

Milodan Priestess's Pawjob

- *Xhorian*

Summary

Have some ideas for full on NPC's, but gotta start small. After some talking on discord it landed on that I should do this. A pawjob certainly does fit the domineering nature of the priestesses, and also, pretty much all other foot/paw related scenes are in Mhen'ga and Tarkus only, so, it would make sense to bring some to the later game.

Scenes

Available from Milodan Priestess's (the non-event variant's) victory menu under a new button:

[Pawjob] Introduce the priestess to the concept of praising you through her paws. // Requires PC to have a cock or tail-cock.

// Since they are different priestesses and I couldn't decide on the way to go... let's randomise her priestess.personality! This way it will actually feel like it's more than one person, and gain replayability. Inquisitive - energetic, animalistic and in for the fight, Zealous - the one who will try to bring religion into this, Cold - cruel-ish dominatrix side, and Seductive - the one most into the pleasure side of her job. The first two are meant to represent her milodan and priestess nature most directly, while the latter two allude to how they act as de-facto leaders and, if uplifted, are scientifically inclined, displaying their ruthless logic and commanding curiosity respectively.

// x - longest cock, y - longest tailcock, z - tail of the longest tailcock.

Priestess Pawjob

You throw the heavy fur coat which concealed her form over your shoulder, and then commence onto {if physique >75% of max: carrying/dragging} the felled priestess to the warmth and safety of a nearby cave, using the time to cast your gaze down on her and {if lust > 60 or Bimbo/Brute: fantasise about/consider} what to do with her. Your [pc.eyes] wander across all of her {if PC <1,55m height: towering/measurable} height. From her luscious but wild hair, {if PC has >DD cup: decently sized/big} supple breasts with bone-pierced nipples and thick-furred jewelry-covered thighs down to her protruding, round and succulent charcoal-black paw pads. These last, very bottom parts of her {if Bimbo or Brute: have you drooling the hardest/seem to draw your focus}, looking sensitive yet soft, and thanks to her mostly walking on snow, remarkably clean.

{firstTime:

For a moment you linger wondering whether she would even know how to use them given her traditions seem to be focused on plain

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:

rough baby-making

/

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        and boring sex
    /
        vanilla intercourse
    /
        fucking
    }. You conclude you'll have to lead her into it.
/
Knowing from experience that these priestesses don't really recognize
{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:
    anything that won't satisfy their raging lust to breed
    /
        what to do with them
    /
        their potential
    /
        how to please someone with them
}, you promptly take the lead.
} ✓

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{if pc is taur:

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After settling in and throwing her coat off to the side, you
{if PC is wearing anything covering crotch:
    {if PC is wearing goo armour:
        quickly order [gooarmour.name] to get off you and spectate
    /
        disrobe with haste
    }
/
    rub your [pc.hand] together
} – you have {if Bimbo: just the cutest/the best} idea on how to do this. Without
hesitation you straddle her with your front,
{if PC skin has squishy flag or thickness > 90:
    your [pc.skinColor] body mass flowing around her breasts and pinning her to
    the ground
/
    resting your front pair of [pc.legs] on her arms, letting her {if Bimbo:
    boobies/breasts}
    {if PC thickness > 30:
        graze your {if PC's skin has accents: [pc.accentMarked]}
        [pc.skinFurScales] and
    } cushion the impact of going down on her
}.
{if PC has a goo body:
    You take a moment to take in the pleasant feeling of her jugs and perked
    nipples swimming within you, stimulating them.
}

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Then, you {Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute: order/tell/ask/plead/grunt at} her to pleasure your cock. In this position there's only one way for her to reach it... And you let her figure it out. ✓

{priestess.personality:

{firstTime else random:

"If that's what you want, I can do it, but you'd have to get off me so I can actually reach it." she begins, still gasping from defeat and just having been downed by your {if PC thickness > 90: crushing }weight, emitting kind-of-cute clouds of chalky steam with each breath. {if Kind:

You try to ease her in her position, and softly clue her in on what you actually desire. After you mention you knocked her down off her paws for a reason, she seems to take the hint

/

Yet you intend on no such thing, having your own {Hard/Mischievous/Bimbo-or-Brute: agenda/mischievous plans/pleasure} in mind. Instead you begin to tease her{if Mischievous: a little},{if PC has a goo body: stroking her nipples within your goo and} telling her that as a priestess {if Bimbo or Brute: of sex stuff/knowledgeable in the field} she should easily be able to find a way to do it. She begins to wriggle and writhe in annoyance, then kicks her leg a bit, which apparently gives her the clue...

}

"You really expect me to-?! Curses!" You hear between gasps, which slowly die down{if Bimbo or Mischievous or Hard: to hopefully re-appear soon}. For a brief moment she claws at the floor in a sudden burst of anger, yet she calms herself quickly. Gazing straight down {if PC has breasts: between your breasts} you can see her annoyed expression, slowly turn into a smirk. "Well if you'd like it so... Bring it on, then!" ✓

/

"Ah, I can please your dick alright, just lower yourself and ram it in, warrior! Surely that's what you mean and not... the paw thing, right?" she answers, with a hint of anxiety, still gasping from the fight. It appears she was told of your paw-related exploits with another priestess, and is quite timid about that, but came to challenge you nonetheless. You decide to tease her a bit about it,

{if Kind or (Mischievous and lust <51):

hoping to ease her into the idea

/

calling her out on mentioning her paws despite you saying nothing yet. Then you suggest that perhaps out of the two of you, it's her who's more into the idea of using them

}.

"I came here cause I heard you were good at battle...and with hope that you had sated your curiosity about our paws with my sister. Not pleased with this... outcome." You are thwarted and refuted by her.

From what you see down there, between slowly shrinking and less frequent clouds of her hot breath, her expression does seem rather bummed out. Given the position of her eyebrows and her gaze locked to the side, she seems to be thinking about something. "Still, I can work with this..." concludes her thought apparently, as her expression shifts into becoming more smug and nearly as energetic as when you fought. Something tells you you're in for a ride. ✓

}

{firstTime else random:

"Ha! Very funny, star-walker, but you've got me stuck to the ground. How am I supposed to do that?!" the priestess asks you quite boastfully, with a snarky tone. Seems like she's quite attached to her line of work and its principles. {if Hard: You feel the surging need to remind her who had won the battle.} "With your paws {if Bimbo:, silly!/.}" you {Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute: declare/anwer/clarify/explain with a giggle/respond crudely}, {if Hard:

watching with a smirk as she convulses at the thought before giving in to acceptance

/

to which she reacts with a look of shock and disdain. You hear her take a deep breath, which she then releases in a cloud of hot air, covering her face for a moment from your viewpoint. Once you see her again, she seems to have gathered her thoughts, but still appears stern

}. "It's a dirty and wicked thing you are asking of me, but you did defeat me. So be glad that I will let it be. Indulge yourself." she laments. From what you hear, though, she's brushing her paws against her fur, readying up for action. ✓

/

The priestess calculates her position for a moment, before her eyes widen in revelation as she speaks. "So the account I received from her was true... Quite the blasphemous game you are playing, star-walker. One of my sisters will make you repent for it in due time." You can only suspect that the "her" she is referring to was a sister of hers you tried this with. And though she's

{if Hard:

apparently delusional, believing her sister won't fall and submit just like her

/

seemingly not quite happy about the prospect of doing what she will have to do

}, at least she can get right to it. "Though I do suppose you shall receive what you desire from me. I chose to neglect my sister's words as a tall tale. It's my fault and sin, so I have to repent too, by letting you have this..." she sighs in resignation, clenching her fangs and getting ready. ✓

}

{firstTime else random:

Your defeated foe keeps quiet for a good moment, trying to free her arms and checking what movements are available to her. All the while, looking at you as if she was trying to decipher whether you are joking or not. "So you want me to... Alright" she breaks the silence with a cold remark eventually. "Not the most pleasant outcome, and I would like to inform you we don't normally use legs for this, but I can certainly do it." You are a bit surprised at just how smoothly that went... Then, you notice her strike a smug smile with a sense of arrogance. "I almost pity you, denying yourself the opportunity to father spirits of our greatest for... this. Quite pathetic for a winner. Alas, your spoils are yours."

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute:

It's not 'your' greatest but hers, she doesn't seem to realise, in her insolence. She is right in one thing though; she's a spoil for you to do with as you please, and right now, you want a pawjob

/

Of course it couldn't have gone that easily, you think. She seems to be quite a conniving one, trying to get you to change your mind through taunts. Giving in would prove that approach effective to her. You will have to keep your cool instead

/

She might be right on some level; pure vaginal sex would be both what she wanted, and perhaps more pleasurable. Yet, it's thanks to limiting yourself you {PC's taint <6: remained untainted and }kept your morals through this journey. You can't let her jabs get to you

/

You are too astounded how well she reads you to respond. She did say that she is your spoil, though, so... You can probably continue how you are

/

You don't understand what she is moaning about. When you will want to fuck babies into her cunt, you will fuck babies into her cunt. Right now, you decided you want a pawjob, and so, you await one

}. Her legs move in anticipation. ✓

/

"Oh, I see. One of my sisters informed me of this..." the feline alien responds after a quick moment of deliberation. You are caught off guard by how quick she got what you meant, which apparently shows on your face. "If you are really so desperate and so pathetic as to settle for being pleased by my paws, who am I to stop you, especially after being defeated?" she seems to spit her quick response, cleanly and coldly. "You could have chosen to ravage me, humiliate me... But

instead you are doing this. Oh well." the barrage continues. She's rather suggestive and taunting, you have to give her that. Two can play the game of trickery she's hosting, though, and you are calling her bluff. Let's see what she'll try when you deny her. ✓

}

{firstTime else random:

It doesn't go quite as planned, though. She seems to simply... laugh it off. "Oh please, you know my role. You know what you" actually "want. And I want it too. Let's skip this weird play and get raw, shall we?" her voice teases you, the 'actually' being accentuated by the movement of her hips and butt raising briefly before falling to the ground again{if PC has a goo body: sending both her breasts and your jelly into a jiggle}. Yet what she implies isn't what you want at the moment. You {if PC's face has beak or muzzle flag: look roguishly/smirk back} at her in response to drive the point across, and continue on with the game. She ponders for a moment, then takes another shot. "If you hoped that I could manifest visions into your mind to make you cum, I am afraid it's not potent enough, and would require me to have my hands free. I can still use it to get you going if you desire it that much. Just let me get my staff." Still wrong. You shake your head in disapproval, to her confusion and annoyance. "Oh what is it, then? I can't reach you with my hands, bite you or have us mate like this. Can't even touch you really... I could kick you maybe, but that wouldn't be-" And jackpot. The realization finally seems to strike her. "Paws, really? Didn't know you aliens were so... uncultured. And you call us savages!" she laughs again.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:

You were ready for a snappy retort if not for that laugh, indicating she was joking. She is savage and that's precisely why she doesn't understand your desire for her paws

/

You feel a need to correct her and say that, technically, kinks are part of culture so having such would make you more cultured rather than less... Though explaining that concept could take a moment and spoil the mood, so, better not

/

Seems like teasing you like this brings her great amusement

/

On some level you feel called out for being so driven by your desire... Yet it is that desire which drives you now

}. "Never tried it. I guess I should reserve my judgement for after I make you squirm with my paw-flesh." she ends her thought, eagerly.

✓

/

The woman smiles at being downed and squeezed under you. "Rough right from the get-go? I like it. Just as I was told." a laugh proceeds her

reaction, as she thinks over what you told her to do. "Speaking of things I was told. Given that everything else is stuck and what I heard, it's with my paws I am to please you, right? Sounded interesting. And a bit alluring." {Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:

the apparent slut queries you. You nod back, giving her a sly scoff. You wish more were this co-operative

/

You wonder what else she was told about you. And what's she going to do, given she apparently gave it some thought

/

You affirm her presumption, suppressing the urge to call her a 'good little kitty'. While she does deserve some praise, you just met her..

/

You melt under the flattery, making you all the more horny and excited

}. Though you don't see them, from her body language you suppose she just stretched her legs. "Don't worry, you don't have to tell me what to do. Just tell me when I hit the right spots, paw-loving off-worlder. And the bad ones too, I suppose, don't want to hurt you... too much. Let's go!" ✓

}

{If y is longer than x:

You curve your {PC has multiple tailcocks: longest} [pc.tailCock "y"] bearing [pc.tail "z"] under your body for her to access more readily.

}

The whooshing noise of her fur swooping across the cave floor, and the twangs of her leg-worn jewelry betray she is raising her legs towards you. Very quickly, her paws reach and land on {If y longer than x: it/your [pc.cock "x"]} {if the longer between x and y has sheathed flag and lust < 51: 's sheath}, finally allowing you to feel her sanctified pads on you. They are... cold and wet, as you might have expected.

{longer between x and y has sheathed flag and lust < 51:

Thermal shock alone being enough to trick your

{If y longer than x:

{if z has multiple cocks: tail-phalluses out of their/tail-prick out of its}

/

{if multiple sheathed genital cocks: sheath-hive of cocks out of their/sheathed prick out of its}

} hiding spot, spinning out into embrace of her toe-pillows.}

{if PC has a goo body:

Your slimy exterior becomes denser in response to the temperature, to insulate you from it, and making itself easier for the woman to grasp onto

/

Blood begins rushing through your dick to ensure its warmth, unintentionally but quite pleasantly stiffening it into a proper erection

}.
When the initial wave of cold passes, you can finally focus on the soft smooth texture of her beans.
{longer between x and y < 5":
 Even despite being at full length, though, you can't feel out all of them, her feline feet being too big and entirely surrounding your cock with little effort
/{longer between x and y <15":
 Her feet rest {priestess.personality: firmly/cautiously/freely/delicately} on you, with some wiggle room to spare remaining untouched
/{longer between x and y <35":
 She immediately jerks you a little with them, though appearing to just test if she can stretch through all your length - and she can, just barely
/
 They lay still, as she's currently observing your dick, poking in between her breasts despite you laying on her. The sheer length must have her slightly stunned
}}}.
She gets to work rather quickly, only empowering those sensations and adding to them. ✓

/

After you both sit down in the warmth of the cave, her fur coat put on the side and her staff resting on it,
{if PC is wearing anything covering crotch:{If PC is wearing goo armour:
 and you order [gooarmour.name] to go to the side and voyeur to her heart's content
/
 and you get out of your clothes
}},
you take matters in your own [pc.hands]... 'Matters', in this context, being her fur-covered ankles. You {Hard/Mischievous/Kind:scrape/press/gently place} your thumbs on her paw pads, producing a pleasant tactile sensation as they bend under your pressure. Perhaps even more pillowy than some breasts and possessing a similar, very smooth fleshy surface. Rather understandably, they are very cold to the touch and wet from the snow, but that somehow adds to the experience, accentuating the texture. You trace the indented line between her toe beans and main pad, somehow even wetter and colder, which greets you with more of a leathery feel. With this quick curiosity-driven venture of your [pc.fingers] is completed, you finally drag her feet forth towards yourself. ✓

{priestess.personality:

The amazonian milodan woman is none too pleased with such a turn of events however. "What is it that you want, offworlder meat?!" she asks, with mild aggression in her voice that makes you mildly recoil. She notices it and tries to calm herself down a bit before continuing. "Paws are sensitive, but no

breeding rite I know of begins with them. Or ends, for that matter. {Has fucked other milodan priestesses: I know that you can put up a good fuck, so I hope you know what you are doing./You look like someone who'd be a suitable father, and certainly have a warrior spirit of one, so when are you gonna act like it?} I respect your right to play with me as you please, as befits the victor, but don't leave me bored. I want it rough. Take me like a true warrior should."

