

Attack on the drones

(Wasp boy defeat scenes)

Sex scenes

1. Oral
 - 1.1. [Dick]
 - 1.2. [Vagina]
2. [Bumm Fuck]
3. Cowgirl (champion)
4. Teasing (wasp boy)
 - 4.1. Finish
 - 4.2. No finish
 - 4.2.1. Leads to random, non combat encounter
 - 4.2.1.1. Ride the good boy
 - 4.2.1.2. Bone the good boy
 - 4.2.1.3. Leave him

[Oral]

Oral

//Oral: Ah, the little wasp boy sure seems lonely without something to suck on. Good for him, you are here with the solution.

[Dick] [Vagina]

//dick only works if champion has a real dick

//no matter which of the 2 scene player picks, both of them will lead to same beginning

[pazzy.combat

|Ignoring the voluptuous figures of the knocked out wasps girls, you turn your attention to their brother in arms. {First time|And what a peculiar specimen he is: first off, his abandon is nowhere to be found, leaving you with a full view of his developed back and cushy bottom. While his face does contain those androgynous feature so prominent in his brethren, more than accentuated by his long golden locks, rest of his body posses that athletic edge that really should not be surprising, considering his people's work regimen, yet it still takes you aback to see it on the prone drone. And with him standing to what you are approximating must be close to 6 feet in length, he does possess more of those boyish charms compared to his contemporaries. Which, frankly...

]

[Turns you on] [Turns you off]

//To coders – The "first time" dialogue opens up these two options above for as many times as the player chooses "turns you off". People in this game associate drones with femboys, and since we already have Prince Nyze, I wanted to give something to people that are more into pretty boys/twinks. Yet since we do have this aforementioned knowledge that most drones are not like my boy here, I wanted to write this to make sure that people rightfully know what they are getting into.

Also, if a player picks "turns you off", they simply get kicked into the main sex menu.

{First time|So w|W}ith him and his compatriots half dazed from your recent knock about, you see no better time to put him to good use – your next set of actions seeming borderline automatic within their sureness.

Shouting at the wasp boy, you [pc.isBimbo|guide|order] him to get up; as a winner of your little exchange, you certainly are not going to do more work than you need to. And while it takes time for his scrambled brain to process your words, he sure does follow up on them quickly by prompting himself upright. One would think that the urgency of his response stems from the fear of you messing him up further than you already did. But nah, once on his knees, you are assured that is not the case; he wants you to do so.

[pc.dcb]YHow about putting his hero worshiping mouth to a different, yet ostensibly same, use?

{First time|

[Pazzy_Combat_Encounter|Pazzy, the horny[pc.heightRange 76|little
][pc.dcb|shit|scamp|ho]

Because Seven, he is stiff! With his cute yet somewhat oversized dick leaking honey-like fluids, paving a wet trail across the coal collared flesh. His mouth opens wide, long tongue spilling out and exuding what must be silent panting, begging to be put to use {First time|to prove its worth|like the last time}. ,

With that in mind you discard your clothes, closing in what little distance there is between you two, to present him to your erogenous zone.

And what a reaction to follow: his panting becomes heavier and more pronounced, hot lustful breaths ensuring that, in spite of the ever encompassing cold, your [pc.hasreal
dicks|[plural|have|has] no qualms in becoming harder[pc.hasvagina|, along with your wet folds], giving him something to obsess over|[pc.vagina] has no qualms in leaking, adding a nice bit of mouth watering moisture to occasion], judging by his now panting expression. But that is all he does, with no further action following suit.

{first time|You ponder if he is having last minute doubts about this whole ordeal, but a quick glance into his black orbs tells you otherwise. They are filled with devotion, the kind that needs to be guided!

{next}

//If PC chose dick.

[pc.dcb

|Really, you do not have the will, or patience, to tell him what he must do.

|Ah, how quaint, you have an obedient little wasp boy on your hand. So then, why not take a more hands-on approach?

|Ahhhhh, how sweet, he is looking forward to this as much as you are. Surely he will not mind if you get a little rougher with him, then?

]

Placing your [pc.hands

] on top his fuzzy hair, you make ensure that he can not move without your direct involvement. His attempted nods despite it clue you [pc.isBimbo|that he is tots into it.|into his total submission.] Good. You start pushing the wasp boy towards your [pc.cock], landing his plushy

lips directly onto [pc.hasCocks|the largest one|your crown]/ [pc.isBimbo|Ehehhe|Damn], that feels nice.

[pc.cockrange 0 5 13

|You take him further down, until your dick is entirely enveloped inside his velvet mouth. Short trip considering your size, yet an ever comfortable one. And the wasp boy is with you all the way, as his elongated tongue ensures that your stiffy is coated in ever prominent wetness. Almost like it is being tied down, with how it seems to be putting pressure where his maw can not. And, damn, some of it even exits his lips, tasting what little it can of your [pc.hasotherDick|second dick and|][pc.has knot|

[pc.knot|][pc.hasballs|[pc.balls|][pc.pussy|]]. As you start pushing your dick out, his tongue is still enveloping around it, it follows you out like a flytrap. His lips puckering in, making pleasure endorsed slurping sounds on your way out

|You take him further down, until your dick is entirely enveloped inside his velvet mouth. Ohhhhhh seven, he wants you there. His tongue, ever loving, just envelopes as much of you as he can take. Which is everything, it seems, because soon your [pc.has balls|[pc.has knot|[pc.knot|][pc.balls|][pc.vagina|]] is kissing his chin. It took some effort, mostly on his part, but [pc.isDK|you|he] did it. You can hear him choking [pc.cockrange 0 5|a little], but with his hands holding your [pc.butt|] tight, you are assured that he is where he wants to be. With your first of so many trips completed, you start moving outwards. To that, his throat tightens slowly, as if protesting, begging you to stay.|

You push him further down, with the intention to reach as far inside as his limits allow. The more you enter, the more you feel your [pc.dick|] getting enveloped by all sides, the damping crevice serving as a perfect pleasure tunnel. You can feel his long tongue spoon out your underside, adding even more spit to the occasion. The boy even puts the hand on your [pc.ass|], encouraging you to take him as far as his gullet allows. And that you do, with the end of your progress being marked with sudden whimpering and gagging.

[pc.dcb|Not wanting to ruin him before you had your fill, you try slowly pushing back; but it seems his body disagrees with you on that front. His throat, not knowing how to let up, clogs around your invasive member with a more firm, more pleasurable resistance compared to your prior packing.|Not wanting to hurt the boy, you make a slow retreat, meeting more resistance on your way back than on the break in. [pc.rc kitsune|Keros|Gods], his throat is like a vice. Almost pushing you into choking him more, to further his ever intoxicating grip. But you march on, despite each pushback being more pleasurable than the last.|Eeeeeee, he is still so obedient. His hands are still beginning you to proceed, to not mind his comfort. So sweet, but careless. It would do you both no good if he got hurt, no matter how compelling his vice-like grip makes the prospect. So massaging his cheeks, you get him to relax, ensuring that your exit is not followed by a preceding death grip|]

And what awaits you outside his welcoming hole is as expected as it is fierce. Warmth of wasp boy's mouth being replaced by coldness of the marches, your spit covered dick shivering in its

presence. That same spit, as if by some makeshift bridge, connecting to the lower jaw of your recent conquest.

And what a view that makes: the little buzzer [pc.heightrange 48 74 86|kneeling|tip toeing|half squatting] bellow you, dog like panting with his trap [pc.cockRange 0 6 13|puckered|open|open wide] as far as it can possibly be. Showing that he is there with you, suffering through his own kind withdrawal. Were it not for your hand keeping him in check, he would be right back at it, [pc.cockrange 0 5|slurping|choking] on it in a blissful state; yet he still manages to get some licks onto your shaft.

