

Prerequisite

Theo should spawn in any random social place on Tarkus. When he references his “shop” he is referring to Colenso’s Junk, which he supplies with his crew.

Meeting

There is a broad man nursing a drink, alone at the bar. Massive horns extend from either side of a mane of shaggy dark hair. An oxlike tail swishes across the floor, occasionally wrapping around the legs of his stool.

“Hey, stranger,” he says. There’s a smile in his voice that fails to show on his face. A heavy ring sits embedded in his septum, glistening with vapor from his breath. Similar hoops sit in the exposed nipples on his massive chest. He leans back, holding eye contact with you for a long while. You swallow, mouth feeling dry. [+5 lust]

“You going to stand around all day, or have a seat?” You scramble into a seat beside him, compelled by the deep tenor and authoritative tone in his voice. “My name’s Theo.”

“[Player_name].”

“Lovely name, [Player_name],” Theo comments, smiling at you. “Very... supple. Sensual on the tongue. It’s nice to meet you.”

Appearance

Theo cuts a decisive, impressive figure in the room. His jaw is shapely, square, and covered in a thick swath of stubble. His hawkish nose is framed by deep-set eyes and the glittering gold piercing. He appears terran under all his thick jaw-length hair, but has made bold changes to his body. You can tell he’s spent some time in New Texas, with all those modifications. His arms and chest are exceptionally thick, complimenting his massive stature. You think he must be over seven feet tall. Velvety-soft ears flop out near his neck, both adorned with golden hoops and flashy studs. His chest is scantily covered by leather bands, and studded shoulder pads held on by complicated strapping. Just looking at it, it seems an impossible maze of leatherwork that you can’t fathom how to take off. A thick path of hair leads your eye down past his navel, disappearing in the wrappings that hold loose pants to his waist. At the knees, he is braced with heavily studded pads, long tail swishing beside them. More wrappings tuck pants into slim boots, creased between his toes to resemble hooves.

However, his hands steal your attention. They’re broad, rough at his fingertips and heel but appearing exceptionally smooth near the palm. Your mind wanders to what those hands could do to you, making you blush.

Hobbies

You ask Theo what he does in his free time. He chuckles, looking at you as though he can’t tell if you’re serious.

“Not much,” he confesses. “I study, often. Swordplay and the like. Tend to keep t’ myself with social affairs, don’t talk to many-- unless the face is too pretty t’ resist.” He winks. “I’ve taken up whittling, recently. Mostly shit at it though.”

History

You ask Theo where he's from.

"New Texas," he says.

"I could've guessed,"

Theo snorts a laugh, tossing his head. *"I'm sure. Though originally I was Terran,"*

"Why did you leave?"

"It got t' crowded for me. The sex lost all of its intimacy, all of its honor, and I just had t' move on. Besides, the work is better around here. Or did you mean why I left Terra?"

You nod, encouraging him to go on.

"That's a story for another time," Theo says.

Work

You ask Theo what sort of work he does.

"Scrapping, mostly. I work with a shop that reclaims materials."

"Illegal salvage," you say. You're familiar with the work. Your stomach twists with the thought of salvage crews that take ships, kill the occupants, and strip it for parts.

"Not like that," Theo says. *"It's all found stuff, junk parts. Nothing nobody will miss. We try t' make tech affordable to people, 'much as we can."* You nod. His smile and genuine attitude comfort you. *"You should stop by the shop sometime, see what we can do you for."*

Flirt

You give Theo a long, appraising look and bite your lip. He watches you with a look of equal intrigue for a while. His eyes rake up and down your form unabashedly. You rub your [hips], flashing him a sultry look.

"See something you like?" you ask. Theo nods. *"How do you want to do this?"*

Theo laughs. *"I think a duel will settle it."* You pause, not sure if he's serious. You ask for clarification. *"For dominance. Nothing gets a [man/woman]'s blood pumping like a good fight. And if you best me..."* Theo winks.

