

## // Party victorious

Each of the four kobolds lie dazed, battered, and beaten in various states on the dirty path. “Guh,” the biggest one chokes out, forced to his knees but refusing to fall all the way to his back. “G-give... shinies!”

Although the others are too bruised to keep fighting, and they know that, you can see that they still have some fight left in them – not enough for a second wind, but enough to pick up and do something perhaps a little less violent. And way more entertaining.

Or you can tell them to just leave.

[=Shoo=][=Roleplay=]

[=Shoo=]

It’s not worth getting any more worked up over a fight you’ve clearly won, and there’s nothing that the kobolds could offer you that you would want, material or otherwise. You tell them to get lost.

As if they were waiting for that exact command, three of them turn and slink away, their tails dragging across the ground flaccidly in defeat. [party.hasArona|The fourth, the largest with the horned hat, doesn’t: he stands his ground, albeit already on his knees, his grip weak on his weapon.

“<b>BOO!</b>” Arona shouts, stomping her foot once and lunging forward as she rears her fist back.

The fourth kobold dashes away as fast as his scrawny legs can carry him.[The fourth, the largest with the horned hat, hesitates, his jaw locked and his teeth bared, but when he hears his party skulking away without him, he relents and turns. From his body language, his pride is more hurt than his body.]

// List spoils of battle here

[=Roleplay=]

// No requirements

// Tooltip: They’re so desperate to serve a ‘higher power’. You might as well make that you for a bit.

You tell the kobolds up front that, no, they aren’t getting any of your ‘shinies’. No coins, no metal. But this doesn’t need to end poorly for anybody.

The largest kobold snarls with defiance, but you recognize what it is: bark with no bite. Even if he and his entire crew had all their strength still with them, they wouldn’t win a second round.

You continue that kobolds tend to be a subservient sort of race – they often answer to a higher creature on the pecking order. A long time ago, it was dragons; now, based on the way the others act around their largest, it’s whoever is in charge. And, if you’re not mistaken, that makes that you.

Each of the three smaller kobolds look up at you, listening to your words, and from the way they glance at each other with furrowed brows, they're considering it. You're making a lot of sense.

"What saying?" the largest kobold asks, one of his scaly brows arcing upward in confusion. Although there's a bit of defiance left in his stance, your words are getting through to him, too. Kobolds respond well to hierarchy and proven authority.

You lean forward and say it as clearly as you can: you're the [pc.mf|king|queen] for the next hour and a bit. You've earned the right. You want them to do what <b>you</b> say.

Each of the kobolds seem receptive to the idea. Even the big one comes around after a moment of deliberation.

[=Next=]

About a dozen paces east of where you encountered the kobolds was their camp, with their tents still pitched and with a campfire going, cooking what appeared to be a modest lunch. It's a safe place to set up, take off your gear, and let the subservient kobolds treat you like the [pc.mf|king|queen] you've told them that you are.

Once you take a seat and recline a bit, the two warriors are quick to give you a much more valeted experience: their hands are calloused from whipping around such heavy gear, especially the runt and his pickaxe, and they're both adorned with sets of claws nearly as long as your palm, but, to your pleased surprise, they're very gentle and even somewhat experienced when it comes to massaging your tired feet and your stressed calves. Their fingers roll between your [pc.hasClaws|own clawed toes|thin toes] to knead out what feels like a lifetime of difficult journeying on uneven terrain.

That's two of them put to work – quite a bit faster and more eager than even you were ready for – which still leaves the other two. One of them, you can tell to sit on your lap; the other, you could tell to massage your shoulders. You've gotten so tense and wound up since the fight just moments ago; surely, with strong, calloused hands like a kobold's, they'd make for a fine masseuse.

Who do you tell to sit on your lap? No matter who you choose, it <b>will</b> get sexy, and it'll involve them all.

[=The Largest Male=][=The Rogue Female=]

// I'll use a custom parser called {var0} and it should parse as {var0|Male was chosen|Female was chosen}.

Your lap is feeling particularly cold and empty. You instruct {var0|the leader of the troupe, the largest male, to occupy it. That only leaves the rogue slinger – you tell her that your shoulders are in dire need of rubbing.|the rogue slinger, the only female in the troupe, to occupy it. That only leaves the group's largest male, the former leader – you tell him that your shoulders ache after having made an example of them just moments ago. A good leader knows how a good subordinate is meant to act: you'll be judging him on his performance.}

At first, the male is hesitant, looking to the others to see their reaction. Of which, the other two males are still at work massaging your legs and feet – with eager aplomb – and the rogue slinger {var0} is all too happy to approach you, then circle around your body, her tender, clawed hands tracing along your [pc.skinFurScales] before her palms come to rest on your shoulders. Eventually, he relents and does as you command,

setting his scaly rump onto your naked lap.}is quick to take the position you've granted her directly onto your naked lap, sitting her scaly rump right onto your [pc.skinFurScales]. Eventually, with something of a frustrated sigh, he relents and does as you command, rounding your body and resting his own clawed, scaly hands on your shoulders – and he begins to knead and rub.}

One universal truth about kobolds, male or female, that never ceases to amuse you, is just how stacked they are below the waist. Some of them can be thin, or downright malnourished, but each of them have an ass that a bimbo streetwalker could only dream of. Your hand slides down {var0|the male|the female}'s back, at first for stability, but when your hand finds the plump cushion of {var0|his|her} ass as it spreads and squashes under {var0|his|her} own weight, you can't help but give it a big, thorough squeeze. {var0|He yips and straightens his back at the sudden movement, unsure at first how to feel being handled like this – but his tail shoots straight up, stiff as a rock, and he can't help but sigh in delight and relax a bit in your grip after the initial shock wears off. He even nestles into your lap a bit to get comfy.}|She shudders at your touch, her tail shooting up and erect for a moment, before she coos and relaxes into your arm, getting herself nice and comfy right away. She even leans forward a bit, which pushes her ass into your palm, giving you more scaly rump for you to squeeze.}

You ask {var0|him what a handsome, strong kobold like himself is doing managing over just three others in a cave. It's clear that he has skill and ambition that the others don't; he should be seeing over an entourage much bigger than this one.

"Um," he stutters, immediately flustered by your praise. He can't keep his tail from swishing behind himself, which has the knock-on effect of rubbing his butt against your still-groping, still-exploring hand. "I-I just do what told..."

There's something to be said about being able to follow orders. Some people are born natural leaders, but leaders can still be made – in fact, they can be better at being in charge, since they know what it's like to be on bottom, too.

Your left hand settles on the top of his sturdy knee, giving it a gentle squeeze. You ask him if he enjoys being the leader of his troupe – being on top, in charge, responsible for others. Or if he'd rather be the one following directions and orders: there's something very relieving and liberating about not needing to be responsible for how others perform, and there's a particular sort of pleasure in doing a good job for your superior. Maybe being on the bottom of the caste isn't always such a bad place to be.

The kobold shifts on your lap and gasps out once, nervously diverting his eyes from yours to look at the campfire. Underneath the thin cowl of his loincloth, you see a bulge beginning to form and a damp spot beginning to spread. "Umm," he hums, unable to keep a straight thought, so badly flustered by you – weren't you two fighting just moments ago? It seems like a lifetime ago, now. "F-following orders..."|her what a gorgeous, lithe kobold like herself is doing being lumped in with a bunch of lunks like her companions. It takes a special kind of dexterity to work a sling the way she does; with skills like those, she could easily work her way into being the leader of this troupe, if not a larger one.

She purrs, not unlike a cat's purr, as she rubs her butt against your hand and nestles herself deeper into your embrace. Her tail lightly swishes behind herself as she does, which unsuitably guides her butt across your hand. "Sounds like work," she says simply. "Sling rock. Get shinies. Get reward. Easy."

Sounds like she already knows exactly what she wants. And, you tell her, she's right: being a leader can sometimes be challenging work. It's all management: personal, resource, tactics – [pc.isBimbo|you usually try to offload all that junk onto

someone else so you can have more fun|even you have to admit that it can be a little perplexing and difficult, sometimes]. There's a very definite advantage to simply – and you emphasize the following by giving her rump a firm squeeze – following orders.

The girl on your lap hums as her purring resonates deeper in her chest. She leans into you, her nose tilted upward against your neck; her nostrils flare as she takes in a lungful of your scent, and her tongue slips out for just a second, getting a brief taste of your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]. “You give orders?” she asks, her voice low. “I would follow...”}

You smirk. {var0|He|She} likes taking orders. You wonder if that's true for the warriors still massaging your legs – you tell them that you're in need of a tongue bath. Again, without hesitation, both of them, subservient creatures in the face of a superior like yourself, begin lapping at the salty [pc.skinFurScales] of your legs thoroughly, cleaning every last inch of leg they can find.

{var0|The kobold on your lap gasps, his breath held in his chest as he sees his companions|The kobold on your lap hums, almost sexually, then holds her breath in her chest as she watches her companions} cleaning your dirty[pc.sfs], sweaty[, furry] legs. You didn't even tell them to do it, exactly, you just told them that you were in need of a tongue bath and they inferred the rest. {var0|The bulge in his loincloth quickly becomes more prominent. You ask him if he'd|A thick, heady scent of a woman in need of some attention quickly finds your nostrils. You ask her if she'd} rather replace one of them: on {var0|his|her} knees, following your instructions, serving you.

{var0|You're not sure if it's pride, or apprehension, or something else, that prevents him from answering. You see him mouth the word 'yes', but the words don't come out.|She watches the two kobold warriors with a mix of fascination and lust, but she doesn't answer the question. She'd rather just watch, at least for now. You wonder if the viewpoint – her sitting on a higher, elevated position compared to the two males made to grovel at your feet – has anything to do with her captivation.}

Now that the air is starting to get more electrified, you give {var0|his butt another squeeze, less firm, but more exploratory, your fingers roaming over the smooth scales of his posterior. Your left hand, meanwhile, travels in between his thighs, tickling at the sensitive spots along them. You feel the heat of his throbbing cock before you feel the dick itself, brushing slightly against the back of your hand. You remark that the sight of seeing his warband brothers doing something so... <b>subservient</b> for a superior is clearly very exciting.

He whines, leaning against you, his right hand pressing into your [pc.chest] for stability. When your hand gingerly wraps around his cock – just feeling it in your hand, it's not the longest (fit for a kobold), but acceptably girthy – he gasps out loud and lurches in your lap, humping into your palm reactively. His tail stands firmly erect behind himself, reaching up nearly as high as the top of your head.

You ask him if he does anything particularly lewd for his own superiors. If he's ever asked to tongue-bathe them, or present himself, or perform any other sexual act.