[pc.isBimbo

|Eeeeeeeee! Did his head really become so mushy just from a little breach? That is so sweet! No worries there waspy, you are both getting back to fun times, hehe!

|Heh, while a nice gesture, does he honestly believe that you are not noticing his intrusion of your unspoken contract? He let you pace your little intercourse remember? Fine then, if he is so desperate, have at it!]

Securing a second [pc.hand] on his scalp, you pull back your [pc.hips], and plunge yourself back in. The second invasion is much quicker than the first, due in part to him experiencing your shape beforehand and eagerness flowing through you both. And what a way to reconnect with his kisser. The gratitude he is showering you in is inexplicable, [pc.cockrange 0 5 13|by once again wrapping around all of your dick, taking it in with double the attention to all of its parts. Desperate licks and rolls, begging you not to leave until he had his fill, assaulting your every nerve.|licking your underside as you push once again to the base. And this time, the pressure that puts you through is far greater, as an added incentive to keep you there. All of his inner muscles working in unison, wrapping and coiling, despite slight choking discomfort.|Nghhhhh, this time he is really trying to take you to the base, pushing himself in tandem with your [pc.hands]. Fruitless as it might be, the effort of all his inner workings does have its intended effect. The minute he can not go any further, he plunges all of its muscles in coordinated assault to wring you dry.] [pc.Bimbo|Nooooooo, t|Shit! T]his is bad[pc.isBimbo|!].] If you do not retake control soon, all of your efforts will come to an abrupt end.

Acting fast, you start slowly pulling back and forth inside of his cum receptor, while [pc.isDK|commanding|urging] him to ease up. Despite the trance-like state your dick put him in, he follows suit; not by much, but a needed amount. As you move his head around, his [pc.cockRange 5|puckered up|choking] mouth keeps working in tandem with you. [pc.cockRange 3 5 13|He keeps devouring your dick, bopping it around as it continues to make short trips. Each time you go [pc.has knot|knot|balls] deep, he looks up at you, showing you a content smiling face, thanking you for the meal with even more saliva to show for.|Each back and forth arc caused him to choke a little, followed by a little happy buzz inside his throat. The dilution between your forceful thrusts and his bobbing head making it so both of you get as much pleasure as requested|While he can not take you fully in, the compensation he puts in by following your lead more than makes up for it. The extra mouth movements ensure that both of you get what you aim for.]

And while the pleasure he is giving you is palpable to that of his wasp Queen, the subject in front of you is in his own state of bliss. Despite your forceful hook around his fuzzy hair, his dick keeps leaking, creating a puddle of wasted seed on the snow below. His [pc.has dick 0 5][teary, yet] focused eyes are singing you the song of adoration as his hands keep tightening and tightening around your [pc.butt]. Muffled happy buzzes, serving as an appropriate melody and massage. Signaling that at this moment, there is no place he would rather be than here. Serving your and your every need.

Gritting your teeth, you start exerting more of your unabashed lust into the recipient below. His [pc.hascock 0 5][slurping][choking]] becomes louder as your thrusts devolve into primal showing of conquest. [pc.hascock 0 6][As he starts t[T]earing up more and more with how the unannounced quickening of pace took him by surprise. He tries to adjust his footing, but all that does is allow you even more control over his bumbling head. But, despite it, his ever encapsulating black orbs show, he could not have asked for more than to be put in such a state. Rolling his tongue and relaxing his hands as he fully immerses himself into his new role as your cum receptor.

Shortly after your little outburst, little quarts of spit and pre start forming on his lips, mixing in with the tears flowing down his cheek. His attempted gasps and moans getting muffled by animalistic impalements sounding through the environment. Eclipsing even the sound of your prior mishap that started it all.

Not wanting to stay entirely passive, your [pc.isBimbo|friend|drone] doubles his efforts in [pc.hascock 3][massaging your [pc.cock]][taking you in] , relaxing and enclosing his [pc.has cock 3][mouth][throat] with each thrust. [pc.cockRange 13][Still trying but delightfully failing to take you to base, p[P]utting himself in willing discomfort for the sake of you and you alone. [pc.hasdicks][To prove it, he moves one hand from your [pc.ass] to grab your other [pc.dickother] to divert some of his attention to it. Quick and long strokes follow suit, as his surprisingly delicate chitinous digits encapsulate [pc.cockrangeother 0 5][all|some] of its surface, in a desperate attempt to make up for all the attention it lacked beforehand.[To prove it, he starts [pc.hasvagina][probing your slit as his diligent finger start shlicking you for all they are worth][massaging your butt cheeks, as his diligent little fingers start probing your prostate.]] The double-sided assault is as effective as it is cruel, cutting into your ever depleting endurance.

Alas, not seeing the point in prolonging the inevitable, you speed up towards the long awaited finish, pushing and pulling until the sounds of your rutting become louder and wetter. And despite all the abuse, the wasp boy is still working with his hands on your [pc.hascockother|second shaf] [pc.hasvagina|on your flower|on your prostate], but you can see that it is more out of automatic response than anything else. Losing himself, struggling to keep his consciousness afloat as his eyes become dilated from your brutal [pc.has dick 0][mouth][throat] fuck. A perfect sign, as any, that you are both near the finish.

Closing in for the final time before he gets lost in it completely, you impale the goldy [pc.hascock 13|as far as you can|[[pc.hasknot|to the [pc.knot]]|[[pc.hasballs|to the [pc.balls]]|base]]|until he is kissing your [pc.vagina]]. In response, his hands fall [pc.heightRange 76|close|down] to the ground below, with their purpose realized, as he relaxes completely, giving you away his complete autonomy. And what better way to reward such a good, hardworking [pc.isdcb|drone|subject|friend] than with a salty treat complementing his sweet diet.

[pc.hasknot|Your knot inflates outside [pc.hasvagina|as your vagina discharges in unison]]|[[pc.has vagina|Your vagina discharges w|W]]|ith you erupting at long last, rewarding him with a fresh dose of your ever tasty seed. [pc.dicksizes 0 5 13|His tongue scooping [pc.cumCap 100 1000 10000|all|some|slices] of it, pushing it down his throat in ever desperate bid to sate his hunger|The trajectory of it hitting the back of his throat, causing him to gulp hard to your announced intrusion|With it passing all the way down until his abused throat takes a full brunt of your emerging load, coaxing it in all you can give.] [pc.cumCap 100 1000| He chugs and chugs, almost choking on your [cum. type honey|sweet|salty] excess, never seeming to lose thirst for it. What he can not immediately take in, his tongue separates in chunks, ensuring that he has a steady flow of ever tasty seed. Lamentably, you[pc.hasballs|r balls] empty the last of it into his guts [pc.hasotherdick|, while the second one lotions up his hair,] bringing it all to a lofty end; and him down with it.| He tries, oh does he try, but he is physically incapable of taking in your [pc.cum cap 1000 10000|large|inhuman] load. His tummy bloats with every passing second, contorting to your sheer volume, ending up in a pregnant-like state. But despite all of it, he just does not let up, keeping himself glued to his own detriment.

[pc.isDK|Wanting to play it safe|Fearing for his well-being], you forcefully, and you mean forcefully, pull him away, releasing what excess cum your [pc.dicks] contain all over the poor sap bellow. What is there left for you to give, you paint all over his goldy, fuzzy frame, ensuring his sister will have something to snack on later.] And then, he just flops. Into the mixture of dirt, snow and [pc.cumcap 100 1000|his|predominantly your] seed, allowing you some sort of receipt

[pc.isDK|Damn|Gods], that really took a lot out of both of you. You almost feel like you are going to follow up his example, landing into him. Everything, just everything, feels fuzzy, as you try to take a hold of some sort of footing. Taking deep breaths, you slowly straighten, finding the will to not just flop into the mess below.

