

Rokoa ran through the northern snow into the cave, Polo slung over a shoulder as they abandoned the shuttle they had used to flee the warship. Polo opened her mouth to protest her treatment, but was rudely interrupted as she was thrown down along with a duffel bag of supplies.

“Alright, runt. Superspy or not, this is your first op and I’m the one who grew up in the north. That means you shut up and listen to what I say.” Rokoa shadowed the mouth of the cave, arms on her hips. “The queen’s troops are going to be looking for us after you killed her. Damn better than I expected, but the hive’s pissed. Not so pissed that we can’t escape, they’re going to be confused with her dead, but there’s no room for fuckups. So you’re going to sit your pretty little ass in here while I scout the area, figure out how I’m going to gather food, tell Pilon where he can hide out after he manages to shake whoever’s chasing him, and hide our cave.”

She turned around to leave, and in response to something she felt on her empathy, looked back at Polo. “What, you really need something to do? Enjoy the view.”

Polo’s gaze rose from the fabric she had been thrown onto, along with the rest of her.

“Not my ass, you pint-sized pervert. I know you kept looking at it.”

“I was trying to look at the sky to find the mothership, your fat ass gets in the way now and every other time you’re thinking of.”

“No, it didn’t. I’m not an idiot.” Rokoa stalked back into the cave to pin Polo and menace the sniper with her chest. “And you’re going to tell me something after I tell you two things, so you better be fucking grateful for that deal. One, tiny little nerds like you really get me going.” Rokoa unslung a bag from her shoulder and tossed it next to Polo, stalking closer to watch Polo’s reaction. Polo tried to maintain a pokerface, but even that satisfied Rokoa, and she couldn’t hide her pupils dilating. “Two, back in my tribal days I used to fantasize about keeping a rogue boytoy in a cave like this for my own personal use. Wouldn’t you know it, we’ve got plenty of time on our hands and an outsider girltoy works just fine.”

“Fuck you, do you seriously think-” Polo squirmed, and refusing to give Rokoa the satisfaction of eye contact was the only reason she had for looking down at her breasts.

“Not yet. Now it’s time for you to answer my question since I was so gracious as to save your life, give you shelter, and tell you about myself, so don’t welch. What were you really thinking about when you said you were thinking of hurting me?”

Polo broke off her death glare and breathed deeply as she tried to center herself. As she closed her eyes to stall for time, she realized Rokoa was silently leaning closer to stare at her with an ever-increasing smirk. Rattled and unable to focus, Polo decided to admit it and hope it got Rokoa to back off. “...I was thinking of smacking your ass, calling you ‘cutie’, and sharing you with my hivemates. We’re even now, don’t think of trying to hold any of that over my head anymore.”

Rokoa nearly broke the ribs she had left laughing. “Are you fucking serious-- you really are. That’s amazing. No, we aren’t even, but that’s a great start and I’ve got plenty else for you to do while I do the real work of keeping us alive. Look in the bag. I used to hide some things and people in it, you don’t need to know why. You’ll know what I want you to take when you find it, you repressed little slut.”

Rokoa finally abandoned her dark-blue bioarmor for something that wouldn’t stand out in the snow and left. Not a moment too soon, in Polo’s opinion- the departure, not Rokoa stripping, Polo quickly corrected herself. She finally relaxed and contemplated the situation. As little as she liked it, there wasn’t much for Polo to do right now except let Rokoa cover their tracks, and though she liked that even less she had to admit that Rokoa had saved her when she got them to the shuttle and then the cave. She owed the warhiver several times over, and however embarrassing her secret had been, it wasn’t enough to make Polo feel like she wasn’t in Rokoa’s debt. Gritting her teeth, Polo went to digging through the oversized duffel bag.

By the time Rokoa returned, Polo had discovered a set of a dress, lingerie, and a choker all in black and sized close enough for her, a makeup kit, several functional sex toys, a camcorder, and a healthy sense of outrage.

“What’re you pretending to be pissed off for, runt? You knew what I wanted and you’ve been fantasizing about me anyway. Don’t pretend you’re hating this, you already got yourself made up.”