“Y-Yes,” he answers, rather quickly. You jerk his cock once, and he responds by fucking your grip, his cock throbbing in your palm. A wet shot of his pre coats your fingertips, making the next glide a little easier with the lube. All of this, and without removing his own effects, much less his loincloth.

You ask him what he personal favorite sexual act to do for his superiors is. “I,” he stutters, his breath clogging his throat. “I like to... take it.”

Where? In the mouth? Or – and you give his butt another firm squeeze, this one strong enough that he tenses his ass and nearly stands himself up – in the ass?

“Th-that!” is all he manages to say.

You ask him if he’s ever been on top. Used his position as the superior to his own underlings for his own sexual pleasure. Ordered one of them to bend over and present their scaly hide for his perusal and satisfaction.

This time, he once again hesitates. You stop stroking, less as punishment, and more so that he can catch his breath. “One, once,” he answers. “Once. I... not like as much as–” He doesn’t finish the sentence, hoping that the inference is enough. As a reward, you continue rolling your fingers along his meat, and he gasps and whines and starts thrusting once more, spraying another thin dollop of his pre into his own loincloth.

You think you’ve heard enough. It’s time to progress. |her butt another squeeze, less firm, but more exploratory, with your palm roaming all over the wide, scaly expanse of her left cheek. Your other hand, meanwhile, travels between her thighs, tickling at the thinner, more sensitive scales of her inner legs before massaging at where it meets her pelvis. This close to her goods, you can feel the heat of her swollen pussy straight through the thin veneer of her loincloth. You remark that the sight of seeing her warband brothers doing something so... **subservient** for a superior is clearly very exciting.

She hums, resting her head against your chest as she takes in the sight. You can feel her dulled, short horns lightly jab against your collarbone, but it’s not uncomfortable enough for you to push her away. When you twist your hand, you extend your middle finger and drag it along the cameltoe of her puffy, wet cunt, rubbing at it through the cloth. You use the bottom of your finger to press against her clit, and every time you do, she freezes, then shivers, then exhales shakily. Every little touch gets just a little warmer, wetter, and tighter.

You ask her if she’s ever done anything with her troupe. You get the impression that the one sheepishly cooking their lunch often lets his position get to his head and he starts bossing the others around.

“Once,” she answers, letting out a long, nasally exhale as she thrusts her hips forward, trying to grind herself against your rubbing finger some more. “He command. We follow. He did not like. He enjoy following.” Her lips curl upward wryly as she turns her head towards you, her wide eyes meeting yours before narrowing seductively. “Prefer my leaders to be... [pc.heightRange 0 60|better than him|bigger than me], anyway.”

This one’s a little minx. You’re supposed to be the one seducing her, and, while you’re pretty sure she’s seduced, she’s doing it right back to you.

But there’s only so much teasing and naughty whispering you two can do. You’ll just have to proceed.}

[=Next=]

[pc.hasCock|You rear your hand back and give the kobold {var0|‘commander’|slinger} a firm slap on {var0|his|her} ass, feeling all that scaly weight jiggle from the impact as your hand sinks deeper into the flesh. You tell {var0|h|her} to get up with a low tone, implying that it’s not a suggestion; {var0|he|she} does as you say, vacating your warm lap and standing between your legs, only for you to turn

{var0|him|her} around, grab {var0|him|her} by the collar of {var0|his|her} shabby effects, and push {var0|him|her} forward.

{var0|“Ah!” he whines as he bends forward. As you fold him, his tail shoots straight up, nearly whacking you in the chin as it arcs over his back. He can whine and wiggle all he wants, but his tells are apparent.}She obeys your commands without complaint, and, in fact, some eagerness: as you fold her, her tail shoots straight up, sensually coiling around your neck as she settles into a more comfortable position. She responds well to authority – or, perhaps, just to you.}

With a {var0|swipe|caress} of your hand, {var0|his|her} ragged lower clothing is {var0|pulled down from his waist into a pile around his ankles, exposing every part of his lower body to you|pushed aside, draped over her outer thigh and exposing every part of her lower body to you}. {var0|For the first time, you get a look at his package – four, maybe five inches, with a pair of nuts that, well, you’re sure are imposing on a kobold his size. But you’re more interested in the thick, wobbling meat of his ass wagging in front of you, his puckered asshole flexing nervously, yet invitingly, as if beckoning, or even daring, you to proceed.}You feel, and smell, her exposed cunt before you see it: dripping wet and puffy enough to make an addicted slut nod in understanding[pc.cockRange 0 6]. You don’t have the biggest dick in the land, but considering the differences in size... it’ll be a snug, comfy fit|. It’s going to be a tight fit, and she knows that... but given how eager and willing she is, you have a feeling that this is only going to end one way].}

The two warrior males that had been bathing your legs pull back from the sudden motion. You tell them that they did a fine job – not that you’re actually appraising their work, but you gave them an order and they saw it through. And you thank the {var0|female kobold for her service: your shoulders are feeling loose and light already. She responds by sauntering towards you and giving you a light peck on the cheek.}male commander for his work – in fact, his service was rather exemplary. You’re sort of surprised. Working with his hands to rub out difficult knots in bodies must be something he’s experienced with.}

{var0|The commander kobold [pc.cockRange 0 13|freezes at the feel of your dick in between the heft of his scaly cheeks. His finger[silly|claws|nails] dig deep lines into the dirt beneath him as he tries to relax himself, but the trepidation – or the excitement – of having a dick inside of him is too much for him to bear. He has to fight to keep from backing against you. And his own dick is flailing between his pillowy thighs, painting the ground with his pre.}gasps at the feel of your immensity, your <b>totality</b>. He may prefer to bottom and he may enjoy serving his superiors, but even <b>this</b> might be asking a bit much – your dick is nearly a quarter of his height! And yet, his nostrils flare as he excitedly exhales, and his body shivers with both apprehension and anticipation. He can’t decide if he wants to flee, or if he wants to back up and get started immediately. That’s just one more decision you’ll have to make for him.}]The slinger [pc.cockRange 0 13|shivers and sighs in excitement at the feel of your [pc.cock] landing squarely between her plump, soft ass cheeks, and she rubs and grinds herself backward against you, gauging your girth with her body as she does. Her teeth nibble into her bottom lip and she can’t help but smile, fantasizing about having a big, alien cock like yours invading her, taking her, claiming her. She has to fight to keep from backing up and taking you immediately.}gasps in surprise at the feel of your immensity, your <b>totality</b>. She may be willing and eager, especially with how lovingly her tail continues to caress your neck and cheek, but even she’s beginning to think twice once she realizes just what she’s working with. Your dick is nearly a quarter of her height! And yet, she can’t stop herself from grinding back against you and nibbling into her bottom lip at the very <b>idea</b> of getting split in half with your bitch breaker. She could flee, she could say no – but her mouth’s already said yes, and now, her body is begging.}]

{var0|You wrap your right arm around his tail as you sidle in closer, grinding your dick in between his big, meaty ass cheeks|She flips onto her back, her tail giving you one final caress, and you flop your [pc.cockRange 0 13||fat, intimidating] cock onto her belly}... but before you get started, you tell the {var0|female kobold that he has an unoccupied mouth,|male kobold that she has a mouth – if she’s willing to use it –} and the two male warriors, ever so willing and compliant with anything you want, that {var0|he|she} still has two open hands. They should do as they wish with whatever parts of {var0|h|her} are vacant.

{var0|The female is the first to respond, and rather eagerly: she rounds to the front of her prone commander, grabs him by one of his horns, moves aside her own loincloth, and shoves his face into her cooch. “Haah,” she sighs, her jaw hanging slack and her brow furrowing. Her hips shift and rotate, forcing the commander’s head to jostle along with the motions. He’s caught by surprise at first, but, after a gasp through his nostrils (and getting a lungful of horny lady kobold), he’s quick to assume his duties as inaugurated cuntlicker and thrashes his tongue forward, straight into her box.|The leader is somewhat hesitant to respond, less because he’s upset that you’ve usurped himself and his troupe, and more that he simply seems sexually timid. The slinger, though, showing initiative, snaps her fingers at him, and, almost like a trained puppy, he responds immediately, rounding you both and presenting himself to her open mouth. You ballpark him to be maybe four or five inches – impressive for a kobold, maybe – and as soon as his conical dick is against her lips, she lunges upward, taking it into her throat. For as reserved as the ‘leader’ might be, the slinger has sexual confidence to spare. You wonder if she doesn’t normally take command between them when they’re not in the thick of battle.}

The two males on either side of their {var0|commander|slinger} hesitate. On the one hand, your ‘instruction’ was clear, and {var0|their leader is very obviously in a compromised, yet willing, position, as evidenced by how enthusiastically he’s eating out their slinger.|the only girl on their team is taking charge of their ‘fearless leader’s’ trepidation by throating him almost aggressively, proving that she’s not in as compromised a position as it seems.} On the other...

... perhaps there isn’t really an ‘other’. You can see that they’re both horny – and, despite {var0|their leader being a good head taller, his dick is not larger than either of his subordinates’, including the runt – and his hands are empty|the slinger perhaps having a bit more authority between the males than she lets on, she’s willing – and her hands are empty}. The runt gathers his courage first, presenting his own throbbing five-incher to {var0|his leader’s|the woman’s} left hand, and {var0|the leader|she} closes {var0|h|her} fingers around it, pumping it seamlessly, like {var0|he’d been in this position and serving other males all his life|she’d been in this position enough times to know how to treat a dick}. It’s only a few seconds later that {var0|h|her} right is just as occupied, and just as busy.

In front of you are three gasping, panting kobolds, each of them {var0|having their way with their once-commander|getting their pleasure that the girl kobold had deigned them worthy to receive} in some form or another. {var0|The girl in particular is acting somewhat rough with him, holding him by both his horns and thrusting her pelvis harder and harsher against his snout, barking something in some language, and he quickly complies|The leader in particular, although tepid of pressing a bit too hard and too quickly, musters the courage to grab the slinger by her horns for something to brace against as he softly thrusts his hips, testing the pace she’s allowing him to move at}. You grind your hips forward, enjoying the sight in front of you – but {var0|he rears backward|she thrusts her hips upward}, reminding you that one part of {var0|h|her} is still being unused, and {var0|he|she} needs that changed.