[Agreeing to a duel initiates a fight with Theo, melee weapons only. Base HP: 70, Base Lust: 40]

Victory (penis)

Theo drops to his padded knees, unable to continue. A broad grin spreads across his face as you step towards him. He reaches for you, taking handfuls of your [ass]. You shimmy your pants off, looking down at him. He takes your [cock] in his hand, stroking it to full hardness. He lets you step to him, gingerly parting his lips around your [shaft]. He applies sweet pressure, padding his tongue at your tip. His eyes close, an expression of calm enjoyment plastered over his features. His fingertips knead in your ass, pinching and smoothing the flesh where it folds into your [thighs]. It's nearly painful how hard he touches you, but you never want it to stop.

He grabs one of your legs with a firm hand, tossing it over his shoulder as he goes at you with increasing intensity. You pant, head thrown back and throat exposed as he manhandles you so expertly. He draws moans and whimpers from you, warmth rising in your groin. You feel your [balls] tighten, nearing your release. Theo moves up and down your [shaft] with a tight seal, head bobbing between your thighs. His coarse facial hair scrapes against the

sensitive insides of your legs, making you gasp. He moves faster, the roughness scraping you near raw by the time he's finished. You come all at once, a keening moan escaping your lips. Slowly, Theo lowers your leg from his shoulder, looking up at you with dark eyes. [Cum] slips from between his pouty lips, spilling down his chin where he wipes it away. [-100 Lust]

[Options: Reciprocate, Talk, Leave]

Victory (no penis)

Theo drops to his padded knees, unable to continue. A broad grin spreads across his face as you step towards him. He reaches for you, taking handfuls of your [ass]. You shimmy your pants off, looking down at him. He tongues across your [entrance], making lewd sounds with his tongue. His tongue is exceptionally long and animalistic. You step into him, spearing yourself on his thick tongue. His eyes close, an expression of calm enjoyment plastered over his features. His fingertips knead in your ass, pinching and smoothing the flesh where it folds into your [thighs]. It's nearly painful how hard he touches you, but you never want it to stop.

He grabs one of your legs with a firm hand, tossing it over his shoulder as he goes at you with increasing intensity. You pant, head thrown back and throat exposed as he manhandles you so expertly. He draws moans and whimpers from you, warmth rising in your groin. Theo's nose rubs at your [sweet spot] just above your entrance, hot puffs of his breath making you tremble. His coarse facial hair scrapes against the sensitive insides of your legs, making you gasp. He moves faster, the roughness scraping you near raw by the time he's finished. You come all at once, hot and clenching around his tongue, a keening moan escaping your lips. Slowly, Theo lowers your leg from his shoulder, looking up at you with dark eyes. [-100 Lust]

[Options: Reciprocate, Talk, Leave]

Victory (dialogue)

"You're a good lay," you tell Theo. He smiles.

"Not so bad yourself," he comments. *"Not a bad fighter, neither."* You can't help but blush and grin at his praise. You ask if he does this often. Theo shakes his head. *"I don't offer many duels,"* he tells you. You sink down to his level, kneeling between his spread legs as you adjust your [clothing] back into its proper place. Theo rubs a broad thumb across your shoulder.

"Well, are you going to..?" He asks, a sultry little purr in his voice. You glance down to his heavily tented pants.

[Options: Yes, No]

[If no]

"Alright," Theo says, nodding at you as you leave. *"S'ppose I'll be seeing you, then. Goodbye, [Player_name]."*

Victory (reciprocation. If you do not take this option, Theo will not sleep with you again)

You lick your lips, lowering your head until it brushes against the front of his loose black pants. You sniff the heavy musk in the trail of his body hair, flicking out your tongue to lick his soft, sweat-damp skin. Theo shivers. You twist your fingers in the cloth around his waist,

unwinding it slowly until it comes free. His pants slide down easily, revealing his massive [erection]. It is the same dusky color as his lips, the tip fat and glistening as it emerges tentatively from his foreskin. There is a thick knot near the base, wide and inviting. Fat testicles hang below it, looking warm and supple.