Polo had ducked away from Rokoa and used the excuse of living up to their deal to keep herself busy, refusing to show her shock as her mind whirled. Her pride refused to let her go along with Rokoa, but it wouldn’t let Polo back down from the deal they had made and live with Rokoa’s endless mockery. Another, more repressed, part of her begun its slow ascent to the surface and reminded Polo of the glimpses of fantasy she hadn’t managed to suppress on their mission. Her imagination went wild as Polo put the lipstick on a grimace, remembering the feeling of Rokoa’s fur on her neck and imagining what it would feel like to have her lips on--no.

“That lipstick’s going to look real nice when I have you buried in my cunt. Give me the camcorder and start stripping when I give you the signal.”

Glaring, Polo undid the various pieces of her armor. Her fury overwhelmed her shame until she was about to expose her bra, when she turned around and maintained her hateful stare over a shoulder despite comments on how cute an expression it was.

“Don’t get angry at me just because you don’t even need a bra. It looks alright on you even if you’re more of a boytoy after all.”

“Not needing a bra is an advantage, you’re just lugging around useless weight and throwing off your balance.”

“Sounds like sour grapes to me. Where are your manners, Polo? Don’t you know you should thank people when they compliment you? I thought you were proud about being so much more civilized than savages like me.”

“I’m not thanking you for that kind of shitty compliment. This isn’t even a sexual thing, I’m only doing this because you were right for exactly once in your life about me owing you. Don’t try to compliment my tits.”

“Right, and your nipples aren’t sexual, either?” Polo felt Rokoa’s intention to play with them and a subsequent wave of shame when her nipples stiffened further in response.

“It’s... fucking freezing in here. I already knew you barely had half a brain when you made me stirp in the cold after offering me ‘shelter’, but now you’re complaining that my nipples got hard too?”

“Hahaha, don’t tell me you cuddlehivers can’t keep warm out of your wussy little cuddlepile? It’s the perfect temperature here right now. ...but don’t worry, I’ll keep you warm soon.”

The fabric kept disappearing, but at least she could take comfort in only showing her back to Rokoa.

“Yeah, just like that, you little bitch, you really know how to do this. Been practicing often for me?” Rokoa’s hand had found its way beneath her pants, and her breathing grew rougher as Polo felt the blood rush to her face.

“Not even in your dreams, you walking barrel of lard. You wouldn’t recognize it, but this is all natural skill and sex appeal.”

“Looking like a guy isn’t sexy. Turn around, keep going.”

“Even a barbarian like you has to know what being lithe and petite means if you want to see me that badly.”

“...fuck, alright, I’ll admit I want to fuck you if you promise not to ruin the mood with you being bitter about my figure again.”

“...oh fuck off.”

“No.”

“That wasn’t even necessary, we both know you’re not going to stop being a bitch.”

“Yeah but you’re not getting the last word in either. Now shut up and get back to work, whore.”

Polo finally undid her bra, as generically bland and boring as Rokoa insisted it was, cupping her breasts and tweaking her nipples at the barbarian’s command and subsequent unflattering comparisons to her own tits. Polo’s retort about her weight was laughed off as repetitive before Polo pointed out her hypocrisy. Finally, Rokoa ordered her panties off.

“Look how fucking wet you are- no, you’re not getting off that easily, you don’t get to cover it up. Show the camera, this video is going to keep me warm at nights for years. Should a cuddlehiver really enjoy being humiliated and dominated this much, slutdoll?”

“Of course you’re still delusional. I just enjoy insulting you and thinking about how I’m going to pay your fat ass back soon.”

“Haha, good, there’s that confidence back. Almost a fucking shame you’re blushing too much for me to believe it. Collar on- don’t even think of refusing now. Put the clothes on how I tell you yourself or I really will dress you up like a doll. That’s better. Show me your ass, *cutie*, and put the panties on...”

Polo pulled the lacy black thong on, weathering a vicious slap on her butt with a yelp before being told to slide it back down just enough to show her labia. She shuddered under Rokoa’s hungry gaze, hoping that she wasn’t lying to herself when she thought it was more from the biting chill than from the arousal she was having a progressively harder time denying. The matching bralette followed a similar procedure, a rough grab and squeeze of a breast eliciting a cry before she was instructed to move the cups to underline her chest.

“Still gonna tell me it’s cold?”