{var0|With your right hand busy with keeping a firm grip on his tense tail, you use your left to hold his fat ass cheeks apart, and you use nothing but your buoyancy to guide yourself in. He's tight, but also rather receptive: this isn't his first round with something up his ass[pc.cockRange 0 13|], even one as big as yours], but it's been long enough for him to tighten himself up. Your inches sink slowly into his gripping, slurping asshole, pushing the tight muscles of his rectum apart. His back seizes up with pleasure, which slows his work on the others, up until the bossy slinger pulls on his horns and demands that he keep going.|Both of your hands reach around the slinger's wide hips, and your fingers quickly sink into the fat, plush meat of her ass as you heft her upwards. She groans in ascension as her legs clamp around your waist, keeping you locked to her, but still loose enough that you can realign yourself[pc.cockRange 0 13|] with some added difficulty] towards her wet snatch. Her body parts eagerly as you press inward, her pussy slurping down the thick, throbbing meat of your [pc.cock] as you feed more and more inches into her. Her back seizes up with pleasure, and her thick thighs pinch harder around you, but she maintains her pace with the boys as if nothing was amiss.}

The kobold leader blurts something out, his {var0|voice wet and muffled from the slinger's slippery pussy plugged against his mouth|words muddled and incoherent from the slinger's deft work on his cock. Good to know that, no matter what race you are, good head can turn you into a gibbering moron}. You push in, a few inches, then back out, then back in, sawing your dick into {var0|his tight, gripping asshole|her tight, gripping pussy}. Every push {var0|slams his snout into her pelvis and drives his tongue deeper into her box; you watch as she's forced to readjust her grip on his horns again and again because every thrash of his tongue robs her fingers of their strength.|drives her mouth deeper onto her boss's cock until she's throating the whole thing; you watch her throat bulge as five inches of kobold meat stuff it from the inside. There's quite a lot of confidence in how she's sucking that dick.}

{var0|“Boss is good with hands,” the warrior on your right says, in a somewhat-congratulatory tone.|“Always did fantasize about girl,” the warrior on your right says, in a somewhat-wistful tone.} His hips rock forward slightly, fucking into the {var0|kobold leader's|slinger's} squeezing fingers, coating the {var0|larger|lady} kobold's hand down to {var0|his|her} wrist in pre. The warrior doesn't need to keep one of his own hands wrapped around the {var0|leader's|slinger's} fingers: {var0|the bigger kobold rolls his clawed fingers and jerks his wrist, even as he eats out the slinger, and even as he backs himself onto your cock, bouncing like a whore on your meat|the more dexterous kobold rolls the grip of her clawed fingers as she jerks her wrist, all the while swallowing rhythmically around their boss's meat, and even as she rolls her hips onto your own cock to try and nestle you in deeper}. {var0| “Maybe Boss should get on knees more. Good fighter. Better cock-pleaser.” He looks to the slinger and snickers. “Better pussy-eater?”

“Hell yes,” she answers drolly, her tongue flapping loosely across her jaw.|“Always was good with her hands. Maybe should see to helping her boys more often.” He looks to his boss, currently root-deep inside the slinger's throat. “Right, Boss?”

“Shut up,” the leader says once, and the warrior complies immediately. Despite the words, his tone is distant and distracted – not from having his dick sucked, but from the sight of you pushing into her repeatedly. Every thrust you make, he flinches ever so slightly. Does he wish that he was in your position? Or does he wish that he was in <b>her</b> position?}

The smaller, younger warrior – a runt, assuming he's the same age as the others – leans back on his hands, his pelvis thrust forward for {var0|his boss|the slinger} to jerk his dick. His brow is lowered and his eyes are narrowed in pleasure; you're not



certain if kobolds can blush, but this one's cheeks are definitely at least a little pink from being raised so high since you all started. "F-Faster," he says, gently gripping {var0|his boss's|the lady's} left forearm, and, to your mild surprise, {var0|he does as he's told, his|she does as she's told, her} hand surging up and down the runt's cock at a faster pace, asymmetrical from the one on your right.

You lean forward, [pc.cockRange 0 13|driving every inch of your bloated cock in and out of {var0|his upturned rump|her elevated pussy}[pc.hasKnot|, with your knot slamming hard against {var0|his anal ring|her puffy, swollen vulva} with every push]|thrusting more and more of your big, throbbing cock in and out of {var0|his upturned rump|her elevated pussy}[pc.hasKnot|. This isn't ending until you've got your [pc.knot] inside of {var0|h|her}, and you tell {var0|h|her} as much – and {var0|he freezes and gasps through his nose, shocked at the very thought, until the slinger rattles him by the horns again to keep him going|she moans, sighing through her nose and lunging her hips upward against you, spurred at the very thought of you stretching her apart and ruining her for any cock smaller than your own. Despite, or because of, her excitement, she doesn't skip a beat with tending to the boys}}]. For a scaly lizard, {var0|his|her} ass is smooth to the touch, and the kobold's legendary bottom-heavy physique gives {var0|h|her} such cushioning that every thrust is like fucking a {var0|wet }pillow. Through your panting breaths, {var0|you tell him that a <b>good</b> leader would recognize the <b>needs</b> of his troupe, and would do anything and <b>everything</b> to ensure that they were met. Even, and especially, if it meant eating a pussy on command or offering his ass to his underlings whenever they needed relief.|you tell her that she's doing a good job – that the big, strong [pc.race] is <b>very</b> pleased with how she's performing. You tell her that if she keeps being good and keeps doing as well as she is, then you'll promise that she gets the <b>big</b> reward that she's after.}

"[pc.heightRange 0 60|[pc.race] in charge|Big [pc.race]] saying good things," the warrior on your right says. You can see the gleam in his eyes as he looks down at {var0|his boss|the slinger}, enjoying {var0|the change in position between them|getting some action, even if it's only her clawed hand}. {var0|If what the boss said while he was on your lap is true, he doesn't take advantage of his underlings very often – but then, the others having an outlet at all would be an improvement for them. "Suck, too, maybe. Swallow cum." Another, impressively-fat dollop of pre arcs from the warrior's cock. He's getting close. "Or wear like tribeswomen markings," he grunts.|If what the slinger said while she was on your lap is true, then they don't often have a lot of 'group sessions' like this, if ever – then again, being the only woman in the group, perhaps it's not an easy topic to broach. "Top, bottom. Hand, mouth. Follow leader, follow slinger. Don't care." Another, impressively-fat dollop of pre arcs from the warrior's cock. He's getting close. "Just enjoying."}

{var0|You can feel the leader's thighs clench and tighten around you, and his legs stretch out beside you, unable to get into a comfortable position with how much he's writhing. The slinger slowly rolls her tongue into her mouth and looks down, pulling back on the leader's horns slightly so that he's facing up at her. "He looks drunk," she says. "Having a good time?"}

"Mmmm," is all the leader says in response before craning his head upward, trying to fit more of his tongue into her box. She sighs, her own head falling to one side as she bounces herself on the leader's snout, meeting him halfway.|The lady kobold's thighs clench and tighten around your hips, almost to the point of pain, unable to get into a comfortable position on her back like this. You can see flashes of her long, pink tongue surging out from the seal between her lips and the leader kobold's cock as she works him over. "Are you okay?" the leader asks when she lets out a particularly hoarse sigh through her nose.

She, in response, cranes her neck further, taking him deeper, pressing her scaly lips against the leader's crotch. This is a woman that knows what she wants, and despite her mouth being full, exactly how to communicate her needs. Given her propensity for initiative, it's a wonder that she isn't the one calling the shots.}

Everyone's getting close – {var0|the leader might have gotten there once or twice already, you're not positive|given how the slinger's thighs repeatedly clench and relax, she might have gotten there once already, you're not positive}. You grunt as you {var0|press more weight onto his back, pinning his tail between your bodies|lean forward and press more weight onto her front, feeling her tail coil around your leg as you do}; the scales-on-[pc.skinFurScalesNoun] sound of your hips clapping against {var0|his|her} fat, wobbly ass echo off the trees and into the wilderness around you. [pc.cockRange 0 13][pc.hasKnot|Your [pc.knot] slams into {var0|his rim|her pussy} again and again with increasing ferocity, forcing it to yield to your onslaught, and it does, much easier than you were expecting: {var0|you off-handedly mention that only an experienced buttslut would be able to take a knot as easily as this one. Each of the other kobolds, including the runt, snicker at the idea.|you call her a good girl, mostly under your breath, but loud enough that she reacts visibly to your words by clenching her fingers, raking her claws across the leader's outer thighs. Hell, just to drive the point home, you idly suggest taking her home with you. She seems to like that, too.}|You slam into {var0|his [silly|boipussy|asshole]|her sopping wet cunt} again and again, {var0|his|her} body easily and eagerly accepting every inch of your cock, perhaps a little easier than {var0|he|she} ought to – {var0|you mention off-handedly to the other kobolds that their leader is a real bottom-bitch, from the feel of things. No anal virgin can take a cock as easily as he is. It's not a secret that he enjoys being on bottom, but just how <b>much</b> action does this kobold get?|you tell her over the sound of rocking bodies and slapping wet flesh that perhaps she should go home with you. A pocket this receptive and this capable ought not to be wasted. Ah, but you wouldn't want to tear her little troupe apart – maybe you just ought to visit them from time to time. A group get-together now and again ought to be good for their spirits.}]]Despite your immensity, your cock is almost fully sheathed inside of {var0|him|her} by now, [pc.hasKnot|with just your [pc.knot] still left to go|with just a few inches left to go]. It's an inevitability at this point. Your dick is gargantuan compared to {var0|the|any} kobold's – hell, it's longer than {var0|his|her} [pc.cockRange 12 18|calf|whole leg], and all of that is sawing in and out of this {var0|panting, whining thing that's begging for it with his body like a slut in heat. You tell the other kobolds that their 'fearless leader' might get better work as a call girl for some minotaurs. The slinger, at least, licks her lips at the fantasy.|grunting, passionate thing that's giving you her all out of eagerness, and her all to her companions with your instruction. There aren't a lot of women that would be capable, or even willing, to take a cock like yours, and this tiny kobold is handling you like she was built for it. Maybe she was. Maybe she ought to stay with you. Or, tearing their troupe apart might be cruel. Maybe you just ought to pay them a visit from time to time. Giving up a snatch <b>this</b> willing and capable would be undue to you and her both.}]]

Finally, the warrior on the right can't take much more: with a sharp inhale through a clenched jaw, a few, fat ropes of white jizz spray from his pointed tip, arcing through the air and coating the {var0|leader's back scales|slinger's belly scales}. It's not the biggest orgasm you've ever seen, but given the kobold's sizes, you're sure it's an impressive load–

Is what you thought, up until the runt cums next, spurred by the sight of his companion. Although the runt's equipment was only about the same size as either of the other male's, it's much larger relative to his body, and as such, his orgasm is <b>much</b> bigger[silly|. It makes sense to you, anyway]. Rope, after rope, after rope of thick, white cum spurts from between the {var0|leader's expertise|lady kobold's deft} fingers, soaking {var0|his|her} arm all the way up to {var0|his|her} shoulder and

across {var0|his shoulder blades|her biceps, up to her shoulder}. {var0|Even the slinger can't help but side-eye the runt, her eyes widening slightly at the sheer volume of his load|Given the side-eye glance that the leader of the pack is giving the runt, he's probably feeling a little inadequate}. Poor thing must have been backed up for ages to cum that hard and that much.