You inhale deeply, a shudder running through your core. You trace your tongue along the veins below his [cock], eliciting a change in his breathing. Fat drops of pre drip from his tip, and you gather them up greedily. They taste almost sweet in your mouth. Theo rocks up on his knees, making you kneel and crawl toward him. He strokes through your hair calmly, letting you suckle him in at your own pace. You can only take half of his enormous [cock] sliding down your throat at this angle. It's hot and slick inside your mouth, the foreskin sliding around on your tongue, depositing precome and sweet sweat. Theo pants, tugging on your hair with his thick fingers. His pert ass thrusts toward you incrementally, but he seems restrained. When you look up, you see his face shaded by his thick hair, his mouth open in a silent moan of pleasure. You suckle harder at him, trying to get him to [cum]. You bob loosely on the fat tip, drawing his foreskin over it with your [lips]. Theo moans when he cums, creaming a thick load of [cum] into your mouth and throat. You pull away, swallowing what you can of his sweetness. To your amazement he [cums] again, squirting a small secondary mess across your mouth and neck.

Delicately, Theo lifts you up, still panting from the exertion. He wipes at your chin with the pad of his thumb. The motion is surprisingly delicate. He holds you in his lap for a while, rubbing his hands over your back and [ass]. His kisses pepper your [chest] through your [clothing]. After a spell Theo helps you to your feet, tucking himself away into his pants.

"I really hope t' see more of you," he drawls, wiping at your chin once more. You express the same, and he leaves a graceful peck on your cheek. When you turn to go, he sends you off with a firm, near painful, slap on the [ass]. [+30 Lust]

Defeat

Theo smiles, meeting you where you've knelt, too tired to continue.

"Alright there darlin'?" he asks, petting your hair gently. He tilts your chin up to see him when your breathing slows. *"Looks like I've got the better of you,"* he muses, patting his firmly tented pants. He sinks to your level, running his hands through your hair. He kneels upright and draws your face enthusiastically toward his groin.

You lick your lips, lowering your head until it brushes against the front of his clothing. You sniff the heavy musk in the trail of his body hair, flicking out your tongue to lick his soft, sweat-damp skin. Theo shivers. You twist your fingers in the wraps around his waist, unwinding them slowly until they come free. His pants slide down easily, revealing his massive [erection]. It's at least nine inches, only half hard now. It is the same dusky color as his lips, the tip fat and glistening as it emerges tentatively from his foreskin. There is a thick knot near the base, wide and inviting. Fat testicles hang below it, looking warm and supple.

You inhale deeply, a shudder running down your back. You trace your tongue along the veins below his [cock], drawing a out a change in his breathing. Fat drops of pre drip from his tip, and you gather them up greedily. They taste almost sweet in your mouth. Theo rocks up on his knees, making you kneel and crawl toward him. He strokes through your hair calmly, letting you suckle him in at your own pace. You can only take half of his enormous [cock], sliding down

your throat at this angle. It's hot and slick in you, the foreskin sliding around on your tongue, depositing precome and sweet, musky sweat. Theo pants, tugging on your hair with his thick fingers. His pert ass thrusts toward you incrementally, but he seems restrained. When you look up, you see his face shaded by his thick hair, his mouth open in a silent moan of pleasure. His expression draws a deeply affected whimper from you, the crotch of your pants becoming damper by the moment. When did that happen? You suckle harder at him, trying to get him to [cum]. You bob loosely on the fat tip, drawing his foreskin over it with your full lips. Theo moans when he cums, creaming a thick load of [cum] into your mouth and throat. You pull away, swallowing what you can of his sweetness. To your amazement he [cums] again, squirting a small secondary mess across your mouth and neck. You now notice how ample the wetness between your own legs has gotten.

Theo looks down, smiling, and slips a hand between your thighs. He rubs over your clothing, fingers pressing up into your [genitals]. He pulls you in for a heated kiss, bovine tongue swirling around yours. You whimper uncontrollably, the pressure of his hand giving you what you need to rut hopelessly against. You climax sharply, nearly untouched in your pants.

Delicately, Theo lifts you up, still panting from the exertion. He wipes at your chin with the pad of his thumb. The motion is surprisingly delicate. Theo helps you to your feet, tucking himself away into his pants.

"I really hope t' see more of you," he drawls, wiping at your chin once more. You express the same, and he leaves a graceful peck on your cheek. When you turn to go, he sends you off with a firm, near painful, slap on the [ass]. [-100 Lust]

Sex Intro

Theo grabs your hand, pulling you into his room. He pushes you firmly against the door, covering your mouth with his own. His musk is overwhelming already, a heady scent spiraling into your senses from the skin of his neck. He tilts your chin up, pressing his palm over your throat. You whimper, relaxing at his insistent dominance. Theo chews your lip, suckling at it until it becomes fuller, almost painful. His thick, handsome body presses you against the door, tail curling around your ankle.