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Speaking of rough, with a character of this variety you don't have to wonder why she isn't one of the uplifted ones. A shiver courses over you, a building desire to punish the bratty sore loser through some humiliation. Yet you decide that focusing on your own pleasure will be enough of a punishment to her

/

Well, she is tribal alright. And demanding. Still, you settled for what you settled for, and if she wants to perform a pawjob rough somehow, that will fall on her. First you'll have to show her how anyway

/

Slight regret washes over you, knowing that you haven't picked her favoured act. Though, you almost established a footing on yourself already and are too driven to stop now. You settle for the small hope that she will end up enjoying it at least nearly as much as you do

}. ✓

/

"You are supposed to spread my legs out to take me on, rather than drag them in, star-walker." the priestess comments on what you're doing, scoffing somewhat nervously. "You proved your worth as a warrior, now claim your prize, and let my womb embrace you. You aren't actually gonna use my legs instead, right? That'd be... a sacrilegious waste of life-bearing seed." she then adds. It appears that this fertility priestess is very serious about her profession.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:

Too bad. As she said, you proved your worth. She is the one who's got to adjust

/

So you are gonna have to disappoint her

/

Quite admirable, yet you are not interested in the main practice of her religion at the moment

/

Something about this feels strangely funny to you

}. ✓

/

She simply watches you in silence with a slightly judgemental look on her face, trying to figure out when and how you will transition to {if PC hard or brute: plowing/breeding} her from this... or whether you have something different in mind. And oh {Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute: this slut doesn't realise/man/good golly/gee-hee/fuck}, you do. These {Silly Mode:

grippers/feet} practically invite themselves to grip onto your cock and pleasure it. Though you'll have to give them guidance first. ✓

/

"What kind of foreplay is this?" the tribal woman asks, seemingly confused. Though there's barely a tinge of inquisitiveness and no ridicule in her voice, she's legitimately curious.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Stupid as a brick, eager like a slut. Typical. You begrudgingly

/

It appears that she's interested in doing some things not by the doctrine, lucky you. Might as well explain the plan and see how she likes it. You

/

You figure it's better to maintain clear communication, so you

}

explain your intent of having her pleasure you with her paws. In response, she straightens her sitting position and puts her arms crossed under her breasts pushing them forward and brushing them against her arm-fur. Her gaze, though, wanders between her feet and you, expectantly, with a smirk on her face. Perhaps she'd like a presentation? ✓

}

{If y is longer than x:

Your {PC has multiple tailcocks: longest} [pc.tailCock "y"] tipped [pc.tail "z"] coils around your body, soon to be sandwiched.

}

With a shadow of reluctance your hands close her feet together around the {If y is longer than x: [pc.base "y"]/[pc.base "x"]} of your shaft, in a form resembling a makeshift vagina. Finally, the two touch. Through sheer thermal shock

{If PC has a goo body:

your slime-skin toughens

/

{If longer between x and y has Sheathed flag and lust < 51:

your phallus parts its nest, spiraling out into an sex-ready state

/

your [pc.cock "x"] hardens, circulating blood keeping it warm to combat the surrounding cold

}

}.

The thrill, as fit from a priestess, is quite divine, and despite the cold being somewhat detracting,

{if PC is a cock-virgin:

you can imagine it's decently close to an actual pussy, bar the suction and potential consequences

/

the provisional feet-pussy feels softer and moister than some 'actual' ones

}.

{longer between x and y < 5":

Your cock is entirely swallowed in the embrace you gave it, barely reaching third of her toe-pads when you rub it alongside them, producing a shiver. You settle for pressing down again just one of them down from the outside, and begin slowly moving them up and down by an inch of space you can control

/

Now that your cock has had the time to get used to the surroundings, you figure you can actually address their cold. You'll simply have to warm them up with some friction.

} ✓

}

{if pc is taur:

At first, she's rather slow, trying to get a grip and figure out a technique. Can't really blame her given she's inexperienced, doing it mostly blind, and in quite the unusual position to boot

/

Her paws

{longer between x and y < 5":

barely move, yet produce you unmeasured joy

/longer between x and y <15":

slide across your length freely, at a steady pace and keeping it standing with ease

/longer between x and y <35":

barely reach your tip with her legs fully outstretched, yet as you travel back and forth from and to it, do an excellent job in building your arousal

/

can't possibly cover you entirely, but at the bottom where they do manage to reach, produce immense satisfaction

}}}.

{If longer between x and y has the Ribbed or Nubby or Scaled flag:

Every {If longer between x and y has the Ribbed flag: rib/{If longer between x and y has the Scaled flag: scale/nub}} her malleable soft flesh covers produces a spark of delight, as if they were steel against her flint-coloured pads.

}

{If longer between x and y has the Lubricated flag:

Your natural lubrication mixes in with her sweat and water from melted snow which dilute it, but give it further coverage, making the experience supremely wet.

} With every movement

{priestess.personality:

you can hear her make a noise somewhere between a purr and growl

/

her ankle and leg bracelets jingle with crude miniature savicite idols attached to them

/

she wriggles her sharp-nailed toes and fingers in a wave, while casting a stern but puzzled gaze upon you

/

having you studied meticulously by the priestess

}. All in all,

{if pc is taur:

her performance so far

/

this somewhat assisted masturbation

}

leaves you in a state of near-bliss, yet you are rapidly pulled out of it by your partner.

✓

{if pc is taur:

{priestess.personality:

"Feeling good already?" she mocks you, a wild scoundrel's grin plastered across her face.

{Reflexes < 80% of max:

You barely have time to process it and start coming up with a response in your head, but she continues.

}

"And I haven't even started properly!" and saying that, right on cue, her speed and intensity ramp up significantly.

{If pc has a goo body:

Your whole gelatinous body jitters from the vibrations

/

You are forced to clench your teeth as her sudden spree leaves you shuddering

}

{PC breasts > B: , sending your breasts into a series of swings}. The sheer friction is overwhelming, heating up your groin. You scowl from the strain and in response she simply laughs. Her movements are rough, feral, rampant and chaotic. She even

{longer between x and y has the Lubricated flag:

slips on your dick's natural lubrication

/

has trouble to properly grasp your cock

}

sometimes. Yet, despite it all, it's all also undeniably pleasurable. Sometimes simple strength and intensity of the act do the trick to get one off just fine... and they are in no short supply here.

As she progresses, she becomes more focused. You can notice her huffing again.

/

"I can't fathom why you enjoy it so much." she intercepts you from zoning out completely with an interjection. "Or why you requested this from me, for that matter. I heard from my sisters that some of you offworlders like to stick it in

the butt, and while also heretical, I can understand that. I do presume that, even with the clearly divine understanding of our tongue and ease at which you build your settlements, you might not know which flesh-pocket of ours is the sacred one. Or perhaps you view us as too beneath you, given your near-divinity? Regardless. Whilst an foreign invader, you are supposed to be a divine warrior. You have defeated me and pinned me to the stone floor. And now you are moaning as I toy with your seed-bearing rod of flesh using my paws. I don't know what to think about it, or how to enjoy it, in truth. My annoyance grows, knowing that no pleasure should be one-sided while I can't even fathom yours. So tell me, warrior, why? Why do you yearn for my paws so much?" she continues, her bellowing voice and length at which she kept it calm despite being occupied with pleasuring you, a testament of her oratory prowess.

{Intelligence >70% of max:

You don't think any regular answer would satisfy her. Instead, you opt to outwit her, and ask her why she thinks one would perform an act like this

/ {Intelligence >15% of max:

You don't really know what to respond to her given the circumstance. You start forming something about the texture and underappreciation of feet as a body port in your head, and then it dawns on you. It'd be safer to deflect it with another question. And so, you ask her why she thinks people do it

/

All that skill goes mostly wasted on you, as the speech only left you quite confused. You could tell her why you enjoy her paws but you aren't sure whether the questions were genuine, sarcastic, or rhetorical. Not knowing what to do, you decide to ask her first thing that comes to your head, so maybe she doesn't notice your disorientation and to not further tarnish her image of you as 'divine warrior'.

}} "Why'd anyone do this? Well, I'd like to know." she paraphrases your query, a bit shocked and clearly processing it in her head. You took her by surprise, good. "Paws are, by all means, the lowest of all body parts. Most profane and heretical. To please someone with them intentionally sounds like a form of mockery. It does feel rather odd to mock a warrior who clearly bested me and has the right to grant me children." She shares her thoughts.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

They are partially correct. She shouldn't try mocking you. However, this is not the answer you'd have hoped for, so you tell her to repeat her attempt at it

/

You argue back saying they are not really heretical where you come from. There are people who are rather off-put by feet or paws in the galaxy, sure, but liking and disliking them are both generally accepted

/

You affirm her. Certainly mockery is on some level a part of it, feet are low and most people think of them low. Yet you incentivize her to try and figure out something else, perhaps more positive

}.
/

"Well, there'd obviously be enjoyment from the partner, but that comes back to the original issue. Otherwise, it's a bit of an exercise, especially if it's supposed to be done like this. Perhaps people do it to prove themselves..." she continues as requested, then scoffs. "Should I treat this like a challenge, then?" she ends asking, seemingly to herself, and you can discern a faint smile forming on her face as she does. Following that revelation, the rate at which she jerks you hastens. ✓

She drops your cock and spreads her legs aside,

{longer between x and y =>35": resulting in it falling onto her face.

She somehow manages to free her head from under it, giving it a lick

/

before fruitlessly attempting to hump herself towards it, using her hands as support. Seeing it's futile, she refocuses on your quite bewildered face

}.
/

"You tasted my paws and you liked them enough, clearly. Now that your appetite is great, wouldn't you like to taste the main course? I can't show you just how great it is like this, though... You'd have to take me on. If you have the guts for it, anyway. Last chance to redeem yourself, you sinful paw-indulger." she says, her voice switching from seductive to threatening in a matter of moments. Though, hidden behind that appearance, you can sense a sort of panic.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

You simply tell her she should continue what was agreed, and that she should be lucky you won't punish her for stopping. If she gets on it quickly enough, the situation might be salvaged. Punishing her would near guarantee your dick softening, which would take a moment to come back to again in this cold

/

Most likely it's seeing you have such pleasure from her feet that sent her into it. Despite the insults earlier she seems to still be desperate for you to fuck her the traditional way. So, you voice your declination of her proposal. Even if it tempted you, you are now simply too interested in what refusing it will drive her to do

/

You interweave your refusal between words of encouragement. It's not necessarily the most right thing to do, but you are now quite invested in her pleasuring you with her paws. Hopefully it will comfort her a bit to ease her back into it

}. "Well, if you are that pathetic, your loss." she responds, though it is followed by a slightly disappointed sigh. Her paws land on your shaft and begin stroking it once more. ✓
/

"Glad that you seem to be enjoying it, off-worlder. It means that I am not doing too bad of a job." she says, accentuating it with a boisterous laugh. {if Good:

You struggle to tell whether she was actually worried of performing poorly, or is just boasting to tease you.

} "As for how I find it myself? Well...

{longer between x and y <35":

this certainly is something I haven't yet experienced

/

considering I probably couldn't take it in properly, good enough

}.
Still remains puzzling to me, however." she continues a short while after the

laugh, not explaining herself much further.

{Reflexes => 75% and not Bimbo or Brute:

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Not quite satisfied

/

In slight confusion/Interested about that

},

you quickly query her, asking just why that is. "Quite unsure how one would refine and master it, frankly. Toes lack the flexibility of fingers so I can't get too fancy moving them. And, it means the rest of my body has to be away, so I can't do much work with things on the side either. I am near certain I am missing something - but don't tell me. There's a few things in my head that I'd like to try out..." she's fast to answer, and immediately gets on to practice

/

You barely have time to react as her approach changes, though

}.

First, she sandwiches your {If y is longer than x: [pc.tailCockNoun

"y"]/[pc.cockNoun "x"]} between the upper side of one of her foot-paws and the beans of the other. Though you can't see it, her fur brushes against your cock. Far from velvet, it's thick, a little bristly, and a bit wet with the mix of all present snow and sweat exuded in the battle. Despite her hospitality, you reminded yourself, she's still a wild tribesman

{Intelligence > 75% of max:

, and of usually rather alien-unfriendly variety at that. Her treatment of you could be considered anomalous. Thinking about it, it is a little suspicious, actually. If she's so friendly to outsiders how come she did not join one of those plenty tribes that were enlightened and civilised? You have no time to linger on this rapid chain of thought, at the moment, as through pleasure directed to your brain she severs it

}.
The ragged brushing is joined by a mix of stepping and stroking; she {longer

between x and y < 5": very careful }pushes just one of her toes against you at a time, then slowly drags it towards your tip{longer between x and y >= 5": in a wavy pattern}. Every time her paw prods you, you almost feel probed through the delicate differences in strain.

{priestess.personality:

"Not bad." the tribal woman half-grunts, nodding at your exploits. "At very least you are showing me you can move and exercise, warrior. {longer between x and y < 5": " she continues, with a snark and annoyance in her voice. You didn't move a lot at all. "}And, your meat is fine to touch, also. Though, I can't be helped but start getting bored when you treat me like a piece of meat." she takes a brief pause to huff, a semi translucent cloud of vapour visibly exiting her mouth. {Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute:
It shouldn't be her concern, you think. You won. You got the right to treat her like your personal fuckmeat

Wait, didn't she call you meat before, though? Bit of hypocrisy right there. Also, based on her expressions she's not feeling as bad as she states to, though you must admit the activity likely isn't very stimulating for her

Despite the things she said, this huff reads to you as one of satisfaction, and you smile faintly, knowing that at least on some level she's enjoying this. Now how to make her feel well enough to be comfortable admitting it

Seed-bearer? You don't think you knew that name for your little dicky until now! You giggle and moan softly, the mere thought of your shaft intensifying the feelings from it. The woman gives you a stern glare before continuing, bringing you back to some lucidity

You struggle to understand what she means. She is a fuckable meat, though? Shouldn't she be proud of it? You have to suppose you weren't rough enough, as she mentioned something about that earlier

"Will you finally do something interesting, or should I help you to it?" she finally ends her thought. Help... There is something she could help with to make things more interesting, yes... ✓

She clears her throat increasingly loudly until she gets your attention and begins to speak. "I accept that this is what you have chosen, but I urge you to reconsider still, warrior. This is blasphemous. Surely you would prefer the blessed embrace of my womb?" You can hear unease in her voice. She seems to genuinely be torn between your holy right as the victor, and her holy duty to bear children.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Something tells you she won't cease {Bimbo: being a bad girl/{Brute: whining/interrupting you in pleasuring yourself}} until you respond, so you tell her you are only interested in her paws as of now

"{Bimbo: Nuh-uh/{Brute: No/Nope}}!" you answer her simply and concisely. There isn't much else to it after all, you are simply enjoying it how it is

/

You attempt to comfort her by saying that while you don't currently desire vaginal sex, her paws are {Bimbo: like, soooo nice/{Brute: good/simple sublime}}

}.

