragrant cig-holder aside and gets his meat out in short order: 5 inches of smooth, golden zil-dick flops against your [pc.ass], beaming like its owner as the shiny black head pokes through its tight sheath. Immediately, Tivf rubs his oiled up palms against the shaft and slides what's left between your cheeks. He brushes your [pc.asshole] with his thumb, teases it with the tip and threatens to push right in an effort to taunt you. You play along with his game with murmurs of approval, snaking your [pc.ass] in the direction of his thumb movements.

"Yeeah, just can't wait, can you? Want to get <b>fucked</b> by a big, strong, manly male..." whines the girly bee as he grinds his twink-dink between your slathered cheeks. It's hard to stifle a laugh as he plays Mr. Big but it's cut short.

Without warning, Tivf pushes himself up and sinks his cock into your backdoor! Your [pc.asshole] gives way {/pcLooseness>4: all too easily //pcLooseness3<: with a little effort} and

stretches to accommodate his twink-dink. You moan aloud as you're penetrated and spread open, giggling like an idiot as his girly hips comes to rest against your [pc.ass].

"Nnngaw, islikeMMM, it's like being back home with all my boyfriends! Bounce for me, anal slut," quips a self-satisfied Tivf as he swirls his hips around to get a feel for your sluthole. You do it on command, unthinking as you expect praise for bouncing and jiggling your money maker for his viewing pleasure. Your reward is two sharp spanks from his palms, a loving and rough squeeze of your cheeks right after. "<b>My</b> ass now..."

With his dainty fingers full of your buttflesh, the breathy Tivf jumps right into a quick, smooth rhythm of thrusts. Oh jeez, easy boy! You brace yourself and bury your mouth into your arms as the zil boy takes {/silly: you to brown town //else: your ass to town}. His boyshaft might be 'funsized' but those hips pack a punch. The smooth, fast thrusts accentuate every vein and curve to his shaft, making you yelp into your arms as they tug at your [pc.asshole]. All the while, your instinct is to keep bouncing that moneymaker, encouraging more playful spanks against your reddened cheeks.

With a jingling flutter of his pierced wings, the zil lets go of your behind and leans all the way in. You whine as his length fills you up and keeps you hilted as he shuffles about. You watch over your shoulder as he brings his girlish legs forward and presses his thumping, shiny chest to your oiled up back. Tivfs palms hold him up at your sides and you feel his breath trail up your spine.

"Love this a-a-a-aaaasss!"

With those words, the diminutive bee goes into full bunny-humping mode. Using his knees and hips, Tivf slow-tests a few thrusts only to start jackhammering your [pc.asshole]! You whine as his hot, hard shaft veritably <b>fucks</b> your ass like you were just some toy-sheath meant only for penetration. {/pcHasCock: Your poor prostate is hammered and massaged to just the right level but it'd take more to actually get you off.} His tight, juicy sack slaps against your taint as he goes for the deep thrusts and you both moan in sync with every hump. He can't be that close already, right...?

Sure enough, his girlish voice climbs and climbs in pitch as he pounds your hot, well-fucked asshole. With one final hump, he jams his twink-cock as deep as he can make it go! You tense up and moan as his Tivf's twitching balls unload squirt after juicy squirt of hot honey into your ass, the gentle build in love-liquid filling triggering a wash of satisfaction throughout your breathless body. Your gut softly groans from its new filling, just as happy as your pleased nerves.

The spent bee-trap goes limp across your back, spent of his pent up honey. His panting tongue touches against your spine and the mutual warmth of hot, rushed sex flows through you both. You're not <i>so</i> concerned that you didn't get off from it if there's tender moments like this

involved. Tivf does little but giggle in delight in between gasps, muttering 'so good' and 'best ass' under his breath.

"Mmmlove your ass, mistre- I mean... uhhh... [pc.name]..."

He was going to say 'mistress', right? Speaking of...

You look up with sated, slow moving eyes to the shadow of Mistress Maike. You've barely heard or seen a thing from her this entire time but as you look her over, she's just as worn out as you two. With her limp legs spread, you're treated to quite the view of a red-faced moth-femme tending to her juicy pussy. From the amount of sheen on her inner thighs, she *<i>definitely</i>* had a good time of it. She looks the two of you over with a blushing smile and wink back at her as a signal of your mutual satisfaction.

"Eeyyeeah... you passed the test alright, very passed. Super passed," is all she can say as you make eye contact with solar-eyed moth. "Tiffany, c'mere."

[Next]

## Next

She pats her flanks and her spent sub stirs from his haze. He slides up your back and rests his head on your shoulder, rubbing your elbows and nuzzling the side of your cheek as he does. "Lovely ass..." he murmurs in his lust-addled delirium. You nuzzle back but he's quick to leave you with a peck on the temple. The slovenly bee pushes himself off of your oiled back and gives your shoulders one last massaging squeeze. He then pushes himself onto his feet and staggers the short distance to his mistress. The poor boy pretty much slumps into her open arms, his beautiful brown locks slung over her arm.

You look at the couple as they engage in wordless cuddles, somewhat envious of their bonding. After all, it's not like *<i>she</i>* was the one who had her ass fucked or anything. With that in mind, you don't quite feel like moving with your [pc.asshole] being as freshly used as it is.

"You. C'mere too. [pc.name], was it?" slurs the moth-domme in a lazy voice. She pats the side of the bed to beckon you over while keeping a curled up Tivf held to her body. "I'm not one for leaving play-friends out."

Well that bed does look nice...

It takes a little bit of effort to push yourself up after that wild ride of states. Your [pc.ass] is sore as heck but in a comforting, well-used way; still not enough to stop it from aching as you shuffle from the floor and plop onto the bed. You lay on your front right next to a tired-eyed Maike with

your head at thigh-level. Even from this angle, she's quite the striking figure with those horns and pierced breasts. With you by her side, she rests her clawed hand on your spine and drags her soft palm across your back.

"Tivf had been saving that load for me, you know. He's a very, very good boy but I've been neglecting him with all this 'work' going around," she begins while rubbing her and her bee-boys fluffy neck-manes together. "The 'test' thing was just guff. I'm so worn out with working for these pirates that I don't remember the last time I truly enjoyed myself. Eighteen hour shifts, managing sectors and subsectors, getting physical with every single living thing in this place, jumping from rock to rock like some lunatic on Gochin... I think we're done with it, right Tivf?"

The curled up bee boy simply murmurs, his eyes already closed tight.

"Yeah, slavery. Reeceally sucks when you're at the top of the food chain, right?" you prod in a smug tone.

"I'd say I'm more 'outside' the foodchain. I dip in sometimes and get strung up at every conceivable level. Very taxing. Contract work, fiddly stuff. Don't get me started on the Gochin requirements," she continues, unmoved by probing of her morals.

"What's Gochin?" you ask, not really sure what it could be.

"Another time perhaps. As impromptu as this all was, I wouldn't say no to having you around again. I think Tivf would feel the same, hmm Tiffany?"

Tivf merely smiles as he rests against his owners shoulder, muttering something about 'lovely ass'. Well he would, wouldn't he? You've got a great ass...

"Even with all the stuff I've done here? Put you out of work {/pcDeafetedMaike: , well, also beat you into the ground and... yeah}," you reply, taken aback.

"Why hold onto bad feelings? All this bad business is just irking us both so let's stay... friends, like this," grins Maike as she massages your [pc.hair] with her fingers. "Stay a while, hm?"

Can't say no to that!

The three of you use the bed for a loose, lazy cuddle session. Tivf pretty much falls asleep but manage to sandwich him between you and Maike in a double-spoon. It's calming, quiet and relaxing just sharing a moment with these two alien bugs.

After a while, you realise you've been laying on the bed for quite a few hours. Tivf is all tucked up at the pillow end but Maike sits on the edge, fully nude and in the midst of preening herself. Having been here so long, you tell her that you've got big, important boss-person stuff to do

around here. She merely smirks and waves you away, at which you grab your [pc.gear] then groggily stumble out of the love nest.

[Leave]\*

\*Puts player outside Overseer Office. Begins normal, radiant interactions with Maike/Tivf.

No

//Only available if PC willpower >70% of max. Greyed out otherwise.

//tooltip: Just not into that, really.

"Mm, nah, just the massage," you sass, giving him a knowing wink. You might both have lowered inhibitions but you won't give in that easily.

"Come ooon, anything. Anything? Please...?" he flusters, desperately squeezing your shoulders in an attempt to reclaim what little sense of dominance he had. "Pleeeeeease...?"

You shake your head with a smug grin. "You've got a massage to finish," you add, going back to resting your head on your arms. Tivf only whines and thumps your back with his girly fists. It's more playful than anything but you can tell he's upset.

A sardonic, full giggle comes from Maike's shadowy corner.

"Such a silly boy, it never works out the way he intends. Come, come, little Tiffy," instructs the zils mistress. Tivf can only sigh as his apparent attempt at domming you receives its final nail in the coffin. He slides himself off of you and slides into the arms of his mistress. He has such a frumpy pout that you'd think he were spoilt royalty.

"Oh don't be like thaaaat, you'll subvert someone's expectations one day. One day, hm? Eventuallylyyy?" encourages Maike as she wraps her arms around his much smaller frame. "Guess I'll just have to rub in the lessons some more."

On those words, she smacks, grabs and shakes the zil's ass cheek, hard enough for him to yelp. His golden cheeks bloom with red as he's reminded of who really owns that supple, small body of his. Maike nuzzles the back of his neck while her hands caress his middle and his look of surprise turns into a grin. You look at them and wonder, deep down, where you could get that kind of innate chemistry.

"Jealous? I don't parade Tivf around to the other higher-ups of this floating rock so this is... a form of icebreaker, I suppose. {/pcDefeatedMaike: Even if you <b>did</b> ground me in a most unpleasant way...} I'm feeling like putting this all behind us. New boss, new freedom. You probably don't think that highly of who I am or what I've done but if you're willing to give us



some space, we could end up the best of friends,” she explains in her sophisticated, cool speaking voice. “What do you say?”

You’re not quite sure what to make of that right now. She’s quite the dangerous individual, openly inviting you *back*.

“We’ll see,” you reply with a smile, giving little else away. Sensing that things are coming to a close, you give your body a few stretches and push yourself off of the fluffy carpet. “I’ve got more of this station to check out.”

“Ah, of course. ‘Pay your respects’ like a real don in some crime group. I like it. Asserting your rightfully won dominance,” she giggles. “Tiffany could learn a thing or two, couldn’t you?”

She gives her taciturn squeeze a... well, squeeze. He grumbles something about ‘owning that ass’ and ‘so horny’ but tenses up as his mistress presses him to her, as if reminded about who owns whose ass. You notice her possessive hands slide up and down his lithe body with all the intent of a predator...

Figuring it’s best to leave the lovebirds to themselves, you reclaim your [pc.gear] then head back into the mines, leaving the soft sanctuary of Maiké’s abode behind.

[Leave]\*

\*Puts player on tile outside Overseers Office.

## Mmmno

//No requirements.

//tooltip: There’s something about the price of admission that turns you off. Or whatever.

{//pclsTaur:

“Actually, uhhh, mmm...” says a hesitant Maiké, wincing as she looks over your taur body.

“I don’t think it’s going to work,” says Tivf with the follow up comment. “We can’t really do much with bigger... uh, four legged people.”

//else:

“Mm, nah,” you say with a shrug. “Not feeling it right now.”

“Really?” they both say again.

You can only nod with a half-grin and another shrug.

“Of all the cheek...”

“...after letting you into our home...”

“...just says no!”

The two insectoid lovers audibly titter and gossip their surprise and disappointment by your answer. The bee boy gives you the evil eyes as his mistress whispers something into his ear.

“We kindly ask if you could leave, please,” hisses the zil as he stares you down with squinting, golden eyes.

“What, that’s it? Don’t I get to-”

“No, you don’t. You won’t play by our rules, we won’t play by yours,” interrupts the moth-femme in a cutting voice. “If you decide to play, then by all means return later. Otherwise, I invite you to go eat dirt with the rest of the slaves.”

}

Tough crowd, jeez!

Taking the hint, you turn back out of the loveshack and into the mineshaft with the door closing behind you. Seems they’re taking ‘getting to know each other’ in a very personal, intimate sense. You’ll have to think on what to do with them later.

[Leave]\*

\*Puts player on tile outside Overseers Office.

# Radiant Interactions

//replaces Overseer Office tile descript.

You tap away on the Overseers Office door control and the gentle hiss of air passes as it opens on its own accord. {/pcHackedDoor: Looks like they got it fixed!}

It's all too tempting to step into the sensual, scented abode and you take a quick second to bathe in the gentle pink-red lighting and spicy, warm incense scent.

{/firstTime:

“Ah, if it isn't Captain {silly: Shiproast //else: Incredible}. So you've come {/pcDid[Well Okay!]: back for more of us? //pcDid[Mmmno]: back to play? Took you long enough.} I did so want to see this fantastically strange body again,” comments the completely nude Maïke as she strolls right up to you.

Your eyes widen in surprise but you still have a subtle need to giggle at the scenario. Something about her brazenly strolling up to you with her pierced, almost MILF-y tits swaying and jiggling as her way of greeting you.

“Yeah, well, maybe I just like being in this room. Maybe I like the things </i>in<i> the room too,” you reply, arms folded under your chest. Playing it cool, aw yeah. “Also, I'm not exactly sure whether to let you be or tell the bosses to sort you out...”

{/pcReleasedSlaves:

Actually, while you're on it.

“Eeeeven before that, how did you guys find each other? I let the slaves go and there was this big rush of people trying to get out of here...” you ask, tapping your finger on your chin.

“We have our ways,” says Maïke. “Emergency stealth fields, door lockdown, a few misdirecting words from Urbolg.”

“Right but-”

}

“Euff, the hero thing is tiresome, you don't have to put on that front in this room, yeah? Come, strip! Be freeeee,” teases the blue moth as she gracefully gestures to your body and equipment. You eye her snaking tail as it swings around and ‘floats’ around her. “No need to talk about those bosses or anything like that at all, nope, mm mm.”

Weeeell... {/pcNude: wait, you're already naked. Even so, y //else: alright. Y}ou take a minute to remove and set aside your [pc.gear]. It's all easy to stow to the side by the door and you pose in the first posture that comes to mind to show off your bare naked body. {/pcTone>75: You give the moth a quick muscle flex just to show off your toned self.}

"Showoff. Not baaad though. What do you think, Tiffy?" she quips, stepping aside.

You look past her as she gestures to the unmade, king-sized bed. Atop it sits a red-faced Tivf, ballgag in mouth and hands tied behind back, staring pleadingly back at you. His legs dangle uselessly over the bed as his state wreaks havoc on his limb control. A brutally tight set of cock-and-ball rings squeeze his twink-dink and an audible buzzing draws you to a vibrator lodged into his {silly: <b><i>BOIPUSSI</i></b> //else: boyhole.}

"Hiiiiinnngggguuuh," he whines through his gag. Looks like he's been buzzing away there for a good few hours with how his honey-churning nads hang low and his golden eyes stream.

Edged to breaking point...

"My treat, [pc.name]. Shall we put that nasty mine business aside and just <b>fuck Tiffy</b> all day?"

//repeatEncounter:

"[pc.name]! A pleasure. Especially if that's your intent, mmmhmmm! Say hello, Tiffy," greets Maike as she welcomes you in. Tivf lays in a recline along the bed, completely nude with his junk just hanging out while he looks over something on a datapad. He lazily waves in your direction while sucking on his cigarette holder.

"Typical, so self absorbed. Maybe we should rectify that...?" she muses, turning to you.

///repeatEncounter, pclsLover:

"Our most favorite person in the whole galaxy! C'mere you," announces Maike as she rushes up to you. In a flash, she's stolen your [pc.lipsChaste] for a quick, rough kiss. Her hands grab at your [pc.chest] only the way an insistent, knowing partner could.

From behind you, a smaller figure bumps against your [pc.ass] and another pair of arms wrap around your middle.

"Faaavoritest! Don't leeeeeeave," flusters Tivf as he hugs your hard around the middle and rubs his face against your {/pcHeight5'6<: cheek //pcHeight>5'6: back}. "I just want to wrangle you down and tie you up and all that good, fun stuff."