"So," he coos, nipping your ear. *"How do you want to do this?"*

Fuck I (with vagina)

You reach down, parting your fingers in a v shape over your swollen [pussy]. Theo catches your meaning, nodding. He lifts your legs, pushing you into the door once more as your mouth is covered in another heated kiss. Your tongues spiral, intoxicating around each other. You don't even notice when he moves you, shifting your weight into his body to move you to the bed. He pushes you down with a hand on your chest. He cups your [chest], kneading your nipple firmly beneath your clothes. His hands slide up around your waist, stripping you of your clothing in one fluid motion.

Theo reaches down, sliding the pad of his thumb across your glistening [cunt]. His pressure is light, teasing, and you can't help but squirm. *"Relax,"* he commands, pushing on the top ridge around your [pussy]. He grabs one of your knees, parting your thighs and securing it

around behind his hip. He drops his pants, his hand sliding up and down gently between your labia. He replaces it with the tip of his cock, grinding teasingly along your slit.

"Please fuck me," you whimper, giving him a begging look. Theo snorts, looking away and deliberately ignoring you. His hand rubs up near your collar, holding you still.

"Be a good [boy/girl], and we'll see what you earn." Theo keeps teasing you, the tip of his cock rubbing against your wet folds. He pushes down, just barely inside you, and your [fluids] squirt out around the intrusion. Theo's noises are inaudible over the whimpers and moans he draws from you, his shallow pants and hard [cock] the only indications of his pleasure.

Finally, after what seems like ages, he slides his tip in fully. You clamp your [pussy] down around him, already filled with need. He rocks back and forth, giving you only a shallow taste of the stimulation you crave. When you whimper pleadingly he chuckles. When you squirm to get nearer to him his hands pin you at the hips, stretching your thighs uncomfortably.

"If you want my cock," he warns, voice low, *"behave."*

You fall slack again, letting him slide back and forth with a few inches of his fat [cock]. He pushes in deeper, speeding up until his knot slaps harshly against your entrance. You whine, voice rising in pitch. Heat wells up in your throat and groin, drawing a burning line across your body. Your back arches with the sensation. He backs off slowly, just when you were getting closer to coming. You try and sit up, to look at him, but he forces you back down by the chest. He is effortlessly able to dominate you mentally and overpower you physically.

Teasingly, slowly, Theo pushes his knot against you. Your [fluids] squirt out around it, [pussy] tensing and relaxing spastically as you try to work it inside you. Theo just laughs again at your eagerness, holding it just out of your reach. He rests the thick bulge of it in your entrance. Then he rolls his hips, sinuously popping the knot in and out of your [cunt]. His heavy [balls] slap against your [ass]. He speeds up, forcing the knot in and out faster until you are whimpering uncontrollably.

You moan in faster and faster "oh"s, mouth open and shapely. You come, clenching around his tight knot and thick [cock]. Finally he hilt himself in you, knot swelling as his [cum] dribbles and slicks your already sopping insides. You can feel his tip pressed deep inside, still stimulating your [pleasure spot] as you shake with aftershocks. You whimper, trembling around him, until his [cock] finally spurts it's load inside of you. You feel his knot slacken after a long while. His face is pleased, colored with a proud smirk. Theo slides himself out, drawing thick ropes of sweet [cum] in the wake of his cock. He presses gentle kisses down your sternum, helping you to your feet. Your knees are unsteady, but stable enough to get you into the hallway with your clothes. *"See you soon, darling."* [-100 Lust]

Fuck II (anal)

You turn against him, lifting your [ass] enticingly up against the present bulge in his pants. He grabs your hips, flattening you against the door and grinding into you. Your cheek is pressed flush to the smooth metal, your head unable to turn and your neck bent at an odd angle. You whimper with pain when Theo pulls your hair, forcing you further against the door. He lets up at your pathetic cries. Thick fingers part your [ass]. His thumb pushes at your hole,

asking for entrance. You whimper and grind back into him a bit. He gives you answering kisses, nibbling at your sensitive [adjective] ears. Suddenly he grabs your thighs, hands smoothing up around your hips. He lifts you into the wall, and then into his body. You can feel his [cock], hard in his pants, press up against your [asshole]. Theo carries you to the bed and deposits you gracefully.