She takes a moment to think it over, curling her fingers and perhaps subconsciously, also her toes. A second wave of cold strikes you as more of her pad-flesh connects to your cock, and her nails scrape against your flesh. She closes her eyes and lets out a somewhat defeated gasp, obscuring her face in mist for a moment. By the time it clears, she's looking directly at you again. "I suppose I shall try and enjoy this, then.

{Had vaginal with other milodan priestesses:

As you might know

/

In case you didn't know

}, in our faith, there shan't be one-sided pleasure. Were you to please me, I would have done my best to please you. This however... has you alone on the receiving end, the way I see it. Perhaps you simply haven't known, or those within your culture do enjoy this and I am missing something. I do suppose it's the risk of dealing with off-worlders." she responds back. The disappointment in her voice and expression makes you feel

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute:

annoyingly down

/

a bit guilty

/

a need to do something

/

a tinge of regret

/

the cold of her paws intensify

}. However you quickly come up with an idea to remedy this ill situation. A way to both get her more involved so she can better learn to enjoy this, and also

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute:

train her into it via a source of pleasure/get her on the receiving end

/

involve you with her, so even if she doesn't, she'll get something out of it as she said to be custom

/

give you a chance to play with the other soft and onyx flesh of hers

/

have you tackle the part you know most ladies near-uniformly do like being played with

}. ✓

It's the first time since she admitted defeat that she broke the silence, shocking you a bit and having you slip her feet out of your hands. For a second surprise, which you register just before she begins to speak, she continues sloppily stroking you on her own... "So you really decided that this is how you want it done, huh? What a pitiful thing. Even having won, you still choose to be humiliated like that? No wonder you traveled so deep in our territory, away from most other off-worlders." her derisive voice pierces your [pc.ears]. Despite mocking you for using her paws though, she fares with them rather well on her own. You shudder as she traces her footclaw's tip over your shaft causing pain and stimulation in equal measure.

{longer between x and y <35":

Afterwards, she goes on to work on your tip with just one of her beans,

{longer between x and y has Flared flag:

teasing its perked flare ring by circling around it and then

}

placing it just above your meatus.

{longer between x and y has Tapered or Stinger-Tipped flag:

You can feel just how much of an indent your prickle-prick pressures onto her, and a small section of it is pushed inside the tip of your urethra

/

With your cum exhaust port plugged, she starts applying pressure from different angles by shifting her ankle, each press causing you to release {if Bimbo or Brute: a moan/something between a whine and a moan}

}

/

Unable to reach your tip with her feet, she pincers you somewhere below half-length and weights in

{x longer than y:

tilting your shaft

/

drawing in your tail-cock

}

towards herself. When it looms close enough she grabs it with her hand and guides it to smother her breasts. All the while she doubles the effort on jerking you and curling toes so that you are constantly poked by her nails

}.
/

She seems to take great joy in making you scowl, her otherwise rather emotionless face now grinning. "Imagine being as low as you. You pass off as having strength only to drag the truly strong into your little heretical deviancies, do you? You probably wouldn't even dare handle me like an actual warrior. Accepting the chance to sire heroes is too above you, isn't it?" she continues taunting and insulting you.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute:

If not for the pleasure you are receiving, you could barely stand this. You simply do as you please, and that bitch of a priestess shouldn't have anything to say about it

/

You can sense an ulterior motive in the tone of her voice. She tries to make you give in and take her vaginally, either out of anger, to show her you can, or submission, as she hints that's what she wants and performs well. Quite the gambit, yet not an unfaulty one. You are enjoying this

/

The thought of being unable to deliver on what she desires, mating with her, drags you down a bit. As she intended it to, likely. Even though you feel an urge to tell her you will not fail her, there's a ploy at play. Reaching a sort of compromise feels safer and more attainable

/

She sounds quite silly stating the obvious. Of course the reason you win is to play how you like! And of course you are a slut! You giggle at these thoughts. You could probably breed her, though. That could maybe be fun. One way or another, the stream of pleasure you are receiving effectively distracts you from more complex thoughts

/

Honestly, you are having too much fun to fully care what she's saying at the moment. If it gets her off, so be it. You could totally knock her up any time you wished, though. Just having a different itch this time, and she scratches it well

}.

After three minutes of marvelous maneuvering and mockery, the fun comes to a halt.

{longer between x and y <35":

She lets go of your meat, mostly, it appears, to give you a better view of her eager, wet clit, which she spreads with her fingers

/

She drags your cock rapidly down towards her needy kitty pussy, and uses it to spread it, giving you a taste. Quite similar to one you already got used to in this encounter, yet quite distinct in major ways also; the welcoming warmth sucking you in most notable among them. Once that brief taste is over though, she uses her paws to push you away and rests them limply beside your cock

}.

You can't help but reach with your hands to prevent this cascade of pleasure from stopping. "Well, offworlder? Just how pathetic are you?" she ends, a mix of scorn and desire in her voice slightly jarring. After how she performed, you think you will decline the offer she's making for now... But there is a counter-offer you could make. ✓

/

"I see!" she exclaims loudly, practically out of nowhere, startling you. You give her a confused stare, wondering what is the reason for this sudden outburst. Seeing your reaction she begins to explain. "Well, not exactly, yet still... I was

trying to figure why would you prefer my paws over my pussy, you see, off-worlder. While I do not wish to abandon my people and culture like some cheap deserters or whole tribes to be 'taught of what really matters' by 'compa-hnaies', or what else your tribes are called, you clearly became our new neighbours now. Predator or prey, learning to live alongside you is the basic terms of survival." The pace at which she is saying this only exacerbates your befuddlement. And it seems like she is not entirely finished yet! "It's the texture, I suppose? The underside of my feet is beady and pillowy, while my hallowed tool of childbirth is smooth and gripping. I could see how that potentially might affect things even if it remains strange to me. Other than that, well, they are sensitive, more so than hands perhaps, so between the two you could think I would prefer them. Yet, there's an even more sensitive cock-pleasing option available so... Is it the texture?"

{Bimbo-or-Brute:

You unconfidently nod, confused

/

You say that you think there's more to it than that

}.
You also realise, you kind of forgot to jerk off from the shock, setting you back in progress on release while only increasing how pent up you are.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Damn it. Can't even blame her directly for it, she would bounce it back on you too easily. You hasten to masturbate yourself through her feet again, to again, annoyingly, be stopped by her voice

/

Well, more time to enjoy her, you suppose. Just hope she doesn't barrage you with questions too heavily

/

It does sound like that will be taken care of rather nicely, and very soon, though

}.
"Interesting. Though, I must say regardless that I prefer things rougher than this. Anything that can be done to spice it up?" Oh. Sure, there is something... ✓

}

You tell her that, if she jerks your {If y is longer than x: [pc.tailCockNoun "y"]/[pc.cockNoun "x"]} on her own, you

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

might in exchange

/

could as reward

/

would be freed up to

}

play with her breasts.

{priestess.personality is Inquisitive or Seductive:

You don't have to convince her much

/

She contemplates it for a moment before agreeing

},

You take your hands off and to the side for a moment of rest, waiting for her to start.

{priestess.personality:

"I don't know how your kind handles this... But I suppose you knew the risk. I like running after my prey and long pilgrimages between the tribes, my legs won't give out easily. I do promise to not leave you too sore, though." and with that vaguely threatening promise of a good time, she gets on with it

/

She does appear to feel vaguely better but still isn't entirely convinced. "I hope you perform well. Myself, I do not plan to let a victor down, however I expect from you the same prowess you had shown in battle." her forewords are confident, as duty compels her. And as she begins, you on the other hand hope she comes around to enjoying it fully

/

"Not utterly pathetic, I see. Not quite how I thought it would play out, though." Her attitude, cold as the snow outside seems to thaw for a moment, as she brings her hand to her mouth and begins to gnaw at its side for a moment, thinking over something again. She just admitted the way she treated you indeed was sort of a planned play. You wonder, perhaps now she'll give it up and drop it..."Just how much of a slut for my paws are you?" she beckons after letting go of the bite, the quick thinking session apparently finished. And the play begins anew

/

{longer between x and y has the Lubricated flag, or PC has a goo body:

She retracts her feet for a moment and sizes up your dick, watching it glisten. Then, she gently scrapes a bit of the substance from the surface and pinches it in between her fingers. "Hmm, convenient." she remarks. Then

/

She gives you a sign to give her a brief moment, as she reaches for something attached to the back of her belt. A small leather satchel appears in her hand, which she promptly unties and dips her hand in briefly, emerging with off-yellow slick substance. "Animal fat and herbs. Lubrication." she explains, bringing her feet back towards herself and proceeding to apply the primitive lubricant all across them further enhancing their natural glisten. After she's done

},

she wiggles her toes as much as her foot structure allows, showing them off. "Now we can start." she claims. And then her feet land on your shaft again, ready for action

}. ✓

It starts rather simple, with her repeating the movement you made her act out. That gives you time to start out with your part. You

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

practically slap

/
bring your hand onto

/
gently rest

}
her flesh-hills, spreading your [pc.fingers] and feeling them out, bit like you did with her pads. You explore the slope leading into her shoulders, the crevice beneath their weight and squeeze your hands in the tightness between them. In the meantime, she advances in her approach.

{priestess.personality:

And, you can tell she indeed was quite bored. She picks up on speed and intensity quite fast, though given her lack of experience {longer between x and y has the Lubricated flag: and your natural lubrication} she slips up ever so often. And every time, having to reposition your cock to get a proper grip on it yet again, she grunts in annoyance and increases her pace even more. Your rod positively twitches and throbs through the frantic vibrations

/

While still mostly following the pattern, she attempts mild variations. For a moment, she tries to separate and alternate the movement of her legs so that one moves up as the other goes down, but {longer between x and y < 5": there's not much space for that to work out/it appears to be harder than it looks}. Then she tries changing the axis of motion, twisting you as if she was {Silly Mode:

trying to set off a fire like in those 'rush survival guides' holonet videos

/

spinning around a sausage

}.
When that produces nothing but strain, she switches to toying with your {longer between x and y > 35": base/tip} with one foot while encircling your prick with the other

/

It doesn't take long for her to come back to her previously displayed heights. Her paws encircle your meat shaft and tease it like a pair of predators playing with their prey. She runs her toe and nail against you from the left, then jerks you about five times in rapid succession, then repeats the tease from the right, before descending upon it even more rapidly. This tease-and-stop method with rapid changes of intensity proves efficient at getting your member pulsing hot

/

She takes full advantage of the lubrication

{If pc has a goo body:

your goo provides

/ {longer between x and y has the Lubricated flag:

your cock is naturally covered in

/

she smothered you with

},

in sequence toying with you and jerking you off at quite substantial speeds. And every now and again, pleasantly swooping her four beans across your length letting it briefly experience each and every one of them individually

{y longer than x: , sending a pleasant tremor through its tail}.

You also venture further, finally drawing your hands through her fur to her nipples.

You {Hard/Mischievous/Kind: harshly/simply/gently} pinch and squeeze them at first, before begging to twist and drag them between your fingers. With a smirk of satisfaction you notice that they were already perked up. Unlike the surrounding flesh, or her beans you caressed before, it feels distinctly hard and slightly rough due to it – to which the surrounding bite marks, and its breadth also further contribute.

She's clearly getting quite the mileage on her breasts where she came from, and it doesn't seem like her tribe has the technology to keep them in pristine condition.

While not necessarily most convenient and pleasant, it certainly enhances her feral allure and shows that she is quite the seasoned woman. As you ponder {Silly mode: her orbs}, perhaps in an instinctive response to you playing with her areola, one of her hands wanders down to her groin, its fingers outstretched in quite obvious intent.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:

You give her a stern look, as you did not allow that. Whilst you don't feel like stopping her now, the desire to assert yourself lingers.

/

You gaze at her with a lustful, teasing expression, {if PC <2,5m height: as if} looking down on her but smiling all the while. Quite enjoying herself, isn't she?

/

You smile, comforted by the sight of her finding pleasure with you even after slight road bumps earlier. Yet a bit of doubt haunts you - she could have very well started playing with herself because you aren't satisfying enough. To clarify it but be roundabout, you ask her what she is doing exactly.

/

You laugh softly, almost wondering whether not to help her somehow.

{PC has a tailcock that's not y longer than x: You have

{y longer than x: [PC.tailCocksCount-1] other/[PC.tailCocksCount]} tail-dicks on standby after all

/

You could move at least one of your arms down there too {PC has tentacles: , or one of you tentacles} perhaps

}...

But you decide not to push it, for now anyway. You still have plenty of things to focus on between her breasts and footplay, and

{priestess.personality:

she's quite determined to get the latter right. It'd be rude to detract from it

/

she clearly needs to come to terms with using her paws at her own pace. You don't understand what made her so on the fence about it

/

it might just provoke further insults, considering how mean she was before. Have to do your best within the plan

/

she's learning how to perform well, like a good slut should. While she deserves to be rewarded, it might tamper with her learning, so better not to distract her

}.
/

}

{NOT Bimbo-or-Brute:

{priestess.personality:

"What, can't I enjoy touching myself too?" she speaks up, her voice distinctly more breathy than before. "I had my hands free, so I might as well use them for something." You suppose that will have to suffice for an explanation... Considering it somehow helped her focus enough to not slip off from your dick, it's probably for the best

/

"I am merely making sure my sacred pussy remains wet and ready for you to inevitably claim, warrior." she rushes to explain. Her tone suggests there's more to it, though, and she seems to sense you can tell. "Managing to convince you to shift the situation into this was definitely a blessing. And in fairness, my sensitive paws rarely knew heat such as one pulsing from your cock. Still a blasphemy, obviously, but one I might forgive, at least if you let me make it more comfortable for myself." Hah. She's coming around to it, if slowly

/

The woman simply scoffs at your attempt to get her to speak, squishing your dick between her feet and beginning to furiously masturbate whilst jerking you. It's not until she had violently thrust her fingers into herself multiple times and let out a quiet but audible moan that she finally caves in to explain herself. "Why, you are so pathetic that I barely felt aaaa-nything. Had to give you ass-ieeeestance or else you would go nowhere attempting to pleasure me like that." Her voice is shaking, and breaks into a short shout as she moans. {Intelligence < 25% of max: Even you/You} can easily tell she's not exactly saying the truth here. But there's little reason to press her on this now... Not that she'd be likely to hear it or respond.