But despite all of it, the wasp below you is still hard. Gasping and panting, with him near the edge, but hard nonetheless. You almost feel insulted that your treatment did not finish you off both equally, but...

[Finish]
/you do not have time for it

... you have no time in dilly-dallying more than you already have. Picking up your [pc.clothes], which are thankfully in a cleaner state than your own self, contempt with how all of this went

down. Alas, not being able to help yourself, you look back at the wasp one last time. And what a sight for sore eyes. He is desperately trying to get a hold of his climax ready shaft, but it's a wasted effort. Even his developed arms just do not have the strength corresponding to his spirit. All he can do is yell and curse, but surprisingly none of it targets you but his apparent lack of sexual prowess.

Guess he will just have to wait for his case of blueballs to promptly reside. [pc.dcb]Serves him right...[Heh...|Oh poor sweetie...]

At last, once finished getting in order, you start heading back to parts unknown, with a lesser load but heavier steps.

[finish him]

... What is the hurry?[pc.isDK|You plant your [pc.foot] on top of his edging shaft, applying some light pleasure.|You kneel over him, wrapping your [pc.hand] around his edging shaft, applying some light pleasure.] “Ah, ah, ah” he pants, fingers digging into the ground, as his hips rise in unison with his release. Wait, so he was that close? [pc.isdcb]Shit|Well|Ahhhhh], if you knew that, you would have used him a little while longer. But sadly , the damage has already been done, so[pc.isBimbo|ooooooo], why not just enjoy the fireworks?

The first stream of his sweet nectar wash over both of you, erupting quickly as his dick pulses like mad. Some of it landing on your [pc.isDK|foot|hand], while the rest of it mixes into his skin and fuzz. You do stroke him more and more after, intentioned in milk him for all his worth, while words of encouragement exit your once commanding mouth. “Thank you, thank, thank you...” he repeats ad nauseam, until his last droplets of seed end on your digits. Ah, ain't that nice? Still, there is a better way for him to show off his gratitude.

Lifting your cum covered [pc.isDK|foot|hand] over his face, you [pc.isBimbo|guide|demand] of him to clean you all up. As his final show of subservience, he does a real fine job. Getting in between the digits with his tongue, sucking off the [pc.isDK|toes|fingers] and giving it kisses just to get your approval.

Once finished, he slumbers back into the fetal position with a huge smile painted across his face. Well, you can not deny that he deserves some well-earned rest. [pc.isDK|Plopping to|With you on] ground below, you [pc.isDK|slap|massage] his cheeks one last time as a reward for a job well done.

Putting back your [pc.clothes] on, you head back in parts unknown: with a lesser load but a heavier step.

[Next]

//if PC chose vagina.

[pc.dcb]Really, you do not have patience or will to tell him what he must do.[Ah, how quaint, you have an obedient little wasp boy on your hand. So then, why not take a more hands-on approach?|Ahhhhh, how sweet, he is looking forward to this as much as you are. Surely he will not mind if you get a little rougher with him then?]. With that in mind, you place your [pc.hands] on top of his fuzzy hair to ensure that he can not move without your direct involvement. His attempted nods, despite it, clue you [pc.isBimbo|that he is tots into this.|into his total devotion.].

So you slowly plant his head [pc.hasballs|below your sack and|[pc.hasrealdicks|right below your dick[plural|s] and]] right onto your waiting cunny. And be it from practice or instinct, once he is within direct access to your honey pot, his lulling appendage takes a more firm, flexible shape as it dispatches onto your lips. It begins by exploring your outer folds, going around your [pc.pussy] with your hands guiding him from one slit to another. Sawing between your dampening labias, scraping them by with his length and girth, but never creeping past your wet folds. And when it ends with him up to your clitty, his flexible tool coils around it with a pleasurable chokehold. The forked tip locks onto your pleasure bean, slowly bobbing it up and down with lovely little flicks, before gradually unwrapping to return to its prior task of completely worshipping your flower.

What a proficient [pc.dcb|drone|waspboy|waspy] {first time|he turned out to be|he is}: If your prior state could have been described as wet, now you are absolutely drenched. Each little slide – each little lick – builds upon one another, grasping for every bit positive reinforcement from your panting maw. Whenever your [pc.skinFurScales] get[plural|s] damp as a consequence of your gushing[pc.female|feminine] snatch, he is there to lap it up – even if it is just replacing one deluge for another. And once that outer attention reaches your core, starting a fire in your loins that only a through tongue fucking can put down, you grab the enamored pussy pleaser by the hair, trying to [pc.corruptionRange 0 30|gently] push him away. Yet your attention has not crossed his pleasure hazed brain, with him still continuously barraging your labias with kisses and licks. All that surface maneuvering has shifted into something you can only describe as manic devotion, his tongue slobbering each one of your most sensitive spots. The way it lingers on your clitty, even when you are forcing his head away, makes a simple step of separating yourself from that wanton expression of lust and hero worship seem almost to cruel; to both of you. But realizing that it is no longer welcome, it returns to the inside of his slacked jaw, with the [pc.isdcb|drone|waspboy|waspy] savoring your aftertaste, humming to himself.

But before he gets too comfortable, you plunge your thumb into his mouth, as a half measure to keep him busy while you take in both of your states. And just to catch your breath, for your outer layer feels all tingly [pc.has dicks|, with your dick[plural|s]] standing up,) cursing for more of that worship. For those slavish licks and kisses have put such a strong fire to your inner core that you are barely keeping yourself from plunging your digits just to scratch that itch.

And the culprit who put you in such a state – such a deeply aroused and compromising state – is right there, going through his own kind of withdrawal. Panting, sucking and salivating around

your finger as your now drenched folds, the mixture of his and your fluids, are almost too tantalizing for him. Hard shaft, but hands put; your need and command overruling his own.

Lucky for him, you are just as eager to experience his flexible, mouthy appendage plunge in your love canal as he is to offer you to do so. Removing one of your hands from his scalp, you bring it to your closed labias, spreading them out and revealing your love channel to your intoxicated pussy eater.

There, there, he can indulge himself – for both your sakes.

You hear a long, outdrawn “Yesssss...” after which a steamy breath slides against your folds, creating a pleasurable sensation as his maw fully embraces them. His extendable tongue springs out, sliding past your tender petals, probing deeper and deeper, until you are forced to snap back into a more upright position. The way his appendage hits your sensitive spots on its descend, rearranging and folding them with a maniac interest is... it is just something that you can get enough of! Each luscious flex and each slow crash by his sliding tongue etches into you the want – the need – for all of it.

And then it happens: That tongue, that ever flexible tongue, just reached its apex – its tip scraping the most out of reach spots, giving your inner bumps little licks and shifts. It wiggles around in place, probing your bodies erotic reactions to {First time|uncover|rediscover} your most sensitive and demanding spots. Shuddering at that wonderful sensation, you crane your neck upwards and let yourself get lost in it.

"Mmmmmm..." is all you your designed cunt-licker lets out, his lust-addled expression conveying just a tad bit of smugness as he gives another little flick, forcing out a jolt of ecstatic electricity to course through you. [pc.isdcb|The little shit is|The overconfident brat|The adorable little scamp] so proud of himself just because he got you to swoon a little; so proud of his talents that he forgot to start pumping, to really start worshiping you like he would his queen.

A demanding, quick, grind gets your message across, for his far reaching tongue retracts partway into the mouth, before plugging back in. Fast, firm but flexible: its eager frolic to the bottom gives you such an ecstatic high – that then immediately gets usurped by the next one. Your inner muscles smush around him, smooching him with praises and an unbridled want for more – so much more.