You reach behind and scoop your arm over his shoulder, {/pcHeight5'6<: leaning in  
//pcHeight>5'6: bending down} to give him a welcome peck on the cheek.

"Mmaaaaybe," you chuckle. Tivf slips from under your arm and Maike takes a step back.

"Will <b>not</b> stop talking about ir, silly boy," mutters Maike with a roll of her eyes.

As the zil rummages around for something on the side of the bed, you wonder what it could be. In short order, he pulls out two full handfuls of hand mirrors, lipstick, combs and scissors.

"Newwww makeover stuff! Can we please? I want to make you prettyyyy," beams the blushing bee.

//returnText:

"So what's on your mind, Oh So Stoic One? Finished with us already?" asks Maike as she mimics a stropping face. Tivf adopts the same face and gives you both a knowing wink.

}

[Maike] [Tivf] [Opinion] [Sex] [Uhh...]\* [Leave]

\*Only available for the one time when revisiting for first time i.e. first time radiant interactions.  
Absent otherwise.

# Maike

//tooltip: You wanna talk to Maike, give her the look, get busy. See how the devil-bug does the do...

{/normal:

“So, Maike,” you begin after clearing your throat, throwing a little bit of that suave, knowing inflection into your voice.

“Yeah?” replies the Cylirian, her focus squarely on you. “Deigning me with your attention?

//Maike3rdDayCycle:

“So Mai-

“Yeah yeah, just talk already, come oooooon. I need to... <b>release</b>,” she growls aggressively, her orange eyes flaring with that predatory spark.

Easy there girl, you’ll consider it... maybe.

///return:

“So...” you say.

“Mmmhmm?” murmurs the femme as she idly watches Tivf. {/Maike3rdDayCycle: From the way she’s eyeing him up and the way her tail aims at his direction, she could pounce that boy butt at any moment.}

}

[Appearance] [Talk] [Stuffing]

## Appearance

//Repeatable.

//tooltip: Give the nude, busty moth-lady a thorough visual analysis.

You lean against the wall while you take a minute to look her over. Hey, she’s just right there, in the buff! {/pcMetMaikeAsBoss: <i>Not</i> trying to kill you this time!}

Maike is quite the creature. {/pcDont[History]: Hailing from the primitive planet of Cyliria //else: A moth-scorpion-demon alien of sorts}, she is - at a glance - quite the vicious mix of raw sexuality and inner power.

Standing at 6'7" by Old Earth figures, she towers above her diminutive partner and carries an innate aura of authority. {\\pcHeight6'5"<: It definitely rubs off on you as you're lined up to her.} With skin of a royal blue, lined with pale-green plates with softer purple scales and features that are angular in biology, her proportions are more than a little intriguing...

Of course, she's quick to catch on to what you're doing: stealing her time just so you can ogle. Her arms cross over her chest to dissuade you from her most obvious assets. You second guess: she'll look silly if she covers her legs! Perfect.

You look to the floor and begin at her slender, toned legs. Two splayed claw-feet support her frame with five appendages apiece: three at the front and two at the back for support. Each one is covered in her scaly skin and tipped with grim, pale-green talons. Your eyes are drawn to them flexing and gripping into the rug below, putting you ever so slightly on edge as you imagine some poor animal caught in that grip. {\\pcMetMaikAsBoss: Oh wait, that actually happened to you! Puts things into perspective now, doesn't it...}

Maik's snaking tail trails along her calf and thigh to guide your vision. Those legs could kill, quite literally: while not 'toned' with pure muscle like mercs and bodybuilders, her lithe legs belie an alien, wiry strength. {\\pcMetMaikAsBoss: She had absolutely no issue with landing from a great height and pinning you down beneath her, all in the space of seconds. Just that one time though, very unfair, lighting was all over the place. {silly: No wards or sentries either, gg noob supports.}}

Her plated thighs curve in the right places all the same, thickening into feminine, almost matronly hips. You look at the inner thighs and Maik quickly catches on: she tenses her leg muscles so that the once-smooth skin ripples with detailed muscle. Definitely did not skip leg day...

As for what's <i>between</i> those thighs, it's certainly nothing she's shy about. That tail of hers across her nethers from underneath, taunting you with the plated tip. When you sigh in frustration, the giggling moth slides it back down and reveals her wet, blue-lipped pussy all for you. Placed above her smooth, featureless belly, It's not quite 'familiar' as a Terran pussy is: while all the right parts are in the right places, there's a certain 'fullness' or 'puffiness' to some others. A thick cock would definitely get the most out of that slit, you think. Despite being in a soft state of arousal, there's not much of a discernible, pheromonal scent... it's all clouded out by the incense-filled room.

Maik thrusts her hands in front of you, crosses her forearms over but still manages to cover her bulging chest with her biceps. You grin as you both play this wordless game, eager to see where she'll take it. For now though, those claws...

Much like her feet, her hands are scaled, dextrous-looking and five-fingered but with clear thumbs like most known upright races. Those same sorts of pale-green talons tip the ends although you can tell they're rounded and blunted. With the amount of 'hands on' work this lady does, it's not hard to imagine why.

Your eyes trail up her lithe arms, noting the plates and scales that line the sides. As with her thighs, you catch the softer, inner flesh tense up with defined muscle although to a much lesser extent. You follow the line of plates to the base of her collarbones, noting how they peter out into shiny purple and then to the muted royal blue of her throat. Your eyes hit the fluffy silver neck-mane that tapers into a V at the top of her sternum, a luxurious natural scarf of downy fluff.

Two ways to go: up or down. You decide to look... down.

On cue, Maike arches her back a little and slowly pulls her arms to the side, keeping them tightly pressed to her chest as she does. When they reach a point, she thrusts her chest forward and her jiggling tits squeeze through the gap, spilling forward in a tempting display of soft, palmable flesh. Your eyes lock onto her full, smooth E-cups and she sways from side to side to show off more of that jiggle. Maike's nipples are a deeper, darker blue than her skin with tea-plate areola. There aren't clear 'nubs': her tits have a soft point in the middle of each areola and there's a myriad of silver piercings that adorn them. Four parallel bars - a set of two per breast - with a ring of silver studs around the edges of her areola and topped off with two small rings on the soft 'nubs' of her teats. She gently palms her nipples and spends ample time teasing each piercing, showcasing how sensitive they are with each finger-fondle. Her claws slide under her impressive bust and palm the milk-makers with indulgence. You notice her lower lip curl in as she displays her love for her own breasts. Well you'd be proud of those puppies too if you had 'em! She definitely has an eye for turning them into art pieces.

The grinning moth lets them spill under their own weight as she slides her palms out to the sides and then points at her head. You hum with a smile as your [pc.eyes] meet hers: two orbs of solar orange, marked with three slits for pupils. You can't imagine what sort of vision she has but if her predators body is anything to go by.

Your eyes trail to her proud, 'sharp' nose that hovers over her grinning, purple lips and then to her angular, almost pointed jaw, chin and cheeks. Much like the plates covering her skin, you could almost cut yourself on her thin, feminine jawline alone. {//Maike3rdDayCycle: You can tell she's let herself build up with all that internal cum: her cheeks are positively flushed and show you she's only a word away from releasing it all from within...}

From there, you look to the sides to her demonic, pointed ears. Long and swept back, they curve up with a slight flick and compound with her horns to produce a regal, fearsome visage. Said horns are nearly a foot long and seamlessly grow out from the top of her forehead, sweeping back in their pale-green splendor to add a devilish taint to this alien being.

Her silver-grey 'hair' appears Terran at a glance but a more tuned look shows that the strands are more like fine quills than the ultra-thin texture of human hair. It seems slightly more rigid and is tied loosely into a long bundle that hangs down her back, following the curve of her horns and ears.



Maike abruptly turns on her foot, intent on giving you the rear view. Now with her back to you, she looks over her shoulder as she guides your vision with her tail tip. Her hair is slung over her shoulder and shows you the extent of her fluffy mane as it stops midway down her spine. What's most striking are her wings, of course: folded for now but still almost as long as she is tall, her moth wings have a translucent orange-red 'glow' from the ambient light of the room. They sprout from powerful, well-built back muscles that, in contrast to her limbs, bulge with definition. Easily strong enough to let her fly and fly with grace at that.

She curves her back and leans forward, intent on drawing you further down. You're easily taken, eyes zooming into that bountiful behind as her tail coils over her back. And what an ass it is: {/MaikeNormal: two royal blue buns that round out into a toned bubble butt. You know of course that that's where all her seed is stored but today is a 'dry' day. Still doesn't stop it from being quite the grippy, spankable ass. //Maike1stDayCycle: two blue buns that bulge with mass and muscle. Although you can tell there's some seed in there, most of that bubble butt is pure butt at the moment. ///Maike2ndDayCycle: two light-blue buns that bulge with pent up seed, forming an exquisitely soft bubble butt. The two cheeks jut forward a good few inches due to all the breeders juice inside but you sense she might be going for more. ///Maike3rdDayCycle: two whitish-blue buns, achingly full of her seed, forming an alluringly soft bubble butt that begs to be spanked. The two cheeks are so full of seed that they jut forward at least six inches more than usual and even make her thighs and hips appear bigger than normal. You can't help but think of the literal blue-buns she has from all this pent up cum, just waiting to be squirted into something hot, deep and willing.} What a beautifully strange race, you think.

Nestled between them is her tailhole, a thick ring of a sphincter that's seen many-an-insertion if that needy ass of hers is anything to go by. But of course, you can't finish this little visual trip without the snake in the room...

As if tapping into your thought waves, Maike's snaking tailcock hovers between her cheeks and blocks your view with its length. Much like her wings, it's almost as long as she is tall and starts at the base of her spine. It's long, dexterous and the outer sheath is lined with purplish scales. At the very tip is the main prize: a pointed, almost bulging arrangement of four pale-green plates, housing a thick cockhead within. Easily three inches wide even at the thinnest point, this is a tailcock designed to subjugate not merely grown for reproduction. {/Maike3rdDayCycle: The plates open from time to time as if to 'cool off' from all the pent up arousal. You catch the impossibly sweet smell of Maike's seed waft from the dripping cock tip, mindful of the drips of white fluid that hit the carpet. Must take an awful lot of will to keep that all in...}

With that, Maike spins back around to face you, hands folded under her chest.

"Well played. Did you enjoy?" she asks casually, her face now giving little away. {/Maike3rdDayCycle: Aside from the red in her cheeks from all that arousal, of course.}

You pull a face and shrug, saying nothing.

“Ugh, you tease,” she titters, rolling her eyes at you.

You can only grin.

[Back]

## Talk

//Repeatable.

//Tooltip: She is quite the intriguing alien but seemed somewhat off-limits till now. With all that mine business behind you both, it's a good time to get to know her.

{/normal:

“Mind if we just talk?” you ask with a light smile.

“Talk? Talk about what, about me? Or just anything? Are we... are we dating? Is that what you're doing?” she replies with a quizzical look, squinting at you with a half-grin.

//on[Back]:

““Let's just keep talking, yeah? Not quite feeling it right now,” you say with a casual grin. Maie pulls a face and takes a step back.

“Spoilsport. What else did you want to plunder my head for?” she replies, sticking her tongue out at you. Seems like Tivf is rubbing off on her...

}

[History] [Race] ['Sun' Stuff] [Mods] [Slavery] [The Gangs] [You] [Tivf]

## History

//Repeatable.

//tooltip: How the hell did someone like her end up in a place like this?

“So how does someone like you end up in this floating rock?” you ask.

“You know, it's the strangest thing. I often dwell on an old memory and wonder if it truly happened or if I'm simply remembering a film from a, you know, a holovid or something,” she begins, idly massaging her underbust as she does.

“If I were to start somewhere, it would be when I was abducted by men in white coats.”

Well, yeah, that oughta... be in a film?

“Oo, ominous, isn’t it? See, that was over two decades ago and there’s half a life times worth of details to chop up. I was fairly young, pre-adult but only a few months off of it. I lived in a grand sky-city perched on a dead volcano, the largest on the surface I think. Not sure about now but that’s its owwwwn thing,” she says with a gesticulation, tapping on her temple as she recalls her early life.

“Aliens came. Humans, the dog ones, the bird ones, claiming to represent ‘corporate interests’ for one entity or another. This was at the cusp of U.G.C uplifting on our homeworld so we knew *of* these terms but not what they meant. They showed nothing but disdain and offered trinkets of technology to the gullible when they started ‘gently’ ensnaring the youngest of us in these grim net things. I got swept away by net after net, almost broke my wings in the struggle. There was no help, of course: I’ll leave a little verbal note here and say the Cylirian race is a tragic one. That, again, is its own story.”

Maike brushes her nipple with her palm as she talks, as if perfectly detached from the story she tells.

“It wasn’t until I was off planet, bound and caged, that I was quite quickly **un**bound. Who’d have thought, these scientists were xenobiologists! Historians! Researchers! They simply wanted to document cylirian development and I happened to be the ‘perfect’ age. Me being my dumb little child-self, well, I had no idea what they were saying but they gave me food, safety, a nice white room to sleep in. I had an education; the entire universe unravelled over the next few years as all I’d learned on the homeworld just... melted away.”

She grins at you with casual whimsy, both hands full of pierced nipple.

“So... it wasn’t anything like you started off with. Huh?” you ask, taken aback by the jump in tone from subtle tragedy to general okayness.

“What else is there to say on it? I never had true ‘parents’ like most of my kind, it was easy enough to adjust to. The scientists were friendly enough even if it was a bit of a revolving door with who stayed and who moved on. No, nothing really to say on that I suppose. The actual day-to-day details are quite messy, shall we say. Literal sense,” she replies as her snaking tail-tip flutters and squirms over her shoulder. Even now, you can see drips of whitish-grey leak through the four plates, as if mere memory is forcing out pre-cum. “Post-puberty is quite the trip for my kind...”

“As to me being here on this rock, well... I had to ‘live’ after the research was completed. I was granted honorary U.G.C citizenship for ‘Services Rendered’, given a lump sum of credits and thrown at the nearest hub world. ‘Po-way-ah...’ something, it was always difficult to pronounce for me. Anyway, I was barely 17 in Terran years. Aside from ‘looking nice’, I didn’t have much in terms of ability that a civilized world would need. So I simply went to the uncivilized part,” she shrugs. It’s not hard to see where she’s going next.

"I had little trouble fitting into a pirate group. They needed harsh management, of themselves and of their cargo. I just so happen to be... harsh. On Dragaera, kill or be killed is a biological instinct. We don't learn it, we innately know it, all of us. My kind, ghost-hounds, the uxzaras, these big, rock-like turtle things that have big spear-like spines on their backs, euch: we grow with the same mind. Cruelty and punishment were taught casually and openly as necessities in our culture, from the justified use of wing-shearing to scale-flaying and other... eugh, horrific things."

For the first time, she pauses herself. Out of distraction, she turns away for a second and wipes her chin.

"Sounds grim," you say delicately, hoping to both sympathize and keep her focused at the same time. "Did you see any of it...?"

"Yes, I saw many. Uh, many many many things like that. I couldn't say how it's taught now, what with those U.G.C 'maternity programs'. Might be a lost cause, who knows? I don't. Don't even want to know. Anyway, I know harshness and how to apply it, so I jumped from group to group once each contract had run its course. It was never slavery, mostly abduction or ransoming. Landing this contract with the Star Vipers felt almost too perfect. Then the whole 'let's go a step further and turn abduction into servitude' came up in discussion and I bit the bullet. What's a girl like me to do, hm?"

Maike shrugs as if it were all 'just a thing', quickly returning to smiling and self-fondling.

"That it? You're a slaver 'just cuz'?" you probe, a little taken aback by her candid story.

"I'm not anymore. Sad to say but your little stint in the mines forced me into the bleak 'grey area' of my contract where I'm on paid leave forever until it ends. On one side, paid leave! Means I can spend every day with Tiffy. Pay's actually great as well. On the other side, there isn't a soul on this station that wouldn't want me in one of my own collars so I'm effectively stuck in this hide hole until the gangs decide to move on or have a change of heart."

She takes a step forward and places her hand on your arm, the soft palm massaging your [pc.skinFurScales] as a gentle caress.

"Look, I know you know that I'm scum. If I weren't already comfortably living, I'd jump into the same sort of contract in a flash," she smiles as if it were just that easy. "But we did say clean slate after all. Soooo... how about we forget recent history and just bang?"