"All fours, little pet," he orders. You scramble to comply, bracing yourself on your elbows to wiggle your ass eagerly in the air. Theo grabs lube, slicking your hole efficiently. He massages it into his thick bull cock, but you only catch a glimpse before he pushes your head down into the satiny sheets. Your breath speeds up excitedly. *"Hush."*

Theo lines up, teasing his fat tip against your [rim]. He pushes into you, making you stretch widely to accommodate his massive cock. He gives you short, patient thrusts, making you grind back against him to try and take more. The stretch is there, present as the head of his cock pops in and out of your body. It isn't enough, not nearly. You press back into him despite the pushing on the back of your neck, and Theo slaps your ass with a broad hand. You whimper, and he tells you to hush again.

You obey, biting your lip to keep quiet. He gives you more, eagerness slipping through his control in his shallow thrusts. You want to beg for more, but stay quiet, following his orders. You hold your position even as his thrusts slow down again, making you want more thick, hard [cock] in you. With the slower pace, his thrusts get deeper. You begin to realize how truly massive his [cock] feels, expertly shifting against your prostate as each slow thrust pushes up into your wet hole. You let out a tiny whimper, earning a stiff pull on your hair.

Suddenly Theo's length is filling you fully, heavy balls slapping against your own with every movement. The faster he moves, the harder it becomes for you to stay quiet. He grips your neck like he knows, passively allowing your tiny, open-mouthed moans. *"Good pet,"* he tells you, rubbing his hand fondly over your lower back. He fucks you harder, letting you grind back into him like a needy whore. His hips slam into yours, knocking you forward and down with every push. His hand grips more decisively at your neck, holding you up properly to keep your position. The leverage he has is incredible, every thrust knocking into you with a force that hurts and pleasures your [hole].

You start to moan in earnest and Theo grabs your neck, forcing you further into the sheets even as your [ass] stays in the air. When you come, you soak the sheets beneath you with your juices. Blood pumps through your [genitals], making you whine with the throbbing. It seems to sync up with his thrusts, which continue sharply and unendingly in your abused [hole]. Theo starts to grunt audibly, still holding you down while he uses your spent form to pleasure himself.

When he comes in you, hot and thick [seed] flowing freely in your [ass], you moan uncontrollably. He slaps your cheek hard, palming it with both hands as he pulls you back into him sharply. It takes three full thrusts before the last of his load is shot. When he pulls out, slick slides freely down your thighs. It leaves you feeling deeply submissive. He strokes the back of your neck, massaging where your [hair] connects to your nape. He lifts you back by the chest, gently, into his lap. He chuckles, looking over your shoulder at the mess you've left on the sheets.

"Good pet," he muses, stroking your hair. "*Such a pretty little thing you are.*" He presses gentle kisses down your sternum, helping you to your feet. Your knees are unsteady, but stable enough to get you into the hallway with your clothes. "*See you soon, darling.*" [-100 Lust]

Sensation (penis)

Theo holds you by the hips and listens to your request. You tell him you want him to play with you, to milk your [cock] until it's sore. He raises an eyebrow, holding your chin so you look up at him as he bends to you.

"*This'll be intense, if we do this.*" he says, making sure you feel comfortable. "*You have to be willing to submit to me, fully,*" he tells you. You nod, face flushing deeply. You shiver with excitement, practically bouncing on the balls of your feet. He smirks. "*Undress for me.*" Theo sits back on the bed, watching you obey him. You remove your [clothes] just enough for your [cock] to peek out. Theo doesn't seem impressed with the teasing, his fingers tapping his knee impatiently. Something about the gesture makes you want to obey him, and you do, stripping your [clothing] off into a careless heap. He pats the bed beside him, and you sit, feeling nervous and exposed. Theo pushes you back, stretching your arms over your head. You breathe in sharply as he holds you with one hand, the other starting to roam over your stomach. His touches are so light they almost tickle, making you hungry for something harsher.