/

"Don't mind me, trying to, what's the word... Immerse myself further into this. Like in the stories of my tribe's hallowed, most awe-striking and grand ancestral heroes. Yes, immerse. This helps with that." She justifies her behaviour. By the looks of it, she's quite immersing herself indeed

}}. ✓

{priestess.personality:

Now that she got her grip{Silly mode:pers} on you fully secured, her tempo can truly shine. Were you deprived of knowing her identity, you could be convinced she was a relatively popular fitness star of sorts. While not quite amazonian, her physique is nothing short of remarkable. Up and down, incessantly, she

{longer between x and y > 35":

covers the length of your shaft rhythmically breathing with every drop down to undertake the climb up towards the tip once more, like one of those hikers you heard from somewhere about

{longer between x and y < 5":

toys with your member so fiercely that
{longer between x and y has the Lubricated flag:
you are glad it has a layer of lubrication

/

you can genuinely feel the strain, and can tell that she was genuine with saying she'll you sore

}

/

jerks you, multiple motions conducted in the span of seconds between each gasp

}}.

Her bushy, unkempt tail swings side to side behind her, her knees are spread confidently with an excellent view of her hand toying with her sex, her look remains fierce as you continue to juggle her breasts and play with her nipples. She's wantonly drooling through her sharp teeth, paying no care as it drips down onto her fur and you rub it into her. You feel like an animal.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:

A predator, breaking down both yourself and your prey into competition of basic urges, where you come out on top

/

Predator? Prey? You aren't quite sure, but this definitely feels far from civilised

/

A prey or lesser packmate, overwhelmed and surrounded, even though you invited her to it

/

A mutt, or well, kitty in downright savage sex-frenzy

}.
/

That's not to say it feels bad or distressing; far from it. In this cold, silent and dark cave, the two of you together feel like a burning torch, radiating a bright spark of life and warmth. While you might not be directly embraced, your limbs connect your bodies well enough, and you can feel her warm breaths on you, as she can probably feel yours. Somewhere, on the primal level, though she acts rashly, you feel safe and cared for. She's clearly strong, and trying her all to satisfy you, in the simple way she understands it. And that's all you could hope for {Hard: from a tribal like her/in this cold}, really. ✓

Furthermore, while still being experimental every now and again, she seems to have finally settled on the primary way to tackle you. She

{if longer between x and y's thickness < 6":

put her feet on either side of your cock vaguely on parallel/stuck her feet by the sides on an angle around your cock

},

and performs calculated throbbing motions, squeezing and sucking you forth, in apparent attempt to recreate the inner workings of a vagina, which she clearly studied. By now, her pads warmed up a bit, making the effigy more convincing. It doesn't stop there, however, as as soon as you get properly used to her new rhythm, she retracts one of her paws towards herself.

{Reflexes > 80% of max:

Though she continues to jerk you with the remaining paw, you begin to ask her why that is, only to be interrupted by her putting a finger on your lips. A finger covered in lukewarm, intensely smelling juices straight from her sex,

/

Before you have a chance to react, your reflexes hindered by pleasure, and focus placed on her breasts, you notice her hand leave her labia, covered in justices

}

which she proceeds to smear over the pads of that foot. Once she places it back, at least from one side, you get to experience the warmth and moistness greatly enhanced. She's clearly still tempting you for a change of heart. Yet at the same time, managing to embrace your desire. Not long later, she moves her other foot away presumably to also apply her leakage, scooping a bit of your pre on the way. This time though, rather than being placed back to work after the impromptu sacrament, she raises its leg off the ground to flaunt it before your face. Forcing it through the gap between your [pc.armsFull] still placed upon her, she makes it central to your view. Writhing its toes and almost hypnotically swaying side to side, the paw obscures her boobs you still feel under your fingers, her head, and even your cock still throbbing under the other one. It also fills your nostrils with a heavy, sensually pleasant smell. Your instinct invites you to lean forth towards it, yet, she quickly retracts her foot back to work on your shaft, simply exacerbating just how pent up you have become. ✓

/

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute:

The pussy-cat is slowly facing her comeuppance, as her own self-inflicted pleasure humbles her

/

While she is still trying to appear stoic, beyond you, and in control of the situation, it's definitely harder to take her seriously

/

Justice prevails as her facade is slowly cracking, try as she may to preserve it

/

She's finally getting loud, and you enjoy how your moans sound intertwined together, echoing against the cave

/

Your irresistible charisma must have finally got to her given how pleasantly she started to moan

}.}

Nevertheless it doesn't lessen the quality of her performance with her feet, which are still performing wonders on your phallus. The wondrous teasing, the way she wraps around you with fur brushing you every time she hits the base, the miraculous softness. Her mouth might be foul, but you can see why she has the position as the priestess of fertility. "You really, really like it, huh? Alright, you pathetic piece of work, I'll confide in you, given your persistence. I am as good at this as I am because, unlike most of my kin who'd consider it a slight or not consider it at all, I did this once or twice before." - Already heavily panting before, she takes a brief pause to let out a moan, allowing her eyes to roll back a bit before refocusing on you and continuing. {Intelligence > 75% of max: A pleasant memory, perhaps?} - "...As a punishment for those who proved themselves unworthy of claiming the divine right to my pussy. Usually while being fucked by someone who did. As a supposedly 'smarter' alien you can probably understand that someone besting me, then denying the proper conduit, which they just earned, and requesting a punishment instead didn't make me happy? If you are going to behave like a weakling, you could at least be consistent!" She half-shouts with her breath heavy. Not entirely what you expected. In hindsight her technique makes sense given how she worked it out. During all that dialogue she only sped up and rubbed you in further, {Willpower >75% of max:

challenging your

/

barely allowing you to

}

focus. She's done teasing and going straight for the finish line. ✓

/

And much like in a good story, passed down generation by generation through word of mouth, you are soon to reach the high point before the climax. With each of her artistic strokes you are driven closer and closer towards the edge. Processing the moment, you begin to wonder what stories the priestess is imagining, and so you ask her. "Interested in ancient stories of an alien tribe, star-walker?" - she responds, laughing dismissively, finding absurdity in your statement, but recoils back to seriousness shortly. "Well, I am the one who takes care of teaching the younglings back at the tribe, so, you are in luck. I was thinking of the great Daigara. Some fifteen generations ago, she was the main priestess of my tribe when you colonisers arrived."

{if Hard or Mischievous:

You are about to comment how calling rushers colonists is rather ungenerous when s

/

S

}

he raises her right foot and lands it softly on your torso to demonstrate the arrival, then traces it back down to continue stroking and retelling the story. "Coming for us is about the first thing you did. Attempting to convince us to abandon our roots and venture into the endless sky. And also, trying to hook up with us in more carnal ways. Daigara was one of the first to venture and see for herself if that would work out." The priestess increases the intensity of

strokes after the mention. You can easily imagine how it must have been for the rushers of old first meeting uncontacted milodans. You had a similar experience yourself, with the tribal zil of Mhen'ga. "Suffice to say, she slept with several of them, and as legends say, even some that were into more obscene acts, like one we are performing. She bore many litters through such means. There's even a chance that I am a distant descendant of one of you. Regardless, no matter how many star-walkers she slept with, and how they tried to convince her, she never left our people. Instead, she became an icon, and spearheaded some of our more openly sexual traditions, like hunting for worthy breeders among you. Many of my order wish to be the one to birth her spirit anew, and I myself, as you might notice, am her strict devotee." She rounds off the story, stroking you ever faster and more playfully. You can't tell whether she is imaging Daigara because of the 'obscenity' of your act or because it feels as good as it was likely described in stories, but given her positive attitude, you do feel kind of honoured. {Intelligence >50% of max: For a moment you linger on the thought of roleplaying the scenario with her, yet you realise you likely lack context to make that work, and the pleasure pulsating from your cock becomes quite distracting.

} ✓

}

}

Alas, the compiled series of teases and strokes had to catch up to you eventually. You can feel that you won't last much longer. The pressure valve in your cum-pipe is reaching its limit. And the milodan, might it be due to your moaning or her expertise, can tell it too. ✓

{priestess.personality:

A mix between a growl and purr, deep and mildly abrasive in tone prefaces her comment on the matter. "You are close to spilling the seed. Aren't you? I hope you know what to do. My pussy is ready... and hungry for some off-worlder warrior's meat-stick." In her self-confidence she seems to not even consider other possibilities. And, if they were to occur, might not accept them either. The obligations of her title and her primal desire draw her to breed. ✓

She sighs before proclaiming. "While I still consider what we've done blasphemous, I must agree it was pleasant to a degree. Definitely for you, given how you twitch and leak. Your chance for redemption is now, make the right choice. It'd draw the ire of the spirits for the seed of a warrior like you to go to waste." Whilst you aren't so sure about the spirits, the intonation suggests that it'd draw her ire for sure. ✓

"Damn it. You will cum soon, won't you? Even through my paws, I can sense it." a mix of fear and desperation rushes through her face distorting down her lips into a grimace as she quickly points out your condition, before she regains her composure and smug smile. "I don't suppose a pathetic paw-slut like you is gonna bother shifting to do things properly all of a sudden, though... I did exactly as you wanted despite my reservations, and performed as well as I could. I think I deserve, spirits be my witness, to make a wish. And I wish for you to ram into my pussy as you should have from the beginning." ✓

/

"Aw. The fun is soon to end, I see. This training was fruitful, and I hope you are satisfied. As for satisfying me, though..." she says, taking a meaningful pause. Her expression switches from laid back to serious in a blink of an eye. "I hope you know the customs. No pleasure shall be unexchanged. And so, I desire to be bred." she continues. Even her tone shifted to more forward and cold. It seems like despite her previous compliance, this matter weighs heavy. ✓

}

The sensation lingers. You have a choice. Either you cum now,

{if pc is taur and longest between x and y > 35":

likely overshooting her face and covering the wall ahead

/if longest between x and y > 35":

shooting an upwards fountain which will likely cover her face and drool onto her feet

/

coating her paws

}},

or try to comply with her

{if longest between x and y > 35":

if you can even manage to draw your dick that far back in time/by ramming into her pussy whilst you can

}. Alternatively, you could

{if pc is taur and longest between x and y > 35":

aim to cum on her paws

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

as delectable punishment

/

to see her reaction

/

if you desired so

},

by releasing at right moment while drawing back

/

simply turn a bit to the side to avoid staining her inside or outside

{Intelligence >50% of max: .

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

That would deny her the pleasure she doesn't deserve whilst minimizing the bitching

/

You could say that you wanted to cum in her but just couldn't keep it in that way, potentially

/

A compromise of sorts, if you don't want to get her pregnant

}}}.
}}

[Switch to vaginal] {if greyed out: You won't last long enough to do that!/She begs to have a chance of bearing your child.} /// Greyed out if: longest between x and y > 35" AND Reflexes% + Willpower% < 150%

[Cum on her paws] {if greyed out: Releasing in just the right moment is too hard for you! /Deny her. Might annoy her, and you'll be in no position to resist what she does next.} ///

Greyed out if: Taur AND longest between x and y > 35" AND Aim% + Willpower% < 150%

[Cum on the side] Least spicy, but won't draw her ire as much, nor get her pregnant.

Switch to vaginal

{if longest between x and y > 35":

You

{if Willpower > Reflexes:

manage to hold your release

/

move with all the haste you can muster

}

in order to get back far enough to thrust into her clit's depth

/

{Reflexes > 75% and not Taur:

In the blink of an eye you grab and spread her legs, her fur warm beneath your fingers

/

You tell her to get her feet off your cock and spread her legs, to which she gladly complies

},

Then, you thrust in

{Strength >75%:

with all your crushing strength

/

as hard as you can manage to match her ferocity

},

right into the embrace of her bottom-lips

},

And what awaits you there is quite the treat. Like a boiling pot of fresh soup served in a warm house right after coming from the wintery cold of this ice wasteland, her clit is positively steaming and wet, easing your entry and providing comfort once inside{if longer between x and y has Knotted flag: , as your knot seals the entrance}. Though you can tell she's well loose and used to this, the walls clench on you as if were they not to be cemented with your seed they would crumble, and with no crevice to let off the steam, the heat only intensifies from there. The experience is quite different from the one of her toe-beans, and perhaps exactly what you needed to push you off that last edge into pure bliss.

"{priestess.personality:

Good warrior. Claim your spoils. Let the spirits flow through your seed and get reborn through my womb!" Your mate manages to interject as the scene unfolds. In the meantime, she

{if longest between x and y < 35":

had wrapped her legs around your back, pushing you as deep as she can take and interlocking you both even further

/

is still working at teasing the bottom portion of your cock, as it couldn't fit deeper in its entirety. Still with commendable vigor, though the pleasure robbed her of her focus and she began to slip off again. A testament to and cherry on top of your deeds

}.

Despite her tribal, uncivilised nature being near palpable, it doesn't obscure her happiness. The smile on her face is equally wild and satisfied

/

Glad you decided to use your right in the end. Far removed from the proper rites, but perhaps it is the nature of warriors from heavens like you to deny fate." The priestess comments, smiling faintly and lustfully, in response to your doing. Her legs are spread out at angle, inviting you in and indicating both her athletic physique and that she clearly has experience with getting laid. The savicite idols she's adorned with shine and hum slowly, as does the orb in her staff, laying on the wayside

/

Wishes do come true sometimes, apparently..." The woman silently mutters. You'd think the rapid insertion would cause her to moan or let her guard down at last now that she got what she wanted, but she still tries to appear stoic. Her bushy tail swinging side to side, a barely visible soft blush under her fur and shuddering legs on the floor betray that you've left an effect on her, however. Were she not so cold, you'd likely not even notice those details in the heat of the moment, but her withdrawn attitude ironically drags you in to explore these finer things, and allows you to focus even more on her kitty-pussy

/

The motions of the ritual shall be complete then, and customs honoured. Hope I did satisfy you. I did as good as I knew how to from the legends I've heard, though your request was rather unusual." the priestess narrated your proceedings – albeit with a notable break for a moan as you thrust in. She's clearly relaxed, perhaps even more so than before, her legs limp to the side. She pushed worrying about you not reciprocating her kindness to the last moment to not have to deal with it long, and it clearly paid off

}.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Though, it's only natural she'd be so happy given the mercy you gave her. Staining her fur or denying her altogether were both much easier and more inviting. You'd probably declare she should be more thankful about it, but in the heat of pleasure, the thought doesn't linger for long

/

Silently you ponder whether in this situation you are the submissive one for succumbing to her wishes, or is she, given her desperation to be fucked and her clear position on the bottom. Whichever the case, you both clearly enjoy the results of what came to be

/

You clearly did a good deed here. Seeing her happy cleans any shadow of doubt you had over your previous actions that didn't align with tenets of her faith. All is well that ends well, after all

}.

And then, finally, you cum, as signaled by a duet of moans echoing through the cave you found yourself in. The [pc.cumNoun] streams straight out of your tip, and fills her insides, syphoned vigorously into unreachable depths.

