

Fox taur

- A taur rusher on Tarkus.
- She's moddable to a degree.
- Futa with optional herm
- Sex focuses on her challenging your stats to see who's on top
- Loads of musk

[Encountering Fox taur]

Triggers randomly when walking around Tarkus.

{//First time: Traveling across the desert of Tarkus you suddenly stop as someone yells a demand from behind you. "Hands in the air, turn around nice and slowly. No sudden movements unless you want to get shocked."

Preferring to at least see who you're dealing with before you make a decision you turn around, making sure to formulate a plan of action if you need to fight. Your eyes fall on what seems to be a centaur, but you realize that they're a fox instead of a horse. Also they are pointing a handgun at you. "Who are you?" she asks, still keeping her weapon trained at you.

You explain to her that you're a rusher. She looks at you suspiciously for a moment before holstering her pistol.

"Sorry about that, you can never stay too safe out here," she explains as she pads towards you. As you lower your arms she offers you her hand, and you shake it. "Meeting a fellow rusher is a nice change of pace from horny lizard rabbits."

"I'm Carmelita," she introduces herself. You give her your name in turn. "Steele huh? I like it."

She looks around, and biting her lip she brushes her hair from her eyes. "So, Steele, I'm going to be straight with you. I need to fuck real bad. I've been stewing in this suit all day and my balls are so fucking full.

//Repeat: You see a familiar form in the distance, it's Carmelita, you call out to her. She whips around, hand on her electric pistol, but as she recognizes you she lowers her guard.

"Hi, Steele, good to see you again. So... care to spend some time with little ol' me?" she asks, giving you bedroom eyes. "I really could use a ball draining."}

[Appereance] [Talk] [Sex] [Mods]

[Appearance]

Carmelita is a fox taur, her four hind paws appearing light and agile but they still are quite strong. Behind her, she has a thick, fluffy tail. It sways subtly, occasionally dusting the sand beneath her paws. The underside of it is lighter than the rest of her fur.

The fur that covers her tauric body, the more humanoid body, face, and limbs is orange. And on the underside of her body and face, it's a more creamy color.

Her muzzled face is slender and feminine. As you look into her brown eyes she smiles mischievously and blows you a kiss. She has two pointy ears atop of her head, each of them tipped with black fur. A large golden earring adorns her left ear. Her dark blue hair is tied in a long braid behind her, reaching down to the small of her back.

She's wearing a leather collar around her neck, an open jacket, and a latex tube-top with a zipper between her {modest C-cup //: bountiful E-cup} breasts. Her tauric body is covered by a latex jacket.

The tight latex she's wearing leaves nothing to the imagination. Between her hind legs, she has a pair of large {sexed her: musky} balls and a fat sheath. Under her tail, she has a {puffy //: puckered} asshole{, and a black cunny}.

[Sex]

The moment you bring up sex she steps close to you, despite her suit making it weaker, her potent musk is already starting to cloud your mind. Her hands are all over you, groping your [pc.chest] and [pc.ass]. Her long flexible tongue licks all over your neck and face. "Yes, let's rut like animals," she whimpers lustfully.

Unless you want to be her bottom bitch, you better speak up before she pushes you down and sinks her canine cock into you.

[Top?] [Let her]

[Back]

[Top?]

The Player's chance of winning the skill check is their stat percentage, minus 10% unless otherwise stated. If the player is in withdrawal they get minus 30% unless otherwise stated. Remove the ? after the first time

//First time: You push her back lightly, not rejecting her, but keeping her from getting too handy. You ask her if you can be on top?

She groans but stops molesting you. "I'd love you beneath me, but if you can impress me I'll let you be on top." She bites her lower lip lustfully as she speaks.

You ask her how you can impress her?

"Tell me what you're best in. Are you strong as an ox, do you have lightning-quick reflexes, do you have aim like no other, do you have a razor-sharp wit, or do you have a will of steel?"

You ponder for a few seconds. You'd be best off betting on what you're best at.

Before you can decide she interrupts you. "However, should you lose, I'm going to put you inside my suit, and go for a little walk."

//Repeat: you put some space between you two. "I want to be on top," you say to her. She licks her lips, curling her fingers under your jaw, tilting your head upwards.

"Well, that's fine with me {stud: hottie:} either way I win." She backs away from you. "So, how are you going to impress me this time?"