As if sensing your need, Theo produces silken rope, binding your arms together above your head. The pad of his thumb presses down on the tip of your [cock] until you squirm, pearly drops of pre leaking from you. He lifts his thumb, the delicious pressure gone, and raises it to your lips. He makes you suckle your own fluids off his skin, pushing his thumb against your tongue to silence you when you protest.

"*I need you to be a good [boy/girl],*" he chuckles. "*Behave for me, if you want to play.*" You try to. Your body goes stiff and still, your submission encouraging him to play with your cock again. He thumbs around your head, going at his own pace despite the needs of your body. He produces another toy-- a small, tight ring of silicone-- and fits it over your cock snugly. Heavy beads hang side-by-side from its base, rubbing against your [testicles] and parting them just slightly. With a few lubricating strokes Theo has you leaking hard again, slick precome sliding down your shaft. Theo chuckles, gathering more of it up to feed to you. It's a little humiliating, but you can't resist the overwhelming urge to please him.

Theo rubs back and forth along your [prick], not grasping it at all. He strokes with two fingers along your length, pushing on the thick veins available to him. They pulse under the pressure, throbbing against him for long moments before he lets up. "*Stay for a moment, darling,*" he murmurs, nipping at your ear. His touch lingers heavily on your [chest].

It feels like Theo is gone a long time, coming back into the room with a soft *kssh* of the door. Something in his hand clinks, but he pushes you back firmly as you raise your body to look. "*No peeking, pet,*" he teases. His thumb rubs along your collar fondly.

"*Stay still, and don't hold back your noises,*" he says. He pushes a cold metal ring at your mouth, making you part your lips around it. He secures it around your head with soft straps. Your tongue pushes at the ring, but it's locked firmly behind your teeth.

He touches your [cock] again, rubbing it delicately. He goes a long time, lubricating your [shaft] with a thick coat of pre. It clings to the silicone balls pressed up against you, their weight

seeming to grow as the lubrication makes you more sensitive. Suddenly the weighty ring vibrates to life. You moan, almost sobbing at the sudden sensation. Theo rubs the head of your [cock], working you to a quick orgasm. You shoot hot bands of [cum] into the air, your moans pushing thin strands of drool from around the ring in your mouth.

Theo doesn't stop though. He shuts off the vibration, rubbing your [cock] softly. He kisses your hip. His fingers form a tight seal, stroking up your [shaft] to the end. It draws a few beads of [cum] out again. Theo gathers those, pushing his thumb through the ring to wipe them off on your tongue. Your [eyes] hood, lips pouting around the ring. Your knees knock demurely together, submissive and yielding. They stay where Theo puts them, pushing your [balls] tightly against you. He rubs against your cock again, watching your mouth. You whimper, and he smiles.

He repeats his process, vibrating the heavy ring against your [balls] and [shaft] and stroking you until you spill hot [seed] across his hand. He feeds it to you each time, where it mingles with your spit as the ring hinders your swallowing, spilling from your [lips]. The mess begins to make a pretty picture on your chin and [chest], the excess wiped off on your hips and stomach. Each orgasm grows louder, the vibrations more intense over time. Theo looks incredibly smug after three. After five, when you start to shout, he looks desperate and fond. He's ruffled his hair with his clean hand, biting his own thumb as he kneels near you. After six, you sob, with every bit of contact. Tears start to join the fluid on your face, your half-sobbing moans ripping through your straining throat and sore jaw.

"*Alright there, pet?*" Theo asks, stroking your hip. "*Need me to stop?*" You shake your head violently, feeling a deep need to let him have his way with your [cock]. He keeps stroking you, drawing orgasms from you until you can give nothing more. You slump, and he lets his hand off your [cock].

Theo slides the ring off your abused [prick], handling you carefully. Even his gentle fingers make you burn with overstimulation. You pant, looking at him. Something in you craves praise and reassurance that he's gotten what he wanted. Theo smirks, straddling your hips. He strokes his heavy, needy bull-cock over you. It takes only moments for him to cum at the display under him. Thick, heavy seed spills across you, coloring your [chest] an alabaster white. Some of it splatters your face and chin. You can't swallow, can't lick the delicious, milky seed from your mouth. You try, still, whimpering as the submissiveness in you takes over. You want so badly to please. Theo's expression goes soft, thumb rubbing your cheek. He lets the ring slip free when he unclasps it. Your jaw hurts, but he massages it.