{PC cum output < 200ml:

{if longer between x and y has Knotted flag: Largely thanks to your knot, not/Not} a drop leaks out, all swallowed in to help in bringing forth a new litter of Milodans

/ {Pc cum output < 1.25l:

{if longer between x and y has Knotted flag:

Quickly after, it overflows them, and reaches your knot which somehow manages to hold it back in. You watch the area around it seemingly swell up, and can feel the pressure building on your knot, then something that could only be described as gulping occurs, as your cum is swallowed in

/

Most of it anyway. Her sex is overwhelmed with the amount you produce, and some of it slips through the crevice to drool out of her body

}

/

{if longer between x and y has Knotted flag: Even despite your knot, her/Her} womb can't handle the amount you produce and you watch her belly suddenly bulge up and slowly deflate back as your cum streams past your cock and out onto the cave floor, forming a rather sizeable [pc.cumColour] puddle on the floor

}}.

You feel elated,

{Energy < 50%:

fulfilled, and rather exhausted, though the latter mostly due to the combat and your overall venture

/

fulfilled, and ready for some more exploring without a hint of exhaustion,

}

given it was her doing that led to this release.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

You could have maybe requested a second round from her, but you already shot the biggest incentive inside her. Gotta find another one for that

/

You can almost feel her paws on you again, as you reminisce about them

/

For which, she is now suitably rewarded}.

{PC is dick-virgin:

Certainly you never thought you'd lose your virginity like that, after a pawjob, to a tribal outside of UGC's jurisdiction.

}

Post-orgasmic haze washes over you. You limp over into the milodan's cozy fur, as your {If y is longer than x: [pc.tailCock "y"]/[pc.cock "x"]} slowly begins to retract. With her eyes closed, she reaches for you, hugging you and dragging you closer. Her claws scrape against your skin, scratching your back pleasantly and helping you relax.

{PC is not a dick-virgin:

{PC is not a bimbo/brute:

Alas, you can't stay here for too long. This cave might be safe for now, but you are in hostile wilds, surrounded by near-endless expanse of cold wasteland. All while the clock on the race for the probes is ticking. You linger just a little longer, tracing your [pc.hand] across her thick fur. And then you {Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

push her aside so that you can

/

slide off to

/

gently move aside to

} stand up and get your belongings

/

You {PC cat score < 4: nearly} purr, as you respond with caressing her likewise, indulging in every moment of the embrace. You take in her smell, her warmth, as if trying to absorb every fiber of her being. But with your dick getting ever more flaccid you know it unfortunately comes to an end. Begrudgingly, and tracing your finger across her sex one last time, you rise from the ground and head for your inventory.

}.
/

She takes a deep breath, and it feels as if she was reading you as you lay comfortably in her grasp.

{priestess.personality:

"First time? Quite a strange time for a first time. You did good, though." She comments. Apparently, though all you really did was cumming, your inexperience was quite apparent. You take the complement nonetheless, and use the opportunity to tell her you'll have to get going soon. In response, she simply nods and helps you to {PC legs > 1: stand up on your [pc.feet]/raise up on your tail}.

/

"A warrior of your magnitude having their first time with me? Nobody in my tribe will believe it. And perhaps for the best." The priestess mentions. She still looks a bit puzzled and, perhaps, ashamed by the whole affair. But, she's also quite clearly satisfied given the tail-wagging and her facial expression. "

From the good omens, the first child is said to be exceptional in strength and spirit. Hopefully ours will be, if it comes to it." She adds after a moment of pause. Mention of a child makes you recall the existence of the nursery back

on Tarvos station. And that memory makes you realise you probably should get going. You stand up and head for your belongings.

"Inexperienced, I see. Well... that does make sense." She declares the outcome of said reading. You haven't shared with her that you are a virgin, but between her experience and kinetic powers you can imagine how she'd figure that out. You don't have a cam or a mirror to hold up to your face, but you think you started blushing, mildly.

A mild aura of awkwardness and embarrassment lingers in the air, until she breaks it to ask you a rather untactful question. "I hope you don't mind if I claim to my children that you were... a bit grander?" In reply you decide to simply nod and get up to avoid dwelling on the subject any longer.

She laughs somewhat boisterously before commenting on the situation. "If I knew it was your first time, I would have been a bit more lenient, and made it more of a ceremony as per ritual. Glad I was the one, though." And with that, she reaches for her staff, putting its tip near her virginity-taking vagina, and incanting some phrases your translator can't begin to parse.

You should likely go grab your gear also. Weird to just leave someone who might just be carrying your child like that. But, she seems like she can take care of it just fine. If not, though... Nursery will take care of things, you suppose. Though maybe she'll interpret whatever is supposed to take them away as a sign from the spirits? Can't know and too awkward to ask.

{if PC is wearing anything covering crotch:

{If PC is wearing goo armour:

You call back [gooarmour.name] to slither upon you again. You can hear her giggle about your affair with the milodan as she climbs, sucking up whatever stains you had on your flesh on her way. After a brief moment, your armour is fully reformed

/

You move to the side of the cave where you rested your gear and clothes, and begin slowly dressing up, still thinking about what transpired, happy and {Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Bimbo:

quite full of yourself

/

laughing at making her please you with her paws

/

glad you seemed to leave her satisfied

/

already planning next erotic adventures

}

in the afterglow. It doesn't take too long before you are dressed up again, though

}.
/

You linger in the cave a bit longer, not entirely keen on venturing out into the snowstorms

{PC fully-exposed: pretty much in your birthday suit

/{PC chest-exposed: with all your private parts exposed

/{PC ass exposed: bare-ass naked

/

with your crotch open to the elements

}}}.
/

{PC has Icy Veins perk or Wooly perk:

Even though your heavy layer of {PC has Wooly perk:wool /

[pc.skinFurScales]} would isolate you from this cold, the snow falling on you

and making it all wet, in non-lewd fashion, is kind of annoying to deal with,

and you don't feel fully dry just yet. Especially given that you just were wet in the lewd fashion.

}

Gives you a moment to relax, and grab a snack off from your backpack.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Bimbo:

Need to keep your nutrients and sugars in check, you are likely to run into further foolish foes like her soon enough

/

A nice little self-heating cup of soup you picked up on your way, with Snugglé's logo embossed on it. {Mhen'ga plantation burned: Spicy smoked vegetables/ Mhen'ga jungle mushrooms} flavoured, apparently. Makes you think..

/

A well deserved reward for another foe turned satisfied sex partner

/

Not as much of a treat as some nice succulent cock, plum ass, or positively dripping pussy, though you satisfied the taste for those temporarily already. You giggle at the thought of finding another regardless

}.
/

}

Either way, you turn to say your goodbyes.

[{priestess.personality:](#)

The priestess has her coat back on, loosely on her arms, and seems to be massaging her clit with the sevacite of the staff when you look back at her. It's dripping again. "Don't worry. Will take care of the children. Just have to make sure it was taken in healthy and proper. Look forward to seeing my sisters come around too! This was fun. Will tell them. Go train further, alien meat!" she responds to your goodbyes. More milodan priestesses? Well, you clearly proved you can best one... With those words of affirmation, encouragement, and, perhaps, warning, you part ways, venturing back into the cold.

/

You meet her standing at full attention, once again fully covered, and holding her staff in front of her. She listens nearly unmoving as you thank her for the fun, and say

you'd be leaving. "I understand. Star-walkers often are busy. I myself have business to attend to now that, blessed be, you imparted your seed upon me. Have to perform proper rituals in the caves in my tribe. And perhaps cleanse myself of the earlier blasphemies... I show you forgiveness, but will share the story with my sisters. And they might not be as merciful against heretical acts as I was." She proclaims. Despite wording a thinly veiled threat, her tone was mostly playful. Is she expecting you to win those battles too, or simply hoping one of them will knock you down a peg for this? You might never find out, given as soon as you thought this, she had already left with the speed of someone clearly used to long and quick treks through vast empty wasteland, against the billowing wind. You'd think her legs were augmented somehow hadn't you had first-hand experience with them just a dozen or so minutes ago. Now there's truly nothing left here to do. You leave shortly after her.

She was standing right behind you, in her coat, with the hood casting shadow over her eyes. {Not Bimbo-or-Brute: Almost uncomfortably close, too.} "Hope this compensation for your victory was sufficient, warrior. Though you must understand I cannot be sure you won't try any foul play, given how it started. I'd prefer you exit first. That way you can't strike me from behind or track me as easily." She says in a calm yet strong and echoing voice, almost as soon as you turn around and back off noticing her proximity. "As for me? If I were to strike your back, I just had my opportunity to. No need to fear that. As much as I wish to, I didn't hate this exchange enough to punish you, nor liked it enough to reward you with another round with me... Though you might need to fear my sisters soon. And perhaps have rounds with them if you manage." She continues her thought, with something of a smirk visible on her protruding snout.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Who does she think she is to boss you around and threaten like that, after getting herself bred? If nothing else, makes you want to leave to not suffer the indignity of that sow-plough's foul mouth much longer. You spit on the ground as you storm off into the cold

Back to her domineering demeanour it seems... Though beneath that veneer, based on her playful tone, she does sound satisfied. You nod in thanks for the word of warning and head out back into Uveto's cold wastes

She seems to wish you well in her strange kind of way, but wants you to move on now too, clearly. You put her through one strange ordeal, to be fair; perhaps she needs time to collect her thoughts. Meanwhile, you prepare to face more of her sisters as you venture back out from the cave.

}.
/

You can hear faint laughter behind you, disappearing in howling wind.

"Thanks again for the experience, warrior." You can hear her say, already clothed, as you turn to face her. Looks like she was about to leave. Seeing you face her, however, her eyes brighten up a bit. If a bit stiffly, she blows you a kiss, the motion not exactly steady. Immediately she tries to explain herself. "That's how you star-walkers say affectionate goodbyes to each other, right? Or show them, rather? I am certain I heard it in one of the stories..." She seems kind of flustered by trying to

emulate the galactic culture. It's kind of cute, really. You wonder if she'd... "Oh, I am staying here in case you started thinking otherwise, judging by your smile. Just making sure I am not embarrassing our kind in front of our neighbour. Seems like I didn't. Hopefully my sisters won't either. You'll see them soon." And with these words, she's gone. Damn.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

 You are sure she would have made for a nice submissive slut for someone

/

 Seems like you aren't aiding in civilising the natives this time

/

 It'd be fun to show her all the things technology has to offer and try and get her the uplifted status

}.

Oh well. Without much to stay in the cave for any longer, you leave shortly after.

}

// The victory thing goes here. Has a chance to impregnate her but less so than if you went to fuck her and go hard route. Gets you tiniest bit towards Kind personality.

Cum on her paws

{if pc is taur and longest between x and y > 35":

 It takes quite an effort and skill, but you manage to time the moment of your release with pulling out your massive shaft from between her paws near perfectly

/

 You decide to not give it too much effort - or perhaps simply lose yourself in the pleasure of the moment, and simply cum as you are.

 {if longest between x and y > 35":

 Launching an upwards fountain, that almost hits the ceiling before being dragged downward by gravitational forces; straight unto you, and the priestess.

/

 Against the priestess's pleads, and straight onto her feet

}}.

Her pads are thoroughly plastered in your [pc.cumNoun],

{Pc cum output => 1.25|:

 and there's even quite the overspill on her legs and surrounding cave floor

/

 and on full display in the air, for you to savour, as she's frozen in shock

}.

As for yourself, you can't help to smile with satisfaction {Mischievous; partially from your misdeed, though mostly} from the release after being edged on for quite a while. You lump over

{Energy < 50%:

 from exhaustion coupled with bliss

/

 to admire the view and rest a bit after the encounter

}.

And that, unfortunately, lowers your guard down just as her mind catches up to reality and formulates a quick retaliation.

{if pc is taur:

To begin with, she gets on her knees and jumps on you, grabbing your waist. Her hands land just above the point where your torso curves, and she puts in newly regained vigor to topple you over to the side.

{Strength > 50%:

Of course you try to fight back as soon as you realise what's happening, yet you aren't in your top form... and part of you is curious what she wants to do.

}

With some effort, she switches to a grapple from the side, and spinning you around becomes easier from there. Once you regain stability, you are looking forth and upwards at the cave ceiling, your taur-body laid out in maximum length, with your back bent forwards.

/

Your {random: left/right} forearm suddenly falls under strain as she launches one of her hands at it, scraping you with her claw, and slamming it against the stone cold surface of the cave.

{PC legs > 1:

And whilst you are unsure when she got back her staff, what you can tell is that it is now similarly weighting on your leg from the other side. You are pinned to the ground.

/

Moments later, you feel something pinning the tip of your tail too; and by the looks of it, it's the priestesses' staff.

}

}

You are being observed by the priestess in scorn, from above. Not an unpleasant view, actually, especially given her accentuated and lightly dripping feline pussy is directly above your chest. As you watch a drop fall on it from you, you shudder. Whether from the moisture suddenly spreading across your body and its warmth, or fear, you aren't sure.

{priestess.personality:

"What did you do? By the spirits, what did you do, hm?!" The milodan grunts at you, shooting you a stern look from above while giving you a good view of her cum-covered foot by hovering it just above your head.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

The smug smirk fails to leave your face despite your position, even emboldened by her words. What did you do? Exactly what she deserved. Exactly what you wanted. You hope she will remember this.

/

After a brief scare, you smirk again at her words, blushing mildly {PC has fur: through your [pc.skinFurScales]}. You simply followed your desires. And you are fully content with it.

/

Yeah, actually, what did you do? You blush, mildly ashamed of yourself, and avert your eyes. It did make you feel good. But it was obvious it'd annoy her. Whatever comes next, you'll have to live with it, you suppose.

}

Seeing your expression only fuels her fire, however. She growls angrily before continuing to speak. "Well, since you enjoyed my paws this much, you slab of meat, clean them. Now. With your tongue!"

"You sacrilegious fool! I gave you a clear opportunity to redeem your spirit, and yet, you have done this!" The priestess shouts at the top of her lungs, echoing through the chamber of the cave, with the trained dictation and power of a well-practiced preacher. "All of this life-bearing material wasted in pursuit of what, my paws?! My only hope is you drew this punishment on yourself with intent for repentance for your unclean desires... But it shall come to you regardless. Lick. It. All. Back. Take back in your cum, clean it off my paws and wash away your sin with it. That is your penance!"

As you look up at her face, she sighs. "I didn't expect much more from an insolent paw-slut like you. So, if you tried to make me angry, you failed at that. However, don't think that spares you the punishment. The cum on my paws. It's regrettable. And I want you to get rid of those regrets so I can walk out of here clean and forget about it. Your mouth will serve the purpose." She says in her calm, monotone voice.

{Intelligence > 75% of max:

Though beneath that demeanour, you can tell she is actually at least somewhat disappointed by this turn of events. She's simply maintaining the act, not keen on giving you the satisfaction

/

Surprisingly able to maintain herself even after what you've done. It makes you rather uneasy, frankly. You are unsure what amount of frustration might be behind that facade of hers

}.

"Given just how much of a paw-slut you must be to pass-up a pussy like mine, you'll probably enjoy this anyway, won't you? Oh well. At least it might be funny seeing how pathetic you are, if so."