The sight of the orgy coming to its conclusion spurs you to your own finish[pc.hasKnot|, but not yet: there's one thing that still needs doing before things can end properly. [pc.cockRange 0 13|Y|Despite the sheer immensity of your cock compared to {var0|his|her} body, y]our [pc.knot] slams into {var0|his|her} tight, {var0|clenching asshole|dripping cunt}, demanding entry; {var0|his body is tight thanks to his own orgasm, but his mind is willing and attempting to yield, to allow you in so that when you cum, it'll be as deep as possible|no matter how fast you go, she has the energy and the willingness to push back against you just as hard. She wants every drop of your jizz inside of you, as deeply as it'll go. You wonder if you'll be able to crossbreed with her}.

Both of your hands {var0|come down onto his upturned ass|reach upward and grab tighter onto her plush ass} for a tighter grip and your thrusts get more powerful, more frequent, and more haggard. You hear {var0|his|her} breath catch in {var0|his|her} throat as a second{var0|| or more} orgasm comes over {var0|him, his cock firing more of his jizz useless into the dirt beneath his body|her, her pussy squirting thin spurts of clear fluids across your lower abdomen in between thrusts}.

With one particular push, {var0|his asshole|her pussy} spreads a bit wider, and your knot pushes a bit deeper. With every bit of energy the {var0|kobold leader|slinger} has, {var0|he|she} pushes back against you, just as desperate as you are – and, with a combined, concerted effort, you slip in, pushing past the fattest, widest part of your bulb and tying yourself to {var0|him|her}. [pc.cockRange 0 13|{var0|He's|She's} somehow taken every inch of yourself into {var0|his slutty asshole|her yearning honeypot}. Frankly, it's a very impressive skill. {var0|You tell him that if being a brigand doesn't work out, he'd probably make a comfortable living being a whore and taking it up the ass. Hell, you wouldn't mind being a regular customer yourself.|You tell her that if being a brigand doesn't work out, she could find a comfortable living with you. No need to fight for her food or her station; you can give her the comfortable life she deserves. And there'd be no shortage of 'entertainment' to go around between you both.}]

Now, there's truly nothing left]: with just a few more bucks to push you over the edge, [pc.cumVol 0 1000|your [pc.cum] jets from your dick, filling the {var0|slutty kobold 'leader'|flexible girl kobold} with your creamy seed as rope after rope of it settles into {var0|his|her guts|her womb}. As soon as your warmth starts to spread inside of {var0|his|her} belly, you feel {var0|him|her} tense as a[pc.hasKnot|... third? Fourth? However many orgasms|second orgasm] overtakes {var0|his|her} weary and exhausted body|and your [pc.cum] positively <b>floods</b> {var0|his gut|her womb}, quickly bloating and rounding out {var0|his|her} stomach with all of the liquid weight you're giving {var0|him|her}. Thick rope after rope of your hot, creamy seed jets from your cock and settles in {var0|his|her} slutty stomach, and with every blast, you feel {var0|him|her} tensing rhythmically as each hefty shot begets another orgasm from {var0|him|her}. For as willing as {var0||s}he is, you can tell that {var0||s}he was caught by surprise by your output, not that {var0||s}he's complaining]. And to think that {var0|this bottom slut|talented cockholster} was going to try and rob you when all {var0|he <b>really</b> needed was some personal release – by being treated like a cumrag by you and his subordinates|she <b>really</b> needed was some personal relief – and to meet someone that could satisfy her craving for attention and control}.

You fight to keep your eyes from rolling up into the back of your head, and to do that, you try and focus on something, anything, happening in front of you. Not that

there's a shortage of sights to see, but one thing you focus on in particular is the sight of {var0|the only[pc.mf|| other] woman in the group, losing her own composure, her own eyes rolling backward as well and her tongue lolling out of her jaw. She has a white-knuckle grip on her boss's horns as she rides his face, spraying her girl-lizard-cum all over his snout and down his chin. You're not certain who's getting luckier.|the leader of the pack losing his composure, his eyes shut tightly and his teeth bared in a grimace. He has a white-knuckle grip on the slinger's horns as he cums down her throat, although he doesn't fuck her face as hard as you'd expect: even on her back and cumming herself, it seems she's still doing most of the work. You don't think it's him being lazy – it looks more like inexperience, at least from your perspective.}

Finally, with one last surge up your cock, you're spent...|

You rear your hand back and give the kobold {var0|'commander'|slinger} a firm slap on {var0|his|her} ass, feeling all that scaly weight jiggle from the impact as your hand sinks deeper into the flesh. You tell {var0|him|her} to get up with a low tone, implying that it's not a suggestion; {var0|he|she} does as you say, vacating your warm lap and standing between your legs, only for you to turn {var0|him|her} around, grab {var0|him|her} by the collar of {var0|his|her} shabby effects, and push {var0|him|her} forward.

{var0|"Ah!" he whines as he bends forward. As you fold him, his tail shoots straight up, nearly whacking you in the chin as it arcs over his back. He can whine and wiggle all he wants, but his tells are apparent.|She obeys your commands without complaint, and, in fact, some eagerness: as you fold her, her tail shoots straight up, sensually coiling around your neck as she settles into a more comfortable position. She responds well to authority – or, perhaps, just to you.}

With a {var0|swipe|caress} of your hand, {var0|his|her} ragged lower clothing is {var0|pulled down from his waist into a pile around his ankles, exposing every part of his lower body to you|pushed aside, draped over her outer thigh and exposing every part of her lower body to you}. {var0|For the first time, you get a look at his package – four, maybe five inches, with a pair of nuts that, well, you're sure are imposing on a kobold his size. But it's not the size that you're after: there's more than one way to enjoy yourself with a dick, no matter its shape.|For the first time, you get a good look at what you're working with: a thin, vertical slit, dripping with a clear fluid that leaves trails seeping down the inside of her thighs. There's nothing ever quite like the sight of a pussy that's dripping wet for you.}

The two warrior males that had been bathing your legs pull back from the sudden motion. You tell them that they did a fine job – not that you're actually appraising their work, but you gave them an order and they saw it through. And you thank the {var0|female kobold for her service: your shoulders are feeling loose and light already. She responds by sauntering towards you and giving you a light peck on the cheek.|male commander for his work – in fact, his service was rather exemplary. You're sort of surprised. Working with his hands to rub out difficult knots in bodies must be something he's experienced with.}

{var0|The commander kobold freezes in trepidation|The slinger jolts in place} at the feel of your fingers searching along the inside of your thighs, but {var0|his|her} shivering – and the {var0|lurching of his cock, spraying ropes of his pre onto the dirt beneath him|clenching of her pussy, followed by the light trickle of her juices seeping down her thighs and splashing onto the dirt below} – tell you all that you need about just how excited {var0|he|she} is at the idea of {var0|not only getting some action, but at the idea of being bossed around himself|getting some action, especially if it's underneath your watch and command}.

You push {var0|h}im onto his|h}er onto her} front, forcing {var0|h}im|h}er} face-down into the dirt, and you lay your body on top of {var0|h}is|h}er}[pc.cupRange flat C|. Your breasts press heavily onto {var0|h}is|h}er} shoulders, and once your nipples start to dig into {var0|h}is|h}er} tough scales, you can hear {var0|h}im|h}er} start to purr as {var0|s}he rotates {var0|h}is|h}er} shoulders. {var0|He must not often get to enjoy a pair of titties touching him at all|Her own titties aren't quite as big as yours, and the feel of having your breasts weighing down on her is agreeable, apparently}. {var0|His|Her} body is short[pc.heightRange 0 60|, especially compared to yours], but there's just enough clearance to press the underside of {var0|h}is|h}er} tail right up against your [pc.vagina] and across with stomach, with just enough space left that you can reach {var0|h}is cock|h}er pussy}.

{var0|“Come on,” you say, lifting your eyes to the other three kobolds surrounding you. “Enjoy yourselves.”|The slinger girl coos and wriggles beneath you, trying to get comfortable, before barking something out in some broken language you can't discern. The other kobolds pick up on it, though.}

You rock your [pc.hips] forward, dragging your gash along the smooth scales of {var0|h}is|h}er} tails' underside. As you do, your hand travels along the length of {var0|h}is dick, alternating the grip on your fingers as you slide it up and down|h}er pussy, stroking the vulva with your index and middle fingers and bumping her clit with your palm on every upstroke}. {var0|He|She} gasps and thrusts, which drags {var0|h}is|h}er} tail across your pussy, which makes <b>you</b> gasp and clench. Already your fingers are soaked through with warm, sticky kobold {var0|pre|pussy}, and it's still coming out in thick {var0|dollops|gushes}. {var0|He's|She's} on a hair trigger.

{var0|Taking your invitation gladly, the female kobold steps in front of her prone and subjugated 'boss' and grabs him by his left horn, lifting his head upward. Before he even has a chance to gasp out in surprise, she lifts her right leg over him and presses his snout to her own dripping wet gash, commanding him, in no uncertain terms, to get to work. It only takes him a moment to get his bearings before the musk of a horny woman kobold – and his submissive nature – have him lapping at her box like a thirsty puppy.

The warrior kobold is next. “Well,” he says, getting on his knees beside you both. His own hand is wrapped around his cock, beating it like you're jerking his leader's. “Not going to let good time go.” A thick rope of his pre arcs through the air and lands across the leader's face, which only makes him buck harder into your hand and gasp through his nose.|Obeying whatever command the lady kobold barked at the other males of the group – and not content with letting an outsider like you have all the fun – the leader, who has been timid and hesitant up to this point, steps before his prone slinger, his own cock throbbing and erect to the point of straining from its own excitement. As soon as her nose smells the scent of a horny male, she lunges forward, wrapping her scaly lips around her boss's dick and bobbing her head. He gasps out in surprise and gently rests his left hand on her head, between her horns, as she goes to work on him.

The warrior kobold is next. “She say to join,” he says, getting on his knees beside you both. His own hand is wrapped around his cock, stroking it in time with your fingers across the slinger's gash. “Not going to say no.” A thick rope of his pre arcs through the air and lands across her face; she's so focused on the dick in her mouth and the feel of your fingers on her pussy that she barely acknowledges it.} The runt is a bit more hesitant, but once the slinger grabs him by the cock and starts getting him going, he's joined in as well, coating {var0|the submissive boss kobold|the insistent, commanding kobold} with his own fluids.