Theo scoops you up into his arms, rubbing your jaw and shivering, overstimulated muscles. "*Good, good pet,*" he murmurs in his afterglow, kissing your forehead. The term feels very affectionate, very warm and praising. When you recover, Theo sets you down on the floor. He passes you your clothing, and you put your abused [prick] away gingerly. Theo winks, blowing you a flirtatious kiss as you leave. [-100 Lust]

Joining the Crew

The thought cannot help but occur to you, seeing Theo's build, and skills, and his nature. You could put a man like him to good use in the Rush when there are lives and worlds at stake. It would be nice to have someone else you could trust at your back.

He looks amused and unsurprised when you propose the idea to him, and claps a massive hand to your shoulder.

"I've been waiting for you t' ask me, Captain Steele." He considers you with a smile. *"I'd be willing. I do have some conditions, though, if you'll hear 'em out."*

"Shoot," you say, relaxed as he is. Somehow you know that his requests will be something you can gladly acquiesce to.

"You're mine. We don't have t' be sexually exclusive, but romantically, I'd be the only one. And..." he trails off, stepping closer and putting his wide palms on your [hips]. *"No one else gets your submission like I do. Only I get to see that. That sound like fair terms?"*

You grin, thinking about what that means for you. There's a hot thrill in your stomach as you think about being subdued by Theo, knowing that he is the only one who can make you so needy and desperate. And the romantic part of it is something you can't deny you like. It feels like Theo really *wants* you, for who you are as well as in a physical sense. It's a nice feeling to have.

"Is that all?" you tease, pecking a kiss on his stubble-roughened cheek. *"Perhaps I can pull some strings. Can you start tomorrow?"*

"Sure," Theo says, smiling a bit smugly. You nod and grin, making to move off, but he holds you tighter.

"I got you this. Dunno if you'll wear it, but on New Texas at least it's real common t' gift it to your pets." He stands and pats your back, moving past you and leaning you with a sleek black leather collar in your hands. It's lovely, polished and well-made, and it has a beautiful golden ring on the front that winks in the light. Your fingers close around it and you straighten up, blinking after Theo's absent form. [+token: Theo's collar]

Past

"So Theo," you ask, looking at him with your [eyes]. *"Why did you leave Terra?"* His expression is pained for a long while.

"I... fell in with the wrong sort of crew. Got addicted t' some things, formed habits I couldn't kick. I was selfish. I put people in danger."

You pressure him, not letting him let it end that vaguely.

"Someone got hurt. My sister. She... I let her get too close t' my work and she... she got killed. Nasty stuff." You tell Theo you're sorry. He shrugs like it doesn't matter, but his face is tense.

"So, uh," he says. *"What else did you want t' know?"*

You ask him why he went to New Texas. He laughs loudly.

"For the sex, what else?" You laugh with him. *"You've seen my mods. Where else could I get this sort of hardware?"*

Sister

You ask Theo what his sister was like. His face goes sad, but he smiles despite it.

"She was incredible. Smart, strong, a brilliant singer..." He trails off. *"I loved my baby sister. She was the whole damn world t' me. Everything I did, I did t' give her a better life. But I couldn't protect her. She was too determined t' help out, t' get involved. It made her so happy, I*

didn't have the heart to stop her. And she was brilliant at the scrapping. Tore apart anything she could get her hands on and had a knack for picking out the best parts. I think you would've liked her," he says. Theo's fond memory makes you sad, too.

Why Domination?

You sit thoughtfully for a moment before breaking the silence to voice a question that's been lingering with you ever since you met him.

"Why domination?" Theo repeats, laughing a little. *"The thrill of it. The way I don't even need my body t' subdue a person, so long 's they're willing and inclined. And the best part is the subspace, the little change in someone's eyes when they give over completely t' your control."* He pauses, grinning. *"Plus, it makes it real easy t' get my way."*

Fuck III (anal)

You don't answer for a long while, with Theo kissing your neck. He makes you lightheaded. He grabs your ass, lifting you up into his body and holding you against the door. He holds your legs around his middle, grinding his heavy bulge against your [hole].