And by [pc.race Kitsune Valkyrie|Keroses trickery|Lumias blessing|gods] does he deliver. His black orbs dilate, sharpening their focus while his oral effort becomes sharper, more refined; continuously pumping into you, the tapered tongue slathering it's spit over your soaking depths. Pushing itself against each of your walls on its way down, fighting off their desire to keep it there, before just as swiftly and ecstatically cradling your pussy on its way back. Relentlessly combing through your depths with so much diligence and care; carving into them his desires to feel you gush into his open, waiting maw.

Which your soaking cunny is all too happy to deliver: small, refreshing streams of wasp-ready nectar slowly gushing into him. He happily gulps it all down whenever he is not too busy drowning his taste buds. Yet he never slows down with his pistoning, his velvet tool following up on your demands of unyielding satisfaction.

Finding y

You let all those wonderful sensations frolic freely inside you, as you yourself begin to mush his adorable face against your snatch. Feeling his nose bobbing your clitty while his soft lips slide with lovely slickness. Your previous coating of fluids swiftly gets shaken of in favor of much bigger, fresher dose – much to [pc.dcb|drones|waspboys|waspies] delight.

And much to yours, as your movements force [pachi.home|Pachi|his] tongue into a more flexible state. Each time you shift his head, it morphs and twirls as it dives back in, trying to keep its pace even against your more demanding wants – even against your convulsing walls who seem all too determined to squeeze it, to keep it to themselves.

All of that keeps his maw preoccupied, and, with no intentions of [pc.isDK|begging|asking] for air, his adorable nose inhales as much as it can. You feel it each time it bops against your clit, making each valuable sniff an opportunity for your sweet scent to mush his already lust addled brain even further. Lacking in oxygen, and cognitive thinking, he looks like he is on the verge of passing out – yet his efforts are not worse for wear, fully intent on carrying out your appointed task.

Your frantic handling of his scalp clue him in as much, his body mustering whatever leftover energy to aid you. His dallying hands raise up to grab you by your [pc.thiccnRange 10|plentiful] asscheeks, using them as leverage to not slide off as his tongue goes to work. It twists and twirls, pushing apart your inner muscles further apart than you thought he could manage. Their viscous grip is barely able to close in completely around it, its new found force squandering their efforts as he simply goes to town.

You grind yourself against him with reckless abandon, yet still barely matching his efforts to get you off, much to his credit. He takes rough handling in stride, not bathing an eye as you drenching folds fill his throat and splatter across his face. [pc.dcb|The little shit|The enamored boy|The pretty waspy] even has enough [pc.isBimbo|smarts|wits] on him to [pc.dickvagboth||]to use one of his free hands to flicker your sensitive bean|push you all that little further along to a loving climax.

Buckling your hips inwards with each small shiver he brings out of you, your sense of balance [Next]

[Bumm Fuck]

///plow the boy butt

[pc.isdcb|[pc.rc Kitsune|Keros|Gods], this “fight”, if you can call it that, really did rile you up. You feel like you can go for another beating, but the wasps are in no shape to face you as they are now. Still, t[So how should your fallen combatants compensate you for wasting your time? T]Ahhhhh, they are down. And just as it was getting fun, they fell on the ground. Buttt, what are you supposed to do with this slapping energy!?! Hmmm, what is this? T]he shaking abdomen of the [pc.isdcb|drone|wasp boy|waspy] from your recent encounter seems to be signaling you something. Why doesn't he get up and turn around for you to check up on it?

The beaten down [pc.isdcb|drone|wasp|waspy] does as you [pc.isdcb|commanded|told|asked] of him, getting up on his feet, turning his back on you. He uses the nearest tree to stabilize himself, still feeling dizzy and unstable, but also to offer a full frontal view of his ass. And few[pc.isBimbo|www], what a nice view that makes. Pert is the most apt way to describe it; plump where it needs to be but still fitting his light, somewhat masculine frame. And that is just with immediate observation, without cupping a feel; so why not do so?

Enclosing on him, you [pc.isdcb|command|tell|ask] him to spread his cheeks, for you have no time for dilly-dallying. The [pc.isdcb|drone|wasp|waspy] turns to make sure that he heard you right, but a quick glance into your lust filled [pc.eyes] reconfirms him as much. Biting his lip, he removes one hand from the tree, almost falling down in the process, to reveal to you his glistening doughnut. Winking at you, pressing you to do as you please, his abdomen standing proudly, doing its best not to obscure the view. Eager, isn't he?

[pc.heightrange 0 74|Squatting|going down on your knees], you aid his hand by smacking your own on his free cheek, spreading him fully. You can feel him tense up a little as you spit on his crack, adding more shine to the outer rings, pressing digits into them, coaxing them more with your makeshift lube. “Ahhhhhhhh!” he moans, as your fingers go in surprisingly quickly, getting well past what must be his pleasure buzzer, only for them to immediately get crushed by his inner muscle control.

[pc.isdcb|Oh for fuck sake, relax!|You know that you can not have that?|There, there, relax waspy.] How are you supposed to fit your [pc.hasrealdick|dick|friend here] if he tenses every time you explore his depths?

“Fine...” he grumbles, taking a deep breath, pulling back his tension in favor of your diligent digits – and you reward him for it, slowly and steadily massaging his inner walls, loosening them up for what is to come. You still play around more than you need to, just so that you can elicit all the sweet cries his lungs can muster, alongside the pool of cum from his now rock hard dick. “You, you are – nghhhhh!” is all he can say from your effective butt play, for you can feel his rising heartbeat coursing through his channel.

Feeling [pc.isDK|content|satisfied] with your work, you release your digits, earning a satisfied “plop” as you escape his now welcoming suction. [pc.hasrealdicks]

Standing up on your two feet, you quickly remove constraints around now your hardening [pc.dicks], plopping [plural|them|it] on the ass below. That earns a little “eeppppppp!” out of your [pc.isdcb|drone|servant|friend], as you hot dog his cheeks for all they are worth. [pc.hasotherdick|With your bottom dick getting harder and harder between his bums, your upper one is not far behind; even with it not getting the same special treatment.][pc.dickrange 0 7 12|As your whole dick gets swallowed up inside of bums, pleasing flesh strikes your nerves in unison. Warmth embrace snuggling you in his fleshy canyon|As your [pc.dick] hardens, you can see its head emerging for the velvet depths, requiring long, steady strokes to make sure all of it gets equal attention.|With his encompassing bums not being able to contain the sheer mass of your [pc.dick], making it difficult for you to make full use of his supple ass.] Pleasurable all the same, but you both know where the real fun starts.

Lining your [pc.hasotherdicks|bottom dick|dick] with his pucker, [pc.hasotherdick|as your upper one takes its place], you reenter the depths your fingers once explored. And, [pc.isDK|damn|uff], you need to pat yourself on the back for that one later. [pc.hasotherdick][pc.otherdickrange 0 7 12|Despite your modest dick|Because of your large dick|In view of your imposing presence][pc.dickrange|0 7 12|Despite your modest dick|Because of your large dick|In view of your imposing presence], his asshole has a velvet grip that can at best be described as suffocating. His inner walls enclosing on you, delivering on a promised suction that your fingers demanded of him. The pace you set is a steady one, letting both of you adjust to each other's presence. And he is thankful for that, as you can hear small moans bordering on words but not quite there; but the message is all the same; he wants more!

You can feel his walls adjusting to your intrusion, inner heat rising steadily, as what is left of prior spit slowly gets carved into your flesh. A slow reliving exhale leaves his lungs, steadying himself to take you fully in. And that is just with one simple push.

You slowly start pistoning your hips, stretching his walls, or more aptly, redesigning them into a perfect dick to reciprocate. [pc.hasotherdick|Your second, now hotdogging dick following in unison, painting his [pc.dickrange 0 7|crack|back] in your pre.] Pushing and pulling, [pc.otherdickrange 0 11|until you are [pc.has knot|knot|balls] deep into his hole, welcoming yourself in as its rightful owner. E|While it is impossible for you to fully implant yourself in your rightful place, it is not for the lack of trying. Still your contempt yourself with knowledge that his now agape halls have taken your shape for the time being. And with it, e]. arning yourself a loud “Yes!” from now fully immersed [pc.isdcg|drone|servant|helper]. With him now oh so eager, you see no reason to hamstring your path to release with gentle movements.