“Hah... it *is* cold.”

“Good. See how long you keep saying that.”

And, predictably, Polo was made to adjust the straps and neckline of her dress to stay exposed, while the hem managed to be so high as to display her thong and pussy. The choker around her neck felt more restrictive than a strip of fabric had any right to, and with its reminder Polo could feel her pulse rushing through her body, the breath she had to consciously control, and the arousal tingling through her skin.

“It’s still freezing, idiot. Are you done recording yet? I’ve seen your hive, I know I’m the sexiest thing you’ll ever touch or even see, but since you brought up civilization, you should have the basic decency to stop it here.”

“Don’t worry, fuzzball. This video isn’t for me.”

“Don’t share it with your hive just because they need better masturbation material than you either, you unbelievable bitch.”

“It’s for you to fuck yourself to, genius. Shouldn’t you have spied that by now? I’m going to record every last little shudder and moan of yours and make sure you never forget every time you say my name. I already know how deep in denial you are, you’re not ever getting to pretend that this didn’t happen. Enough whining now, let’s see.”

Rokoa set the camcorder down and pushed Polo against a wall, shoving her still-wet fingers into Polo’s mouth before inspecting them in surprise. “Lick it clean or--oh, already done? That’s a good pet. You better be damn skilled with your mouth.”

“Of course I am, didn’t you notice all those times we had intercourse?”

“...hahahaha, fuck, and you called me delusional--”

“Intercourse as in arguing, don’t try and insult me just because you’re illiterate.” For once, Polo was finally able to feel smug again, even if she had to admit it was ridiculously petty.

"I'm the best there is. I don't stop until I excel at whatever I do, unlike lazy jackasses I could name."

"Prove it."

Polo leaned forward, wrapping her legs behind her head as she brought her muzzle close enough for her extended tongue to lap at her own vulva. Polo's smugness intensified as she stared up at Rokoa's surprised expression, especially when Polo felt Rokoa's irritation rise in response to her self-satisfaction.

"...not what I expected, but that's pretty damn hot. Don't tell me that's normal sniper training, you little deviant."

"It's normal when you practice flexibility and have a healthy sex life in your hive. I don't expect you to understand either."

"Low blow, Polo, low blow, and turnabout's fair play." Rokoa hooked a claw under Polo's collar and jerked, bringing her head between Rokoa's legs. "Get to work."

After testing Rokoa's patience with lipstick marks on her thigh and mons, Polo started her ministrations, hands grabbing onto her hips to repay the earlier spanking. Before long, she focused on her task and Rokoa gasped as she felt an orgasm welling up.

"Showoff- *I didn't say stop*. Oooohhh fuck, that's the spot."

Polo relaxed despite herself, feeling more comfortable with the situation now that she had some measure of control over Rokoa. The snowhiver's arousal was proving contagious, and Polo had to admit that things had been much more enjoyable than she expected, even if she still had to compete with Rokoa's ego half the time. A tiny smile crept onto her face as she felt Rokoa's legs trembling and her core shuddering in ecstasy. Finally, a moment arrived that she had almost been anticipating.

“POLO” was Rokoa’s cry as the midget finally stopped taunting and edging her, driving her over the brink. Polo’s smugness returned stronger than ever as Rokoa succumbed to consecutive orgasms, her defiant attitude and spite briefly obliterated in waves of bliss.

“I told you I was the best. Still want to argue, or are you giving u--” Her attempt to take advantage of Rokoa’s silent afterglow was cut short when the barbarian caught her breath and mounted Polo’s face.

“Your tongue’s better than I expected. I’ll give you that. And I’ll give you exactly one more second to breathe before I see if your stamina can keep up to me, too. Go.”

Polo took a deep breath and held it as Rokoa grabbed the back of Polo’s head and started humping her face harder than she had thought was possible for someone with no dick. Polo started clawing at Rokoa’s stomach with one hand, trying to force her off with the threat of unconsciousness or, failing that, mental barbs about her weight. To her total lack of surprise, it didn’t work, even if Rokoa insisted that she keep trying on the basis that it was cute how a cuddlehiver thought her claws were any use. Her other hand found itself occupying Polo’s crotch, fingering herself feverishly. It was, of course, only to distract Polo from Rokoa and ensure that she wasn’t the only one who benefited from the situation, and was completely unrelated to any lust that Polo was certainly not feeling in any case.