"This alright?" He asks. You nod urgently as he works your [clothes] off. He grinds against your [ass]. He fumbles for a moment, producing small packages of lube before he drops his own clothes. Completely. He keeps grinding, the fat tip of his bull-cock near breaching you with every motion. You clutch his shoulders and moan openly against him, making him laugh.

Theo slicks his cock liberally, lining it up and pressing it against you. He lowers you slowly, penetrating you. Your [hole] clenches repeatedly, Theo letting you get used to the stretch of him. He is immense inside you, despite how he looks. He groans when his tip passes and you glide easily onto the rest of him. He doesn't move until you squirm, pressed against the wall and full of his cock.

"P-please," you stammer, wanting him to fuck you. A smirk passes across your face as you see his pleasure at your begging. He starts to move, grinding up into your wet, warm body. He pins you to the door, letting you suck and kiss and bite him as you please. With every movement he moans. Theo's breath softens, like he's baiting back an orgasm. He grinds at an easy, slow pace until you beg him to go faster, undulating your body to milk his fat cock. He meets your pace, fucking up into you with abandon.

Theo orgasms with a loud shout, thrusting twice with finality before pulling out. His strong form holds you effortless to the wall, his [cum] and lube sliding to drip on the floor. He grinds his stomach against you, giving your body the friction it needs to meet him at his orgasm. He helps along with two fingers slotted easily inside your [hole], his thumb pressed just outside of you. You fuck down on them helplessly, grinding against his rigid abdomen until you come. He wipes at the fluids you leave behind as he sets you down, kissing you firmly on the mouth before you go.

Nursing II

Your hands slide down to his plush pectorals, rolling the buds of his exposed nipples in your fingers. Theo laughs, grabbing your wrists and inverting your positions against the wall. He undoes his barbaric armor, letting it fall to the ground. You lean forward, eagerly suckling at the

pert buds of his nipples. You massage the warm skin of his chest. His hair is so fine and soft, spreading over his pectorals and spiraling around his dusky nipples. Your tongue flicks over the skin, his head falling back against the wall with a dull thump. Theo begins to pant, low whines escaping him on every breath. His nipple starts to leak. Fatty milk spills across your tongue and you sigh with relief involuntarily.

Theo moans when the flow starts in earnest, drawn out by your suckling. He slips down the wall a bit, cradling your head in his hands. He holds you on his dripping tit, feeding you on his warm milk. After a time you switch to the other, lapping up the eagerly spilling fluid. It tastes sweet and comforting. Hot milk runs down your throat and you pull off.

Theo is straining hard in his pants now, but he ignores it. He scoops you up, bringing you to the bed. He settles you in his lap, guiding your head back to his leaking tits. You suck until his milk gets thinner, and take a break. Theo guides your head down to his tented pants. When you pull them down you see his cock, dusky and leaking. You can't muster even hesitation as you draw yourself to him, suckling the sweet pre from his bull-like slit. You bob your head desperately on his cock, letting it's head rub the back of your throat. Theo keeps his hips down, moaning just slightly. When you close your [lips], forming a tight seal on his cock, it's just enough to send him over the edge. Theo shouts, shooting his load down your throat. You swallow greedily, hot cum rushing down into your stomach and settling there heavily.

Theo grunts, drawing you back up to his chest. He feeds you more of his sweet milk, drawing you against his chest. He holds you in your lap, drawing you from nipple to nipple until your belly feels full of his milk. He pushes you down on his cock again, your slack and submissive mouth a perfect fuck-hole for his fat cock. When you relax he holds your hair, hips bucking up into your mouth to chase another orgasm. He thrusts against you in an epic orgasm, hips and balls smacking your face humiliatingly. You whimper as he comes again, more sweet cum filling your belly. It starts to distend, feeling full. After another repetition the fullness begins to feel unpleasant, but Theo's face is so full of bliss and elation you can't stop. He fills you with sweet milk for what feels like hours, until your swollen stomach swishes with his fluids. Theo lays you on your back, kissing your stomach. It's distended enough to look almost pregnant, your belly stretching from the line of your [hips] and crotch. Theo pats you fondly, giving your ass a firm smack as you move to wobble out of the room. [+70 Lust]