You hear her click her tongue in apparent disappointment. "Well, I hoped I performed well enough to afford your grace. And apparently I did not. Or you had no intention of selling it in the first place. Either way... I am not walking away from here with dirty paws, and since you seem to love them so much... Would you?" She says, before positioning one of her paws over your mouth with clear intent. Despite her smiling and flirtatious tone, you can't help but feel mildly unnerved.

{Intelligence > 75% of max:

Supposedly bereft of the pleasure you were to give her exchange she went out to get it from you herself. At the cost of your humiliation.

/

Feels like you flipped some switch in her when you came on her paws.

}

{if Hard: You begin to mutter in objection but are stopped before you can truly be heard.} "The question was not to be answered, by the way. Now, lick, you little paw-loving thing. Repay your dues."

}

Shortly after she finishes you find your [pc.mouth] stepped on, with quite some weight behind it{if PC has a goo body: , sinking into your form}. And your own cum dripping onto your face.

{Not Kind or Bimbo: {if PC has a goo body:

You could probably squeeze out of this if you tried, but you aren't quite used to bending your body into amorphous shapes. It'd also likely only further the priestess's hostility and it's uncertain what she'd do then. On balance, it might be better to stay put. Cum absorption is something galotians are used to anyway.

/

You wriggle and writhe, not quite content with your position, yet ultimately there's no use. The priestess locked you in place with her foot and staff.

}}

To make sure you are fully secure, she sits down on your torso, above your crotch, moving her face out of your sight.

{PC has <3 eyes:

Not that you could see much anyway, with her toe-beans partially covering your eyes.

/

Acquiring an above-standard number of eyes didn't increase your field of view by much, unfortunately.

}

Looking at the bright side of things, the weight from the foot lifted and transferred elsewhere, so you can get on with the task she gave you

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo/Brute:

and be over with this sooner

/

properly

/

to make up for what you've done

/

and taste her yummy toesies

/

without having to lift her whole foot with your tongue

}.

You take a breath with your nostrils, savouring the vinegar-like smell of her sweat and being reminded of cum which already leaked onto you, cold against the air you inhaled.

{Intelligence >90% of max: Actually, what is the air composition of Uveto? You'll have to check that out, but not now.} Alright. It's time to get to this.

Your [pc.tongue] scoops out the first drop of your cum from her paws.

{PC cum is Honey, Chocolate, Eggnog or Sugary:

At this moment you are glad that you decided to mod your cum into [pc.cumNoun].

You can almost forget it came from your dick, and it's sweet, too.

}

{Pc cum is Nyrea:

The granular texture of your eggs feels strange under your tongue. And the fact that there are eggs makes the whole experience stranger in general. But, trying to focus on more earthly consideration, you probably should wash your teeth after this; certainly wouldn't want these stuck in there.

}

{Pc cum is Gablinami:

It's oily texture, while making her toe-beans glisten nicely, makes the process of scooping it up more difficult. Your tongue slips up all the while the lubricating [pc.cumGem] substance barely latches onto it.

}

{Pc cum is Peppermint:

The taste of minty spice quickly hits and fills your mouth. Kind of like swallowing mouthwash, only more viscous, and coming from your own {PC has balls: balls/subdermal glands}.

}

{Pc cum is not Peppermint, Goblinami, Nyrea, Honey, Chocolate, Eggnog or Sugary:

It's... not that bad. The [Pc.cumVisc] mixed in with her sweat and melted snow water, making it go down easier, and the [Pc.cumFlavour] [Pc.cum] of yours is definitely palatable.

}

After the first, mildly-dreaded scoop, it only gets easier from there, and you get used to the movement quickly.

{if PC's tongue is Dexterous and Long:

Your [pc.tongue] is actually quite perfectly suited for the task, easily and precisely reaching even the deepest crevices thanks to its length and manoeuvrability. No curve of her soft pads remains unexplored as your tongue slithers around them with precision and grace.

/if PC's tongue is Dexterous:

You have easy time tracing all across and between her paw pads thanks to dexterity of your [pc.tongue].

/if PC's tongue is Long:

Thanks to the length of your [pc.tongue] you can easily cover the width and length of her paw, although reaching some crevices still requires awkward head tilting.

/

It's still mildly troublesome to reach some areas of her paw, especially given she's still stepping on you, and you have to adjust your position rather frequently, but the pace is sustainable.

}}}

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind/Bimbo-or-Brute:

Your tempo is quite erratic; whilst wanting this to be over with, you also don't have particular enthusiasm for it, ending up taking it at mostly slow pace with occasional bursts. The indignity of your situation is quite bothersome, and you struggle to find a bright side for it. Sure, curvature and form of aroma are there, but hardly compares to

the pawjob you received straight before, or a variety of other sexual activities you can easily think of

/

Lick after lick, and gulp after gulp, you progress while feeling her out with your tongue and inhaling her smell. Likely not the strangest thing you've done so far, yet certainly not the most common occurrence. You enjoy the uniqueness of it, and through it, can bring yourself to enjoy other aspects of it as well, despite it not being the most leisurely task

/

With due diligence, you slowly but surely clear off the cum you spilled over her. Resting beneath the lowest part of her body, one you had her please you with feels... Strange. But not necessarily bad. You find yourself somewhat enjoying this strange form of repentance for your misdeed

/

As ever trying to get the fullest out of the experience, you truly try to smell and taste as much as you can. It's all quite tasty. Cum obviously, but also her. Her flesh is as soft as if you were sucking on a breast, but smelly like a cock. A nice blend of two worlds. Speaking of cocks, you can smell yours on her paws too. It only makes sense, given it was between them so long. You enjoy soaking it all in

}.

You are largely left to licking, exploring and cleaning every little crevice of her foot, while she sits heels-up unseen to you,

{if PC has Myr Venom:

unaware of your secret weapon; the aphrodisiac venom you are massaging into her soft pad flesh.

{priestess.personality:

Rather predictably, the pleasant sensation exceeded what she expected out of what was to be just humiliating you. Or so you can presume from the silent purr that fills the air before she speaks up. "Ugh, this isn't right! I am supposed to be feeling good at your expense, not feeling good because it feels good... Why does it feel good?!" Of course, with her paws on your face, that question remains unanswered. {If PC is Mischievous: Not that you'd say anything even if you could; it's funnier this way.} She's clearly growing more and more frustrated with this enjoyment she found, as she jerks your head around with her paw impatiently.

Eventually, she lifts off her foot and practically kicks you in the face,

{Pc cum output => 0.75!:

splattering some of your cum off onto you and the cave floor behind

/

{If pc's head is goo:

temporarily indenting it, and even sinking a bit in it

/

causing the back of your skull to bounce against the hard cave floor

}}.

You are forced to stop licking, which gives her a moment of relief from the stream of pleasure you've been serving her. She pushes her foot off to the side and leans forth. With your newly freed eyes you can witness her again, bearing a seemingly concerned expression on her snout.

"Hurt? I hope not, but it looks so. Damn foolish fragile star-walkers... Did not intend to hurt this time. Apologies. Hardly humiliating if you are getting beaten to it, yes?" Well, at least she apologized.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind

Did she not, you'd probably knock her off. The only reason you are even putting up with this is to embarrass her and lick some paws

/

Not that it felt particularly heartfelt

/

You do kinda deserve it, probably

}.
/

After a moment of gasping and consideration, she smirks and continues speaking. "Feel mad at you still, don't think otherwise. Yet quite the pleasure you are serving. Feels wrong, feels frustrating, feels...right. A lot of feelings, if you understand. Gets me in a mood like hunting some meat to gnaw. And I want you to continue. Now." Then, your view gets obscured by a paw again.

She spontaneously swaps positions of her paws granting you a brief glimpse of her clearly blushed face. Having not much other choice, you simply begin anew on this second foot, though your silent duty doesn't last long before being broken by her voice. "This clearly isn't right, somehow. What profane sorcery is this..." She mutters to herself. Her breath is shaky, and the paw above you trembles. She seems confused, perhaps even scared of the alien arousal you are providing. Her body is reacting much as if you were enthusiastically eating her out rather than were being punished to lick her paws. As your tongue plunges in the crevice between her toes you can feel them tighten around it, and hear her take a deep breath in an attempt to regain her cool.

"Your heresy knows no bounds, does it? First forcing me into a profanity of pleasing you with my very own feet, then spilling the cum with which you could repay it, and fulfill sacred duties. And now, trying to corrupt a pure priestess such as myself through forbidden pleasures. I..." She breaks out into a monologue in a high and mighty tone, which only stops once you speed up licking off one the more stained sections, causing her to moan. The moan, relatively to her speaking voice, is weak and soft. "I will not give in. I will not! If so the spirits test me, I shall endure." She finishes. A soft crystalic ringing can be heard as she lifts up her staff and {PC has horns: gently nudges your horns with its tip before resting/rests} it on the back of your head. True to her word, after that she remains silent, or at least stifled, whilst you lick clean the final bits of her paw.
/

Despite it, she seems to be holding onto her grace rather well. Or at least trying to, with noticeable effort. "You are performing your task... sufficiently, paw-slut. Better than expected." She exclaims, her voice cracking, though still largely emotionless. Her willpower evidently isn't lacking, as should be expected for a zealous, masochistic tribal priestess hunting in such extreme planetary environments.

Her paw pads trace across your face, wiping cum into you, and providing new licking angles at every turn, with her trained back-bent knees doing a load of work to maneuver her digitigrade feet. You can focus on licking quite easily with her seemingly rendered docile. Explore every crevice, finding spots which seem to make her shiver. Feel her soft black paw pad flesh bend under the strength of your [pc.tongue]. All whilst your nostrils inhale the mix of your scents.

Naturally, that nice moment can't last too long, as she evidently recalls this was supposed to be a punishment. Her movement halts spontaneously, throwing you off the rhythm, after which she proceeds to push on you down, really making sure you feel the cold cave floor against your occipital. You gasp for air, the savoury salty and sour aroma filling you thoroughly. Then you hear her voice. "A little to... your left, now. It's still subtle and detached, but definitely commanding in tone.

{PC is mischievous OR Intelligence% of max + Energy% of max < 100:

Hearing that, despite the clarity of the instruction, at first your tongue wanders to your right. A brief experience of pressure being added to your face makes you realise it wasn't the right choice.

}

With some struggle, you reach the designated spot and despite it being clean by now, lick it almost reverently, to avoid drawing the priestess's ire whilst awaiting what she has to say further.

And indeed, seemingly satisfied, she raises her voice to make a request once again; Good. Good. Now back right and to... To me." Her voice is notably shaky, and now that your focus is back to it rather than her paws, you hear her gasping quite heavily. Not to get distracted from finishing this preferably sooner than later, you quickly fulfill her order, helped by her lifting the paw just a bit for easier access.

"It's annoying... how good it feels. I won't show weakness by switching to a different punishment, though. You paw-loving little... thing." She responds to your compliance, growling. Then goes silent, and judging from the sounds of her tail swishing against the floor, contemplative. Without further orders for now, you finish her paw quickly, and switch to the next.

The priestess seems to snicker strangely after a while of your licking. Perhaps it's finally getting to her? "You truly are a sneaky perverse little thing." She says after taking a loud breath. You don't have to wait long for her to explain what she meant. "You somehow put an aphrodisiac concoction in your mouth,

and I didn't even notice. Was this the way you wanted to give me the pleasure back all along?"

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind

You attempt to mutter in expression of contempt once more. It's not about her or her customs, it's about you! You won, so you have the right to have sex with her how you want, without them unnecessarily making things annoying like this. You'd think a wild tribal woman like her would understand the simple concept of might makes right

/

She nearly certainly knows it wasn't. And that you can't really respond. Regrettably, without her seeing your face you can't even give her a meaningful side-eye, so you end up just idly rolling your eyes

/

You can't do much more than vaguely nod as you defeatedly focus on her paws. Even if the thought came across your mind, it's rather shameful, especially given its addictive nature. You do applaud her reasoning though. She got it more or less right

}.

"Regardless, let's see... You have it in your mouth but seem resistant to it, somehow. Perhaps drinking it makes you immune?" She hypothesises, leaning forwards. As she does, you can feel her toes you've just been licking thrust into your mouth and spread aside, forcing it open. The next breath you take leaves you nearly choked on her taste and smell following this sudden intrusion. A lengthy tail of steam escapes your mouth, traveling up and alongside the curve of her paw, accentuating it. Then, right up to her freshly brought down face staring probingly into your mouth. Despite having skipped a heartbeat there, elongating it in your mind, the moment ends swiftly as she retracts back having taken the decision on the course of action. "On second thought, probably shouldn't risk it. It's bound to your very blood with your star walkers' metal magic, isn't it? That'd explain how I didn't notice you putting it in there. Yes, I sense it, hmm, it must be so."

{Intelligence > 50% of max:

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

More likely she sensed you getting a little stiffy at the thought of having her unintentionally making herself fully and directly addicted to you. Damn it.

/

Despite what she said though, and even knowing she does have some kinetic abilities based on her skill with the staff, it's safer for you to assume she simply felt your dick raise back again, right behind her butt. That should have been a good hint it's not the wisest idea for her.

/

You can tell she is bluffing, and suppressing her moan. It's probable she simply heard of rushers with strange biological enhancements, and genuinely doesn't want to risk worsening her state, fighting between her arousal driven curiosity and

safety concerns. You almost pity her, but she won't let you go until you are finished.

}

/

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

This kitten is a bit more cunning than you presumed. If she did drink some saliva straight from your mouth she'd surely have come to love it much quicker, and maybe learn some respect... It's alright, she's clearly suppressing her feelings and trying to deject. You'll get to her soon enough.

/

And you know it indeed is so, more or less. The fact she deduced it so easily mildly concerns you, but ultimately there isn't much she can do with the knowledge in this scenario.

/

Well, she got it right. Probably better for the both of you. If she got addicted by drinking straight from the source, it would probably not end pretty for her. She'd be either stuck in medication in her tribe, and probably incentivizing others to hate outsiders such as you, or desperately hunting for a fix that could never come, or push her into slaver's hands.

}

}

For a moment after that interaction, she remained silent. You are almost done with this paw by the time she speaks again. "Annoyingly good. Clever. Quite... Clever. There's something that can be done about it though, surely..." It's hardly a spoken phrase, it's more like she's muttering to herself. You can hear some buckles. She thrust her toes inside your mouth again, though just briefly, pulling it out and away into the air. As she retracts her paw you can open your eyes safely again. You see her face; and snicker at her frustrated arousal. Then you notice a plastic bottle in her hands. It's quite worn down and has a strap of leather around it, but it seems to have been a small soda of some kind. She places it on the ground. Her movement is silent. No sloshing around. The bottle is empty. "We'll see... We'll see." She mutters again. She hovers the foot you were just licking over the bottle. Much like the cum leaked from it before, now does your saliva. She's gathering it. That's the last you see until the other paw lands upon you.

}

/

enjoying your humiliation.