Hmmm...

[Back]

## Race

//Repeatable, only unlocks after PC has done [History].

//tooltip: cylirians aren't something you're well acquainted with, good time to ask as ever after asking about her past.

"A delicate question maybe but can you tell me about your race? It's not common to find uh..."

"Cylirians."

"Cylirians around U.G.C. space," you start, nodding as she fills in the blank. It's not like you can remember *every* name that's around, after all.

Unperturbed, Maike smiles and rests her fingers across her lips. The other hand seems to do what it wants, idly massaging her pierced nipples.

"Mmm, I don't have a favorable opinion of my kind, odd as it might seem. Do you know anything of us? Anything at all?" she asks.

"{/pcReadCylirianCodex: Yeah, the official 'fact' stuff from the U.G.C, not much else though, /else: Not a thing, I'm afraid,}" you shrug.

"My version of it then. The homeworld culture is brutal, unchanging and an existential nightmare. You're born into a clutch of orphans, who in turn are raised by older matrons, likely also orphans. You're drilled on every aspect of survival, flight training, The Canticles of Mother Sun, the rules of society. Then they take that drill and re-apply it to our fresh heads with all sorts of 'incentives'. Public wing-shearing was a veritable bloodsport that happened every few months, for instance. This is if you're born in the cities, of course. A large portion still live well below the safe havens of our mountain cities and I'm fairly certain most of what I learnt of them is propaganda. It's all wild stories of barbarity and heresy and blah blah blah," she explains in a progressively less jovial tone. With details like that, you'd be a little despondent too.

"It's all run by a strange mixture of 'technologists' and Those of the Mother Sun. They're both as insane as each other but at least we're getting technology from one end and some sense of self from the other. Even then, if anyone I knew from way back when were to come to a place like this now... I couldn't imagine how they'd react. Bugs out of water. Or something."

Maike sighs and wipes her brow with her wrist.

"Our laws require us to be strict with punishments. Most who take to 'justice' become members of the Oun'thekri who... I suppose are a mixture between police and vigilantes. Very active in

the search for crimes and very much a 'hit first, questions later' mindset. They're all masters in using these things."

She takes a step back and takes a strange looking weapon from a wall-rack above her. It's a long, black metal rod with a brutish, almost crude design and a thick handle grip.

"You might think it were a mere baton, right? Now watch," says the moth as she holds it out to the side. With a subtle combination of a finger squeeze and a flick of the wrist, harsh, jagged blades flick out across the length with metal-on-metal clinks. You can't quite look away from such a cruel-looking weapon as she turns it about for your viewing 'pleasure'.

"See, the use is that you'd be chasing your target and inevitably, she'll be flying. You aim this at the wings, latch the teeth into the thick membrane and pull. Then you stop flying yourself and let the weight pull both of you down. Most targets are smart and will give up rather than risk losing their wings..."

She exhales through her nose and puts the grim looking thing back in its resting spot.

"Managed to get this from a 'xenoartifact' auction. Fetching, wouldn't you say? Brings out a certain 'joie du fin'. Let's not... get hung up on it," she says as she puts it on the rack. Oh, 'hung'...

"Some less grim information perhaps: my people are split into two sexes, sires and bearers. I am a sire, as you might be able to tell," says Maïke as her tail makes another appearance under her arm.

"Means we're the ones with the 'male parts' for all that goopy baby-making. The bearers are the egg-makers. We're quite mono-cultured because of it, such as the bearers being the ones in higher power than most sires, especially as Chosen of the Sun. Most sires tend to be the physically adept ones, doing the 'rough work'."

"Usually it's the more male-oriented of a species that holds onto the power structure. Happened on Earth throughout all of its earlier history, for instance," you say, trying to put your own perspective into it.

"Not at all. It's much more of a physical, biological thing for us. Long ago, bearers discovered that a sires tail could be 'choked' by the thick muscles of a bearers tail slit. When you pair that with my pussy and a bearers uh, 'crotch cock' - always rankled me, that term - then a sire is often the bottom by default. If I'm the bottom on my own world and everyone else here is my bitch then... yeah. You only find this out from observing cylirians in action. It's messy and very juicy," she grins, batting her tail back down as it leaks droplets of greyish seed onto the ground. There's a little heat in your cheeks but not quite enough for a full blush, yet there's something just a little hypnotic in the way the tail tip snakes and waves around...

“Thankfully, I avoided all of that restrictive nonsense once I left the planet. Intervention really is a blessing sometimes.”

She sighs, her tail drooping in tandem.

“Shall we move on from this? Lighten things up with a little... play?”

Oo, that sounds like solicitation...

[Back]

### ‘Sun’ Stuff

//Repeatable, unlocks after doing [Race].

//tooltip: What’s all this ‘~ of the Sun’ stuff? {/pcReadcylirianCodex: It must be their sun-worship religion, but...}

“I heard you use some names like Chosen of the Sun, is it part of a religion?” you ask.

“Eugh, this stuff... yes, it’s the dominant religion on the homeworld. It’s very quickly being dismantled from within however, even when I was on there all those years ago. I’ll keep it brief but it’s as wild as any other naturalistic religious thing: we’re all Daughters to Mother Sun, brought into the world as mere consequences to her awe-inspiring power, yadda yadda. You know, saying it out loud makes it sound more philosophical and poetic than I remember... never thought of it like that,” she begins, far less enthralled with her own body than before.

“But I suppose it’s as good as any a thing to ‘worship’. Solar energy powers all life on the planet yet it’s obfuscated by a thick atmosphere and volcanic activity. I remember a matron telling me that ‘we must raise the young as Mother Sun raised us’ or rather, most unthinking Cylirians still think leaving their eggs in the middle of a forest is the ‘natural way of things’. Can’t always win over innate biology,” she sighs.

She flares her nose and idly goes back to massaging her chest. Mm, she might be done...

“Naturally, I just don’t buy it anymore with the trillions of other ‘Mother Suns’ in the universe. Guess that’s it.”

Guess it is!

[Back]

## Mods

//Repeatable, unlocks after doing [Race].

//tooltip: What does she think of modding? Has she taken any herself...?

"I can't tell myself: have you had any modding work? I'd never be able to tell just by looking," you say, a little unsure in how to properly phrase the thought.

Maike grins her knowing grin and squeezes a pierced teet as you talk.

"Absolutely. A little extensive and definitely expensive. For one thing, my scales," she starts, gracefully extending her arm out to show the pale-green plates that end at her fingers. "Usually this sort of mod is for advanced scale ossification for military combatants. As to where I got it? I don't really think I need to say. I'm already knee deep in unproven crimes as is."

"Useful for flying, right? In case you hit something or crash land?" you throw out.

"Mm. Nothing really stops a crash landing from hurting. {/pcDefeatedMaike: Especially when you're the one making me crash...} Still, as you said, useful," she says with a smirk.

{/pcDefeatedMaike: Hey, it was just the one time! Not like she didn't get over it suspiciously quickly either.} "What else ya got?" you ask as you eye over her bare bombshell body.

"Mm, tail," she croons, letting her snake-like appendage take center stage between the two of you. You take a step back to give it the room it needs, keeping an eye on its juice-dripping plates as it idly snakes around.

"What about it?" you ask, batting the plated tip away as the blue-and-green appendage hovers near your [pc.belly].

"Most cyrilian tails are half the size for sires. Less thickness, half the muscle strength yet for me, I feel I can do anything with this tail. Or any<b>one</b>, aheh. Caveat is that I don't have the greatest restraint for edging so I just keep... constantly cumming," she half-whispers after clearing her throat. {/Maike3rdDayCycle: The red blush in her face is all the more apparent as she covers her mouth with the back of her hand. Isn't it just torture for her that she can't release all that seed right here and now... oh well!}

"It happens in some sires. There's no telling when an orgasm begins as most of a deep, rough mating will be constant... endless... c-cumming and just... mm. So I have to consciously stop myself or I'd be doing nothing but plugging into Tivf all day and making him a fat little bee." She giggles with her hand over her mouth, clearly getting her kicks from just talking about it.



“Sorry, were we talking about... uh?” she sniffs, trying to contain her smile. “All this talk about cumming forever, you know... let’s just do something about it.”

Hmmm...?

[Back]

## Slavery

//Repeatable, unlocks after doing [History].

//tooltip: It’s just something you want to get a better view on. She’s treating the whole thing so... normally.

“I don’t want to get too hung up on the whole slave owning, ordering... ‘managing’ thing but I still want to know more, like...”

“...like why?” she interjects, cutting off your question. You’re not sure if you should even confirm or deny it.

“I get it, I get it. I thought if I were less invested, I’d be less affected but after having you jump onto this rock well... I’m not as enthralled with the idea now,” she muses while pinching a nipple between her finger and thumb. Now that’s something you don’t mind her being casual on... but anyway.

“I don’t know, I don’t have a reason for saying yes or no other than it’s something I know how to perform. All the drama, the theater of prowling around as I <b>rightfully</b> take what’s mine... inside, my inner Daughter of the Sun burns for <b>more</b>,” growls Maïke as she clenches both her fist and her handful of titflesh.

“But now that you’re not actively doing it...” you throw out, deftly keeping her inner passion held in.

“Mmh, blame Bee-butt over there. I’ve never ‘owned’ anyone myself or even taken much of a ‘dominant’ role in the bedroom but with him, I just... hm. Mmmhmmhmm.”

Instead of focusing, her gaze wafts over to Tivf as he keeps to himself by the mirror. You catch them winking to each other in the reflection.

“She’s a reeeeeal shut-in. All that loud noise and jumping around but can’t even stand getting her butt touch-*iiiiiii!*”

Before Tivf finishes his cheeky statement, Maike's snaking tail shoves itself in between his oh-so-exposed asshole and wiggles against it. He squeals in girlish tones as the threat of penetration freezes him in place. The way his lip curls in the mirror is just precious...

"I don't think I'm doing it correctly for he's quite unruly. He has miles and miles of mouth and all the cheek in the world. Luckily, I have miles and miles of tail to fill **both**," she laughs, smacking her tail tip against Tivf's golden buns. The sharp hit makes him jump on his spot and his butt ripples enticingly from such a deft smack, yet he's quick to get back to his makeup artistry with a disgruntled grumble.

"Pfft, he loves it. What were we saying? Oh, slaves. As I said before, I'm not technically allowed to work in the mines now. If I had a way to break out of this contract, I don't know... maybe I'd just take Tivf with me and hide somewhere for a few years. Maybe I've hit some wall if I was taken down by some rich-kid spacer with civilian tech after all," she muses, raising an eyebrow in your direction.

"Hey don't be mad at me, you're the slaver," you shoot back.

"Yeah but in this place, that's like a health and safety inspector getting angry at Urbolg's 'technomagic' or whatever it is he does. First off, I've only an 8.9% forced-retirement rate of the workforce on my record and secondly, Urbolg is far more likely to hurt someone than I am," she sasses, gritting her teeth whenever she mentions Urbolg.

Intrigued, you probe her.

"What's Urbolg got to do with it?" you ask, seeing if it'll provoke. At least it'll cool the 'slavery' talk.

"Eugh... so he's being a pal right now and keeping our profile down low in the port. I owe him something for that. Expected. Thing is, he's such a... I don't know, maverick. Can barely get through his accent without laughing in his face either. Doesn't help that his head barely touches the underside of my tits so he gets all these 'ideas' about eventually getting to feel them. Damned sap," huffs Maike as she visibly sulks. You get the feeling she's far more grateful to him than she lets on buuut she might also bite your head off for mentioning it.

"Whole damnable station is a cavalcade of hilarity held together by raw money and barely-legal contracts, I don't even want to know anymore."

You think to try and keep this little side topic going but then-

"Before you say anything, I really don't. It's just me bitching anyway," sighs the moth. "Let's talk about something else, hm?"

"I guess something I've wondered is just how you managed to keep it up doing what you do? As in, day in day out..." you say offhand, brain suddenly alight with curiosity again.

"In the figurative sense, well, I've explained that already: I do what I do because I'm very into it. In a literal sense, a bit of a forced 'contract requirement' was performance drugs. You'll not hear much about it because they're not that strong. Something like an energy booster and sleep suppressant. Quite robust," she explains, fingering a small bronze bullet-shaped capsule between her clawtips. "Called Gochin. Very exact doses do very exact effects and the addiction risk is minimal. Buuuut that still meant I **had** to take them so I could perform the odd 32 hour shift. Now I don't need them, I feel months of lost sleep hitting my angriest inner bitch. She's tamed... for now."

Maike sets the capsule down and slinks closer to you.

"You seem like you need a good taming, too..."

Hmmm...!

[Back]

## The Gangs

//Repeatable, unlocked after doing [History].

//tooltip: Formerly in the upper tier of the command structure for this place, she must have some insight on how things are really run around here.

"What about the pirate groups? It's pretty crazy to get this many groups to work together so cohesively," you ask, hoping to pick her brain on insider knowledge.

"Hmmm, why not? You'd never find a more bloated hive of laziness and debauchery after all, I doubt there's much you haven't picked up," she begins with one hand holding her chin and the other massaging her chest. You admit on the inside that all this titty-fondling is very distracting. Very... distracting...

"So let's start with who I know most, the Star Vipers. Mostly sylvereens, those snakey ones with the jaws, although they take on any being who's **strange** enough. Absolutely obsessed with sex and it's felt through everything they aim for: slavery, extortion, all the newest designer drugs. What little legitimate business they do involves all three. Like me, they know why a firm hand is needed in this line of work and that venom... mm, that venom."

Maike's expression doesn't change yet her cheeks flush red. {//Maike3rdDayCycle: Even with her beautiful blue behind weighted with all her cum, the little jitter of her jaw gives it away.} Past experience, hm...?

“What about the venom?” you probe. {//pcHasHadVenomSexOfAnyKindBefore: You know how it feels but there’s some appealing in making this open-minded domme spill her secrets.}

“It’s something you’ll have to experience yourself,” she grins, cutting your curiosity short. “I hear the Slavebreakers are more than willing to help, hero or not.”

Mmmm...! {//pcMetSlavebreakerBefore: That was certainly an... experience. She doesn’t have to know though.}

“As to being in the group itself? Mm, they knew I wasn’t quite ‘them’ material despite being a 99% match. They prefer it if their members are in it for the long haul, in it for the solidarity. Me? I want my paycheck. That said, pleasant bunch. They respect me, enough to leave me alone with Tivf even if the other groups want my hide for one reason or another,” she continues. Maike goes from mammary manipulation to stroking the closed ‘petals’ of her tail tip, struggling to hide her grin from you.

“So what about those gangs? Why do they even want you in the first place?” you ask. Pirate policies sure seem to be proverbially cutthroat.

“I’ll get the grim stuff out of the way: the Cyber Punks would love to dissect me on a table because the oily robo-fucks on this station have never seen a ‘me’ before; the Jumpers, or at least the higher ups, think I owe them some incredibly silly number in ‘lost profits’ for all the shenanigans you pulled so it’s that or my life; Raiders? They probably don’t care but I can never be sure; finally, the flame bastards. I don’t really know **why** they want me dead but crazies with radiation weapons aren’t something you can reason away.”

The straightness of which this is all said belies her hidden anxiety: twitches of the jaw, a lowered tone in her voice, eyes unfocused.

“You alright...?” you throw out. “I didn’t quite know what wou-

“Mm, why wouldn’t I be? Look, don’t worry about my problem, it’s all under control if I wait it out. And clean slate, remember?” she says abruptly, going from stroking her tail to stroking her downy, silver mane.

You murmur and shrug, letting her have her way.

“And at the end of it all, pirates are scum. No gang is so different that they’re suddenly some noble, righteous rogue against the U.G.C status quo. Even the Raiders have no trouble when it comes to allying with slavers and drug fiends.”

Maike stops mid-point, as if something jumped through her mind at the right time.

“The Jumpers, the Raiders... curious creatures. On Dragaera, smaller, similar things live in strange, symbiosis states where one species carries the ‘pollen’ of the other and vice versa in the fur. Part of learning to use one’s wings is catching these tiny things in the safer parts of the wilderness. Watching them scurry, flare the talons, bend the legs... dive... what am I even saying, this is all ranting. Sorry,” she says, shaking her head. You murmur “it’s alright” and she winks back.

“I think I’m slipping into ‘work mode’ talking about all these unpleasantries. Let’s flip it around, maybe... if you want.”