{var0|You congratulate the boss on doing such a good job for his subordinates. A <b>proper</b> leader ensures that his underlings has want for nothing, and it takes a special kind of gumption to put himself on his hands and knees and ensure that his crew is fully taken care of. In fact, he should be doing this more often: making sure that his crew is fully satisfied at all times will not only boost camaraderie, but performance as well.

“Would not mind fucking boss now and again,” the warrior says, sneering to himself as he fantasizes having a turn with his leader. “Alright leader. Great ass. Could slap all day.” He opens one eye and nudges the slinger, rocking her hips back and forth as she grinds herself across the leader’s muzzle. “Great mouth?”

“Good mouth,” she says, letting out a sigh. You snicker at the backhanded compliment. “Can train, though.”

You ask the leader if he hears that: the crew’s already in agreement. He’s still the boss, the commander, the strategist, and they’ll still obey his orders – he just has one more duty to accomplish to ensure their loyalty, is all. |You congratulate the kobold beneath you on her initiative and her propensity for taking charge. She said one sentence, and the other three in her troupe – all males, by the way – were quick to obey her command. Even though it’s about their own pleasure, and she is the one that most would consider to be a compromised position, she nonetheless commands no small amount of authority between them. Perhaps it’s her that should be calling the shots. Maybe it’s her that ought to be the boss.

The actual leader of the four of them sneers at your words... but he doesn’t try to argue. His hand slowly curls around the slinger’s horn to hold her steady, and his hips buck impetuously against her face. “More to being boss than...” he says, then, wisely, he interrupts himself.

“Boss should get on knees, then,” the warrior to your right says, grunting in between pumps of his clawed hand on his dick. “Prove that boss can do it all. Strong, smart, sneaky, <b>and</b> slutty.” The corners of his lips curl upward at the thought. “Give us all a turn.”

The leader snorts, his nostrils flaring. You see his fingers twitch and scratch slightly along the slinger’s scalp at the idea. Far from being opposed to it – he seems to like the idea.}

The heat begins to build between you. The constant grinding between your body and {var0|his|hers} is making things toasty. While the heat, and the exertion, and the pleasure all make you pant with the effort, all it does to the kobold beneath you is make {var0|him|her} a little more energized. {var0|His|Her} wrists are probably going to hurt from propping {var0|him|her}self up for so long, but the release {var0||s}he’s going to feel – and the sleep afterward, probably – is going to be amazing.

You continue to whisper flatteries and pleasantries about {var0|him being a good boss for his kobold playmates|her being so forward and directive with her kobold would-be underlings} while you grind your hips against {var0|his|her} tail and continue to massage the {var0|pre from his cock|juices from her pussy}. {var0|Sometimes, being a good leader means getting on your hands and knees and letting the other men in his troupe coat him with their jizz. Sometimes it means eating out a pussy on command. Sometimes it means letting a [pc.race] take charge for him and remind him what it means to be in charge of someone else.|She doesn’t need any more teasing: you thrust your middle finger into her, wiggling it by the knuckle and pressing against her tight muscles, before withdrawing and thrusting it back in. She gasps through her nose and

her whole body tenses up, which drives her tail harder against your own pussy, giving you something even firmer to rub yourself against.}

{var0}He grunts, the air coming out of him in a single large huff, which causes the slinger he's eating out to giggle and shiver with pleasure. His tail tries to stand erect between your bodies, but with you humping it, all it does is lift against your mons, providing you with a bit more friction. With how forcefully his hips are moving, you're pretty sure he's cumming, although you'd need to look to know for certain. She lets out a long, contented sigh as she opens her throat, and the leader of the kobolds takes the invitation to push in a little deeper. Her tail thrashes in a mix of agitation and pleasure between your bodies, but with you humping it, all it does is push against your own delta; the smooth scales of the underside of her tail provide just-coarse-enough texture that rubbing against it reminds you more of a stiff, unmoving, particularly fat tongue, covered in tastebuds.}

{var0}"Boss like being bitch," the warrior kobold says, snickering at the sight of his superior being reduced so thoroughly to a quivering piece of kobold. "Not a surprise."

You ask the warrior kobold if his superior preferring to bottom means that the dynamic will change in their troupe.

He has to think about it for a moment. He's understandably distracted. "No," he says eventually. "Well... kinda. Boss say do. We do. Boss say fight. We fight. The change would be... at end of day, he get fucked." His free hand reaches down and grabs onto the leader kobold's free horn. "I have turn?"

The lady kobold sighs through her nose, her nostrils flaring, and acquiesces. "Be quick," she says, pulling away from the boss kobold's mouth. As soon as he's free, he takes a deep breath through his mouth, sputtered through a thin film of pussy juices covering his face, but his reprieve is short lived: the warrior guides his face towards his throbbing meat, and with a shove, the leader's right back to it, ensuring that his subordinates are taken care of. "Like girl when she like this," the warrior kobold says. His expression is somewhat flat, focused more on his own pleasure than on talking. His eyes are on the slinger's body, pinned beneath yours, almost longingly, like he'd love nothing more than a turn with her.

You ask him to clarify: like what? Pinned beneath a [pc.race] while her companions either have a round with her mouth or let them cover her in their pre?

He pauses for a moment as he considers his answer. He's understandably distracted. "She there because she wants to be," he says. "Like girl when... forward. Take charge. Does what she wants. If she command, would follow."

Having heard every word, the slinger kobold pulls herself off of the leader's cock. A thick sheet of spit and kobold pre connects her mouth to his crotch, wavering with every panting breath she takes. She wipes her mouth with the back of her left hand before, with a deep breath, she turns to her right and takes the warrior's cock into her mouth, down to the base in one swoop. If he likes initiative and forwardness, then he'd <b>really</b> like that – and his own gasp of surprise and the sight of his toes curling in the dirt is all the confirmation you need.}

You won't lie: it's a hot sight. It didn't take much to {var0}reduce this boss to a quivering, obedient oral slut. The fact that he's doing it with such eager aplomb and enthusiasm really drives home how much you were on the mark with him. promote this long-range slingshot fighter girl to the one calling the shots between the four kobolds. She's on her hands and knees, sucking dick and getting humped by a [pc.race], but not

a single part of it would be happening if she didn't want it, thanks to your nudging and instruction.}

The warrior lets out a satisfied grunt, his tongue lolling from his mouth, before {var0|yanking the boss's head back by the horns. "Your turn," he says, nudging the boss's head towards the runt on your left, like they were passing around a bowl.}the slinger, moving frantically between each of her three male companions, disengages from the warrior and turns towards the runt. The warrior lets out a soft, almost dejected sigh before resorting back to his hand.}

Owing to his scrawnier disposition, the runt is hesitant to accept the offer. That's his {var0|boss. The boss that's getting used like a cheap toy and ridden like a pillow. The boss that's moaning like a slut with every new scent and taste that comes his way.}friend, and the only girl in the group. The one that's sucking dick with the same sort of commanding, confident panache as his boss does when he orders the runt to go hunt for their dinner.} With a shaky left hand, he grips onto the {var0|leader's|slinger's} horn, and as soon as he does, {var0|the leader|she}, growing impatient, {var0|whips his head around and sucks down the runt's cock in one pass|lunges forward with her head open and sucks down the runt's cock in one pass}.

Your hips glide up along {var0|his|her} tail and your fingers {var0|massage the length of his cock. You coo that he's doing so well, that he's setting such a fine example, and that in the end, everyone's going to get a nice, big reward out of it. When your hand reaches the tip of his dick once more, he grunts and squirts again, soaking each of your fingers with his fluids, cumming for what might be the third or fourth time straight.}work more aggressively along the length of her pussy. You're soaked down to the wrist now, and your middle finger is pinched all around almost to the point of discomfort. Your knuckles feel a little worn from all the movement they've had to do. But it's all worth it: not only is this little minx of a kobold getting everything she needs, but with every jolt and jostle she makes underneath you, so are you.}

"Ah!" the runt gasps. He lurches his hips forward, shoving all of his four-inch dick into {var0|his boss's|the girl's} mouth. The timid, gentle grip he had on {var0|the leader's|her} horn turns {var0|white-knuckle|tight} as he pounds his hips into the taller kobold's face, his nuts slapping against {var0|his|her} chin. It's less of a dominant, forceful motion as it is reflexive: the poor thing was already close, and the feel, not to mention the very <b>idea</b>, of {var0|his boss|probably the only woman he knows, aside from his mother,} sucking his cock {var0|like he was built for it|because she wanted to suck it} pushes him to the edge.

The {var0|boss|slinger} coughs once in surprise as thick ropes of kobold jizz launch down {var0|his|her} throat. You hear {var0|him|her} swallow, and you feel {var0|his|her} chest and throat work to suck down all that fluid, as the runt unloads what must have been weeks' worth of pent-up cum straight down {var0|his|her} gullet. {var0|He's being a good cumdump and swallowing every load, so you can't tell how much it is, exactly, but it sounds like a <b>lot</b>, especially for the runt's size. It even takes the slinger beside him by surprise.}It's a bit much for what she expected, but she's taking it all: she set out on a mission and she's going to complete it, come Hell or high water. Given how much she's gulping, it'd be a prodigious size even for someone bigger like yourself. Both the leader and the warrior beside him are taken aback by it.}

{var0|"N-Nice," the warrior grunts|The warrior grunts} as his hand speeds up on his own dick. A thick rope of pre, a portent of what's about to come, arcs from his dick and lands across the {var0|leader's cheek|slinger's shoulders}. As soon as {var0|the boss is|she's} done with the runt, {var0|s}he lets the cock go from {var0|his|her} mouth, takes a gasp of air, and turns towards the burlier warrior to suck it down{var0|, but he's pushed away. "Want Boss to w-wear it," he grunts as he masturbates harder and



faster.], and although he hesitates again for a moment, he nonetheless releases his dick and lets her get to work on him. She ‘mmm’s at the different taste in her mouth, and her tongue flashes out from between her lips as she lathers his cock.}

As much as you try to keep on a veneer of control between the four of them, your own hips have been humping the {var0|boss’s|girl’s} tail faster and faster, and your own breathing has been getting ragged. {var0|You and the slinger both grab onto one of his horns and realign his snout with her own scaly, wet box once more, slamming him in.|You and the warrior both grab onto one of her horns to hold her steady as she throats his cock, guiding her deeper onto his shaft, not that there’s much she hadn’t already taken.} {var0|Through a stuttering voice, you tell him that there’s just one more of his entourage to satisfy – though the slinger chitters something to him in some other language, quickly and loudly, and he’s much more receptive to her orders, his cum-soaked tongue surging into her to clean her out.|Despite not having a turn with her mouth to finish off, the leader of the four of them pounds his cock harder and faster than ever before. With his ragged breathing, you can tell that he’s very close, and he’s going to finish before she gets a chance. Maybe he prefers it that way. Maybe the sight of his subordinates finishing in her mouth is hotter for him than getting that opportunity himself.}

Everything’s happening so quickly. Things are snowballing now that {var0|the runt on your left’s filled his boss’s throat like a bucket|the warrior to your right is so close to his tipping point}. You’re getting close; {var0|the slinger, the only [pc.mf]|other }girl in the area, looks like she’s about half a dozen licks from getting there|the boss kobold, despite getting comparatively little attention, is looking like he’s seconds from blowing}; and the warrior on your right – as soon as you think about it, he lets out a long, bedraggled, throaty grunt, and then, {var0|just as he wanted, thick ropes of his own cum arc through the air, landing across the boss’s face, painting it white with his seed.