Quickening your pace, earning a small, happy yelp from your willing sub. Your shaft demands better and better access to ins and outs of his velvet depths; getting a perfect mixture of pressure and gentle massage is deserving of a winner. Hugging your shaft on its way in and gently letting go on the way back. But, even this quickening stride seems to not be enough for both of you. “Faster! Faster!” he starts begging , his cries almost taking a commanding property. His wings rise in unison with your speed, like he is ready to fly off with you attached to his hip.

You can hear a droplet falling, signaling to you that his shaft is as hard, if not harder, then the one embedded inside of him.

[pc.isdcb]Damn, he is a real butt slut, does he know that?|You have to commend him on his eagerness.|He is a good, willing boy, yes he is!| Just a couple of pumps in and it already feels like he is going to go off on his own, not letting you catch up. Does it really feel that good?

“Ye-hhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmm!” he mummurs his attempted answer for your feverish pace reduces it to a primal moan. Which, while a nice gesture, is not what you were looking for.

Smacking him across the cheek, you ask him again, does it feel that good?

He yelps from shock, but recomposes himself quickly, getting the message across. Taking in what little air not getting exalted with each of your thrusts, he yells at the top of his lungs “Yes! My [pc.ismF|Prince|Queen]! Better than I could ever have imagined. Use my ass as my sister would have used yours. Punish me and fill me up for my insolence!” he yells, tightening his hold in the process as a bonus incentive.

Well, that is certainly more than you expected... Still, you suppose he has a point. Your rising need is there, ready to fulfill his own.

Your pistoning hips turns into that of an animal in rut, your thighs sounding against his assflesh in a frantic mating frenzy. Grabbing the end of his abdomen to keep him in place. Not like he was going anywhere, and you are not talking about the tree you keep pushing him in. He starts reciprocating as best as he can, driving his ass in with every one of your pulls, probing his pleasure buzzer. Your hips keep pushing him towards the tree, until his face is uncomfortably close to its rough bark. To avoid becoming one with it, he crooks his head and spine backwards, leaning into you along with his abdomen. Revealing his shaft in all of its hardening glory. And damn, what a mess you made. Your upping of pace did not go unappreciated, as each thrust over his prostate milks his balls for all they are worth. You could almost see your reflection in the seedy poodle were it not for aforementioned droplets adding to its surface tensions. You feel your legs buckling under the pressure of your own impending climax. [pc.hasotherdick|Your sandwiched dick almost burning from all the friction of his fine buns a|A]s your impaled dick gets swallowed in the living furnace that is his ass; almost missing out on his moving hand.

He is trying to cum before you, and you can not have that. Grabbing it with your own, you lock it behind his now shivering back, earning a pathetic mewl from the disobeying [pc.isdcb|drone|sub|child].

“N-nhoooo! I am so closmmmmmmmmmm-!?!”

His protest gets cut off by your other hand, probing his open maw with your digits for him to suck on. And he goes at it like a misbehaving child on his mother tit. Frantic tongue movement, be they out of need to complain or comfort, There, now he has something to distract him while you

bring you both to finish. And you mean both, emphasizing that sentiment with a hard thrust, getting him to mowl into your fingers, pushing him at top of his tip toes. Earning another dose of pre from his now over leaking dick, almost landing it onto the tree. “Nghhhhhhhhhh!” is all you get from him as he shudders wildly, sucking on your fingers for all the comfort they can provide.

You almost envy him that he has something to hold him together because you yourself just about had it. All that energy you had at a start is just a memory, your will the only thing holding you together through this feverish pace. [pc.has dicks|Both your dicks are at their limit, taking on different surroundings. One of [pc.isdcb|drones|bots|waspsies] most inner walls, other the soft valleys of his bums.|His bum is testing your dick for all its worth as no muscle dares to do a half assed job]. And despite all of his moaning, shivering and leaking, bordering on self harm, he is still in it; only waiting for your eventual release.

And, damn it all, he got it!

You are not sure what led to the floodgates opening, as the all encompassing rapture seemingly happened in your moments of weakness, but you do not care. You simply go with the flow as you firmly implant yourself in him [pc.otherdickrange 0 12|[pc.knotrange 0 6], getting your knot in,] balls deep|as far his now loose walls allow.]

He looses it, his long tongue combing through your fingers ass he feels your cum gushing inside of him [pc.hasknot|as your knot inflates, ensuring it has no way to go]. [pc.cumcap 0 1000 5000 |Flowing and flowing until you entirely empty yourself inside of him, causing no small amount of happy moans from his preoccupied mouth
|Your large load coasting his insides in all of your salty excess, as his once toned tummy bubble up in wake of your [pc.hasballs|overworked balls|overworked dick].

|At first, his insides are able to take your ensuing load, but soon after you can feel him struggling to contain all of your virile seed. [pc.dick range 0 11|[pc.knot range 0 6|Your knot, be as it is, prevents any escape, leading to his once flat tummy taking a pregnant like shape as some of it exits through his nose and mouth. You are almost worried that he is going to choke on it, but he does not mind, judging by happy gasps between each of your pumps.]|Not wanting to over do it once his tummy took on some weight, you slowly start pulling your dick out.]. [pc.hasdicks|and during all of it, your hot dogged dick painted his back, adding a nice white coating to his black and white look.]-

And the wasp boy is right there with you, cumming his brains out as he shivers's uncontrollably. Unlike the puddle caused by your dry milking, his orgasm sends all of it into the tree in front of him, painting it with a nice amount of seed, almost like he is marking it. He moans through it all, his will being put through the test of not falling over here and now. Thankfully, both of your hands are there as added support, as you hug him close, almost like a lover's embrace. He lets a thankful sight, with his black orbs going lazy eyes in a moment of fulfilling weakness.

[pc.hasknot|Once your knot subsides, you start removing your dick from his abused hole|[pc.dickrange 0 11|Once you remove your dick|Once finished, you start subtracting yourself from him]], you earn a nice load “plop” from all suction following your exit, and with it, gushing of your cum. [pc.isBimbo|Oh he looks so hot like that.|And there is a sight for sore eyes]. All of the cum that could not be contained flowing down his ass and balls, ending up as a nice [pc.cumcap 1000|big] puddle on the floor below, slowly mixing with one of his own making.

And through it all, all you get for him are silent sights, as his now depleted will forces him down on his knees, into a puddle below. You are not sure what to do next, until his once held hand raises from the ground, giving you a thumbs up, trails of cum hanging onto it.

[pc.dcb|Yeah, the results are satisfactory|Good job to him too.|Yeahhhhhhhh, you and waspy did great!]

Getting a hold of your clothes, you slowly put them back on, as doing it any faster would cause you to join him in his state. Once finished, you turn back to the still kneeling wasp boy, feeling refreshed. Yeah, that is certainly a way to untie some knots.]

[Teasing]

[Tease the wasp boy]

//[pc.dcm]Well, why not. He is adorable enough, and seeing him struggle under your fingers does sound like a pleasing prospect|Well, you do feel playful and the cuteness of the wasp boys can not be understated.|Play time, teases and kisses are your wishes with the waspish boy in breeches.]