Mmm, with all these very open and obvious invitations she’s dropping, you might just have to bang the bug. But for now...

[Back]

You

//Repeatable.

//tooltip: Conversation is a two way thing after all. Mostly.

“You know what, I want to know about you a little bit. Not every single thing, there’s still this... ‘mysterious star creature’ appeal about you,” she starts, pre-empting you entirely. You watch her tri-slit eyes gauge and analyse your body from head to toe.

“Hmm, well...”

You take the time to talk about your work as a [pc.startingClass] and the dangers inherent to the trade. You’re slow to mention your actual personal history before that... dad, the Rush, cousin troubles. You eventually namedrop ‘Steele’ but it’s met with a quizzical look.

“Steele? Mm, if that’s the name I’m familiar with then... well, I’ve a certain gratitude for those who’ll dig my homeworld out of its own grave. SteeleTech, that is, the whole uplifting thing. You’re still [pc.name] to me... especially when you’re going around with a [pc.weapon] and barely enough years to be considered an adult,” she shrugs. “But tell me, what do you really want to do with yourself? I get that there’s a family obligation, crazy and absurd as it sounds to me, but beyond that... what else?”

“I guess I just want to enjoy as much as the universe as I can. Bit cheesy, I know,” you reply, scratching at your chin.

“Oh nono, fair sentiment. I don’t think I have the stomach for a </i>whole</i> universe but I’d love to see more. What about settling down...?” she asks with a squint.

You can only shrug.

"I'm far from anywhere I'd call home, so," you say with a smirk.

“Mmm. Now there’s a thing... there’s a thing indeed. Anyway, what do you do, [pc.name]? I mean, once you’ve saved the day. Take the damsels for yourself? Give a good **<b>railing</b>** and take a personal ID in the morning?”

You're not really sure. You spend a good minute thinking of what you actually do and most of it ends up being... kinda sexy. {silly: Unless you're doing a virgin or neuter run, you weirdo, like what, wut WUT <b>WUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUH-</b>}

“Color me unsurprised. Or blue, I suppose. Curious phrase. Well now that you have your probe, where next?” she asks, a sincere tone to her words. It’s almost like she needs some inspiration.

"Wherever the universe takes me," you say with faux-whimsy.

“Hypothetically, if this room were the universe, would it take you over there?” she asks with a grin, pointing to the bed behind her.

Well... maybe.

[\[Back\]](#)