{priestess.personality:

She seems to particularly enjoy toying with your head by shifting it around with her foot, as annoying as it is when you are trying to lick it. Or, perhaps, exactly because it's annoying you as you are trying to lick it.

{if PC has a goo body:

You could probably just stick yourself to her and more-or-less vacuum the cum off her paw, but you don't want to risk whatever she might come up with, and you've committed to licking anyway

/

Though at first it was mildly pleasant, when your neck cracked as if you were some action hero, by now it definitely starts feeling strained.

{PC background is Pampered or Bookworm:

Staying with your head glued to a monitor all those years in childhood had its consequences, unfortunately

}

{PC background is Athletic or Austere:

Stretching your neck around was common warmup for you back in the day, but even you have your limits

}

{PC background is Balanced:

Even with the nanites in you, some biological inconveniences just don't go away

}

}.

Other than this involuntary neck exercise {Hard: and sheer indignity of licking her feet}, though, you can't complain too much. Of course she wouldn't make this too easy when this is supposed to be a punishment, and you were almost getting comfortable.

"Star-walkers. So funny what they can get off on sometimes. What silly idea to be pleased by the touch of paws on your crotch or face." She is laughing at you. She repeatedly raises her foot and stomps your face again and again, catching in a rapid cycle of disorientation as your eyes open and are flashed by light, only to get covered again. It isn't particularly forceful, though, not really a kick or anything with malicious strength behind it. More so, tapping, like a feline playing with its prey or a particularly interesting toy using its paw. Foot-paw specifically in this case.

Once it rests on you and you can lick it, she tries to angrily gnarl again, and shortly fails dissolving into a frantic, muted giggle. "Ah... I can't with you licking me. Your tongue on my paw is so... Can't stop laughing." You hear her through it. The tall, serious and muscly priestess has ticklish paws, it seems. You wonder if 'ticklish' is even a concept in milodan society. It gives you a renewed purpose in finding where exactly her weak spots lay, and having her laugh loud. That should be quite fun for the both of you.

And as you think, you do. The downside crevice of her rightmost toe's toe-bean. Her heel, normally raised up from the ground and untouched. The area around an old, small scar just to the side of her main pad. She laughs, boisterously, ever so deeper, trying to suppress it in vain. You can feel it reverberate through her entire body, down to her paw, which jerks around. She's gasping for air, and punching the cave floor. Until she snaps.

Her paw flies off your face. It was nearly all clean anyway, but the suddenness and cut away from laughing to only the sound of her heavy gasping is unsettling. At first, you don't open your eyes, prepared for the other paw to swiftly replace it, trampling you. But when that doesn't come to be, you do, cautiously, lift your eyelids just a bit. She's staring away at the cave wall, until she notices you, and moves her gaze directly at you. And a smirk forms on her face. "Ah, I needed a break to breathe. This is fun! Rough in a different way. Good alien-meat, you know I like it rough! Don't slow down now, show me all you got! Won't take a breather with the second paw." Her voice, happy and challenging, resonates through the cave. Indeed, the second paw falls on your face shortly. You tickled her and ticked her masochism. Now she's got expectations of your performance.

"Honestly, what were you thinking?" She suddenly exclaims whilst you lick up the curve of her middle paw pad. The question, presumably, being a rhetorical.

{Intelligence >15% of max:

In your current position it would be rather unreasonable to presume you'd even try to respond.

Your instincts kick in before your rational thought does though, and you briefly open your mouth, only to nearly gag on her toe and the cum dripping from it.

{PC snakebyte'd:

This sudden intrusion, much to the priestess's shock, sends you into a kick of arousal, trying to suckle onto her further to appease your hungering mouth-pussy. Unfortunately, the toe which triggered your oral fixation gets hastily removed out of you, then placed alongside its row on your bottom jaw and pushed to keep your mouth shut. Trinkets ring as she shakes herself off, mildly disturbed, disgusted or perhaps, embarrassed of the occurrence. Given she continues on as if it didn't happen, you may never know.

{if PC has a goo body:

You quickly shift your body so that doesn't happen, of course. You cover this toe thoroughly, and subconsciously melt down your head, spreading yourself across her entire foot, slowly sucking it dry as per her request. Having someone embed themselves into you like this, even if by accident, feels strangely nice. With more surface covered, the sensation feels more thorough, more intimate, and more vivid. Not as satisfied as you, and having taken a moment to realise what just happened, though, the priestess lifts her whole paw up and shakes you off. Not wanting to disturb her, especially whilst she's in control of the situation, you give out and reform your face for her to

place the paw back on. She's silent for a moment after, you'd guess, trying to recover her train of thoughts.

/

Seeing you make a fool out of yourself clearly must look appeasing from the outside, as the priestess lets out a snicker. You scramble and start sucking off her paw pad a bit to get more cum out and this punishment done faster, yet that only alerts her to pull it out immediately, likely as to not have you cheat. Her paws are back on your face as you spit out some fur the feline woman left behind, to the accompaniment of her voice, commenting on the incident. "Not much, it looks like." That statement, too, seems to warrant a snicker. You get back to licking.

}

}

}

"No, perhaps a better question is what I was thinking, venturing out just because of what my sisters were saying about you. Alikening you to some heroes from our legends, ha! You are just a nice, whimpering footslut. You wouldn't have won the combat were it not for the forsaken metal magic you tempt our kind with." She continues her tirade as you continue licking her paw, before pausing for a breath. You think she's sizing you up.

{Strength >80%:

"No, you would still have won, wouldn't you? There is an undeniable power in you, despite your wrongdoings."

/

{Strength >40%:

"Hmh. Maybe you'd have a chance."

/

"Pathetic weakling. No chance."

}

}

By the time she concludes the analysis, you have just one of her toe-beans of this paw left to lick off dry. She sighs, bringing her other foot above your head, to swap them as soon as you finish. Residues of your cum still stick to it, and as she moves, a bit of it forms into a larger droplet, you can observe with your now-freed eyes. It lingers for a moment, stretching down on a thin line, before it snaps and falls down to hit your [pc.face] right on the forehead. "Punishing a blasphemous little footslut like you is a form of reward and satisfaction of its own, don't get me wrong. But not quite the kind I anticipated. Nor the most holy course of action. Oh well. It's time for you to meet my second paw." Your face is momentarily freed and you take a deep breath in a haste. And by the time you breathe out, the steamy air escaping your mouth bounces back off her second paw and onto your cheeks.

/

In fact, she seems to be quite focused on it. Whilst you can feel her move, likely to observe you, she's otherwise very silent, allowing you to focus deeper on the experience. Sound is still part of it; the wind howling against the cave's entrance. Her breath, slightly ragged. The wet noise of licking her paw-pad flesh and swallowing back your cum. The sultry smell of her feet, intense in otherwise cold and relatively fresh air. Her weight upon you, shifting around and keeping you pinned. All these feelings are enhanced and more focused thanks to the fact your vision is obscured.

Alas, she seems to catch on to the fact you are enjoying this humiliation a touch too much. And so you could discern from her earlier demeanour, she's not one that would let it slide. "Utter paw-slut." She succinctly insults you at first, before expanding. "Down-trodden, alien-meated toe-sucking disrespectful little foot-freak paw-slut." She laughs, as you've just sucked up one of her toe beans clean. You try to tune it out and focus on licking further. "You really do enjoy it, don't you? Hah. Funny how docile and pleasing you can be whilst licking your own cum spilled in sacrilege on a person's paws. After you disrespected her so profoundly, leading to that sacrilege in the first place, no less. Frankly it's quite depressing I lost to somebody like you..."

Whilst you can't read her facial expressions, based on her voice you can tell she was at least somewhat genuine with this. Something about it feels more emotional and somber than before.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

She deserves to feel bad for putting you through this indignity. Though her complaint is vapid and aimless. You won. That's all that matters. If she didn't want to risk getting her oversized gray-furred ass kicked in, she shouldn't have gone out of her way to attack you in the middle of icy wastelands.

/

Even so, you don't feel too bad about it yourself. However pathetic she might see you as, you won and earned what you did. And aren't complaining too bad now either, despite the unusual and sudden punishment. You are having your fun. And she's clearly having hers.

/

Despite the cold nature, there must have been a somewhat naive part of her hoping you'd fully abide by their customs, and associating a good fight with good, vaginal, sex. Hoping that you'd stand up to some ideal, disappointed in her disillusion. It could be almost touching, if she didn't preface it with a flurry of insults.

}

Whilst thinking, you manage to finish licking her first paw, and don't have to wait long before the other is shoved into your face.

/

In this mutual enjoyment, though, lurks something mildly fearsome. Even mostly deprived of sight, you detect her calculating gaze on your form, shifted from seductive and disrobing to one practically dissecting you muscle by

muscle. Her fingers venture across your chest, analyzing, probing. Like
rushers, exploring every crevice to their own unforeseen ends.

{pc.skin is regular, latex or plant:

Her sharp claws scrape just at the surface of your flesh. Not quite
deep enough to make you bleed, yet deep enough that sense of pain
and unease washes over you. An unpleasant tremor reverberating
through your entire body. She's re-establishing dominance. If she
wanted to she could flay you right here and now and perhaps add you
to the composition of her leather belt, but chooses to go through this
strange form of repayment instead. A trickle of cold sweat runs
through your body down your chest, leaving the skin it runs through
vulnerable to the cold. She moves quickly. You feel it, hear something
on her waist detach or perhaps open. A sort of small sort of rag lands
just below your chest, taking the moisture in. It's more like a
handkerchief in size, and you can't exactly figure out what it's made
out of just from the touch. Yet as soon as it's sufficiently wet she
simply takes it away back where it came from. She might have
decided against taking a bit of your skin. But she still found a way to
take your smell with her, whatever she might do with it.

}

{pc.skin is goo or gel:

She digs into you, her movements slow due to the thick, sticky nature
of your skin. Small crevices form and shortly stick back together on its
surface, with a squelch you can't hear, muffled by the noise of your
continuous licking and your breath, yet one you can feel. It sends you
into a jitter, your sticky form wobbling out of shape. She retracts her
nails slightly and smooths it back down, only to trace through it again.
Then, a clutter. She brings out something, out of her belt. And you feel
it on your skin. Feels like a standard plastic bottle, likely carelessly
thrown out or outright dumped in the wilderness. And now repurposed
by her. Sticking into you. Taking a sample. She took away a small
fragment of your very body. And puts it back onto her belt, likely to
bring with her once she leaves.

}

{pc.skin is scales or chitin or bark:

The nail of her index gets under your outer layer and to your
vulnerable [pc.skin]. Not quite peeling but leveraged upwards,
pushing, feeling kind of like a mix of pulling on a hair and having
something stuck under your nail, both rather unpleasant. When she
pushes sufficiently deep inwards, she wiggles her claw inwards, then
switches to another part. After some searching she finds what she
was looking for; a loose {pc skin is scales: scale/segment}, that she
can easily cut and snatch away. And, she pulls. It hurts. She took
away a literal piece of you, and pockets in some leather satchel, by
the sound of things. You are left to wonder, what for.

}

{pc.skin is feathers:

She ruffles through your plumage, tracing her hand through its barbs, spreading and bending them out. Eventually, she lingers on a singular feather, tracing a ring around it with her finger, and somewhat delicately plucks it out. Your compulsive twitch only digs your head further into her paw, gasping in her smell. Shortly after you hear something like a buckle opening and closing. She took it to remember you by. For better or worse.

}

{pc.skin is fur:

She strokes you against the nap, burying her hands within your [pc.skinFurScales]. You end up quite tousled,

{Bimbo-or-Brute:

not that you really mind. It's sexy in its own way. What you do kind of mind, though

/

though luckily her hands aren't wet so it will be relatively easy to tidy. What isn't so lucky

}

is that she proceeds to tug at it in places, straightening the hairs back out, bit by bit, clearly to make sure you aren't fully comfortable in your task. At one point, she tugs you for a longer while, keeping a patch strained up just below your chest. Then, you hear leather rubbing against leather, a cling, and sharply, the fur she held is cut short. She doesn't comment or elaborate, and you hear the noises, coming from around where her belt should be, again. She's keeping a bit of you, for some unknown purpose.

}

You can't do much more than continue licking. At least, you are almost finished with this first paw. Its main pad which you are tackling at the moment, kind of substituting the ball connected to the arch on a foot more typical to you, takes the most time by far. It's weirdly shaped with an oval protrusion in the middle splitting it into three sections; one for each toe, easy to presume. Lick at a time, digging into crevices and conquering the strange hill in the middle, you finish, rendering the paw finally clean. She lifts off her foot, allowing you to breathe the cave's air, and glance at her face. Fury, wild, feline, sharp, smug and grinning face, its eyes staring at you with a mix of amusement, annoyance, and maybe a touch of pity. That's what you see before her second paw lands square on your face.

}

}

{priestess.personality:

The claws of her second paw tap against your head as you get in the rhythm again. A more intense one. When you dare slow down, the force of the claws increases, prickling you just enough that dopamine kicks you back to speed. Her other paw rubs against your cheek, in part to dry it off your saliva, and in part to tease you with the

tender flesh of her toe beans you have shown fondness of. The cave is filled with continuous wet squelches of you licking, and her strange, ragged purr. She's definitely enjoying herself. Perhaps a bit too much.

The progress goes, adequately, fast. Though she's quieter this time, you can taste increasingly more sweat, and hear her tail swish across the cave floor, indicating you are doing a decent enough job. Heel, main pad, toe pads, areas in between, each lick brings you closer to the finish and solicits a small tremor of pleasure running through her. Each tiny bit of cum cleaned and swallowed a measure of your repentance. Each tiny inch covered with your saliva is a conquest of territory. You lose yourself in softness, taste, texture and the thought of pleasure you are giving her.

The finish, or at least, the moment she considers you finished, comes sudden and without ceremony. She lifts herself up, likely anchoring her hands besides you, lifts her foot, leverages your chin with it, and kicks you away. As you raise up to see her, she falls still on the floor in your stead. For a moment, there's silence, and she doesn't move. You immediately

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

presume she finally learned her proper place and came to grovel and apologize after seeing your skill

/

think it was more than she bargained for, and compounded with earlier battle she fell from exhaustion

/

start to worry it might have been too much for her and she passed out because of you

}.

But, a moment later, you are proven wrong. Her mouth opens. And out it erupts

{if PC has Myr Venom:

echoing, purring, moan. Intense, lewd, amplified by the walls of the cave. If you didn't have a clear view of her vagina, you'd presume she was having a strong orgasm. But no, it's just the relief from the venom you laced her with.

/

wild, near-deafening laugh. It twists her frame, forcing her to bend up to her stomach and bring her arms together against it. It feels like the very walls and ceiling of the cave shake under its volume.

}

She's certainly got lung capacity. And the willpower to save it whilst you were cleaning the paw.

By the time it ends, you are already standing, looking at her from above. She looks like a mess, her fur a bit disheveled, her belts just slightly off. The cleanest part of her are probably the paws. And you are happy you made her that way. "It was fun." She says, her voice as ragged as her fur, her chest raising unevenly. "You definitely earned back for your heresies. Now go. I'll rest here for a moment." And with that, she drags herself to a nearby wall, her big chest jiggling noticeably as she goes, and

her paws on perfect display. You look at your work and her glistening toe beans for a moment, before following her word. Indeed, the wide galaxy is awaiting you. It's time to go.