“B-Better look for boss,” he snorts, his nostrils flaring at the sight of his fearless, dauntless leader dripping with his spunk. The sight of him, nose-deep in the slinger, half his face soaked with spunk, causes the warrior kobold to wince, and another thick rope adds to the mess. It’s an impressive load for someone standing less than four feet tall.|with a sudden lurch of his hips, his breath catching in his throat, he cums down the slinger’s working mouth. Her tongue lashes and whips against the broad base of his dick as she swallows it all down.

“D-Damn,” he snorts, his nostrils flaring as she feels the slinger go to work so diligently on him, ensuring that every drop of his load settles in her stomach. You can’t tell if he’s cumming more or less than the runt, a kobold a head shorter than him, but either way, it’s a difficult task even for someone as determined and confident as the slinger, having taken control of the situation she’s in.}

You quickly lose track of everything else. You cum, but you don’t know if it’s before or after the {var0|slinger girl. The boss cums next, what might have been for the half-dozen time, or maybe he’s just been in a constant orgasmic high ever since you pushed him over and started jerking him off. Whatever: as|boss. The slinger girl beneath you cums next, her body vibrating more intensely and her breathing coming out in huge, deep breaths through her nose. Her pussy squeezes around your middle finger and juices roll down your wrist. For you, though: as} soon as your thighs pinch down on his thick tail and you feel your cunt start to convulse, few other thoughts matter. What’s important is the tingly shivering that launches up your spine and jostles your vision. What’s important is the rapid tensing, then relaxing, of nearly every muscle in your body, causing your fingers and toes to curl on their own.

{var0|Both your hand and the slinger’s are still on the boss kobold’s horns, and you can tell that she’s going through very similar motions: her upper body is leaned

back, with her tongue fully extended from her mouth, as she rides his tongue through several body-shaking orgasms. Liquids splash and surge across his snout and reach as high as his forehead. He struggles to breathe, but he doesn't have the energy to do anything more than cum and cum underneath you, his overworked cock firing blanks at this point. The boss, appropriately for an upstanding character for the others to look up to, cums last: he grimaces as thick ropes of his pearly white cum jet from his tip. Of the male kobolds, he's the only one to not finish inside the slinger's mouth, and instead, it reaches as far as just a bit past her shoulders. Despite the pleasure wracking him, he seems somewhat repentant about it and tries to arc his dick away, but all that does is make the next rope fling down her arm, still connected by the goop dripping down her back.}

It's only when the {var0|slinger's|warrior's} fingers finally loosen on the {var0|boss's|slinger's} horn that things begin to wind down. All of the {var0|leader's|slinger's} strength in {var0|his|her} body went into cumming a massive puddle of {var0|spent kobold jizz|clear kobold femcum} between {var0|his|her} spread thighs. Once {var0|s}he's spent, {var0|s}he collapses forward, falling at the {var0|slinger's|boss's} feet – {var0|covered in cum, with another load settling in his stomach, and a woman's flavors caking the inside of his mouth|exhausted, with cum coating her shoulders and left arm, and with two thick, full loads settling in her stomach}. And that's all to say nothing of the cramp {var0|s}he's surely got on the underside of {var0|his|her} tail from you riding it as hard as you had.

{var0|All in all, he had a good time. And he learned some valuable lessons about being a leader. Despite all that, though, you're not sure who's been run harder between her and her three male companions.}}

[=Next=]

It takes no small amount of effort to extricate yourself from a group of heaving, exhausting, sexually-spent kobolds – less because they're exhausted and sexually-spent, and more because, as you learn quickly, they tend to get clingy as part of their aftercare. {var0|You're included, of course, but they're more attached to their boss, the one they all just took turns fucking like a whore they got on a group rate. The boss clings to you, and all three of them cling to the boss. It's kind of a cute scene, if you're honest. You're included, of course, but they're more attached to the slinger girl, the one that had just got them all off. She clings to you, and all three of them cling to her. Even the boss kobold, who's wrapped his arms closer to her legs than to her top. It's kind of a cute scene, honestly.}

It takes a bit of effort to pull yourself away from each of them without disturbing the pile. You're sticky and your muscles are a bit stiff and spent from all the movement, but overall, you're feeling, well, like you just had an orgy with some pint-sized lizards. They really know how to party.

You give them one last glance before returning to the pathway and progressing onward. They've tossed themselves into a big, huddled pile in their sleep, with {var0|the leader of them on the bottom. No matter what happens now, their relationship dynamic has changed permanently, and for the better: as long as he's honest with his own wants, and he continues to meet the needs of his troupe, they're function much better as a unit going forward. Being a good leader means ensuring that everyone in your group has want of nothing, after all, including yourself. the slinger on top. No matter what happens now, their relationship dynamic has changed permanently, and for the better: now that she has a better understanding of not just her own wants, but the wants of her companions, they'll be able to work and communicate much more effectively as a unit. The largest male, the boss of them, is probably still going to take charge, at least

tactically, but being a good team means that none of them have any wants, and now, they all know how to achieve their needs effectively.}

There's nothing else to be done here. You've done your [pc.isDK|damage|part].

[=Next=]

// continue with the quest

## // Party failed

You struggle to admit to yourself that you just lost against a group of lizards that [pc.heightRange 0 50 60|wouldn't have the clearance to buy a beer from a tavern|barely stand up to your chest|barely stand up to your shins]. When the kobolds descend on your money, you justify it to yourself however you could: they had the numbers advantage. They got you by surprise. The [dayNight|sun was in your eyes|darkness of night worked to their advantage].

Whatever the reason, the reality is that you lost. You lost to some lizards that were hooting and hollering about 'shinies' when they first came out you. Even now, when you're beaten and knocked to your feet, all they can chitter about is getting something shiny from you.

[pc.electrumRange 0 20 100|The largest kobold, the leader of the four, wearing the horned helmet, grunts in disgust and frustration at the paltry offerings. "This all?" he grunts, bending over to pick up a single one of your coins. "This nothing! Could get more [silly|cutting grass|digging in dirt]!"

You tell him that you don't know what to say. They wanted your 'shinies' and this is all you had.

The corner of his lip curls upward, showing a glittering tooth. "Not enough," he grunts under his throat. He raises his weapon towards you. "If no shiny... pay other way."|The four kobolds are on their hands and knees, tails hiked straight up into the air and wagging back and forth as they collect the coins you and Livrea have thrown to them. Just as you're beginning to think that you should leave while they're distracted (and your pride not any more bruised than it is), the biggest kobold, the leader, stands upright.

"More?" the leader asks. His tone is oddly low – it's not a question. You tell him that you don't have any more.

He pauses, side-eying the money that he already has. There's enough of it that the other three in his entourage are still picking them up individually off the ground. "I think you lie," he says. He draws his weapon but doesn't brandish it towards you. "If no more shiny... then you pay with not-shiny!"|Each of the four kobolds yip in surprise and delight when the coins you withdraw hit the ground with metallic jingles, the metal rounds bouncing off each other before settling. They descend on the pile rabidly – the second-largest male even begins to salivate. The smallest runt chants the word 'shiny' over and over.

While the largest one, the leader of the four, allows himself to briefly succumb to the temptation of pawing at the shinies like the rest of his crew, he eventually stands upright before you have the chance to get away. "Many shinies," he notes, looking down at the pile of electrum you've tossed to his feet. "Might be too many."

If that's the case, then he can give some of them back.

He pauses, his right, clawed hand scratching at his chin. You didn't expect him to actually consider it. "Not give back," he says, his tongue slipping out of his mouth to lick at his chops. "But... [pc.race] can earn back."

... And now, you're being extorted by a diminutive lizard with a superiority complex. You've already been beaten and defeated; [pc.electrumRange 0 100]you don't have the strength to fight again. You ask him how else you're meant to 'pay' if you don't have more 'shinies' to give him.[you're not about to fight him for your own money back. You ask this sassy, haughty lizard how you're meant to 'earn' back your own money back.]

With his free hand, he pulls his loincloth aside. "By sucking my dick!" he shouts.

[pc.isBimbo]Oh. That's easy! You fall to your knees and crawl toward the kobold boss before the warrior with the big club has a chance to knock you down. They should have opened with this!|Wait–

Before you have the chance to try and negotiate, the warrior kobold hits you in the back of the knees with his club. Not hard enough to blow them out, but more than enough for you to fall to your knees, and as soon as you are, the boss kobold has stepped into your space with his junk against your cheek.]

[=Next=]

Before you think to struggle and pull away, one of the kobolds – judging from the lack of something poking into your back, the only girl on the team – jumps onto your back to keep you pinned[pc.strengthRange 0 70]. Under normal circumstances, you could have easily thrown her off, but you're still recovering from your fight]. The one kobold you're kneeling in front of grabs onto you by the scalp and lunges his hips forward, dragging his package across your face.

"This worth many shinies," he snickers as he tilts your head to press your nose into the crease where his cock meets his balls. You're forced to breathe in the dirty, musky stench of a kobold that probably only bathes by accident. His scaly, hairless balls press warmly against your [pc.lips], with one pressed against your upper lip and the other pushes between them, not quite into your mouth, but well beyond the barrier.

In your prone position, the second-largest warrior kobold has an easy time finding your [pc.ass], giving both of your cheeks a hard slap and a firm squeeze as he admires it. "[pc.race]s always have such big asses," he says with an almost-congratulatory tone. His claws press dangerously into your [pc.lowerGarments] to the point that you can feel the pinch of the tips against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]; he could pierce right through them with claws that sharp. But rather than damage your affects, he's smart, and courteous, enough to pull them down, revealing your whole, uncovered ass to him.