Tivf

```
//Repeatable.
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//tooltip: Talk about Tivf, how they met, all that lovey dovey stuff.
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“So tell me about you and Tivf, how’d you even end up together?” you ask. It’s not quite what you might have expected from this sort of relationship.

“Ahuumm... would ‘love at first sight’ sound too cheesy? I can only put it as that, truly,” grins Maike, her gaze turning to rest on her preening sub. You notice Tivf looking back at you in the reflection, a subtle smile forming at the corner of his mouth as his mistress talks about him.

“This whole Zheng Shi nonsense has been ongoing for a good while and naturally, there’s a lot of burnout with the staff. Need new shipments of workers, as you’d expect. Imagine my surprise when, dotted amongst the big burly lifters and movers, there’s a small, dirty thing. Hair askew, shaking, grime all over that golden shell... and what an **ass**. I just had to take him, how could I not?”

All the while she talks, she barely looks at you. Her gaze is so fixed on Tivf, her grin so wide that it could only be...

"It didn't take much convincing to have him handed over. Most of the Star Vipers have personal pets and meats as is, so it's useful ruse. I spent all day talking with him, cleaning him, dressing him up, as if he were some... child's doll or something. Just... mmm."

She leans her back against the wall and seems to lose her words mid sentence. You look over the two as they give each other silent, blushing smiles in the mirrors reflection. The similarity between the two seems stronger in this moment, as if they were two people that somehow formed one mind. Even more so when you see one as a bigger, ascended form of the other or perhaps the other as a calmer, more innocent form of the first.

Not literally of course, that'd be pretty weird.

"Tiffy is just... he's who I want. We sorted it out early on that he was 'slave' in name only, I couldn't put him through that sort of conditioning. Now it's more like..."

"Mmmnow it's like, we just kinda live together and... ride each other all day. She makes me look pretty and then I try to be even prettier so I can make her the, uh. Abtholuthe. Prethieth," adds Tivf as he tries balancing talking and applying black lip gloss.

"Mm. It's a different world every time I walk through those doors. The harsh, cloying noise and mess of the mines then... calmness, safety, with this little slutbag," giggles Maike. Her tail prods and swats against the trappy lads golden buns, each teasing hit causing the flesh to jiggle.

"Weeeh, she's bullying me," moans Tivf in a disinterested voice. You can't help but laugh as the prodding becomes more insistent and climbs up his back to his face. The plated tip of Maike's tail cock presses and rubs gently against his cheek, threatening to ruin his facial art.

"Uggh, fine," sighs the bee as he sets his gloss aside and grasps the head in both hands. He immediately squeezes it between his palms and Maike visibly tenses up! You coo and tease as she bites her lower lip, faced filled with immediate regret.

Tivf, as if assessing some dull trinket or object of curiosity, yanks it around roughly until he finds what he's looking for: silver-white fluid leaking between the plates. Without hesitation, he slowly unfurls his golden tongue and drags the tip up the leaking seal, the sweet-smelling, silver cum sliding ever so easily into his mouth. He murmurs like a whore in heat as his tongue curls back and forces that morsel of his mistress's love down his gullet. Maike gasps as she watches and feels this distant display of subby indulgence, her hands idly cupping her own chest.

"Makes me so... hot... mmm..." she says under her breath.

Tivf just giggles.. He quickly bats the tail tip down and plants a swift kiss on the greenish-white plate, a sweet little black imprint of his lips left behind.

“Away with you,” he says casually, only to push the tail away and go back to his makeup.

“Now who’s the bully, silly boy...” sighs Maiké, her face awash with adoration.

{//Maiké3rdDayCycle: You detect a pained note in her voice: the red-cheeked moth could blow at any second! You could help her with that, of course...}

“[pc.name],” she says softly, her face turned to Tivf but her eyes turned to you.

“Yeah?” you say offhand, matching her gaze.

“Let’s <b>fuck</b>.”

Well...

[Back]

## Stuffing

//Repeatable, no requirements, PC can’t be pregnant aside tail pregnancy.

//tooltip: It’s not full-on intimate sex, you just want to help her out. Help her out by taking her entire load that is.

{/firstTime:

“Mmmmaiké,” you ask sweetly, sliding your palm across her tail as it snakes around you.

“Must be awful storing all that jizz, penting yourself up on purpose...”

“Uh, not really, [pc.name],” laughs Maiké, absent-mindedly fondling her piercings as you talk. “My tush feels amazing and the actual release is hot as hell. What are you getting at?”

“Oh. Weeell, I wanted you to... fill me up,” you say with a grin, catching her writhing tailtip as it playfully lurches at your [pc.lipsChaste]. It wriggles helplessly in your grasp, the petals jittering as you gently squeeze on the thick muscle. “Guess you wanted the same?”

“So what, you just want me to use you like some living condom? That’s... that’s pretty sweet of you, weird as it sounds,” says the moth with a blush in her blue cheeks, her tri-slit eyes looking at anything but you. “Alright then...”



Nice.

//repeat:

“Need some help?” you ask cutely, allowing Maike’s wondering tail to wrap around your wrist like a sleep pet snake. “Little bit of relief?”

{/Maike3rdDayCycle:

“You have no goddamned idea,” says the red-faced moth as she cringes from her tail getting stroked. “Would you...?”

//else:

“Suuure, don’t mind if I take a while to ‘drain’?” she giggles, massaging her tail along with you.

}

Absolutely.

}

[Get Stuffed]

### Get Stuffed

“Theeen kneel over there, I’ll need you to keep me going,” she directs, pointing you to the end of the wide bed.

{/firstTime:

Hmm, ‘keep her going’... with a little hesitation, you take up the spot and kneel down. You rest your arms and head on the bed, your [pc.ass] sticking out to the rest of the room.

//repeat:

Woohoo!

You waste no time in taking up the position, kneeling against the bed with your head in your arms as you get ready to receive.

}

Maike saunters over to the bed and gives your [pc.ass] a hearty spank as if to signify her tails target. You give your money maker a shake soon after in a show of your willingness.

{/pcHasClothes:

Claws find themselves undoing your [pc.underGarments] with prickly dexterity, showing a bare Steele butt to the room.

}

She clammers onto the bed and sits with her legs spread, prompting you closer by pulling on your shoulders so that you [pc.face] lines up with her plush moth-muff. Over your head, her swaying tailcock springs its plates open with a visceral splash of silvery-white goo, revealing the purplish, tapered cock-tip within. The perverse, dripping flower of flesh lines up with your [pc.vagOrAss] and hovers, ready to penetrate...

"Eyes up," lures Maike, patting her powerful thighs to grab your attention. You meet her gaze, her tri-slitted, orange orbs blazing with intent. "Nooow you'll give me a damn good licking: nice, slow and gentle. I can forgive you if you're a little hasty, a little eager... but a slow session will get us both what we want."

"I can do that," you grin, showing her your [pc.tongue] in all its wriggling glory. Maike's brow raises in surprise and she pulls herself all the more closer to your [pc.lips].

"Hope you don't mind if it's a long one then. {//Maike3rdDayCycle: Holy Mother Sun, I could breed a whole city right now //else: Even when I'm not clawing at my own cheeks, I'm pretty juicy}," she giggles, her pinky finger resting at the corner of her lips as she blushes red.

"Nooo worrrriiieesmmmmmf," you assure her, quickly planting your [pc.tongue] to her shiny cunt. Her giggles become squeaks and laughter as you go for slow, drawn out licks and nibbles. Your senses delight in the taste and thickness of her labia: such soft, alien flesh is impossible to resist sucking and massaging with your mouth.

You jolt forward as a slick, fleshy cockhead aggressively buries itself into your [pc.vagOrAss]! The two of you moan: you from the sudden penetration and Maike from the hot, clenching hole of your [pc.vagOrAss]. Maike's dextrous clawed feet take the place of her hands, holding your shoulders with an impressive grip and ensuring that your mouth has nowhere else to go.

During it all, gentle strings of warmth pulse into your speared orifice and settles in its deepest recesses. You give it little thought, burying the truism that it's only the beginning... but it quickly ramps up as your oral ministrations progress. Maike's tail pumps slowly from it's long sheath, the bulbous, angular shape exploring your hole in ways you never dared imagine. Every so often, the head tenses within you and a globulous pulse of sticky-sweet cum adds to the steadily growing cream filling within you. You whimper as each of these pulses fights through your [pc.vagOrAss] and catches the breath of your red-cheeked lover.

Even under this kind of activity, you remain focused and relaxed with your mouth doing all the work. With your [pc.belly] propped against the bed, you're not concerned with how much of her seed is already inside, nor how much more you're going to have to handle, only that she keeps making <i>more</i>.

You both quickly settle into lazy rhythms of your respective tasks: Maike sprawls back against the bed and almost seems to fall into a sleepy trance while you use broader and slower strokes

with your tongue, mindful of the gently building heat from the throbbing tail lodged in your [pc.vagOrAss]. It seems all so pleasant, if mundane. {/pcHasCocks, NoVagOrButtslutmode: Despite the penetration, she isn't actually fucking you hard enough to get you off, leaving your [pc.cocks] to wilt underneath. You're not so hung up, however: you're getting what your body wants out of this.}

The time-stretching, thoughtless moments are suddenly broken with a deep burbling groan from your [pc.belly]. You moan through your pussy-smothered lips from a particularly dense injection of Maike's constant cum output. The heady moth slowly pushes herself up from her half-sedate state and cradles your head in her hands.

"Ooouughh... all empty I think, hmmm," Maike giggles, her eyes droopy and visibly pleased. You wince as her tail-tip pops free from your goo-stuffed hole and lurid liquid warmth gushes down your [pc.groin]. {/pcWearingClothes: Gonna be hell to get her sweet scent out of your [pc.armor]... ah well.}

It's not until you try to move that you realise just how <i>stuffed</i> you are. Your [pc.legs] can barely adjust to all this liquid weight within you and you can't help but groan as it shifts about and rumbles inside you. Seeing this, Maike helps you up onto the bed with all four of her limbs being enough to pull you along. You slump onto your side and examine the damage done to your middle.

{/Maike1stDayCycle:

Your belly looks pretty damn bloated, easily reaching the size of a watermelon and it gurgles whenever you touch your [pc.skinFurScales] around your midriff.

//Maike2ndDayCycle:

Your stuffed gut is heavily bloated. Anyone who saw you would think you were six months pregnant <i>or</i> going on one of those fancy bulking diets. It grumbles and sloshes about within, messing with your center of gravity somewhat.

///Maike3rdDayCycle:

Your cum-bulging belly is so full of her seed that you'd be mistaken for having a triplet pregnancy. Rubbing it is immensely satisfying: the body-warm liquid is naturally acclimated to you, making you wish you could feel like this forever...

}

Maike props you up against her, being the big spoon in this comedown cuddle. Her fat, soft tits push against the back of your neck to form a natural, warm cushion for your woozy head. Clawed hands wrap around your [pc.chest] and rest with a {pectoral/breast} in each grip, pulling you even tighter to your cyrilian lover.

"Thaaankyoooo," chimes in Maike as you get comfortable in her body hold. "You did me such a big favor, I can even sit down again without my toes curling!"

[Next]

## Next

//2 hours in game time passes, PC gets Pussy Filled or Anally Filled status as is appropriate. I'm not sure how 'load amounts' are calculated for NPC's but Maiké's should increase depending on what day of her cum cycle she's on.

You nap in each others embrace as your bodies soothe you into a post-sex comfort. You only wake up when your [pc.belly] makes an embarrassing noise, a testament to just stuffed you are with moth-cum. Maiké is out for the count: you consider that it's best to let her rest, what with such a drawn-out orgasm draining her of energy.

Tivf idles around, doing his usual extranet browsing.

"Yeeeeeah, stroke that horsecock..." he mutters, openly jerking himself as he watches unseemly materials. {PCWatchedAthaStream: Wait, could he be watching Atha's stream...?}

You shake the thought away and gingerly rise from the bed, ultra-sluggish from all the extra weight. As you get up, Tivf spins around.

"O-ohh! I thought you were sleeping! Oh it's whatever though, I can just wake Mistress up, teeheee," he exclaims, covering his mouth with his honey-dotted hand.

"By all means, I'm a bit, uh... incapacitated," you sigh, looking down at your [pc.belly]. Giggling away, you haphazardly swap places with the zil boy and he snuggles under his dozing mistress's arm.

Thinking it's best to leave them for a bit, you get yourself organized and leave their abode with a belly full of love.

[Leave]\*

\*Puts pc outside overseer office tile, becomes unavailable for 12 in game hours.

## Tivf

//tooltip: {silly: It'sabee, Tiffio! //else: Give the twinkie zil a bit of your attention, see what happens.}

{/normal:

"So Tivf..." you begin as you stand behind the seated bee boy. He sits on a plush stool, just as naked as his mistress.

“Mmmhmmm?” he murmurs as he {random: fixes up his hair /: applies eyeliner //: pouts and poses before the mirror ///: casually looks through his datapad.}

//on[Back]:

“Well then,” you say, hoping to bridge the gap.

“Well indeed,” he snarks, a little bit lost to his own reflection. Why you oughtta...

}

[Appearance] [Talk] [Makeover]

## Appearance

//Repeatable.

//tooltip: Give the zil boy a good looking over.

You hover around Tivf’s right side and look down at the self-absorbed bee boy as he adjusts his makeup. Your first thought whenever you see him is ‘the ideal femboy’: such a tarty body is only some female hormones away from being fully female.

“So you’re just going toooo stand there...? Silly thing,” he grins with a raised eyebrow, sticking his tongue out at the end. You hum in accord and begin your visual assessment...

The most obvious thing about Tivf is that he’s a zil and a fairly typical one at that. About 5’5” in height and exceedingly feminine in shape and style, he’s a common outlier in zil gender norms. The difference is, of course, is that he really works hard for his looks.

You focus on what you can see from his reflection: an undeniably cute, perfectly painted face with wildflower-yellow skin. Golden eyes gleam in the red lights of the room and sit in between rounded, petite features. His small, near-flat nose sits above plush, girlish black lips and are almost always curved into a content grin. With his lifestyle, you can’t imagine why he wouldn’t.

Along with flawless lipstick, his lightly lined and tinted eyes show a readily practiced knack for makeup artistry. Shaped brows and a modest beauty spot complete his painted face. His shiny, smooth, milk chocolate brown hair cascades down his right shoulder at all times, styled in a long plait that reaches down to his abs. On the very top of his head are two antennae - as expected for a zil - and they often bounce around when he emotes or talks.

You catch his gaze in the mirrors reflection and get a wink and a blown kiss as a reward. As Tivf quickly goes back to tending to his hair, your eyes trail further down to his femboy body. He seems keyed in on this and subtly pushes his flat chest forward, both an imitation and a play on pornstar posturing. As with all male zil, most of his body is covered in organic chitin, black as sin. A little softer looking than what you’ve seen before, his plates still manage to keep what little

natural masculinity he has through defined pecs and abs. You can't ignore the 'collar' of natural, golden fluff that sits around his neck, mirroring his mistress all the more.

The pattern is similar across his arms, both of which end in dainty hands of soft yellow. Despite the slender shape of his digits, Tivf is quite useful with them. You watch him flick and stretch his fingers before he takes a quick suck on his gently smoking cigarette holder, noting the ease of grace he has when wielding the near-antiquated accessory.

You quickly move on to what's further down, drawn in by his, well... nudeness.

His most personal assets are right where they should be: nestled between **those thighs**. With his legs spread as he sits upon his velvet seat, you've got a clear view of his package in the mirror: a well-defined boy bulge, soft, golden and twinkly that peaks at a comfortable 5" when hard. Hips like those could definitely plow a willing behind if he was offered but with a dink like that... it's ripe for bullying more than doing the hard work.