[Physique] [Reflexes] [Aim] [Intelligence] [Willpower]

[Back]

[Physique]

You tell her that you'll be able to impress her with your raw strength.

"Is that so?" she asks incredulously. "Alright, then lay down on the sand and prove it."

You're slightly confused but you do so nonetheless. As you lay on your back in the sand she steps over you, and before you can protest she lowers herself atop of you. "If you're so strong why don't you lift me off of you."

You strain your arms against her bulk, attempting to push the heavy taur body off of you.

[Next] [Throw]

[Next]

//Success: A surprised gasp escapes her lips as you push her upwards a few inches at first. You relax and let her lay over you again, only to attempt again, pushing with all your might. Before you manage to fully push her off she stands up, avoiding falling to the side.

"Well, you certainly proved yourself, I haven't seen someone as strong as you before," she congratulates you as you stand up. "Well, I guess you earned your reward," she says huskily, giving you bedroom eyes. "I have a private den nearby, we can have some fun there."

[Next]

//go to [Den]

//Fail: You can't manage to lift her heavy bulk off of you. {in withdrawal: You can't manage to focus, you want to get a sniff of her musk too badly.}

"I guess you're not as strong as you thought," she snickers smugly from above. "Since you're already down there just wrap your arms and legs around me and we'll get to your side of the bargain." Having lost the challenge you have no choice in the matter you obey her, hugging her torso. She positions herself so that her sheath is pressing against your [pc.vagOrAss]. At the same time, something wraps around your ankles and wrists. When she stands up you're still pressed against her barrel-like torso. She wiggles a bit, making sure you're in position. As the zipper of her suit closes you're trapped in musky darkness. At the same time, her dick starts sliding out of her sheath, stuffing you with her canine cock.

[Next]

//go to belly ride

[Throw]

Fuck it, who cares about impressing her, you want to let her take you a ride while you're stuck inside her suit, marinating in her musk. Instead of trying to lift her off of you, you start stroking her fur and rubbing your face against it.

"Oh, you just want to get into my suit?" she asks, surprised by your actions. "Well, if that's the case then wrap your arms and legs around me."

You obey with gusto. Something wraps around your wrists and ankles. She stands up, pulling you with her. Her dick unsheaths into your ass, filling you with dick. Once her uninflated knot sits inside your [pc.vagOrAss] she closes the smart zipper. You can't see anything, and you can only smell her musk.

[Next]

//go to belly ride

[Reflexes]

You tell her that your reflexes are quicker than she's ever seen.

"We'll see about that," she says, smirking deviously. She grabs a small ball from one of her pockets. "Just catch this," she says as she throws it up into the air and catches it. You concentrate on the ball, not letting her catch you off guard.

Without a warning she spins around, her tail creating a dust cloud, then suddenly the ball flies at you.

[Next] [Throw]

[Next]

//Success: Moving with the speed of lightning you catch the ball before it can impact your face. "Well, color me impressed," Carmelita whistles. You throw the ball back to her, and she catches it in turn. "I have a den nearby, a private little place where we can have some fun without worrying about getting ambushed.

[Next]

//go to [Den]

//Fail: {//pc is addicted: You're too busy fantasizing about her fat balls and mind-melting musk to see the ball coming, and only it hitting your face is enough to pull you back to reality.
//Else: You do your best to catch it, but you're not fast enough, and the softball hits you between the eyes.}

"And I thought you were supposed to have good reflexes, she teases you as you pick up the ball and toss it back to her. "Now, about our bargain," she says, licking her lips lustfully.

She orders you to get on your back and to ditch your gear, which you do. As you lay down she walks over you and lowers her body atop of you. Next, she tells you to hug her body with your arms and legs. And once you do something wraps around your limbs, making sure you're not going anywhere until she decides to let you go.

As she bends over to pick up [pc.gear] the smart zipper of her jacket closes, trapping you in pitch blackness.

[Next]

//go to belly ride

[Throw]

You don't really care about impressing her if you're honest with yourself. You just want to be submerged in her musk, her cock jammed inside your [pc.vagOrAss]. You barely register the ball hitting you, and when she speaks it faintly registers in the back of your mind. "On your back musk slut, I'll give you the dick you're craving so much."