"Lick," the leader demands, taking a baby step forward to press your face more insistently against his crotch. [pc.isBimbo]Almost automatically|With some initial resistance], your [pc.tongue] snakes out to begin licking at that spot, where his cock meets his balls; you taste the salty, powerful, earthen tang of his scales on your buds, [pc.isBimbo]and you're immediately hooked. Nothing gets you randier than the taste of a man that's fucking <b>ready</b>|and, beside yourself, you find the taste oddly attractive – it's the taste of someone that's <b>ready</b>, and it incentivizes the dumb, instinctive part of your brain to get ready, too].

His cock drapes across your forehead as you nestle into his crotch, but the longer you go, the harder it gets and the higher it climbs. Meanwhile, the one behind you has his hands roaming over the whole expanse of your ass, enjoying every bit of your glutes from your lower back to your upper thigh. “[pc.assRange 0 10 15]Disappointing,” he sneers as he hotdogs you, pressing your ass together to make as much cleavage as possible. “[pc.race] does not match kobold women. Or men.”|Very good,” he says wetly, licking his chops as he hotdogs his cock in between your cheeks. “Kobold women should eat like [pc.race]s. Get ass like this.”|Much ass!” he cheers, barely able to speak over his own slobber as he hotdogs your ass delightedly. “Should not take [pc.race] shinies. Should fuck [pc.race] ass instead!”]

With a quick realignment, his cock – only about five inches, although that’s just you ballparking it with your mind’s eye – presses against your [pc.ass], circling the rim of your star and testing your reflexes before pressing forward, sinking the tip of his conical dick into your body. The pointed tip of his cock’s head makes for a smooth entry, but where his dick might not be the longest, it makes up for it with a quickly ballooning girth.

The slinger on your back snickers at the sight of you: big, strong, proud [pc.race], brought low by a quartet of dirty, snickering kobolds. Her left hand reaches down below your chin and hefts your eyes upward, dragging your nose across the slickened base of her boss’s cock. You feel her lean forward, and she joins you, slathering her boss’s dick with her own tongue and joining you in getting him nice and erect.

That just leaves the smallest of them: a third male, using a weapon too large for his body. “Go on,” the boss says, snapping his fingers at the runt. “Use.”

Although you’re forced face-deep against the largest kobold’s crotch, you can see out of the corner of your eye that the runt is just as horny as the others. “Um,” he stutters as his left hand nurses the tent in his loincloth. “But–”

“[pc.HeShe] wants you to,” the slinger continues for her boss. “Just ask [pc.himHer].”

You open your mouth to respond – and just as you do, the girl on your back lifts your chin up with one hand and angles her boss’s cock down with the other. “Mmf!” you grunt the moment your mouth is filled with throbbing, leaking kobold dick. Your tongue and cheeks are coated with watery pre, filling the gaps between your teeth as his dick lurches down deeper into your throat. The sudden lurch pushes you backward, and directly onto the dick in your [pc.vagOrAss].

“See?” she snickers, pushing you harder onto her boss’s dick. “[pc.HeShe] is slut for kobolds!”

Whether the runt is convinced by the display or not, the peer pressure gets to him, and he removes his loincloth to reveal his own cock – about the same size as the other two males, and given his stature, it looks oversized on his body. With some awkward effort, he clambers underneath your body, his head against your [pc.stomach], and he angles his cock upward to pierce into your [pc.vagOrAss], [pc.hasVagina]stuffing your unused cunt with his cock and splitting it open as well. Suddenly, there isn’t an opening in your body that isn’t plugged with thrusting, dripping, surging kobold dick|finding his way inward alongside his brother-in-arms and stretching your poor [pc.asshole] even wider apart. You can safely say that you’ve never been more stuffed with thrusting, dripping, surging kobold dick], all of them thrusting off-rhythm with each other and forcing your body this way and that with each push.[pc.hasCock]

The slinger hisses as she pushes your head down onto her leader's cock once more, guiding your head down until your [pc.lips] touch his base. "I want some," she says huskily, her own tongue snaking out to lick at her chops. She pulls away, lightening the weight on your back[pc.strengthRange 0 70], although, on top of still being beaten and exhausted, now, you have three dicks inside of you keeping you locked in place|– at this point, you've recovered enough of your strength that you could burst free if you wanted, but... well, frankly, you're enjoying yourself. You're not often treated like a piece of breeding stock, and getting railed in [pc.hasVagina|all three|both] holes at once is an exhilarating feeling].

With some surprising dexterity, she easily slips beneath you as well. Her arms and legs remain clung to your torso for stability while her body hovers less than an inch above the runt's. Using her tail, she guides your [pc.cock], itself hard as could be, towards her own dripping gash[pc.cockRange 0 13], and she slides it into herself. Her thighs pinch on your waist and her claws rake gently across your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] as she splits herself apart on your dick.|– you're much, much bigger than anything she's used to, but that seems to only spur her on, and she lowers her pussy onto your [pc.cockHead] and flexes her thighs to take you inside of herself. "Aahhnn," she sighs; her thighs clench tightly onto yours and her claws rake against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], perhaps a little harder than she meant to, as she pushes herself to her limit on you].]

What a sight you must be for anyone else to see. On your hands and knees, made into nothing more than a few holes for some kobolds to enjoy themselves with. The [pc.hasVagina]one in your ass pushes forward, off-beat with the runt beneath you, who is forced to buck upward to keep from slipping out|two in your asshole fuck into you off-beat from each other, forcing the one who pushed in second to catch up, which forces the other to catch up with him]. All the rutting behind you pushes you harder against the boss in front of you, forcing his cock deeper into your throat and coating the inside of your neck with his thick, syrupy pre while his balls beat against your chin[pc.hasCock]. All the while, the only girl in the group has tied herself around your waist and bounces herself harder, faster, and deeper onto your dick[pc.cockRange 0 7] until she's taking all of it at once, pushing herself down to your [pc.knot] and back up seamlessly|, although it's going to be some time before she manages to handle all of it[pc.cockRange 0 13|], if she even can]]. And you can't come up for air when you want to because of the only girl in the group has you by your skull, pushing you harder and deeper onto the boss's cock with a flex of her hand. You're forced to breathe through your nose when you can, and your every breath is thickly stained with deep, pervasive kobold musk].

[pc.isBimbo|Gods above, you've forgotten all about what it was you're doing before you got into this orgy. The second the big one said 'suck my dick,' all other thoughts in your head flew out the window. You never knew kobolds could be so much fun! [pc.hasVagina|One in your ass; another in your cunt|Two in your ass, stretching you thin like most cocks can't], and one in your mouth[pc.hasCock], and then there's the delightful little minx clinging to you and riding your cock like it's a sport]. Who could hate these little guys?

You're not a [pc.race], and you're barely a [pc.name]. Right now, you're a set of warm pockets[pc.hasCock] and a stiff dick] for the kobolds to use as they like. Their energy is enviable and their teamwork is – well, it's nonexistent, other than their shared need to stuff you stupid with their cum. For someone as easily seduced as you, this is heaven. Forget the 'shinies', the only shining that's going to happen with you around is the spit shine you'll give each of their cocks. And the one girl's pussy, if she wants.|On the one hand, you have your pride. They're a bunch of lizards that can barely speak Belharan.

On the other, it's hard not to get into it. There's something exciting, downright <b>addicting</b>, about being tossed around and used by creatures half your size[pc.strengthRange 0 50|, strength,] and wit while they fuck you stupid. Your nose is so clogged with musk that your eyes are watering, and you're getting so battered and tossed from [pc.hasCock|all four of them|all three males] having their way with you that only every third thought in your head is fully formed. It's easy to just let go and let them [pc.hasCock|use you like the easy [pc.race] that you are to fulfil their deviant sexual needs|triple-team you. Your asshole is going to be gaping wide from having two girthy (if not especially long) dicks in it after this, good only for the thickest, meatiest of cocks... or for two or more kobolds again].]

"Hah, [pc.race] like it," the leader says. His left hand comes down to grip onto your [pc.hasHair|[pc.hair]|right ear]; his right slaps you on the cheek, light enough to not sting, but hard enough that the message is clear. "Not about shinies anymore. Just want kobold dick!"

Your eyes cross when the [pc.hasVagina|one in your pussy happens to angle himself a bit differently [pc.hasCock|to work around the slinger that's wedged herself between you and him, and he happens|to keep up with the one standing upright], and they happen] to slam into your [pc.hasVagina|G-spot|prostate]. Your body goes stiff, clenching hard around the two dicks slamming into your waist, and you reflexively swallow around the leader's dick[pc.hasCock|. "Ah!" the girl kobold shrieks in delight when your cock stiffens harder and deeper inside of her].

The one in front of you withdraws his cock from your mouth. You cough and gasp, but the air doesn't taste any cleaner, given how saturated it is with sex. "Admit it," he says as he grips onto his dick by the base, batting it against both cheeks and then dragging it across your forehead, smearing its wetness across your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]. "Admit you like it."

[pc.isBimbo|"I fucking <b>love it</b>," you gasp out, your throat a bit ragged from all the excitement. You lean forward to take his cock back into your mouth, but he pushes on your forehead to keep you back.

[You're getting [pc.hasCock|quadruple|triple]-teamed in a way you've never experienced before now. You're [pc.hasCock|hard as metal|pc.hasVagina| and you're ]][pc.hasVagina|wet as a lake]. It's easy to forget that you lost a fight against a handful of lizards when you're getting reamed like this, and you say as much.

He doesn't feed you his dick again yet; he's not done with you. ]"Still want shinies back?" he asks as he waves the tip of his pointed, conical dick underneath your nose.

"Keep the fucking money," you choke out in between rough thrusts into your [pc.asshole][pc.hasVagina| and your [pc.vagina]].

"Don't want shinies?" he asks as he traces your puffed, swollen lips with his dick, careful not to let it go any deeper than just before your teeth. "Would give more shinies for more kobold sex?"

[pc.isBimbo|Whoa, that's an option? You can just... walk up to a group of kobolds and pay <b>them</b> to fuck <b>you</b>?! Fuck, that sounds amazing! [pc.electrumRange 0 500|That'll give you all the reason you need to find some more cash – build up a bit of float and then you can get railed by all the kobolds you could want!|You have more money than [silly|sense|you know what to do with]; are there more kobolds out there? Could you just walk up to some of them and offer your coin pouch for a few rounds? Where have they <b>been</b> all your life?!

The kobold clicks his tongue in mock-disappointment. “Easy,” he says, in a somewhat-derisive tone before he pushes his hips forward and places himself back inside your willing, waiting, hungry mouth. The smell of his cock wafts up to your nose, and his shaft hovers so close to your tongue that you can taste the musk off its skin. The two other males pounding into you push forward, and his tip slides along your tastebuds, and he pulls away from you – but not before you reflexively purse your lips around his meat, unintentionally trying to suck it back down.