Speaking of hips, he wouldn't be quite the feminine beauty without them. Tivf has definitely had some subtle mod work done but with graspable, curvy hips like these, who cares? They lead to his chitin-covered thighs, just as thick and slappable as everything else on his femboy body. You take a quick detour to his behind...

Along his back is what's expected of male zil: two flight-capable wings, near-transparent and almost as emotive as his antennae. However, an array of brassy gold piercings dot all over the edges, turning his wings into veritable displays of art. A little niggling thought tells you that flying might be very painful if not impossible with all the metal in there but it's not like he's going anywhere. You glance down his back, following his spine to the real prize.

Much like his mistress, Tivf has quite the behind. Although not as plump - or prone to natural inflation - as Maike's, it looks just so fuckable with those two round, golden buns settled so firmly on his grippy hips...

Tivf takes advantage. Even with his hands full of mascara and lipstick, he rocks and sways his lower body around and grinds it against his seat. If a cock ended up nestled between those buns, it'd be enjoying the most sensuous of butt-jobs right now. He tops it off with gentle bouncing, turning his hypnotic display into a tempting jiggle-show of bee boy butt flesh.

"Damned tease," you mutter within earshot.

"[pc.BoyGirl], you know it. Does this 'bee-hind' suit to your tastes, {sir/madam?}," inquires the cheeky zil.

You can only respond as is appropriate. You wind your palm back and smack his bare butt, laughing as he jumps in place with an 'ooh!'. It's impossible to leave it alone without a good <i>squeeze</i>, much to Tivf's giggling delight.

"Eeeasy, I haven't, ah, quite put my face on," he says through his laughter, somehow keeping his mascara steady all the way. "If you want this ass so bad, you better ask for it first."

Well, maybe you will...

[Back]

## Talk

//Repeatable.

//tooltip: Get to know the bee-utiful boy a little more.

{//normal:

"You're really into this makeup thing, aren't ya?" you start, making eye contact in the mirror.

"I'm still trying, really. Now that I've lived in the realm of starfarers, it's... hard to say that I was any good at it back home," he says with a wince as he plucks at an eyebrow.

"So what was home for you?" you continue, hoping to get him into a conversation.

"Mm, if you want to knooooow then brush my hair," he says sweetly, handing you a large black brush with a golden 'T' emblazoned on it. He swiftly undoes the artful plait that hangs over his shoulder and lets the tumbling cascade of glossy brown hair hang across his back.

Uh.

//on[Back]:

"Hope that pleased {sir/madam} in [pc.hisHer] quest for knowing things about meee," he smiles, grabbing a bottle of some sort of oil.

"Yes, {sir/madam} is uh, most... pleased?" you say awkwardly. {//pcHoldingBrush: You momentarily set the brush down and run your fingers through his silky locks, enjoying the feeling of a thousand soft strands tickling your [pc.skinFurScales]. The resulting giggle from Tivf is a special sort of treasure}

"Yay. Now if you want to know more, keep brushin'," he winks, sticking his tongue out at you.

//on[Back]from[Brush], pcNoBrush:

“Aww, but it’s not perfeect!” he moans, pouting in the mirror as you roll your eyes.

“Maybe your hair is just that good already,” you chuckle.

“Eehhh... fine. What now then?” asks Tivf as he bites down his carefully planned retort.

//on[Back]from[Brush], pcBrush:

You waggle the brush from behind and Tivf bounces in his seat.

“Yayay, okay. I’m all ears,” he beams, fidgeting with his array of makeup accessories.

}

[Brush] [History] [Looks] [Slave Life] [Maike]

### Brush

//Repeatable. Basically just acts as an on/off state, used for further NPC character progression when ‘on’ (‘Lover’ status). PC auto-puts brush down when leaving the talk menu.

//tooltip: {/pcNoBrush: Give him a most loving brush. //pcBrush: Put the {silly: brushie //else: brush} down. {silly: PUT. THE BRUSHIE. DOWN!}}

{/pcNoBrush: You take the brush from him and line up it up with his hair. //pcBrush: Ehhh, you don’t really feeeeeeel like it.}

[Back]

### History

//Repeatable.

//tooltip: Get into the nitty of the gritty.

{/pcHasBrush:

Before you ask the question, you run your fingers over Tivf’s chocolate locks and draw the teeth of the brush through the loose strands. The glossy quills part easily and smoothly with very little resistance.

Tivf settles into a satisfied grin as you play with his hair, picking up some sort of small pen.

//pcNoBrush:

“No brush?” pouts the bee as you stand behind him. “Weeeell, I suppose we’re just talking after all. And you wouldn’t get the patterns right either.”

He sticks his tongue out at you and goes back to grinning with some sort of pen tool.



“Guess we’re just talking anyhow.”  
}

“Yeah, so... what’s the real story behind Tiffany-bee?” you ask, instantly regretting giving him a pet name.

“That’s honestly not even the worst name I’ve been called <b>this day</b>. What did you call me before, mistress?” he asks aloud, trying to catch Maiké’s eye in the mirror.

“Oh no, uh... horny-et,” sighs Maiké from the bed, the moth-femme having gone to browsing the extranet from a datapad. “Not my proudest moment.”

You ‘hmm’ and try to hold a laugh from going through your nose.

“It’s wordplay like that needles a boy’s heart,” he chimes, waving his eyeliner pen around as if he were weaving a spell. “But what was this again... about meeee.”

He squints into the mirror as if he were looking at some complete stranger. {/pcHasBrush: You keep to the gentle, long pace of brushing his long locks while he contemplates.}

“You’ve been to Mhen’ga, haven’t you? There’s the absolutely faintest whiff of the Great Green Jungle about you... if so, you’ve likely run into my people. So like all zil, I was born with my twin in a far flung clan. It was quite the average zil life, I guess...? I always did enjoy healing and being commended for doing a good job of it, started when I was young you see. Iiit’s no secret that life is quite monotone in the jungle however. I went around to every clan I could find, offering my hands in exchange for being called a... good boy,” begins the bee as he meticulously applies thin lines to his eyes and eyelids.

“My twin is quite the opposite: ambitious, clan-focused, liked to fight... especially the other boys, she knew exactly how to poke their weaknesses. I’ve no idea what she could be doing now, could be clan leader for all I care. Could be a slave too... at that point, I just don’t think about it. Anyway, she introduced me to all her, uh, ‘sparring friends’ and well, you put your healing hands on a cute boy enough times then eventually... things,” he giggles, his knees rubbing together as he recalls more details.

“Sexy things?” you ask idly, catching the twitches in his semi-soft twink-dink. {/pcHasBrush: Your main focus is still the hair, however. You slow your strokes and add a soft massage to his scalp with every downward pull.

The blushing bee beams like never before.}

“Mmhmmm, obvious, right? I made so many lovely boyfriends, they’d always try to fight my sister and purposefully let themselves get hurt... all for me. The big boys, the small boys, even some of the other girls: all sorts. We did everything together...”

The zil sighs as he touches upon more lewd memories but you sense that he’s hit upon the crux of his story: how did he end up on Zheng Shi, so far from home?

“I’m guessing that...” you prod. {/pcHasBrush: You run your fingers through his glossy strands to encourage the line of thought.”

“Yes, it didn’t last. Humans arrived, set up a settlement. It was all new to our clan, the leadership was terrified. We went further into the jungle, further from friendly clans... so none could help when more aliens came. Even now, I don’t know who they all were but the name ‘Zenny...jin’? Or something? That’s what they mentioned a lot of. The clan didn’t resist, we were too lost to scatter and regroup. They rounded us up and sorted us, using metal sticks with lightning spewing from the tips to force us around. I was in my own group, just little old meeee. Then it was a week in a holding room or something... just red lights, little food, being called ‘slave’ all the time. I knew what would happen...”

He pauses and puts his pen down on the dresser, clutching at his golden neck-fuzz.

Sensing distress, you put a hand on his shoulder. “You okay?”

Tivf nods and looks to the ground.

“But then I got taken out of the room! Put in line in this dark area of black rock and metals, tied up with others... and she saw me,” he exclaims, almost jumping in his seat as he turns to face his mistress. Maike looks up from her datapad, head in her hands and eyes glistening as she looks back at him. You look back and forth between them as the couple share a silent moment of personal understanding you could only envy of having.

“Aheh... Mistress Maike deserves her own story,” he giggles, quickly turning back to the mirror with his cheeks flushed red.

“Yeah? Want to tell me it?” you ask.

“Suuuure. But you shooould keep doing my hair.”

[Back]

## Looks

//Repeatable, unlocks when PC has done [History] at least once.

//tooltip: He's pretty prideful on his appearance, which itself is super girly. What's that all about?

{/pcHasBrush:

Before you ask the question, you run your fingers over Tivf's chocolate locks and draw the teeth of the brush through the loose strands. The glossy quills part easily and smoothly with very little resistance.

Tivf settles into a satisfied grin as you play with his hair, picking up some sort of small pen.

//pcNoBrush:

"No brush?" pouts the bee as you stand behind him. "Weeeeell, I suppose we're just talking after all. And you wouldn't get the patterns right either."

He sticks his tongue out at you and goes back to grinning with some sort of pen tool.

"Guess we're just talking anyhow."

}

"So what made you want to be that gorgeous?" you tease, keeping your tone flat as you play with his perceptions.

"Gorgeous? Me? Maybe one day," he says with his fingers splayed against his neck fluff.

"Mistress says it's um... 'évocateur d'alter-femme', whatever that means. Another human dialect I haven't quite upgraded for."

"Upgraded?" you say on the side.

"Oh, uh, some sort of metal-thing that Mistress bought me. A 'cognitive translator' or something, I just find language packs with this device and then I can understand it!" exclaims Tivf. "But back to... gorgeous?"

He pauses then shuffles around on his seat to face Maike, legs then folding with his palms holding up his chin.

"We don't think much of this 'fashion' concept on Mhen'ga. Natural looks are all a bee needs. Still, I just felt drawn to how my sister and her female friends would spend time by the lakes, folding and arranging each others hair to attract the boys. How could I not ask? More boys for meeee."

He sits up and rests his hands on his knee.

“After... being taken, let’s say, Mistress showed me her world of desire. All these hundreds of thousands of voices, showing me how to use proper makeup and how to look fabulous: it feeds my dreams. Sounds all cheesy, I know but I...”

He sighs and stares at his disinterested mistress with a whimsical smile.

“Anything for her.”

“Sssaaaap,” slurs Maike in her laziest voice. Her eyes flicker briefly to his direction, enough of a glance to make him squirm and giggle in his seat.

“I just want to be the best I can... ‘bee’,” grins Tivf as he slowly turns to you with a sly texture to his smug face.

God. Damn. Puns.

[Back]

### Slave Life

//Repeatable.

//tooltip: What exactly does he do if he’s not actively doing stuff with Maike?

{/pcHasBrush:

Before you ask the question, you run your fingers over Tivf’s chocolate locks and draw the teeth of the brush through the loose strands. The glossy quills part easily and smoothly with very little resistance.

Tivf settles into a satisfied grin as you play with his hair, fiddling with mascara as you lay into his locks.

//pcNoBrush:

“No brush?” pouts the bee as you stand behind him. “Weeeeell, I suppose we’re just talking after all. And you wouldn’t get the patterns right either.”

He sticks his tongue out at you and goes back to grinning with expensive-looking mascara.

“Guess we’re just chatting anyway.”

}

“What’s a boy like you do all day? As in, you’re a slave buuut...?” you ask, trying to figure out their true relationship. {/pcHasBrush: You keep your brushing motions gentle and long as you wait for his answer.}

“What was the term Mistress used... legally yes but we don’t have to care? Or something?” he says casually, turning his head to Maike for confirmation. She nods from her sitting position, now having taken to reading a small book on the bed.

“So I don’t actually do anything slave-y. Never been to the mines, haven’t seen anyone else for a while except Mistress and that fluffy een-jiiin-eeear,” he continues, apparently unsure of how to pronounce the word.

“Close, nearly there,” comments Maike in an almost motherly tone. “It took me a while to stop calling them ‘magi-smiths’ as well. Backwater upbringings, hm?”

Hmm.

“Thus I have to dooooo stuffff or go crazy. Luckily, this ‘extranet’ thing is divine! I can try all sorts of things, look at history, all this... lewd stuff,” continues Tivf, pausing his makeup routine as he dwells on ‘lewd stuff’.

“You mean porn, right?” you sass with a prod to his shoulder.

“Mmmmmmmmm! There’s just so much! All the cutest people in the world! Or... galaxy. Whichever!” he beams with gleeful tones, holding the datapad to his chest.

“What’s your favorite so far?” you ask with a grin, curious as to what to expect. “Or who, I guess.”

“Ooo, wow, um... there’s this ‘stream’ thing, I think it’s called. There’s this human girl in it and she gets all this mods for big, beefy alien dinks! It’s sooo hot seeing her so into it and then it’s so messy, I just... ngggg, reminds me of Mistress,” groans the zil as he covers his mouth with the device.

{/pcUnlockedAthaStream:

Wait, Atha?

“Wait, Atha?” you repeat out loud, picturing the dusky fem with a gigantic beast cock poking over the table.

“Yeeeeees! Ohmygu... I can’t believe you know her tooo! That’s so cool,” he giggles, bouncing in his seat at the revelation.

//else:

“Hmm... not sure who that is,” you say with indifference, stumped on who it could be.

"Yeeeeeeah, there's too much choice to keep tracking everything," he sighs. "Only so many hours in the day."

}

"Anyone else?" you add.

"MMmm, the myth, the monster, the... Mirrin Boss!" he says dramatically, making hand gestures as if he were introducing a circus act or award ceremony.

{/pcMetMirrin:

"Ohhhh... that'd make sense, she is plastered over a lot of things," you say, smiling at his display of admiration.

"She's ridiculous! She's so... **big**," he gushes, adding 'big' under his breath in awe of the red giantess.

{/pcDidAnyMirrinLivestreamScene:

"Uhh, mmm, well... yeah, I might end up in that search history of yours one of these days," you say uneasily, remembering when Mirrin dressed you up and... yeah.

"Oh I know... **piggy**," he giggles, winking at your blushing face.

Moving on...

}

//else:

"Sounds crazy, what does she do?" you ask casually.

"Mostly just shows her body off but nggg... she's just so **big**, you know? She's not 'online' much though, I think she said she was 'hiding' away," he gushes, quickly looking at his pad to confirm it.

"Sounds like she's having a rough time with fame or something," you say generally, not sure what to say.

"I don't really know, it just says she's on... some farming planet?" replies Tivf, shrugging his shoulders.

}

"You're really into this," you chuckle, catching his gaze as you look at him in the mirror.

"I just can't stop watching! All these beautiful bodies around! How could I not? Plus, Mistress likes it when I'm always... ready and aroused," replies Tivf, choosing his words. "Apparently 'the room smells that much sweeter'..."

{/pcReadZilCodex:

Ohhh. Pheromones, of course. So it's not just the incense tickling your nose.

//else:

UUhh... you might have to read up on why and how later.

}

"Among other things, of course. Plump slut mouth, could just kiss it for days..." interjects Maike once more, one of her fingers idly clawing at her purple lips.

"See I'd never notice these things without her. What else do I do though... really, I just want to make Mistress happy. She wants to do something, I help her. Often it can sort of, um, turn the other way around, I suppose?"

Maike clears her throat on cue, as if reminding him of something he shouldn't say.

{/pcHasBrush: You just keep on brushing, feeling his body tense in your hands.}

"Mmmmaybe I'll talk about that later. So... I don't know, [pc.name]. What would you say I am? Cuz it's all a mess of terms to me and I just wanna be with Mistress forever," he sighs, looking at you for an answer.

"Sounds more like you're a live-in boyfriend, if anything," you conclude with a smile and a shrug,

"Pfff, well that's boring," he mutters, as if disappointed for some reason.

"What's wrong with that?" you add.

"It's just 'nooormal'. Mistress Maike is... special..."

He pulls some of his flowing locks into his palms and fidgets with it. "Ehhehh, yeah. There isn't much else to it. I live for... her."

You can hear Maike 'hmm'ing in satisfaction from across the room.

"That's thaaat," adds Tivf as your silence touches on being awkward...

[Back]

## Maike

//Repeatable, unlocks 'Dom' options in their sex menu.

//tooltip: And what's he think of his mistress? Is he okay with her past...?