After half an hour, Polo managed to satisfy Rokoa a few minutes before her own breath ran out. True to her word, Rokoa laid on top of Polo, insulating her from the surrounding cold even if she did her best to trap Polo in her cleavage. After a token struggle, the two laid there, panting.

“Haah. S-still the best.” Polo declared her victory with a low moan.

“Yeah, sure, and you fucking loved being my bitch, didn’t you.”

“Give that a rest, I just couldn’t let you be the only one enjoying yourself.”

“Hahaha, I’m sick of that bullshit. I’m gonna prove it, and if I do, you’re never allowed to pretend you don’t enjoy this. Find something else to be snarky about.” Rokoa grabbed Polo’s neck, choking Polo by her idea of ‘gently’ as she ran her claws down Polo’s body. “There. You’re *mine*, and I’m going to show you what a real neumono’s claws are for.”

“Ghh--”

“...damn. I’ll almost miss your shittalking. Well, I’ll just have to make sure you can’t say anything coherent anyway, slut.”

Rokoa tormented Polo, taking her time squeezing her breasts, spanking her ass, and pinching her nipples before surprising the midget by gently stroking her neck and running a finger down her spine. After a comment that she was cute when she was surprised, Polo shuddered in Rokoa’s grasp, before she found Polo’s most sensitive spots and dug her claws in, drawing a few drops of blood from shallow wounds. Polo gasped and squirmed as her breathing became even rougher than it had been.

“That’s better. You’re really getting off on this? Wasn’t expecting you to be such a masochist, but I like it. I’m rough with my toys anyway.”

Polo privately thought that she’d have to be a masochist to ever associate with Rokoa in the first place, and discovered that wasn’t so private when Rokoa started laughing.

“*Good*. I really like that spirit of yours. Pity I can’t keep you.”

Rokoa started nibbling on Polo’s shoulder and working her way down, across her breasts and to her thighs, fending off Polo’s attempts to lock her legs around her neck.

“Uh-huh. You haven’t even come close to earning *me* eating you out. All you’re getting is this, and you’re going to thank me for it plenty later.”

Immediately, Rokoa shoved two fingers up Polo’s pussy, soaking her fur as she worked her way in. There was no elegance or technique to it, only a brutal and insistent need, but

nevertheless Polo heard herself moaning through the chokehold, and felt her own legs spasming as her climax built up. Rokoa increased her pace, eliciting shuddering and gasping from Polo, and before long Polo didn't have the presence of mind to object, lost in a haze of desire.

"Now." Rokoa thrust violently inside, and Polo's eyes rolled back as she lost herself in climax, still struggling and trying to scream Rokoa's name in her grasp.

"Good bitch. You came for me alright, and don't let yourself forget that. But there's bad news. I have to end this and get to business." Rokoa released Polo and stopped the camcorder as she tried to gather her wits, before depositing the survival bag next to her. "Get wrapped up, ya furless freak, and enjoy the movie until I'm back."

"...My fur is an entirely sensible length. You're the freak for trying to live in hellholes like these." Polo tried to regain her lost dignity as she clothed herself in cold-weather gear and fired back at Rokoa.

"Sure it is. Now shut up and show me how much you like the movie, I worked hard on it."

"...I'm sure it's great, I was in it after all. And all you did was take advantage of me."

"Not like that, idiot, and you say that like getting you to stop acting the prude was easy. I'm not letting you stop now, that'd be too cheap a price for my help. Start masturbating to the video and keep going until I'm back. You don't have anything better to do anyway, since you're too tiny and fragile to leave the cave, remember?"

"I--Fine, but I'm keeping the clothes on." Polo's retort cut short by their agreement, she laid down to sneak her hand under the layers of fabric, resuming Rokoa's work.

"Good girl. Food and water's in the bag if you need it, try not to miss me too much." Rokoa leaned down for a sudden kiss, and Polo restrained her shock with her determination not to give Rokoa an advantage. The two fought to see who could shove their tongue in the other's mouth first, before Rokoa finally departed and left Polo stewing in her own lust.