“No need to say,” the boss kobold says as he slowly pushes his hips forward, feeding you his cock once more. A part of you is remiss to admit that you enjoy the way his cock fits inside your mouth again. “Body answer for you.”]

[pc.isBimbo|You gladly resume your cocksucking duties, eagerly|Once your lips touch down on the boss’s pelvis again, your willpower crumbles, and you willingly] begin to bob and slurp on his lizard dick. He thrusts into your face, pushing you back against the two males double-stuffing you from behind[pc.hasCock|, and the momentum has the girl kobold hanging off your torso bounce on your shaft, [pc.cockRange 0 7|slamming her against your [pc.hasKnot|[pc.knot|]base|]sliding her a bit deeper down your length|. “Swallow it all,” the female kobold on your back whispers into your ear, leaning forward to press more weight onto your shoulders. “Then suck the others. Be a good [pc.race] for every kobold you meet.”][pc.hasKnot|

She’s going at you with as much fervor as any of the others, perhaps moreso, and you quickly realize why: she’s close to cumming, but she wants her knot inside her before she does. [pc.cockRange 0 7 13|She’s already bouncing off it with every pull upwards|It’s a small shock when you realize that she’s taken you all the way to your base|Amazingly – miraculously, even – she’s taken the entirety of your shaft, somehow, into her tiny body, her form wrapped around your bulging flesh like a glove]. It’ll only be a little more effort to squeeze your knot into her, too...

You’re pinned beneath two muscular-for-their-size kobolds and you’re being anchored by two more, so thrusting is arduous. She’s doing most of the effort for you, though. “Kkka! Kuuuh!” she grunts as she lurches her hips up with full, energetic swings. [pc.cockRange 0 7|The whole of your cock|Full inches of your cock] saw in and out of her gripping, slaving-wet snatch with every pass, determined to fit this fat bulb inside of herself–

With one final lurch and a painful clench of her claws on your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], you feel her body yield as the widest, fattest part of your knot begins to crest the threshold of her body. The kobold railing your [pc.asshole] pushes in, which knocks you forward, which drives your cock deeper into her – and that’s it. She’s tied to you.

“Haah, damn!” she curses, followed by a slew of sibilant sounds in a different language. Her limbs reflexively go weak as her body diverts its energy to her pussy, but she’s so thoroughly fastened to your [pc.knot] that she dangles underneath you, hoisted by nothing but your erection. [pc.cockRange 0 13|There’s no going back now: she’s stuck there until you’re good and ready to let her go|It’s, frankly, very impressive. She must be very popular with centaurs and minotaurs].]

You’re so overwhelmed by everything that your resistance can only last so long. Both the taller warrior pounding your ass and the boss fucking your face happen to thrust in at the same time, and it happens: your eyes close, and [pc.hasCock|[pc.cumSNV|your [pc.cum] launches from you, filling the girl dangling off your upper body; you fire and you pump thick ropes of your jizz into her box, and with each thrust the two males pounding into your ass make, they milk a little more from you



and into her. It's a powerful orgasm, with one roll begetting another as each kobold in the troupe uses you for their own gratification|a thick torrent of [pc.cum] launches from your cock and straight into the girl dangling off your upper body. She gasps in surprise, then lets out a sultry, satiated laugh as thick wads of [pc.race] jizz pump into her cunt again and again. You're capable of so much more than a single kobold – hell, all three of the males together won't be able to match you – and with every pump the three males make, they wring you for another few ropes. No matter how slutty the girl kobold is, it eventually begins to leak from her and straight onto the runt's face beneath her|a veritable flood of your [pc.cum] jets from your [pc.cockHead] and straight into the unwitting, unsuspecting kobold beneath you, filling her gravid by the end of the first rope. She gasps, and you feel her claws cling to your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], but it doesn't distract you: another thick wave rolls through you and into her, beget by the pounding you're getting from the other three males. You try to gasp, but your mouth is full of kobold cock; you try to thrust forward and deeper into her pussy, but you're held fast by all four of them jockeying for your body. There's so much cum inside the girl kobold by now that each pump is followed by an equal rush of it splashing from her strained body and straight onto the runt beneath you both|[pc.hasVagina].

About a heartbeat after you start pumping your jizz into the girl's scaly snatch, ]|[pc.hasVagina]your [pc.vagina] clenches and ripples along the length of the runt's conical dick, squeezing its smooth skin from the base to the pointed top. Your legs kick out from underneath you, unable to get comfortable. Your hips twist and turn, your fingers curl and dig thick lines in the dirt. The air in your chest gets stale and you eventually gasp through your nose, which forces a long drag of thick kobold musk into your nostrils, which makes you cum again. You feel like you barely have control over yourself, and it's all because these [pc.isBimbo]fuck machines showed you a good time|filthy lizards got a lucky break against you]].

When your eyes slowly flutter open, your vision is blurry and moist – not that there's much to see, other than a kobold's abdomen flexing repeatedly as he saws his cock into your mouth over and over with increasing velocity. “[pc.race] like being kobold cumdump,” he says. He tries to snicker, but he's too strained from the effort of fucking your face. “Come back with us, then. We... we give you...”

He can't finish. Both his hands slam onto either side of your head, holding you in place as he lurches forward, draping himself over your head. He jacks his hips against your face at a rapid, forceful pace, dragging his cock across the length of your tongue, until, finally, he presses forward one final time. His nuts push against your chin and his cock angles up along the roof of your mouth before bloating wider, and a thick gush of his own cum sprays into your mouth. He's not deep enough for it to slide seamlessly into your gullet; you have to swallow[pc.isBimbo], and you do it eagerly].

He may be a pint-sized kobold, but he's apparently been backed up for some while: his load could match a typical human's, easily, with how his fat dollops fill the inside of your cheeks and how they cake the length of your [pc.tongue]. You can feel his nuts bunch up on your chin as they work another rope, and then another, into your mouth. It's so voluminous that you feel your cheeks starting to sag before you grunt and swallow.

You're so blitzed out on your own sexual highs that you only notice the others cumming a few moments after they start. The runt beneath you is first, despite having started later: [pc.hasVagina]he gives your poor, rippling cunt the dousing it deserves with a fresh, hot batch of thick kobold seed – frankly, an impressive amount of it, given his size. You feel his claws clench and you hear him gasp underneath you as he pumps your womb full of his spunk, firing thick, heavy ropes straight into your womb until it's nice and full with his jizz. You'll be leaking his cum for some time after this|he lurches his hips upward, stuffing as much of himself into your distended, double-stuffed as ass

he can, and you feel a wet warmth begin to blossom in your gut as thick ropes of his jizz fill you up. It's an impressive amount for his size, frankly. His claws rake on your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] and he gasps with the exertion; each movement is accompanied by another thick surge of his essence into you, and with his boss cumming down your throat, you feel positively stuffed].

The third male fucking your ass is the last of the men to cum, adding his jizz to the growing pool of kobold cum inside of you. He bends forward[pc.hasTail], pinning your [pc.tail] between your back and his chest], and his tight, sharp grip on your [pc.ass] suddenly gets tighter. Just as the runt finishes [pc.hasVagina]dumping his load into your pussy[filling your ass with his own load], the taller warrior starts the whole mess right back up again, firing a fresh, warm set of ropes into your ass [pc.hasVagina]and making good and damn sure that there isn't a single warm, wet hole in your body that hasn't been properly marked by a kobold[and pushing the first load deeper and deeper inside of you until you feel it beginning to warm your stomach].

The girl [pc.hasCock]stuck to your dick is the last: after all of the men already came, she continues to [pc.hasKnot]wriggle and struggle on your [pc.knot] stretching her pussy wafer-thin[thrust and bounce on your cock desperately] in an effort to get herself the rest of the way there. You're caught between the others, and now, you're so exhausted and dazed that you don't even have the cognizance to thrust, but she gets there on her own: she lets out a long, bedraggled, open-mouth grunt as her pussy clamps onto your cock, wringing it for more, [pc.cumSNV][somehow ]unsatisfied with the offering you've already given her. Her tail thrashes, whipping both the standing warrior and the runt across the legs. Her insistent tugging and her own orgasms rolling one into another almost sets you off again.[lying on your back and pinning you down is the last: you didn't have any input towards her pleasure, but you nonetheless feel her shiver and you hear her sigh as she cums across your back, leaving a warm, wet trail of her pussy's slime on your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] as she does. From the feel of things, she's dexterously hooked her tail into her own cunt to get herself there. It's probably not the first time she's had to resort to her own flexibility to keep herself entertained.]

[=Next=]

By the end of all the excitement, you're left half-comatose, face-down in a puddle of your own mess. Your fingers and toes twitch with errant aftershocks still coursing through you. Cum leaks [pc.hasVagina]out of every hole you have[from both of your ends]. You feel heavy and swollen – and warm – with jizz. You can still feel the phantom sensation of the boss kobold's cock in your mouth.

When you finally pull yourself together, all four of them have left, along with every coin you and Livrea had scattered to them in an effort to appease them. You were made into little more than stock for kobolds to breed, perhaps literally, abused and defiled by chittering, horny lizards [pc.heightRange 0 50 60]where the tallest only barely stood up to you[where the tallest barely reached your thigh]. Even now, well after the fact, you can still hear them grunting, you can still feel them thrusting, you can still taste them on your tongue, you can still smell their thick, rank, earthen musk–[pc.electrumRange 0 100]

And after all of that, they didn't even give you back any of the coin like the boss said he would.]

"That was, uh, quite the effort you put in," Livrea says as she crouches beside you and offers you a helping hand. With a heft, you're back onto your feet – and you immediately start to feel cum drip down [pc.hasVagina]the inside of your thighs, as well as down ]the crack of your ass. "Sorry for, um, not helping out."

[pc.isBimbo]You tell her that it's 'kay. It's all part of your plan. Now, if they run into you again, they'll be way too tired to put up even half as good a fight as they did before. And if they did, well, you'll just handle them the same way, as many times as it takes. As many loads as they have. All night, if you have to. Maybe they'll bring some more friends and give your hands something to do. Does she think there are going to be more kobolds up ahead?

Livrea just laughs nervously.[It's... it's alright. You took one for the team this time.

Although...

Fuck. You...

A part of you kinda liked it. Kinda liked it a lot. There's something **<b>about</b>** being brought low and made to sexually serve someone or something else that has an allure to it.

You don't tell Livrea that. You just proceed awkwardly, on an unsteady gait, hoping beyond hope that the excessive leaking out of your body isn't as obvious as you think it is...]

[=Next=]

// apply the Orally, Anally, and, if applicable, Vaginally Filled statuses