[pc.atwayfort|Your cute little [waspboy. clothes 0 1 2|butler|maid|garmatless] [waspboy. title] is just standing there, ready as ever to follow your move. His nature as queen's drone really shows through in his total docility and readiness to serve. Lifting your [pc.hand] up to his fuzzy locks and between his antenna brings out a puppy like joy out of the hard worker. LAh, will you look at that, the little bundle of [pc.dcb|failure|submissiveness|joy] trying to stay up conscious is as [pc.dcb|sad|funny|cute] as it is admirable. [pc.dcb|Being so prone to teasing abuse after his defeat does bring a certain kind of devilish playfulness to your ever scheming heart. Fucking is all well and good, but getting your fingers all over the goldly in front of you does have its appeals.|Ah, well considering what you just went through, teasing the boy does not seem like a worthy reward befitting of a victor. But, at the same time, you really want to see what kind of reactions you can get out of him with just your fingers and mouth at your disposal.|Ghaaaaaaaaaa, he is just so freaking cute! You want to pinch his cheeks, kiss him all over and just get your delicate fingers through and through his wasp boy fuzz. That just sounds like heaven for you.] Seeing him squirm certainly brings in a lot of [pc.isBimbo|lewd|fun] images after all.

Walking close to the fallen body of a former combatant you see that he is half conscious, your prior encounter really doing a number on him. Sadly, he is [pc.isBimbo|no fun|of no use to you] like that. So, hunching over, you give him a good few [pc.isDK|hard|light] slaps, compelling him to get up before use of [pc.isBimbo|encouragement|force] is in order. That he does, surprisingly quickly considering his state just moments ago.

Once on his feet, yeah, you just know this will be fun. All the waspish fuzz and softly toned muscle is just begging to be showered in never-ending heckling. Especially his erogenous zone and shapely butt, the most receptive parts to it all. Surprisingly, there is some form of uncertainty coming from his androgynous face, probably related to you just ogling him without any actions to follow. Undeniably, he does have a point. Why [silly|waspe|waste] your time just surveying your catch when you can cup a feel and then some?

Having thoughts worthy of being followed upon, you get face to face with your [pc.dcb|servant|recipient|cutie] as you [pc.heightrange 48 58|get him to] lean over, putting both of your [pc.hands] on each side of his scalp. Both of your mouths come into interlock, moist slap echoing around you. Seemingly catching him by surprise, as for his part he just stays still as a dead fish, not recipienting in kind. Well, no matter. Your [pc.tongue] probes further into his confused maw, tangling together his own prolonged one, trading in saliva. Up and down, you

explore all of his crevices, scooping his tongue more and more, pushing in your unabashed lust to take in root. And that it does.

You can feel him panting, his breathing becoming uneven the more time you spend devastating what little resistance he had. The void of his black orbs rejuvenates with new-found fondness in recuperating back, almost going lazy eyes as his mouth blooms into life. The muscles inside of it contract as he starts pushing his lips more and more into yours, as his tongue gives yours control over all of its domain. Realization coming forth that what you have in mind for him can be nothing less but pleasurable, surely?

The more salivating your kiss becomes, the more your maws get connected by bridges of your watery excess. Reaching deeper and deeper, until the oxygen in his lungs is all but depleted, given as a sacrifice for a few more savory moments between you two. Fortunately for his lungs, you have bigger plans on the horizon . Giving him one last, deepest kiss yet, you [pc.isDK|unceremoniously|gently] divorce your kisser from his, leaving just a trail of split in your wake. “Ahhhhhhhhh”, he exclaims as the wide, horny and desperate expressions are all painted across his profile. Being left with a face that is as red as fresh clay and just as malleable in your hands. [pc.isBimbo|Ehehehe|Delightful], if he got this riled up just from a [pc.Bimbo|little smooch|kiss] just what will you make of him by the end of it?

[Finish this shafting]

His unfocused eyes barely keep track of you as you transition into facing his half-profile. He tries turning his head 90 degrees to face you, but a couple of [pc.isDK|hard|soft] slaps to face dissuade such acts. Before he gets any wrong ideas, and before you really start getting into it, you should make one thing clear. This is much about you playing up to his release as it is his own pleasure. He will cum when you feel like you had enough, and not a second sooner. Now, if he would be so kind as to stay still while you do your thing? Like a good [pc.dcb|drone|boy|waspy], hmmmmmm?

You emphasize your last sentiment by quickly catching his now hard shaft with your [pc.hand]. Hot and slimy to touch, your digits get in a firm, hard grip around its thickness. In part to get a feel for his needs, in part because it just feels nice to hold. And just as nice to be held if the wasp's reaction is any indication, as he starts pulsating not soon after. Louder moans are soon to follow, as you slowly start jacking off the hardened tool. There is almost no friction to it, and what is there soon loses its effect in all slimy residue expelling from his tip. Slowly peeling and pulling his foreskin, ensuring not one part of it lacks your attention.

Little droplets of seed keep piling and piling, until they collectively start plopping and melting the snow below them. Little squeaks and squeals in conjunction with heavy oxygen intakes brief you on whether to speed up or slow down your strokes. To make them slow and tender or fast and pressurized. But never focusing on one approach for too long, as to keep his load nice and contained.

But it is not only your part of the bargain being upheld here: little [pc.dcb|rascal|waps|waspy] is doing everything in his power to keep himself in check. From aforementioned heavy breaths to biting his lower lip; from closing his eyes and hugging himself; seemingly droning some soothing melody, for all good it does for him. Since it is painfully clear that he can barely keep his hips in check to not just go thrusting on his own accord. Distracting, painful looking tremors rise through his body as your varying strokes become more frequent. Up and down, up and down, you slowly milk him, jumping from tempo to tempo, edging him to the tearing up point.

Poor wasp boy is starting to lose his balance from the constant rapture of senses. Tip toeing from one leg to another, taking in deep breaths to keep his loins in check. As little by little, he starts tilting his head and body in your direction, [pc.height 0 58 67 72|planting his elbow on your shoulder|putting his head onto your shoulder|putting his head into your [pc.chest]|putting his weight into your body] for support. Oh, what the matter, too much for him? Are your playful digits really that pleasurable for him to rely on you for support? With you cupping his jewels elicits even more need for your steady frame, you are reassured. Is his fuzzy ballsack so heavy from your never ending teasing that he can not carry the load?

“YES!” he answers quickly, taking you back by just how sincere he yelled it out. “Please, my [pc.ismf|Prince|Queen], please finish me!”. The reactionary smile he gets from you, following from his desperate plea, enlist both hope and tension from his [pc.height 72|small] frame.

Oh, so that is how it is?

“Mmmmmmm?” he mums to your tone before feeling your focus on his tip, forcing his hips to buck further.

Honestly, you thought that all these long, heavy strokes and varying amount of pressure you put on his dick would elicit responses for more of your attention. Not to bring it to the close. With you now using the tip of your palm to message his crown, is that still not good enough for his highness? Does he want you to entirely stop, right before his due?

“No!” he yells, regret on his face soon forming as if realizing his mistake. “Please noooo, I beg of you... That is too much... Ahhhhhhhhh. ”, he moans as he hugs you for comfort “To much...hmmmmmmmm”, he cries as he feels your hand on his fuzzy balls.

[pc.isDK|Fine then, you are not that cruel to keep a subject waiting.|There there, you are just teasing a little. Does he really think so little of your honest intentions?]

[pc.isDK|“Thank you|Sorry for doubting you] my [pc.ismf|Prinmppppppppphhhhhhhhhh!|Queenmpppppppppph!|]”, before he finishes his remark, your smiling [pc.mouth] moves in for a finishing kiss. It is all but a repree of the last, only difference being the more willing participant. With your hand is still working its magic, almost to

your detriment as his focus drifts from your smooch back to it. But, it is not like your goal is to make it last. Couple more strokes and... You feel it! You quickly give him one last smooch before moving your head towards the upcoming eruption.

His hips gain a life of their own, quick animalistic thrusts resulting in him almost losing his footing. Seed, all collected inside his once painful tight balls, comes crashing down into a couple of small arcs. The first few are far enough away that your hand escapes relatively unscathed, but the longer it goes, the shorter they become. Resulting in the rest of it clumping up on your [pc.hand], as his hips quiet down in wake of his release. A profile of full bliss with his slackjaw mouth exerting his lulling tongue.