Hastily you obey, throwing your gear to the side and laying down. She moves atop of you before lowering herself atop of you. Something grabs your arms and legs, keeping you tied to her as she stands up and starts walking, her canine cock unsheathing into you. At the same time, the smart zipper closes, trapping you where you want to be.

[Next]

//go to belly ride

[Aim]

You tell her your aim is good enough to impress her.

"We'll see," she says slyly as her eyes scan over the desert. "See that light?" she asks, pointing at a small light sticking out of a pile of scrap. She hands her pistol to you, "Just shoot it and I'll consider myself impressed."

You take the electrical handgun and aim at the small bulb. It's hard as it's far beyond a pistol's range, but once you have your sights aligned you squeeze the trigger, sending a bolt of electricity hurling through the air.

[Next] [Throw]

[Next]

//Success:

The light shatters as the electric bolt impacts it. Proud of your skills you hand her weapon back to her.

"Nice shot," she compliments you as she holsters her weapon. "I don't think I would have managed that."

You ask her if she's impressed then.

"I certainly am," she purrs, "I have a den nearby, just a little private place where we can have fun without worrying about anyone."

[Next]

Go to [Den]

//Fail: Your shot misses, the bolt of electricity flying wide before eventually dissipating. {pc is addicted: You couldn't keep your aim steady due to your hands shaking. The need for her musk is too great for you to concentrate. "Not bad, but not good enough," she whispers teasingly into your ear. "Now about our deal."

She tells you to wrap your arms and legs around her, and as you do something ties you to her. Now attached to her she stands up and trots off as her suit closes over you. As she moves her canine cock starts unsheathing, inch by inch burying it in you.

[Next]
Go to [belly ride]

[Throw]

Having thrown your aim on purpose you aren't surprised when you miss.

"Not bad, but not good enough," she whispers teasingly into your ear. "Now about our deal." She tells you to lay down on the ground which you do eagerly. She lays down over you and commands you to wrap your limbs around her. As you do so something ties them to her torso. Secured to her tauric body she stands up, trotting off with you under her.

[Next]
Go to [belly ride]

[Intelligence]

-20% if bimbo or bro.

You tell her that your intelligence will impress her.

"Oh, well then," she says, trailing off. She pulls out a device similar to your codex and hands it to you. "Solve this," she explains. You look at the device screen and see a very complex equation on it. You start trying to solve it.

[Next] [Throw]

[Next]

//Success: It's simple really, you start typing an answer, and once you're done you double-check it and hand it back to her.

"I'll be, you really are as sharp as they come," she says as she looks at what you wrote. "Deal's a deal, follow me, I have a place where we can fuck without having to worry about native ambushes."

[Next]
//go to [Den]

//Fail:

{//pc is addicted: You can't bring yourself to focus enough on solving the equation. The thought of her musky, fat, sloshing balls keeps intruding and derailing your train of thought. You give up and hand it back to her, at least you'll get your fix. //Else: Well fuck, you really can't figure out the solution. Giving up you hand it to her and admit that you're not as smart as you thought.

"Alright, get on the ground, smooth brain," she commands. You obey the command and also remove your [pc.gear]. She steps above you and pins you against her body. As you obey her command to wrap your limbs around her something ties you to her by your wrists and ankles.

She stands up, dragging you with her. When she starts moving her suit closes around you, trapping you in musky darkness, and at the same time, her canine cock starts growing to full mast, switching her sheath from one to another. That other sheath being you.

[Next]

Go to [belly ride]

[Throw]

You don't care about impressing her, you just want to drown yourself in the brain corroding musk. So you write "balls = delicious" into the answer field. Her lips curl into a devious smile as she reads the answer.

"That's certainly a correct answer, but not the one I was looking for. Deal's a deal, ball slut, get on the ground, on your back, naked."

Obeying her orders you lay there as she walks over you. Her tauric body pins you against the sand, and she commands you to wrap your arms and legs around her. As you do so something ties them to her. Now attached to her she stands up and starts walking. As she walks her dick starts sliding into your [pc.vagOrAss], making you moan. The zipper of her suit closes, sealing you in darkness.

[Next]

Go to [belly ride]

[Willpower]

Bimbo gives a -20%, autofail if the PC is in withdrawal.
You tell her that your willpower will surely impress her.