```
{/pcHasBrush:
```

Before you ask the question, you run your fingers over Tivf's chocolate locks and draw the teeth of the brush through the loose strands. The glossy quills part easily and smoothly with very little resistance.

Tivf settles into a satisfied grin as you play with his hair, a makeup pencil set under his hands

```
//pcNoBrush:
```

“No brush?” pouts the bee as you stand behind him. “Weeeeell, I suppose we’re just talking after all. And you wouldn’t get the patterns right either.”

He sticks his tongue out at you and goes back to grinning at his set of makeup pencils.

“Guess we’re just chatting anyway.”

}

“Mm, so what’s Maïke to you, then?” you ask. {///pcHasDoneOtherTivfTalkOptions: Finally he’s going to spill the beans.}

“Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn,” is the noise Tivf makes through his nose, not sure where to start.

“Mistress is... powerful. Mistress iiiiiiis soft. Mistress knows I’m a good-for-nothing silly boy and Mistress says I’m the cutest thing in the universe. Mistress teaches me everything, Mistress says I can be anything. We push each other's buttons and things get super messy, aheh. Mmmmmistress is... she just <b>is</b>, you know? She is absolutely everything to me.”

He umms and ahs throughout his poetic admission, quickly running out of steam on this train of thought. {/pcHasBrush: You stick to gentle, shallow strokes as he talks with the hope of letting him spill his inner thoughts unharried.}

"She's gorgeous. Immaculate. Graceful. Gentle. Harsh. All these things... and she smells **really** good. Sweet and warm, like uhhh, what was that thing? Caramel! So good," he continues, wriggling in his seat with glee as he speaks his mind. "One time, I beggggged to just... lay with her and **smell** her all day. It's really strong near her... tail."

Mmm, you can guess what he means. {\\pcHasBrush: You thrown in a couple quick brushes as Tivf blushes and gushes about Maiké. {silly: Usher smushes bushes plush afhgghaiggfahggggbgbdb}}

“She’s so... damnit, she’s so gorgeous. You’re gorgeous, Mistress!” he exclaims offhandedly, grinning as Maike raises her eyebrow at him. “She’s gorgeous...”



“Ever think that it me cuz she’s like a really big... blue zil?” you asks, giving the nude Maike a quick glancing over. You’re next to recieve <i>the eyebrow</i> as you posit your offhand question.

“Hehehe, does she ever not? Wiiiings, hard skiiin, neck flufffff, hair bundllless... uhh, really, really big butt,” he giggles, trying his best to touch up his eyebrows as he lists off features. “We both have the big butts...”

“The big butts?” you repeat, raising an eyebrow of your own {/pcHasBrush: as you run the brush through his hair}.

“The bi... heh, I don’t know. I just... don’t know,” he shrugs. Tivf rests his chin on the backs of his hands and stares at his mistress in the mirrors reflection. “Big, silly bug like me.”

“And what do big silly bugs do together? You know... ‘sexy things’,” you ask with a chuckle. {/pcHasBrush: As personal as the question might be, you say put it casually while brushing to coax him into sharing secrets.)

“Many, mmmmany sexy things, teeheee. We’ve explored each other so much, it’s kinda strange to even think about it out loud. I guess the short list is... she loves my dink, I love her tail, we both looove love love each others butts. Just look at these things!”

You look down his back as he wiggles his plump, golden rump against his perch.

“And Mistress of course,” he adds, pointing to Maike’s bluish behind as it peeks out between her folded wings. Built with muscle and guarding her breeding tools within, it {/Maike3rdDayCycle: sticks out obscenely with Maike’s seed: a bluish-white pair of soft buns that beg to be squeezed //else: sits in its curvy, soft splendor while the thick tail above it rests in a coiled pile off to the side}. Maike simply clears her throat, eyes focused on her datapad as Tivf highlights her feature.

“She’s always quite reluctant to admit it but she <b>loves</b> getting it in the bu-”

Maike clears her throat again, clearly doing it to cut him off.

“Butt, heh,” he whispers, much to Maike’s mild annoyance. “But not just plain old butt stuff, mind. I love it when Mistress ties me up in rope and dangles me in the air. Walking that knife edge between helplessness and safety...? Just... heavenly. We get creative too: sometimes she’ll do nothing but edge me and then have me cream her pussy, or maybe she rides me all afternoon while plugging my butt, sometimes she goes all sensory... not to say we don’t have a swap around every so often.”

“A swap around? So what, switching?” you throw in, intrigued by his statement.

“Mmmm, more like Mistress just gets soooo pent up sometimes that she’ll never say no to me. Then I get to use all her special toys on her so she can get rid of all that <b>cum</b> in her <b>fat butt</b>,” he explains, turning on his spot to taunt Maike in a loud voice as he shames her tasty booty.

Maike says nothing, simply covering her mouth as she blushes in an effort to not give more of herself away. Well hey now, nothing wrong with needing a little help now and then...

“So what do you do to her?” you ask, grinning and chuckling at the situation.

“Lots of hanky panky and spanky spanky,” giggles Tivf as he play-slaps his own bee butt. “And we really need to sort out that literal tight ass of hers.”

“Tiiiiivf,” cautions Maike in a low tone, her lips pursed and face flushed red.

“A pair of helping hands goes a long way,” he whispers to you with a wink. “I’ll just keep ahhh keep it under wraps for now or I’ll be running for my life next.”

“But back to helping hands... want to make Mistress feel <b>extra</b> good?” he says with a wink.

Hmmm...

[Sex]\* [Back]

\*Brings up sex menu with the ‘Dom’ options unlocked.

## Makeover

//Repeatable, temporarily changes PC appearance where specified for the duration of the related status effect (see end of doc for details).

//tooltip: {/24HCooldown: Seems like Tivf wants you to try it out for a day first. //else: Get something out of his newfound skills, a refreshing makeover!}

{/firstTime:

“Heeeey Tiiiiivf,” you ask on the sly, lining yourself up behind him.

“Mmmmm?” he murmurs, pulling your hand to his shoulder. Well, he definitely gets comfortably quickly.

“I think I need a bit of a sprucing up, get my good looks up to scratch. Can you do me a bee-branded makeover?” you ask, massaging his shoulder as he looks at you quizzically in the mirror.

“Oooooommm, sure! I think I can do some neat things there, lots of options,” he beams. Tivf leans forward and gathers up all his makeup tools into a haphazard pile of brushes, pots, sticks and wands. “Mmmmight not do hair trimming though, it’s super messy and a pain to get out of the carpets. I can do highlights though!”

Fair enough.

//repeat:

“Tiiivf, I need a new face, can you do me a makeover?” you ask, laying your hands over his shoulders and giving him a squeezing hug.

“Absolutely! You know what to dooooo.”

}

He slides off of the seat and pats it a few times.

“Sit, sit, sit, I hope {sir/madam} enjoys,” he giggles, leaning on his hip as you take the seat. You sit straight and look into the tall mirror so that a pair of [pc.eyes] and a grinning [pc.face] stares right back. There’s a little bit of self-worship there: you pout, flare your [pc.nose] and pull faces in the mirror just to see what your facial features can do. You get more comfortable on the plush stool before resting your hands in your lap.

“Eeexcellent, now I’ll list through what I can do and you give the thumbs up to what you want, okay? So let’s start wiiiith theeeee lips!”

[Okay!] [Nah]

Okay!

//Changes lip colour to the specified colour. Uses colours listed in titsED so they should be in the game files too.

//tooltip: Get a permanent lip recoloring, something sexy and fitting!

{//on[ChangeColor]: “I wanna try something different,” you say with a tilt of your head. //else: “Yeah, please,” you say with a bounce to your voice, quickly getting into this prospect.}

“Lovely, so, look at the chart heeeeeere, tell me what you want,” he says sweetly, pulling out a card with color tones on it. Where did he have time to set all this up...?! Questions for later.

What do you go for?

[Black&Gold] [Bronze] [SparklyPink] [Black] [GlitteringWhite] [SlutRed] [Crimson] [FleshToned]

### /merge/All Options for Lips

//Changes lip colour to selected colour.

//tooltip: {/Black&Gold: Black and gold, exotic and luxurious. //Bronze: Bronze, dusky and proud.

///Sparklypink: Sparkling pink, alluring and playful ////Black: Black, goes with everything.

/////GlitteringWhite: Glittering white, mysterious and pretty. /////SlutRed: Slutty red, red and...

slutty. /////Crimson: Crimson, sophisticated and sexy. /////FleshToned: Flesh-toned, the natural look.}

“Oo, tasteful! That’s definitely going to work,” giggles the bee, grabbing the selected color lipstick and popping off the lid as he does. “These are skin-deep colors, just so you know. They’ll be like this until you want them changed. Now hooold still, gimme a pouty face, {sir/madam}.”

You pout your lips forward and the grinning bee plies his magic. It’s not merely ‘applying lipstick’: his artistic strokes and detailed swabs conform perfectly to your [pc.lipsChaste], turning them into two folds of {black and gold/bronze/sparkly pink/black/glittering white/slut red/crimson/fleshy-tones}.

You mimic kisses in the mirror and make all sorts of facial expressions to see how they look.

“Is {sir/madam} satisfied? I can gloss them too if you’d like,” he adds waving the lipstick around.

[Gloss] [NoGloss] [ChangeColor]\*

\*Loops back into [Okay!]

### Nah

//tooltip: No color changes for you.

“I’m okay for color actually, maybe something else?” you say.

“Ah okay, I can gloss them for you if you’d like?” he asks sincerely, putting the palette card away.

[Gloss] [No Gloss]

### Gloss

//Applies the ‘Glossy Lips’ status effect.

//tooltip: Oo! Add a temporary sheen of shiny gloss to your lips.

“Yes, yeah! That sounds good,” you say with glee, pouting your lips out again.

“Okiii, hold on for me, {sir/madam},” replies Tivf as he grabs a slender pot of clear gloss. With delicate strokes, like a painter studying the smallest of details, he swabs the cold brush of shiny fluid over your [pc.lipsChaste] with as much precision as before. A tiny flick of the brush ends his little bout of lip-painting and he takes a step back. You look over the results in the mirror and marvel at the crystal sheen of gloss that brightens your lips.

“Tivf, I looove it. What’ve you got next?”

“Teeheeee, uhh, well, liner, mascara, foundaaation, blush maybe? The full works?” he shrugs, placing the gloss back into the row of tools.

Hmmm.

[Full Face] [Essentials] [NoThanks]

### No Gloss

//tooltip: Not for you, thanks. Some other time perhaps.

“I think I’m good on gloss, not right now,” you say with a squint, going back to a grin immediately after.

“Absolutely, so that means its on to the rest of the face. You want the full works or the essentials orrrrr...?” he asks, looking over his array of brushes and pots.

[Full Face] [Essentials] [NoThanks]

### Full Face

//tooltip: You want it all, only the best and most beautiful.

“The whole thing, as much as you can fit on,” you say with a circular gesture around your [pc.face]. Tivf’s brow rises to your request.

“Mm, quite the request, {sir/my fair lady}. I’ll give you the absolute best, nothing less. Now I can do anything from this little chart here, just pick it out,” he giggles, bending over to pull out another chart with mockups of painted faces.

Quite the choice here, what do you go for?

[ClassyBitch] [TheSophisticate] [AusarFusion] [SnowQueen]

### /merge/All Options for Full Face

//Applies 'Painted Face' status effect.

//tooltip: {/ClassyBitch: Thick black eyeliner, pink blush, pink eyeshadow. The party-gooer look.

//Sophisticate: Thin black eyeliner, a light, red eyeshadow and a soft red blush. Perfect for business or the red carpet. ///AusarFusion: Cat-like eyeliner, gold eyeshadow, gold blush. A favourite on darker toned ausar. ////SnowQueen: White eyeliner, silver-blue eyeshadow, silver-blue blush. Alternative and enigmatic.}

"Looovely, I shall create something gorgeous," he chirps, plucking out colors and pots from his collection. You re-adjust yourself in your seat and close your eyes, knowing he'll need an unflinching face for the perfect piece of work. You inhale through your nose as a cool pad of soft, cloying foundation rubs against your cheek.

"Yeah, I never quite get used to it either. Something, uhh... something therapeutic about the motion and the gentleness of it all. Small thing," chats the bee as he lightly massages select parts of your face. "But you know what I mean, right?"

"Mmmm-hm," you hum, focused on keeping still as he works his magic.

"Yeeeeeah, bit easier too. Well, easier than drawing lines on your face. Speaking of, I'll just be putting some 'attention' to your eyes for a few moments so try not to blink," he says sheepishly, his words coinciding with a gentle tug at the corner of your eye. Another cold, 'drawing' sensation runs across the upper lid to the very corners, hooks around the side and then runs across the bottom lid. You get a little word of encouragement in your ear from the busy bee and he scoots around to your other side to repeat the process on your eye. It's a little hard to keep your lid from twitching but Tivf says nothing, content with your performance and good customer-ship. With a tiny flick, he moves onto the next item.

"Eyeshadow, keep those eyes closed pleeeeeease," he buzzes, the follow up tickling against your eyelid almost daring you to open them. Even so, his application is still gentle yet thorough, following the curvature of your eye with the brush.

"What's your favorite part of this?" you ask casually.

"Favorite? Mmm, probably eyeshadow. It really does bring things together in the end. I've barely been using it, if I'm honest. Natural yellow skin is difficult to enhance, aheh," he replies while working your other eye. "Mistress is very easy to work with because she's already so colorful. Sometimes we go for purple, sometimes with silver. Purple is a bit visually... mm, dissonant, so it matches her eyes. Them... big sun eyes."

You chuckle as he gets momentarily distracted by thoughts about Maiké.

“Oop, my apologies, {sir/madam}. A lot on my mind recently.”

Yeah, you’re sure of it...

He doesn’t take long with his other tasks and details: mascara, blush, some color highlighting here and there. He abruptly announces “Done!” and you hesitantly open your eyes...

[Hmmm!]

### Essentials

//Applies ‘Half Painted’ status effect.

//tooltip: Just the supportive, near-natural amount to lift your face and spirit a bit.

“Just the essentials, Tivf. Something to life this [pc.face] a little bit,” you muse, resting your chin in your hand and posing in the mirror.

“I know juuust the things,” he says with his tongue poking out of the side of his mouth. “Have a look at theeeese!”

He shows you a card with a few designs. What do you go for?

[StandardLines] [Andro] [TheMerc]

### /merge/All Options For Essentials

//Applies ‘Light Makeup’ status effect.

//tooltip: {/StandardLines: A little eyeliner to raise your eyes, some blush to fit your skin tone, that’s all. //Andro: Very light eyeliner and foundation, perfect for all faces. ///TheMerc: Fine eye and lip liner, both functional and subtly sexy.}

“Good choiiiiice, I think it’ll suit,” comments Tivf with a toothy smile. “Now if {sir/madam} would like to close their eyes...?”

You shut your peepers as Tivf fondles around for the right brushes and pots. You re-adjust yourself in your seat and close your eyes, knowing he’ll need an unflinching face for the perfect piece of work. You inhale through your nose as a cool pad of soft, cloying foundation rubs against your cheek.

“Yeah, I never quite get used to it either. Something, uhh... something therapeutic about the motion and the gentleness of it all. Small thing,” chats the bee as he lightly massages select parts of your face. “But you know what I mean, right?”

“Mmmm-hm,” you hum, focused on keeping still as he works his magic.

“Yeeeeeah, bit easier too. Well, easier than drawing lines on your face. Speaking of, I’ll just be putting some ‘attention’ to your eyes for a few moments so try not to blink,” he says sheepishly, his words coinciding with a gentle tug at the corner of your eye. He works quickly: ‘essentials’ are probably less complex than a full face do.

After having him feel and massage your [pc.face], he announces “Done!” and plops his tools back onto the table. You hesitantly open your eyes...

[Hmmm!]

### No Thanks

//tooltip: Not for you right now.

“Hmm, I’m okay for now, I think I really just want to see what’s next,” you say, shrugging your shoulders.

“Aaaalright, then it’s onto highlights!”

Woo!

[Woo!]

### /merge/Hmmm!

Your eyes fully blink open to greet you with a face you need a second to recognise. Oh hey, it’s you!

But... pretty! Sexy even!

You don’t think much on the work initially, instead focusing on the details.

{/ClassyBitch:

Your [pc.eyes] are encircled in thick eyeliner, hot pink eyeshadow and topped with attention-stealing mascara. Those lashes could charm even the most uptight of anodyne, grey-suited accountants!



The matching pink blush adds playfulness, giving you a 'party first' look while still being a perfectly shaped work of artistry.

//TheSophisticate:

Your [pc.eyes] are enhanced by light eyeliner, soft red eyeshadow and a very light mascara. A propitious wink is all you'd need to charm a room of horndogs.

With the addition of a light, soft blush, you can only describe yourself as a 'classic beauty'.

///AusarFusion:

Your [pc.eyes] are the real stealers of show: thick eyeliner drawn into Egyptian-style almonds dominates your eyes and thickens your brows. Light, golden eyeshadow fills the space in between and imparts a whimsical, subtle and almost godlike sense of being. On further inspection, you can see a subtle band of cyan in between *that* and your brow. You really do look like ancient Ausaril royalty!

The gold-bronze blush on your cheeks glitters in the light of the room and a light band of the same color on your lower lip completes the picture.

////SnowQueen:

Your [pc.eyes] are surrounded in a blend of silver and blue. A very light eyeliner helps define your eye shape but the real winner is the gem-like look of the eye shadow. Chilly!

The white blush matches the shadow tone and enhances the 'frosty' feeling of the display. Icey, sharp and striking: you'd grab anyone's attention with a simple glance!

/////StandardLines:

Simple, striking and lovingly defined, your eyes are lightly lined with only the most essential, pure design. With the balance between your [pc.lips], sometimes less really is more. The lighter, gentle shade of [pc.skinColor] is very subtle but you know that it's entirely needed to balance out the minimalist design.

/////Andro:

Minimalist and yet greater than the sum of its parts, your new do is a perfect enhancer for your [pc.eyes]. There's a little eyeliner and that's all that's needed to help define your features and give you a dashing lift.

The lighter shade of [pc.skinColor] foundation is another simple, subtle lift that gives you the look of effortless beauty.

/////TheMerc:

Along your lidlines are fine circles of eyeliner, thickening towards the bridge of your [pc.nose]. It's angled and designed as such that you have a subtle fearsome countenance, needing only a few tweaks to an angry face to turn you into a weathered mercenary.

Your [pc.lipsChaste] are emphasised in a minimal way with a form-conforming ring that's only a slightly darker shade of [pc.lipColor]. An enticing detail that only slightly softens your bounty hunter's getup.

}

You keep looking over, a smile creeping over your face as your brain lights up with inspiration and accord.

"I love it," you say bluntly, sitting there with the biggest grin.

"Eeeeeee!" squeals Tivf as he bounces on the spot. He can't help but clap his hands in delight and his ass can't help but be subject to its jiggling nature as he springs up and down. "I'm so happy! Oh we have to do highlights!"

Oo, good idea! Or is it?

[Woo!] [Nah]

/merge/Woo!

//tooltip: Why not? Gib highlights.

"Yaaaay! I mean, excellent choice, {sir/madam}," bounces Tivf, quickly returning to the veneer of professionalism he cornered himself into. He gives your [pc.hair] a quick tussle and 'hmmm's to himself.

"{/pcNonStandardHair: Mmm, I'm not sure how this kind of [pc.hair] is going to handle the dyes buuuut we'll seeeee //else: Nice, I can work with this,}" he chirps, reaching over for yet another color chart.

"Taaake your pick," he beams, showing you the card of bored models and their colored do's.

What do you go for?

[Silver] [Platinum] [Blonde] [Gold] [Emerald] [ElectricBlue] [Crimson] [Nah]

/merge/Options For Woo! Except [Nah]

//Applies 'Tinted Hair' status effect.

//tooltip: {/Silver: Shiny! //Platinum: Ultra-bright! ///Blonde: Great for darker hair! ////Gold: Shiny! Also expensive looking... /////Emerald: Great on black! /////ElectricBlue: Monochromatic hair loves blue! /////Crimson: Good on baseline blonde!}

“Okiii, Stage Three initialized,” he says coolly, reaching for a bottle with a nozzle on top and a can of hairspray. “Now tooo... oh, it’s dye first. Yeah yeah, of course, duuuuh.”

He puts the hairspray down, squirts a generous blob of colored goo into his palm and begins working it into select parts of your [pc.hair]. Despite the thoroughly thick blob, he’s extremely precise with his motions and in short order, your hair is strategically matted with dull paste.

Tivf arranges your hair to vaguely the same style as you like to keep it, short of a proper assembly. He grabs some disposable cloth to wipe his hands down and leans against the all beside the mirror. You sit there awkwardly as he scans his work. “Soooo, do I just...”

“Yep, yep. Sit there for abooout fifteen minutes, let the goop do the work. I don’t really know what’s in it, I just read the instructions,” he shrugs, quickly lighting a long-cig with an electro-lighter and taking a deep inhalation of fragrant smoke. “So you looking forward to a newer you?”

You chuckle as he grins from all his efforts, obviously quite pleased with his work.

“Yeah, so tell me about...”

The two of you chat about the mundane things related to color matching and products he used, diverting into all sorts of tangents about contemporary galactic fashion and all the beautiful celebrities that Tivf takes inspiration from.

“Oop, time’s up,” he says abruptly while putting his ciggy-holder onto its stand, wafts of incense-like smoke still drifting into the room. “Let’s have a cheeeck.”

It’s only now that you notice just how vibrant the new color has become, your [pc.hairColor] hair back to it’s usual dry state but enhanced with {silver/platinum/blonde/gold/emerald/electric blue/crimson} highlights! You give it a pat and angle it under the brightest of the nearby lights, unable to stop grinning at the new do.

[Done]

Nah

//tooltip: Nah, highlights aren’t for you.

“Actually I think I’ll skip highlights,” you say with a stunted smile.

“Faaair enough, then that’s everything! {/pcDidn’tChooseAnything: It’s a shame you didn’t go for anything in the end but you know what to dooo if you want anything! //else: I hope you like what I diiid,}” he says, bouncing on the spot.

[Done]

## Done

//Ends scene.

You give yourself a good look in the mirror, happy with the choices you made.

{/pcDidn'tChooseAnything: Well, you'll pick something when you're ready to so it is <i>kind</i> of a choice.}

{/pcHadLipsDone:

You blow kisses in the mirror and look at your pouting reflection, admiring the work done to your [pc.lipsChaste].

}

{/pcHadFaceDone:

The lines and details on your makeup are quite the thing to examine: even after having time to look at it all, hidden detail pops up in the smallest of places.

}

{/pcHadHighlightsDone:

You fluff and pat down your freshly tinted hair, happy with the new colors. Now your [pc.hair] will draw eyes all the more, you think.

}

Happy with things, you slide off of the stool and turn to the bee boy to give him a friendly hug. He 'awwws' and squeezes you tightly.

"{/pcDidn'tChooseAnything: I guess we can work something out next time, right? //else: Glad you like it, I'm always looking to practice! May I also say: you're a total babe now, seriously,}" he says in your arms, quickly pushing himself away to give you another looking over.

"Yeeeah, I can see where I might have... mm, yeah. Anyway, that's that!"

Sweet!

[Back]\*

\*Goes back to [Radiant Interactions], [Makeover] becomes unavailable for 24 hours.

## Sex/Overview

So before outlining the actual sex scenes, there are some specific design and mechanic choices that need to be explained. Hopefully nothing complex but I never know when I try to do something like this.