[pc.isDK]Still, you will have to rail in his parade just a little since there is something else he needs to finish. Lifting your hand up to his face, you present him with your hand, covered in his cum. It does not take a fully functioning brain for someone to understand what you are getting at. And he proves it as his mouth, using the last bit of muscle control it retains, is quick to clean up. At first only using his tongue in between your digits and palm, he soon transitions into using his entire mouth. Sucking each finger until they are more pristine than when you started.] Looking at your hand, you can really see the effect all of your build up had on him. It is all sticky with his seed, almost matching with what fell on the ground. Noticing your hand, the wasp boy with what little mouth control he has, asks “May I?”.

[pc.isBimbo]Sure!|He may.]

He takes your hand in with both of yours, bringing it to his face. He starts slowly at first, only using his tongue in between your digits and palm. But he soon transitions into using his entire mouth. Sucking each finger until they are more pristine than when you started]

Feeling satisfied with his results, you pat the wasp over his head and antenna, as a way to show off how clean he made your [pc.hand] and just a show of gratitude. Really, what you would not give to have a subject such as him. He mewls at that, giving you the biggest smile he can master.

//companion1 and companion2 can be any companions

With both of you finished, you move your hands away entirely for him, feeling almost incomplete without that wasp boy feel. Alas [companion. 1], Calling back to your [companion 2|companions|companion],] you head back, leaving the wasp boy behind as he goes to make sure his sisters are OK. Boy, is he going to have a lot of explaining to do.

[Prostate milking]

With his mind in a foggy state, you use that opportunity to get behind him, right next to his abdomen; a fitting one for his size but not the thing you have your mind set on. Leaning [pc.heightRange 0 60 75]into him]into his shoulder[over him], you grab onto his supply buttcheek, feeling it up. All nice and tender, like it possesses some unshaken baby fat to its bounce.

The [pc.dcb|drone|wasp|waspy] gets a little shaken by your sudden touch, urging him to turn around to check on you.

Honestly, [pc.dcb]in what world does he think he is allowed to move without your direct input.|, you feel insulted that the boy in front of you thinks that you have nothing but good times aimed at him.|no, no, no! That just will not do. He is going to spoil the fun if he turns his fuzzy little head around.] Giving him a firm slap on the cheek, you stop him right in his tracks, earring a moan as a bonus. He freezes, taking time to process what you expect off him, until another loud slap follows. That gets his little noggin joggin as he returns to his initial position, facing away from your prying eyes, like a good [pc.dcb|drone.|boy.|waspy!]

You massage away what little pain your hits put upon him, bringing in a much-needed intermediate period before you really go to work. You push your [pc.hand] past his waist, drenching your hand in his pre from his now hard shaft, giving it all the attention it is going to receive – from both of you. Once your hand is covered with his sweet delight, you bring it upon his closed ring, making a probing attempt. That gets a little whimper out of him, as your 2 digits enter his velvet depths, with what little resistance to be found getting swept away in lube of his own making.

Once in, you take it slow, looking out for any sort of reactions your visit will have on the [pc.dcg|lucky sod|little wasp|cute waspy]. The first signs of what is to come are his now slowly rocking hips. Undecided in their intent of either moving away or closing in on you, accomplishing neither as you probe him for more. Your middle and index finger start wiggling around, loosening him up more as the heat steadily rises. Despite what his clenching walls may suggest, he is trying to adjust himself to your intrusion, with his free hands spreading his cheeks to take as much of you as possible. Up and down, your fingers grate his insides, loosening them up more, earning wonderful chimes from their owner. Culminating in you finding his prostate, his pleasure button eliciting a wonderful “Nghhhhhhhhh!” as the elising pleasure catapults him to tip toes.

What follows can only be called lapse in judgement on his part. With the wasp boy's hands moving away from his derrière to his now leaking dick, there is no subtlety in his intentions. But an equally quick slap across his shapely ass follows suit, halting his indecency. “But, but-ahhhhhh!” he tries to protest, but another slap on the cheek gets him to return his hands where they were, in vain attempt to protect his now reddish cheeks. That is it, hands where you can see them. He wants to cum now, does he? Oh, he will get his due, but all of it will be delivered through your anal milking. So, he better stay put, relax, and let you do your magic.

And that you do, as you slowly start playing around his prostate. Stroking it with your fingers, with now fully applied lube, you lean in closer to apply even more pressure. Until you are far enough to [pc.heightRange 72|lean over|look around] as to look out for any kind of positive feedback. And, damn, do you receive one. He and his dick look like they are getting puppeted by the way of your butt plays. Each of your slow strokes get depicted in his minute actions. Be they the sound of his small hums, twirls of his head, the speeding heartbeat but most welcomed of all, the state of his shaft. All hard and pulsating with life, jumping up with each push of his pleasure button. Excess pre collects onto its tip until it plops down to a puddle on the ground below.

He is still fighting the urge to just grab it and finish it here and there, but every so often you smack him across the bum as a firm reminder. But, as you are delighted to find out, what once was used as a way for you to keep him in check now just seems as another part of your butt play. Each time you smack him, his voice leaks out in a mixture of pleasure and pain, his hips bucking away from you only to once again impale onto your [pc.hand]. [pc.rc Kitsune|Keros|Gods], his plump ass flesh is just as receptive as his inner walls, welcoming your imprints in, beginning you to leave the permanent mark as their owner. His own hands having nothing of his own to protect just hang still, little fists forming in determination to push through this.

[pc.isDK|You really have a talented buttslut on your hands, do you not?|[pc.isBimbo|So cute!|Ain't that cute?] He really has a talent for this, does he not?]. Why, the way this is going, you really think you can make him cum just probing for his prostate and harsh slaps.

"Y-you think s-so...?", he asks rhetorically, aware of his own state but still compelled to waste your time because of knowledge of what is to come. [pc.isDK? And really, who are you to judge what gets him off?|Ah, well, why not reward him this once?] You slap him once more for asking, enlisting a moan of someone that just got what they were looking for. Still you answer back, to humor him if nothing else.

Sure you do. You can feel his prostate swelling up, his inner heat almost rising to unbearable levels. It is unbelievable how loose he has gotten, almost feeling like he can fit your entire fist in. But at the same time, he still clenches hard whenever you try to pull back, forcing you to clap him just so that your fingers do not get crushed. [pc.isdcb|And your sadistic heart could not be happier with it. Since e|But that is his goal, is it not? E|And you know exactly why the cute waspy likes to do that. E]Each time he disobeys, he is hoping for your "punishment". What once was a tool for you to keep him in check is now just a treat to his masochistic heart. He could cum with just a couple of hard slaps with how far you pushed him. The way he clenches his fists, grits his teeth and bounces in place just screams "Please, finger me harder. Finish me!" to you.

And just like that, your [pc.isDK|degrading|teasing] speech is what pushed him close to the edge. His entire head crooks back as his abdomen rests into you. Closing his eyes to calm his

down as he takes a deep breath to just quietly yell “You are correct, [pc.mf|my Prince|my Queen]! Please finish me. ”

[pc.isdcb|That is all he has to say? You really should not reward him for such a basic jest, but you are feeling pretty benevolent. He better be thankful.|Such a simple, but nice, jest deserves nothing more than your full support.|Eeeee, you can not hold back any longer after such an honest reaction! You want to make the waspy buzz from joy.]

To [pc.isdcb|drones|wasp boys|waspies] absolute delight you fasten your pace, delivering many fast strokes to his now more than welcoming tunnel. The furnace that is his ass and the workings of your digits sculpting his shaft into a piece that is as hard as bronze yet one that can be brought down with a simple touch. His heart beats, the pleasurable moans and the buckling hips tell that he is just shy of a release. And just as about as you were to finish your last, finishing stroke, you stop. Your fingers pressing on his pleasure button, barely keeping him near the edge.