"Is that so?" she asks, her lips curling upwards. She turns around, her hindquarters facing you. "Well, I'm sure you'll have no problem sniffing my balls and not get horny." Her lips now fully curled in a mischievous smile. You swallow as your mouth runs dry. This isn't what you

had in mind, but it's too late to back down. The smart zipper of her suit opens up, allowing her heavy, sweaty balls to swing free. Even when standing a few feet away you can smell the strong musk radiating from her sack.

You close the gap and kneel behind her. Face now inches from her sack you press your nose against the creamy fur that covers her balls and inhale.

[Next] [Throw]

[Next]

//Fail:

{PC is addicted: There's no point in resisting, your mind crumbles before you can even draw breath. //Else: One whiff and} {y//Y}ou slam yourself face-first into her sweaty sack, smearing her musk all over your face. You gasp and whine needily. Unable to think about anything but sniffing her heady musk until she tells you to stop. Without even thinking —not that you have the capacity of thought with your brain clouded in mind-melting musk— you grab her balls with both hands, starting to fondle them.

"I guess your willpower wasn't as strong as you thought," she snickers from above you as your tongue starts lapping over the fur. Tongue dragging over those fur-covered spheres your mouth is flooded in strong musk, making you whimper submissively. "Well, you stay down there for a moment, I've been needing a good ball wash. We'll get to your end of the bargain later,"

You're all too happy to worship her balls, spending as long as she wishes with your brain submerged in musk. Her dick is sliding out of her sheath, hanging freely in the air, bobbing along with her heartbeat.

//normal loss: "Alright, ball washer, on your back," she commands. Reluctant to let your object of devotion go you obey nonetheless, you whine sadly as when her balls are no longer pressing against your face.

{pc is clothed: You pull off your [pc.gear] and lay it down. Carmelita picks your stuff up so no one will steal it.} Laying down on your back in the sand she steps over you. The smart zipper slides up her torso, baring her fuzzy stomach. She lowers her bulk so that her barrel like lower body is pressing against you. She takes a moment to aim the narrow tip of her cock at your [pc.vagOrAss]. She slowly thrusts forward, feeding inches of cock into you, not stopping until her uninflated knot is inside you. "Wrap your arms and legs around me," she instructs you. As you do that you feel something wrapping around your wrists and ankles. "There we go," she says cheerfully as she stands up.

As she starts walking the smart zipper also closes, trapping you in darkness and musk.

//three willpower losses in a row: "You really like my balls huh?" she asks as you take a particularly deep breath of her musk. "I was going to have you ride under me like last time, but I'll give you a treat this time."

You perk up at the mention of a treat, you can't wait to find out what she has in mind for you.

"Lay down, slut," she commands. You repeat the familiar ritual once more. She walks over you, but instead of lowering herself atop of you, she turns around, positioning her heavy, cum sloshing balls above your face. Your heart flutters as you realize what your treat is. She lays down, pressing her musky sack against your face.

"You know the drill, my little musk slave," she murmurs teasingly, and you do. You hug her body tightly, waiting for her suit to firmly attach you to her. When it does she stands up and starts walking to nowhere in particular. Already in pitch blackness since her balls are over your eyes you only realize her suit closes around you when air no longer tickles your back.

[Next]

Go to [belly ride]

//Success: it's tough, you can almost feel her musk clouding your mind, trying to make you into a drooling slut. But you manage to concentrate as you drink in her musk. You don't know how long you keep your nose buried in her sack, but eventually, she steps forward, letting you breathe in fresh air.

"I'm impressed," she says as you stand up. "Only a few people have managed to smell my balls close without starting to suck on them."

She turns to face you, brushing your jawline with her fingers. "I have a private den nearby, you can rut me there,"

[Next]

Go to [Den]

[Throw]

You lost even before you smelled her balls, you didn't want to win to begin with. Sniffing and licking the fur that coats her sack you also start {puss: fingering yourself //both: and //dick: jerking off}.

"I always appreciate a slut who knows what they want," she snickers to herself as you busy yourself with those two, heavy, musky cum factories. She lets you have your fun, kissing, sucking, and worshipping her balls and musk.

You can feel her musk corrupting your mind, your thoughts turning sluggish. You don't even register her command telling you to get on the ground. And only obey once she pulls away

and repeats the order. Laying on the sand you stare at her underbelly for a moment before she lays atop of you. Something ties the two of you together, allowing her to trot off with you hanging under her.

[Next]

Go to [belly ride]

Belly ride