Anyway: there's a total of 9 planned scenes. They all have prerequisites for the status of Maike's 'cum cycle'.

Maike's cum cycle works like this:

Starting from the first time the player unlocks the Radiant Interactions, Maike works in a 4 day cycle where she will go from being mostly empty of cum and open to domming the PC, then to full of cum and begging to be dommed **by** the PC. Day 0 (start of the cycle), 1 and 2 treats Maike to being 'empty' of cum aside from some variations and text blurbs here and there.

Day 3 is where she will refuse to do any of her 'dom-the-pc' scenes and will instead let her 'get dommed' scenes become available. She will continue to be at the Day 3 state if the player doesn't have sex with her for 3 in-game days. It then resets to Day 0. Doing any sex scene resets her cycle to Day 0. It then continues normally.

Scenes will be appropriately tagged with all the right... tags and things. Some scenes will be greyed out if Maike is on her 3rd day (mostly the ones where she's not subbing).

# Sex

//Always available, except if PC is taur or hyper. Requires genitals. **This is the only interaction available on first visit w/ Tivf tied up.**

//tooltip: Hey y'all, they naked. Get to grips with the... moths and the bees.

{/firstTime, ifFirstTimeDoing[Radiant Interactions]:

How could you pass that up?

Your wolfish grin tells Maike all she needs to know and you follow her step to the big black bed. Tivf is barely in control of his own limbs as this case of tortuous edging takes its toll on his physical will. Yet, as you come within inches of your zil-gift, you can see the thoughtless, liberating lust that burns behind his golden eyes and all kinds of 'what-if's seep into your thoughts.

Maike bounces onto the bed and pulls her dizzy sub into her lap, clawing hands all over his much smaller frame. Even with all her grip around his tooled-up boy-cock, there's no way he's getting off any time soon...

"So let's work something out, [pc.name]. What are we going to do with little Tiffy here?"

//firstTime:

You're down to bang with this pair of bugs, might as well ask.

"Sooo, what would you say to a [pc.boyGirl] like me getting in on the action here?" you say casually, aggressively eyeing their naked bodies.

"Ah! I'd thought you'd never ask us. Come Tivf," coo's the azure cyrilian as her agile steps are joined with Tivf's excited skip towards the bed. He nestles into her lap with his golden zil-cock on shameless display, the top of his barely scraping the underside of Maike's chin. He reaches behind him with both his hands and squeezes Maike's splayed E-cups against the sides of his head.

"Yeeeah, play with us, [pc.name]. Look at what we've got to work with!"

//Maike3rdDayCycle, firstTime:

"So how about we-"

Before you finish your all-to-expected sex request, Maike falls to her knees before you and clutches at your [pc.thigh].

"Yes! Yes, whatever it is! I can't bear iiiitttt!" whines the wide-eyed moth. You almost have to bat her away as she paws at your [pc.leg] and bounces her lower body up and

down. Her folded wings flicker and jitter as some sort of lust-madness manifests in Maïke's very being, prompting you to clasp at her hands.

"Hey hey! Hang on here... what do you nee-?"

Maïke grits her teeth and whines into your lower limb as if she were in great discomfort. Tivf titters and giggles from the side...

"Mistress has been reckless. A little loving here, a little light relief there but if you leave her to build up for even a few days then... this happens," quips the bee from the side, sliding out of his seat with a hidden crop in hand. He takes up a spot right behind her, a strident and powerful pose giving his smaller frame a surprisingly assertive bent. He lightly slaps the crop across his palm and twists it around so the leather audibly strains in his grasp.

"T-Tiffy...?"

"You know what we agreed, Mistress," he grins with a deceptively playful and sparkly voice. "Riiight?"

"Yes... y-yes..." she whimpers, her eyes rolling back as the caress of firm, flexible leather runs against her rear. And what a rear...!

Now at the height of internal capacity, her once-bluish buns are swollen with internalized seed. They jiggle and pulse in their bright blue, near-white glory: you'd swear they were twice the size as normal!

"She's hopeless like this, can't even make a real decision anymore. Shall we do the good thing and help, [pc.name]?" he asks sweetly, idly licking the tip of his black crop.

//Maïke3rdDayCycle, repeat:

"Can't help but notice you're a little... **full** today," you say slyly, eyeing the cylirians cum-chambered cheeks. Her lip quivers as she follows your gaze and her silence is nothing but a confirmation. As if lost to her own desires, she pulls and tugs at her oh-so-bouncy cheeks and winces from her own massaging: the ache inside must surely be a burden...

"What do you say, Mistress?" chirps Tivf as he saunters into view, that familiar crop swinging like a tolling clock as it inches closer to Maïke's exceedingly sensitive cheeks.

"Please... please..." she whimpers as she falls to her knees.

In what world could you turn this down?

//normalRepeat:

"You guys feeling frisky? I'm feeling frisky," you proclaim, feeling the weight of your [pc.gear] itch.

"Finally, didn't have to keep us in suspense for </i>this</i> long," huffs Tivf, his face the picture of smugness.

"Come Tiffy," calls Maiké as she practically prances to the bed, bouncing on the spring mattress with her powerful thighs spread wide. She pats her flanks and Tivf takes him his familiar place of residence in her lap.

"So what are you guys feeling?" asks the blue moth as she openly gropes and fondles her bee-boy-toy.

}

[Nail Tivf] [Ass Feast] [All Holes] [Train Maiké] [Royalty RP] [SteeleSandwich] [Spank Her] [BJ Begging] [Bellyflation] [Back]

## Nail Tivf

//Requires cock that fits Tivf or hardlight strapon. **This is the first of two scenes available on first visit w/ Tivf tied up. Greyed out if Maiké 3rd Day Cycle.**

//tooltip: Tie up the bee and pound his butt. Pretty straight forward. (PC doms, Maiké doms, Tivf subs)

"I want that bee," you assert, pointing straight at the akimbo zil boy.

"Ohhhoh hohhh, I do too," giggles Maiké as she practically crushes the startled bee's junk in her palms. Tivf almost yelps as he's both accosted and fondled by the two of you, his troubled, blushing gaze now caught between you both.

"Re-really?? Uhhh, p-perhaps there should be apertifs and shisha, s-something to relax the-"

"Oh hush," interrupts his mistress as she pushes his head from behind. You stroll over and throw your clothes and gear all around {/pcStrapon: save for your hardlight}, fist on hip and soft shaft in hand.

## Ass Feast

//No requirements. **Greyed out if Maiké 3rd Day Cycle.** Increase lust by 30.



//tooltip: Maike uses you like furniture, sits on your face and makes you go to town. (PC subs, Maike doms, Tivf doms)

{/pcNotNaked: Without a word or even a signal, you remove your [pc.gear] and leave it all strewn behind you.} Naked as anything, you look Maike in those predatory, sun-like eyes and state your need.

“I want your ass,” you assert. Somewhere between her talking and fondling her sub, you’ve just been entranced by her fat, full ass: the way it spreads out and bolsters her hips as she sits, the way the reddish light of the room shines off of its super smooth cheeks...

“Really now?” chuckles the moth-domme as she pats the side of the bed. Tivf slinks off to the side as you stand there all sheepish and aware of your admittance.

“Yeah, I do,” you say on the sly, the thought of having a big, blue set of buns right there to do anything with... *<b>jeez</b>*.

“What would you do to it? What would you do **for** it?” asks Maike as she quickly strides from the bed and into your personal space. Her sultry swagger and smoking glare bores into you with all the knowledge of your shame a person could have. You struggle to keep the eye contact, instead distracted by her zil helper rummaging for something in a side wardrobe.

“Uhh, what ah... you know...” you stumble as you’re put on the spot.

“Tell me. Use your mouth to make words, it’s not so hard,” instructs the blue bug as she follows your gaze, her patronizing tone textured with a genuine motherly guidance.

“Well, you know, do-”

“Tsk, tsk, that is unacceptable. I will **only** take a strong desire, someone who would adore this ass,” cuts in the grinning cyllirian with a hair-raising *<smack</i> of her own tush. “And those mumbling sounds of yours just do not hold up. You want this ass? Maybe if I took that useless mouth and made it work for it...”*

“Uhh...” you mumble, only to have a chitinous claw hook past your [pc.lipsChaste] and pull your tongue down.

“You’d like that, I bet. An ass of a queen you could just worship, giving yourself over as a throne of meat. All the ass in the universe, just for you,” comes her temptress whisper. She presses herself forward and you have no choice but to blindly walk backwards on unsteady [pc.feet].

“Mmrruh,” you murmur as you nod. The inevitable truth hits you in pure adrenal form: you’d do anything for that ass. When that hits, the back of your [pc.thighs] hit{s} the bed.

“On your knees,” asserts the low-toned domme, her finger still pressing hard against your [pc.tongue]. She doesn’t guide you nor force you; she lets you fall on your own accord. With the finger-to-mouth connection intact, you manage to find an awkward-if-stable hold on the bed with your back propping you up.

“That’s it... Tiffy, the wrist bind if you please,” instructs Maïke as she stares you down from on high. The predatory gaze of six, slitted pupils hits a primal anticipation you’d learned to suppress in a fight yet now in her hold, you falter...

A pair of small, busy hands pulls your wrists together and swiftly ties them behind your back, locking them between the bed and your spine. On your knees, hands bound, at the mercy of a libidinous alien: *<i>yes</i>. <i>This is what you wanted</i>.*

“A queen expects the best of her subjects, you know. You’ll give her your all, won’t you?” taunts the grinning bee as he caresses your cheek and jaw with dainty fingers. You can only make a sound in the face of it and his only response is a smug, dismissive giggle. “Mistress, I think [pc.heShe]’s all ready and willing.”

Maïke’s smoldering glare softens into a toothy smile. With a dramatic flick, she slides her digit from your mouth and pivots on her dexterous talons. Your view is of her spine, her muscle-rich wing joints, a raised anaconda of a tail and an unsaintly sapphire booty that flexes and jiggles mere inches from your [pc.face]. In tandem, Tivf slinks onto the bed and slaps his hands against the sides of your head. You think little of it as it’s only another hold, another step on your journey to...

“Wanna see something **<b>hot</b>?**” whispers the mischievous bee, knowing full well you’ve no say or choice in whatever it is. Your eye catches Maïke’s tail tip unfurl in its lurid, purplish glory as if the sun had woken it from its floral slumber. Strings and streaks of her ready-to-spray cum hang freely across the pointed head and the disarmingly sweet aroma overwhelms all. You can’t help but watch as it snakes its way around in a precise dancers rhythm with the tip aimed at your [pc.face] the entire time. It lances downward and your only thought is to brace for an oral intrusion...

...but instead, the quivering moth cries out in unsettling ecstasy. Your mind takes a moment to adjust to what she’s done: instead of spearing your mouth, the crazy broad has speared her own asshole! Your eyes can only widen as she slow-fucks her freshly pierced hole with a pornstar’s showmanship, moving with every thrust and twist in a kinky display. Her plush cheeks squeeze and tenses up as a globule of her seed visibly travels through the length of her body-long tail and ends up back in her own body. It spurts out of the sides in gooey glory and wets her taint with its profusion. The sordid show abruptly ends as her tail pulls itself free with a healthy gush of cyrilian seed.

“Grub’s up...”

[Gulp...]

Gulp...

//raises PC lust by 40.

Perhaps somewhere in your lust-addled state your mind you retain the reluctance to obey. As it stands, your [pc.lips] part for your mistress de jour without prompt and the cheeky, knowing giggle of Tivf plays into your ear. A pressure mounts on the back of your head: Tivf’s holding you up while Maike backs her cum-drooling ass up.

You close your eyes as the warmth hits your [pc.nose], open mouth and then covers the entire front of your head. It has it all: hot gooey cum dribbles into your awaiting gullet, the overwhelming scent of perspiring femme-moth and her sweet jism, the complete lack of air... and together, Tivf and Maike form a vice that locks you into her bulbous-butt-confines. Immediately your [pc.tongue] sets to itself the work assigned and squishes against her pre-gaped asshole in a bid to slurp and tease out the sweet juices within.

“Mmmthat’s the <b>stuff</b>, [pc.name]. Thaaat’s it, right on the hhhuhh....rrrrim! Keep [pc.himHer] steady, Tiffy,” groans the cyirian as she gently rubs her wet taint against your chin. Her cheeks squeeze around your head like two fleshy cushions, her inner-testes audibly churning out her vital seed as she massages them against your head. Your hands pull at their restraints in a desperate desire to just <i>grip</i> that bounty of booty enveloping your head but to no avail, your only recourse to push your tongue with all your might.

“Hhhhhaaaaahmyguh...! Put that shit right up there, what a tongggue,” groans Maike through her bared teeth. “Tiffy, Tiffy! Let go and come round here!”

Your head falls back against the soft relief of the black duvet, your [pc.tongue] hanging like a used piece of leather covered in creamy-white moth-sauce. The air is suddenly so cool, so clean and just <i>there</i> after your lurid confines were relinquished. Yet even as your eyes re-adjust to the reddish ambience of the room, Maike’s ass-first form clambers awkwardly onto the bed with her powerful thighs spread over your head. That gooey pussy spills its warm contents across your [pc.face] as Maike readies for round two and your mouth muscle laps meekly at the precious fluid much to Maike’s delight.

“Yeeeah, you love that shih... don’t you dare swallow it yet! Lots more to come!”

You’re barely paying attention, enough to wonder why your vision grows ever so slightly dar-<i>hurk!</i>

With a croon of satisfaction, Maïke slams her pussy against your [pc.face]. You [pc.nose] lines up perfectly with her muscle-dense cunt and your [pc.tongue] is once again trapped to her well-prepped bughole, your airflow quickly cut to a minimum from the weight of a whole moth-domme on your face. All your eyes can see is the view along the horizon of her abs: bulbous melons attempting to obfuscate the wide-eyed, orange glare of a sexual predator. Every bit of your [pc.face] flushes with more heat as things pile up...

The scent, the taste, the need to please both her holes, the lack of air...

You can barely think as Maïke shifts and adjusts to your facial proportions, only able to force a pained whine as she rocks her cunt, taint and asshole across your head as if she owned it. Her sodden slit flexes and twinges as more fluid is secreted across your features, even gunking your [pc.hair] from the wild, needy ride that the blue femme takes.

Down below, small hands play around with your {/pcHasCock: [pc.cock0] //pcNoCock: [pc.vagOrAss]} in a strange, disconnected manner.

{/pcHasCock:

Your [pc.cock0] jumps and pulses as soft, wet lips kiss and glide across the length with expert plants. Tivf no doubt and you're not in a position to turn down handiwork like this... before you know it, the [pc.cockHead0] has popped past his lips and the eager zil quickly sets into a deep-throated blowie.

//pcNoCock:

Your [pc.vagOrAss] tenses as two wet, wriggling digits enter without provocation. Immediately, the gentle massaging amplifies your long-ignored arousal and your [pc.legs] tense, jitter and freeze as your pleased nerves are tested. D-dammit, Tivf...! } Such a gentle, slow oral act is enough to keep your aroused... but deep down, you know the true pleasure is in pleasing <i>her</i>.

Spurred on, your [pc.tongue] makes every attempt to lap, lick and spread Maïke's sphincter for what remains of her sweet, morish seed. Maïke purrs from on high, her gaze never shifting out of the small window of vision you have. With how much she gasps and groans, you're not sure how much longer she can hold it all in...! Beneath, Tivf's {/pcHasCock: rhythmical, slurp heavy deepthroat //pcNoCock: rhythmical fingerfucking of your hole} is just the thing you needed to survive. Even if air fails you, pure, thoughtless bliss with sustain.

With a grunt, Maïke shifts forward onto her palms and presses her knees to the sides of your head. Her taloned feet rest on your shoulders and from your view, it gives her a perfect purchase for... uh oh.

As if caught in some addled state with a flagrant disregard for how cunt-to-face works, Maïke bounces her hips back and forth. Her thick-lipped pussy smushes and smacks against your features, giving you enough space for sainted air but forcing you to close everything shut. Hot,

slippery folds glide and grind across your head, smothering you in Maike's ever growing femjuice and mixing the heat in your face between Maike's warm body and blessed air.

"Mmmfuck, oh fuckkk! Oh guh... put that fucking tongue in my ass!" whines Maike. You've the window to do it: your [pc.tongue] steadies up as she lifts her big blue buns up for one final smash. As she brings her bounty of booty down on your face, the angle is just too perfect for a backdoor basting. Your [pc.tongue] manages to squeeze into her asshole as it has nowhere else to go and the veritable squeal of delight rings through your ears.

"Ngg, guuuh! Eat it, eat ih...! Ahuuh!"

Furiously palming her clit, the grinding, tongue-speared moth puts everything into her building orgasm. Her snaking tail zooms into view and she grabs it by the stalk with the pulsing, purple head pointed at your face. You brace your [pc.face] for impact...

[Sploosh!]

Sploosh!

//PC gains Cum Covered and Pussy Drenched status effects (w/ever names are, ree).

//tooltip: <i>spl00sh</i>

A simultaneous gush of clear, scented girlcum and a bulging splatter of sweet tail cum bastes your [pc.face]. Your [pc.lips], open as they are, have no choice but to accept the seeping effuse as the tight confines between face and pussy force the lewd mixture to squirt <i>everywhere</i>. Maike is lost to her orgasm entirely as her voice peaks and wavers with girlish delight but caught in the moment, her thick, muscled thighs and calves squeeze against your head! The high pressure blast of tail-cock-cum, the tight space of flesh you're trapped in, the continued oral pleasure that Tivf so deftly masks under gentleness makes it seem like your entire head is going to boil in heady, sweet fluids...

"Ahhhh...! Ahhh shi... made a mess everywhere, fuck..."

The spent, gasping domme slumps in place, her legs relaxing as her body-wide orgasm slowly dies down. You can barely keep your eyes up for fear of getting juice in them but from your pussy-crushed view, Maike's angular features are alight with panting euphoria.

"Would be a shaaame iffuuh... if all this cum went to waste," she taunts in a woozy tone. The bed creaks just a little as she gingerly swings her leg over your head, only then for her limp, worn out form to slide down to your eye level. You slump down too, your neck so used and limp that you can't help but let it hang to the side as the lip-licking moth presses her fat, soft tits to your [pc.chest]. You can only sigh in satisfaction as she cradles your head in her palms and

slowly drags her tongue across your jizzed up face. She slurps, kisses, sucks and nuzzles at her own fluids in a near-primal need to clean you of her tasty, sweet cum.

On one end, you're treated to a tender, loving tongue-cleaning from an alien domme but on the other...

"Mmmnyah, wanna keep the ball rolling...?" whispers Maike as her tri-slit eyes level with yours. "If I do say so, poor Tivf has been working your junk like a pro so maybe you want to uh... return the gesture?"

[Nah] [Royalty RP]\*

\*Starts Royalty RP scene.

Nah

//Orgasm event.

You meekly shake your head from side to side, wordlessly mumbling your exhaustion.

"Awww, poor thing's all dizzy. Finish [pc.himHer] off, Tivf," giggles the woozy-eyed domme as she steals your lips for a tongue-heavy kiss. You've no way to resist her grip but you've no reason to say no either; you give in completely to her kiss.

A sudden, tell-tale twinge hits your inner nerves, some great and overwhelmingly <i>hot</i> feeling you've felt building up from down below. You manage to angle your gaze to see Tivf doing his darndest to help you off with his {/pcHasCock: mouth and tongue //pcNoCock: digits still planted within you}. His girly, blushing cheeks and golden eyes beg for your approval... and your juices. The look he gives weakens your inner barrier...

{/pcHasCock:

Your drawn out, subdued orgasm hits you as a hot ache surging through your loins. [pc.Cum] forces itself through your [pc.cocks] and Tivf instantly reacts! His head bobs down and his throat takes the entire length of your [pc.cock0] as it spews its bulging load straight into his gut. Being the good boy that he is, he takes it all in his stride. {/pcCumOutput>1000: However, the ambitious cocksucker didn't quite anticipate the weight of your load and [pc.cum] quickly overflows through his nose and through the corners of his mouth.}

You groan as the hot liquid lazily pours out of your [pc.cock], as if all that effort building you up was that close to being ruined. Tivf is far too immersed to let that slide as he keeps sucking and sucking even as your [pc.cockShape0] shaft starts softening in his mouth.

//pcNoCock:

Your drawn out, subdued orgasm hits you as a hot ache surging through your loins.

{/pcHasVagina:

A {/pcSquirter: hefty gush //else: thick trickle} of [pc.girlCum] spills forth from your fingered slit and your [pc.legs] tremble from the involuntary response.

} Despite the effect of Maike's ministrations setting your head into a spin, your orgasm cuts through to hit you fully and deeply. Tivf's painted lip curls inwards as you catch his eye, his golden gaze locking to yours as he keeps fingering you until the end.

}

Your heart throbs in your chest and your nerves tingle from it all. With your lips taken by Maike and your head spinning from the quick jump of face-sitting to getting oral from a subby bee boy, thoughts meld into nothing. You simply watch, giggle and nod as you're hauled onto the bed by the strong-bodied moth.

Maike's body forms the perfect head rest. Your head nestles comfortably between her cleavage and her hands rest lightly across your [pc.chest]. The deeper, faster, muted thud of Maike's pulse offsets your own in a quaintly amusing way and it's joined by another body. A lighter, slower beat rests on your [pc.belly] as Tivf makes himself comfortable amongst the shared state of enervation. It's all too easy to just... drift... away...

[Cuddle]

## All Holes

//Requires a cock that fits Maike's pussy and Tivf or hardlight strapon. **This is the second of two scenes available on first visit w/ Tivf tied up. Greyed out if Maike 3rd Day Cycle.**

//tooltip: Everybody fills everybody in a mass of penetration. (Mutual threeway)

## Train Maike

//Requires a cock that fits Maikes ass, **requires Maike to be on her third day cycle**, otherwise greyed out. Each time this scene is triggered, permanently increase Maike's anal capacity by 1"x1" each time, up to a maximum of 28" length and 6" width.

//tooltip: Just look at that wannabe anal slut, all pent up and in need of relief! Stretch her out with a toy before taking her to pound town... if you fit her, of course. (PC doms, Maike subs, Tivf switches)

## Royalty RP

//No requirements. **Greyed out if Maike 3rd Day Cycle.**

//tooltip: Princess Tivffany demands the care and attention of his royal servants. You, naturally, are bottom of the hierarchy... (PC subs, Maike switches, Tivf doms)

## Steele Sandwich

//Requires a pussy. **Greyed out if Maike 3rd Day Cycle.**

//tooltip: Whatever happens, you'll be firmly in the middle taking it all. (PC sub, Maike switches, Tivf switches)

## Spank Her

**//Requires Maike to be on her third day cycle**

//tooltip: Maike's got such a sensitive ass, you might just make her cum from pure spanks alone. Hell, why not give it a try? (PC doms, Maike subs, Tivf switches)

## BJ Begging

**//Requires Maike to be on her third day cycle**, requires a cock or strapon.

//tooltip: These two bugs love ass but do they appreciate the joy of sucking on a proper rod? Put them in their place. (PC doms, Maike subs, Tivf subs)

## Bellyflation

//No requirements.

//tooltip: Get your mouth plugged with Maike's tailcock and drink forth the sweet juice therein. (PC subs, Maike doms, Tivf switches)