You hear him whimper, the shifting of tone between pleasure and pain is delightful as he simply asks “Why? Why did you stop!?!” While he is once again questioning your actions, to his credit, that is all he does. He does not move on his own; all the obedience you have beaten into him is paying off. But, if he is so curious...

To prove the point.

His questioning “Huh?” immediately gets followed by your last, finishing smack; and with that, the point has been made. The [pc.isdcb|drone|wasp boy|waspy] groans loudly as he goes off, holding nothing back as his dick erupts in tune to your hard trigger. Plentiful upon plentiful ropes of cum come from his ruined orgasm, adding more white to the snowy landscape. Your once again moving hand is there stroking his prostate, almost like you are pumping water from a well. Once the biggest part of it subsides, you milk the last drops gently, ushering a happy sight from the now exhausted boy. Until the final droplet hits the, cluing you in that he has nothing else to give. You slowly pull out of his now death defying grip that is his hole, as he starts losing his balance. He scoops up, hands on his knees, barely standing as he looks at the puddles of his making; almost in disbelief that you brought him to this.

Straightening up, realizing that his job is done, he turns back to you with a smile, bowing down to say “Thanks. ” Little flashes of embarrassment can be found on his face, but they are soon replaced with worry for the state of his sisters. Hurrying back to their aid, leaving you all alone [pc.hasCompanions|with your companion|plural[s]].

Well, it is a little [pc.isdcb|disgraceful|uncalled for|rude] to just leave you with that, but you will let it slide. You just need to find some water to wash your hands with.

[Bargain with him]

//But then again, considering his state, is there not more you can get out of him? Leads to extra scenes in his next encounter

[pc.isBimbo]Ummmm, soooooo, like, you know, why do you need to finish him again? He looks so darn cute being teased like this, why not prolong his enticing buzzines?|With desperation seeping from his face and no shame to be found across his profile, what else is there to do than toy with him a little more?| Until you had enough? Until he snaps?

Looking him into the eyes, you can almost see your grinning reflection. Not reflective of his own, which has turned from everlasting bliss to one of worrying arousal. And considering what you have in mind, a fitting one.

Picking up his dick with one [pc.hand] and grabbing his asscheek with another, you slowly start massaging both. The boiling stiffness of the former contrasts with the cold bubbly delight of the latter is such a pleasant sensation. As you start jerking him off, a loud, louder than you expected, smack rings through the cold air as you put a direct hit on the soft cheek. Forcing him forward, to follow your hand movements with those of his tense hips, jerking himself off with your pleasurable grip.

It all starts at a slow, steady pace, the one that he seems most comfortable with. Deep, slow strokes followed by your soothing hums, a scene resembling that of a parent cradling their child. Your free hand massages him here and there, putting on as much skin on skin contact between you two; movements never cascade into anything but those meant for putting your partner at ease. And the results show, as the [pc.dcb|drone|boy|waspy] gets swallowed up inside of it.

Hugging back, not hurrying to any sort of big finish, just being contemptuous in pleasuring himself under your watchful eyes. Leaning into your [pc.heightrange 0 57 70][pc.hasmane|[pc.mane]|neck|[pc.chest]][pc.body]] for comfort and assumed safety. Exuding sweet moans that are in equal part that of rising arousal and relieved gasps. With you lifting your hand off his cheek to pat his hair, he is all but reassured in your well-meaning intentions.

{first time:[pc.isDK|What a fool.|You [pc.isBimbo]|almost] feel sorry for him.]

Just as you get him into the rhythm of things, you suddenly speed up the molesting pace considerably, catching the once relaxed wasp by his proverbial abdomen. In no time flat, what was once the pace of loving intent soon turns into anything but. Your [pc.hand] strokes him

faster and faster as your free one gets past his asscheeks to massage his prostate. Pressing your fingers into it in tandem with your continuous strokes, milking him from both ends.

He shudders involuntarily, almost pushing himself away from you in a vain attempt to take back some kind of control. But your gripping and probing hands keep him [pc.isBimbo|huggingly] close, ensuring there is no escape from your pleasure trap. But that small show of defiance does not last. His asshole is gripping your digits like crazy, making every next stroke into his prostate more challenging than the last. The internal, pleasant heat surpassing the one exuding from his boiling shaft. The ensuing vibration flowing through you both is all on him, shaking like mad from your back and frontal assaults. Assaults with no rhythm to them. One minute you are pumping him fast and loose, next you are bringing it back to your prior tempo. Keeping him at constant edge as both his shaft and prostate swell from constant attention, working in unison in bringing you all the sweet delight his balls can muster.

His voice snaps, as the sounds of his cries and your sexual misgiving give the local wildlife something to dance to. Sounds upon sounds stacking onto each other, until one breaks through the rest with a lewd undertone to it. "That's it, good, I amph sho clotsee!", the wasp boy yell into you, with all the air his vocal cords could summon.

Ah, will you look at that? And to think that just minutes ago he was pushing himself from you. Still, [pc.isBimbo|that is soooo polite of him! Telling you when you should stop.|he really is the bringer of his own undoing? If he was not so polite as to warn you of his impending climax, he might have archived it.]

Upon hearing that, the wasp boy looks up at you, a bewildered look coming up on his face, as if not hearing you right. Well, it was one of confusion, but it soon transitions into one of discomfort and torment as you quickly grab his balls with your once jerking hand. His very own, in a rare show of full defiance, try to push him away from you, but a loud, hard slap across both his cheeks comes up to keep him at bay. He stops, realizing his situation, before a deep breath go ask you with a [pc.isBimbo|cute|pathetic] "Why? Why did you fucking stop!", almost crying it out.

You grin at that as you lean into him to whisper what he wants least to hear.

Why? [pc.isBimbo|Do not be silly there, waspy. You both know why. He misbehaved so many times, just like a bad boy. And bad boys do not deserve to cum without permission.|Come one now, you both know why. He misbehaved, so now he must pay for his insolence.]

"Well, I-ahhhh!" before he gets to respond, you let up your grip from his shaft to slightly massage his overleaking tip. Because really, now, that proves your stance on the matter better than any recollection could. As soon as something does not go his way, he tries to get on equal footing as you. The winner, need you not remind him, the one in control here.

"I am so sorrishhhhhhhhhh..." his attempt at apology is short-lived as you once again tighten your grip, this time around his whole dick. Even harder than before, to feel it pulsate with need.

To make it known that you do not approve of the attempts to wiggle himself out of this one. Which really shuts him up as he grits his teeth and focuses his eyes into your own. He is now truly prepared to listen.

Good.

So, then let's make one thing clear, he is not getting to cum. And before he starts to think about complaining, you slap him over the ass once more, leaving an imprint as a reminder. He says nothing to it, only letting out a little mewl, truly putting himself into a role of an obedient drone. And like for an obedient drone, you have a task for him.

He will keep his load nice and contained until your next visit. And before he thinks of getting himself off when you are not looking, you both know he would give himself away. So you are just now slowly going to retract from his fuzzy self, and he will do nothing more than watch you leave. Like a good [pc.isdcb|drone|boy|waspy]

Not waiting for an answer, you slowly do what you described, only adding the last little stroke and slap as a reminder. As you remove yourself from him, you are reassured in your assessment; he truly is on the brink of an orgasm, that much you can tell. He keeps jumping from one leg to another, arms tied behind his back, as his body just can not seem to accept what his mind is set to. With his dick as hard as before, you start to wonder if he is going to keep that hard on until your next visit. Unlikely, but a fun image to latch on to as you get your move on. With slow gasping moans following you, really showing that you have cooked up something great back there. Now you only just have to wait for it to pay up.

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