You continue licking, accompanied by nothing but silence. It's not absolute, broken by the sounds of you two breathing, the wind howling at the entrance, and perhaps most vitally, your tongue getting some real exercise. Yet, the previously loud and scornful preacher keeps to herself, unnervingly quiet and in doing so rendering the clearly present sounds to feel like silence, through sheer charge in the atmosphere. The very same charge seems to manifest with your every lick, making them feel electric, coursing through your bodies. Her, trying to suppress it. You, shivering from the strange sense of judgement and pleasure. Whatever you may say, she certainly commands the surrounding aura. Even without using the shamanistic magic through the staff in her hands.

Short after that thought forms into your head, though, a distinct green glimmer flashes through the thin gaps in the blackness of your covered eyes. "Let's see how you like some unfair tricks of my own." She comments, as it becomes obvious you are about to experience some visions. While quite vulnerable to them at that, as you've already numbed your senses concentrating mostly about her.

And then they come in. Intensely. Unlike in the battle, where they simply, invasively, flashed through your mind, as if you had sudden intrusive thoughts, here they seem... quite benign. And encompassing. As if you were, actually, actively, thinking through them.

The stone flooring under you seems to recede. For a moment, there's nothing; just you, suspended in a dark void, licking. Focusing on the sensation. Everything melts into a pot of feelings and experiences. A sudden warmth washes over you. You feel... a furred carpet under you. Quite like her fur but distinctly rougher, bristlier, distinct, not quite as good, and not of milodan origin. Something she might actually have, wherever she lives. And still quite much nicer than just the hard floor. You hear a distinct sizzling of something being burnt. The fire comes from a campfire. Picturing it in your head, you open your eyes. Or at least, experience the sensation of doing so. You can feel the paw on your face and your eyelids being closed, yet you could also swear you just opened them. You are laid down, in a camp against a cliff, its tents made from leather and bone. On some brown fur. And likely, whatever it belonged to is what's being cooked. You can smell the meat. There also seems to be mushroom soup, largely unattended to. Imagining the tastes makes her paws feel more delicious somehow, and renews your favour.

Now that you think of her... She's there. Sitting on a rock, her legs stretched forward together, and paw pads presented exactly on your eye level. Shiny, succulent, soft. Her fur seems softer and cozier too, especially with the carpet as the point of reference. Her arms are apart, one holding the staff, whilst the other seems to be gently patting an salvicite fertility idol, of some sorts. She's looking at it, smiling warmly. It depicts a pregnant woman, but also, weapons around her womb. You can hear children laughing. You can hear warcries. You can hear victorious roars. All in

quick succession. She stands up, spreading her legs. You see her pussy now, dripping wet, exacerbated and punctuated by the sway of her wide, welcoming hips. She licks her fingers, and puts them in it, spreading it out, making sure you look as deep as you like. You can easily imagine having sex with her. Wild, tribal, rough, and yet intimate and warm all the same. You can imagine the force and hunger, spirits of the heroes of her people cheering you on. But that's now what you feel and see. She simply wanders off to the edge of the camp, still swaying around, her butt bouncing and her trinkets shaking rhythmically. She looks back at you, and laughs.

The vision ends. Your head is a pool of drool. Apparently she actually stood up and left, at some point, and is now at the exit of the cave, laughing. "That was quite enough. And felt surprisingly nice. But next time... Think about it. Think about improving your ways." And with those words, she's gone. You clean yourself up and leave shortly after.

Eventually she manages to relax, leaning back
{x is longest and > 35":

against your continuously semi-erect cock, the accidental bump with her fur only making it twitch and harden a bit further. She stretches herself back a bit so that her butt leverages it down, flat, then lays down on it. You can feel her spinal column's ribbed texture against your length.

{Elasticity 3 or higher:

You can, also, be glad that you are used to being stretched around, given the unusual angle your dick is stretched in

A strange, pleasant experience contrasted by the feeling at your base; not quite pain, just the vivid sensation of her weight keeping down a muscle that wants to stretch up

}.
/

{if pc is taur or naga:

onto your stretched out torso

right between your legs, putting her arms atop of them; you realize, that's what her tail is

}.
/

Your cock lays mildly flattened beneath her, and the sounds of wooden clicks suggests she's fiddling with her staff.

}.
/

She puts her cleaned paw onto your throat, likely for it to dry up upon it.

{if PC has a goo body:

Of course it does little but activate a feign memory and reflex to gasp; you no longer really breath like you used to. Perhaps noticing your limited reaction, she pushes further. Into you. As you gulp down instinctively, you can feel the cum flow around her paw to disseminate in your main body. She definitely feels it too. Her way of making sure you continue diligently despite her not looking, probably.

/

It's gentle enough that it doesn't affect breathing, but your throat touches her pad once you swallow. She can monitor your working pace without looking this way.

}

"If you are enjoying this punishment somehow, perhaps I should focus on my pleasure too." She claims shortly after, laughing weakly. Momentarily, her legs stretch out a bit, pushing you into the floor with mild pain, before retracting. She did spend all this time on the ground, so it can be reasoned she just felt the need to... But you feel the sneaking spite in the act. She's frustrated by you. And for her pleasure, or vindication, she's trying to push that frustration onto you.

Yet, you can't really respond, or really show any sign of it back at her. Not that you feel like you want to. You are not a misbehaved milodan male glad to be in her presence that ventured too far. You are an alien that took their choices to their alien liking. She tries to push you into a box that you don't fit in to desperately re-assert a degree of control. She remains unsated. But that only breeds more frustration. And she can't afford to make it seen, either. So it's cold, and silent.

It is in her shifting around seemingly just to deconcentrate you, but then having to adjust for her own comfort. In movement of her paw, shifting around your face, making it harder to focus and maintain cohesion, but also leaning in, making it easier to access. It is also in her tapping her finger against the floor, waiting for you to finish, while also punctuating your each and every lick. The split is palpable. The frustration doesn't just make her annoyed, as she might want it to. It also makes her aroused. You can only imagine her blushed, scowling face. Occasionally, you can hear her mumble directions. Authoritative and snarly but held under her breath. Down. Up. Left. You follow them. One of her hands grips you tightly, its claws leaving a mark, and her tail swishes across the floor faster. But she doesn't stop or complain, and neither do you.

It isn't long after that you finish, and she doesn't waste a second to jump off of you. Raising herself to stand on your head, and bouncing off it, of course, to demonstrate that last shred of contempt. "Your penance... is concluded." She says with a certain finality and relief to it, though her voice is distinctly shaky now, and warm with the new strange arousal. Much different from her usual self. You look at her, her back to you, as she clutches her cloak and begins covering herself. Her wild hair, muscular shoulders, fluffy tail, damp pussy and trained knees all disappear under the leathery curtain. But at the last moment she hesitates. Before letting the cloak fully down, she bends down herself, and raises up one of her paws, slick with your saliva, observing it carefully. It shines and glistens in the light reflected from the white outside. Then, her piercing gaze falls onto you. "Thank you for your service. Even so, it is still heresy." She comments, hastily. She will need time to fully process this event. Then the cloak falls, and she runs into the cold, leaving you with nothing to do but shortly follow her step out into this strange snowy world.

And onto licking again. At least, this should be shorter, now that you are in the rhythm and some of it soaked off. You drive circles around her toe beans, getting out what got stuck in the crevices. Broad strokes cover the rest, trailing saliva and making her

shine clean. You'd focus more on the texture and taste, but instead, your mind is left to wonder what she will do with the sample she took of you. Simply put it somewhere as a trophy?

{if PC has Myr Venom:

Try to manufacture some sort of antidote? Try to replicate it for her own use?

}

Probably not to masturbate herself to it. Perhaps the intended use is more ritualistic. She could want to curse you for your improper, unholy conduct, as far as you know, and anything with tangible links to you could be used to that end.

{Bimbo-or-Brute:

Trying to figure out what is the hottest scenario, amuses you.

/

You consider worrisome implications of some of the potentialities. And fun ones of some others. You will probably never know exactly, though.

You don't even realise when you are done. She simply lifts the paw off you, and places it on your chest as a vantage to lift herself up.

{if PC has a goo body:

Her paw sinks into your body, but you make sure to not stick to her. The feeling of your goo getting in-between her toes and on her fur reminds you how much quicker you could have cleaned her foot if you didn't decide to stick to licking... Yet somehow, you don't regret it.

}

She gives you a stern, but weirdly seductive look from above before silently stepping away. Turning your head where she went, you can confirm her feet are glistening and trailing with your saliva. Furthermore, given she's leaning down to pick up her staff she previously set aside, you get a pretty good look at her feline, hungry pussy. It's also trailing, though with different kind of wetness. Upon standing up, she notices you stare, and lifts one of her legs to offer you a better look, and also present her paw, as if for comparison.

"You star-walkers sure are strange." She chuckles, her earlier animosity still definitely there, hiding in the tone, but subdued. "This felt surprisingly good, but, don't think I am letting you off just because of that. I hope you don't mind that I took a little something. It's for a just cause. Expect my sisters to be after you, soon. They'll know who to look for." While saying it, she corrects a ring at her ankle, giving you a look at her paw again. Then, she corrects one of her nipple piercings, aligning them to perfect symmetry with the other, and you can swear, moaning in the process. And after that vague threat and teasing, she grabs her coat and rapidly storms off outside. Truly peculiar... You stand up, gather your things and leave shortly after, her, weary that the priestess certainly took not only something of you, but also a predatory interest in you.

}

// The victory thing goes here.

Cum on the side

{if pc is taur:

{longest between x and y > 35" AND Aim% + Willpower% < 150%:

Unable to hold it any longer and too massive to move, your member throbs violently, pulsating and twitching as it discharges its load like a cannon... And onto the rocky wall of the cavern some

{Imperial measurement on:

6 feet

/

2 meters

}

in front of you, giving it a nice coat of [pc.cumColorNoun].

/

You thrust just a bit forward to assure nothing lands onto her. And just that one final thrust covering your entire length is enough to bring you over the edge. Her paws seem to push harder on your cock, too. The cum is practically squeezed out, shooting onto the cave floor.

}

/

You turn to the side, partially feigning, partially actually experiencing a bit of exhaustion. One last thrust, and your cock traces irregularly across her pads and away. You feel every single one, like an array of plushy beads, stimulating you as you shift. Apparently that is enough to push you over the edge.

}

A wave of relief and pleasure washes over you, a freeing bliss, the true reward for your victory. And soon behind it, the post-`{Silly mode: nut/coital}` clarity and the cold air of the cave. You fumble around as your eyes dart to the priestess's face. She watches you and the spillage in stunned silence. And she doesn't look quite happy.

{priestess.personality:

Snarling, grimacing, clearly annoyed. She doesn't waste time to push herself away, and bounce onto her feet, away from you and what you did. "Unfair. Unfair. Simply unfair!" She repeats, treading back and forth, agitated. "I played along with you. Done as I should. But the cum isn't in me." She goes on.

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

She looks like a child throwing a tantrum, going on about unfairness and throwing her hands around aimlessly. You did what you did, and now start gathering up yourself

/

"Well, no luck. Simply failed to push in." You respond, putting the blame on yourself, to console her a bit. Not exactly true, but should be easier for her to swallow this way

/

You don't really know what to say in response, simply gathering yourself up, in shame. You mildly shudder looking at your cum, though, you had a good a time at least

}.}

The priestess finally picks up her staff from the cave floor, bolstering it defensively. It's salvicite tip glows wildly, illuminating her snout and twisted grin forming on it, with a villainous green flare. "Next time. Next time, mark my words. I shall train. And you, powerful warrior, shall fall to me or my sisters and be claimed." She regains the bravado, yet clearly remains a bit shook from not having you cum in her. "Now leave me here. The rocks in this cave, and whatever else I might find will serve as my next practice." Immediately, she retreats into darker, deeper areas of the cave. She wasn't kidding.

"An expected outcome." She seems to sigh defeated, her eyes closed in thought. "Missing the mark happens even to most adept hunters. Clearly the spirits guided the fate against our sacred union, much to my disappointment. Might have to do with your sinful conduit regarding my paws." Of course. The idea it might have been your intent doesn't even cross her mind. In her holy world you simply, by fate, failed to push into her. You decide to not dispute it.

"For the sake of recovery from that sin and your next success, I shall run a quick sermon upon your seed. You are permitted to leave..."

{Hard/Mischievous/Kind:

Your jaw tightens. "As if you were the one with any semblance of power here..." you wish to utter, yet lies dead in your throat

You turn and cover your mouth, snickering at the idea you'd have to be allowed to do that

You adjust yourself and move respectfully towards your belongings, understanding the implication; she'd rather you not be here for those sermons, whatever they might be

}.

You watch her place a small, suspiciously phallic salvicite idol on the ground, and kneel in prayer, with her staff held up high. Between her volume and strange intonation, your translator struggles to make out any words. There is no reason for you to stay here, indeed.

"Disappointing waste." She remarks at the cum, coldly as before. Although, whilst her face was sometimes hard to read, it now displays a noticeable, plain grimace going across her short muzzle. She has moved herself away, but still remains on the ground, her knees bent and resting. Her gaze, unflinching, rests on you. It seems full of contempt, yet, with a dose of respect.

"Almost want to make you lick it all up, but, well... You weren't completely bad to warrant such punishment. It's just forsaken to the rocks of this cave, I suppose." She sighs, relaxing her posture a bit and shifting to look down at the mess you've made. It's still pooling and drooling around as her finger traces through it, smearing it around, before she throws it off absent-mindedly. Her face shifts back to its natural state of the cold and uncaring visage. "Now, go. I need to recover and think."

"Was I that good?" She seems to laugh, holding up her foot, and curling its toes teasingly. Yet, with a mild hostile quality to it, her expression doesn't quite fit this carefreeness anymore. She quickly stands up and composes herself, her wheeze winding down feeling somewhat threatening. Her hand runs up her thigh, before moving around various belts tied to her body, as she corrects them. "Or perhaps you came so fast you didn't realize what sacrilege you were doing... heard that happens to some. Either way, not gonna hold that against you too much. Can't cry over every bit of spilt cum, and you did show me a nice time after beating me. Remember, though, for the next time; try to put your cock in before the release."

After that, she turns around and ignores your presence, her focus transfixed on your cum. She's definitely more annoyed about not getting it in her than she shows. You can hear some chanting, and your translator picks up the word "fertility". She both analyzes, consecrates, and perhaps curses what you left here. You decide it's better to not interrupt and leave her to it rather than potentially annoy her when she doesn't appear too stable.

}

You stretch a bit from all this sitting, then grab your backpack and assure everything is in order. You had your fun here, but the snowy storm outside continues. A lot still waits to be explored and experienced. Taking a few sips from your vacuum flask, you get back into the wilds.

// The victory thing goes here.