

# Raskvel Guard/Syidian Queen Scenes

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## Notes/Ideas

- Two scenes definitely required: PC sucking off one of the raskvel as payment, other where PC and Azra have to service them all.
- Fen: Azra & you both thoroughly service Azaphel. After, milk the guards? Maybe they all sit their balls on the PC's face for ball-polishing while Azra leans in to suck all three into her enormous maw?
- Optional: If successful diplomacy, they could all fuck in whatever way seems feasible.
- With the solo blowjob, PC could volunteer to suck em all off if sufficiently oral obsessed.

## Solo Blowjob

Normal: Could the suula even reach down that far? It's obvious from her frozen smile and helpless glance over to you that the prim researcher isn't going to do it, whatever the case. And you <i>are</i> on this mission to take care of unfortunate little eventualities.

"Fine," you sigh, [pc.moving] forward. "Let's get this over with."

Bimbo/cum obsessed/Peace of Mind: The conversation has frankly been a bit of a blur for you ever since you caught sight of the raskvel boi's heavily swollen sack, crying out for some caring someone to relieve it of all its delicious pressure. The fact that it's in aid of allowing everyone present to leave happy is just the cherry on top.

"Come on then, sugar," you smile brightly, licking your [pc.lips] and [pc.moving] forward. "Let me show you how my people say hello!"

{merge}

Azaphel is almost trembling with excitement, eyes fixed on you, his cute little mouth slightly ajar as you {kneel / get down} in front of his tenting loin cloth. {Fortunately you're of a similar stature - you're definitely better suited to doing this than Azra. / It's difficult cramping yourself up to get at the diminutive alien's cock - but he's excited enough to get up onto his splayed toes, anything to get closer to the heavenly relief of your mouth. / It's practically impossible for a being of your size to get at the diminutive alien's cock, humiliating. You have to lie down on one side, and even then he has to get up onto his splayed toes to be level with your mouth.}

He rips off his cloth with a fluttering, impatient groan, revealing a gleaming, six inch purple erection straining out of its sheath. It's a hefty dick on a boy bitch his size, but it's like a splinter compared to the balls it's flanked by; bulging testicles that practically drag on the ground, rising and falling impatiently in their over-stretched sack. You feel a little flair of sympathy for the raskvel and his fellows - those, paired with their natural libido, must make day-to-day life pretty unbearable.

You give him an encouraging grin and wrap your hand around the base of his shaft, giving the smooth, hard flesh a couple of brisk tugs before spreading your lips over the musky, pointed tip, suckling on it. The shudder and woozy, rapturous moan this alone draws out of him is pretty special. His hands find your shoulders, and his grip tightens as you advance your [pc.lips] further down his shaft, filling your mouth with the {shamefully / transcendently} arousing taste and texture of cock.

"Thank you so much, my Queen!" he cries out as you begin to find rhythm, bobbing your head up and down his shaft. You let out a muffled huff. Who here is sucking his dick, again?

"You are welcome, my trusted servant," comes the cool reply. You hear muttering and the frustrated shuffle of feet, followed by a hefty slap and gasp of pain. "Silence! If you wanted relief then you should have proven yourself worthy, as Azaphel did."

Normal: Oh, brother. You set your teeth against Brave Sir Azaphel's dick - a little warning not to milk it too much - and then withdraw to energetically thrust your mouth up and down his cock, hollowing your cheeks around it stringently, eager to get him off as quickly as possible.

The raskvel boi is evidently not one to look a gift suck in the mouth, and is quiet aside from his deepening, ragged breath as you blow him hard and fast, filling the hollow with slurps and smacks of your [pc.lips]. Eventually though the pent-up trap can't contain his excitement, and he grabs your head with feverish hands and gives back with athletic, juddering thrusts of his muscle-packed hips. You gag slightly as the pointed, pre-beading end sticks into your throat, but fortunately the thing is shaped so it's much easier to take than it ordinarily would. You control yourself and let him face-fuck you, concentrating on keeping your mouth pliant and open for him, trying to ignore his giant balls slapping against your chin.

B/O/PoM: Well, if she's too aloof to get on her knees and hollow her cheeks around some delicious cock that's definitely her loss. You're getting a wonderful, soft buzz that intensifies the feeling of Azaphel's meat sliding between your lips, heat glowing between your [pc.thighs] that strengthens with every drop of pre you coax out of him with long, hungry drags of your mouth and tongue.

You let the raskvel boi know how much you enjoy servicing him with smacks of your lips and pleased, muffled hums, and you moan as you cause him to abandon all restraint, grab your head with feverish hands and fuck your mouth with athletic, juddering thrusts of his muscle-packed hips. The pointed end rams down your throat with each hard push, but you're well-trained enough to take this without fuss, even enjoy the little bursts of stars behind your eyelids and the way your whole world becomes nothing but the wonderful hardness and taste of cock each time your windpipe is closed.

{merge}

With a fluttering moan Azaphel mires himself into your mouth as deep as he can, his hands tighten on your [pc.hair], his giant testicles rise and tense, a fluttering moan is forced past his open lips, and a sudden cascade of cum warms your throat and gut. He's forced back a bit by the sheer force of it, so that the next salty load swells your cheeks and squirts out around the seal of his girth and your lips... and then suddenly he's pulled out entirely, his drooling, railing-like prick still sternly erect but no longer flexing. You blink. Was that it? With bollocks the size of his, you were expecting receipt of a meal and a half.

"Can... " he gasps in his fluttering, androgynous voice. "Can I not... ?"

"No," the tall sydian replies coolly. "You know the code: One orgasm per deed. Be gracious to your Majesty, and then get back in line."

"Thank you, my Queen..." he jogs his cute butt back into formation around her, rearranging his loincloth as he goes.

Normal: What an interestingly cruel way of maintaining control over your minions. It looks like you've got out of this situation relatively painlessly, though. You pat yourself down, wipe your mouth and return to Azra's side, wishing you'd brought some breath mints along. The suula mouths an embarrassed 'thanks' at you.

"The tribute has been fairly met," the cockroach matriarch goes on, turning her attention to you. She waves airily. "You may take your spunkshrooms and leave."

You're more than happy to.

If Else: You pout, feeling a deep sense of frustration. What a meanie-head that giant cockroach is being! You'd barely gotten started helping these frisky, deserving boys out with their delicious problems. Looking over at the pretty boy raskvel, their shifting feet and longing stares, you can tell they entirely share your sentiments.

"The tribute has been fairly met," the sydian matriarch goes on, turning her attention to you. She waves her sceptre airily. "You may take your spunkshrooms and leave." She pauses as she notices you're still kneeling, taps the sceptre in her hand thoughtfully. "...You really enjoyed doing that, didn't you? It is almost treat time. You can come along and be the treat, if you like. Save one some trouble."

"I uh," stumbles Azra, pointing at her collection of fungus. "I'd sooner examine these, thank you, your Majesty. But I can wait here and do that if you want to go along with them, [pc.name]..."

[Hell Yeah] [Nah]

Nah

Rationality surfaces in your mind like a drear, grey iceberg, and you consider it's not fair to leave your charge on her own out in this toxic badland whilst you go get fucked by a whole bunch of murderous aliens. With a deep sigh, you turn the sydian down.

"As you wish," she replies with majestic indifference. "Come, servants! The pleasure barrow awaits." She strides off, shortstack entourage in tow.

"Thank you for doing that," says Azra, picking her samples up. "I'm really glad I've got someone with your, uh, priorities on planets like this, y'know? I just lock up when primitive species start making demands like that."

## Multi Balljob

Normie: How did you mess up negotiating with these savages so badly you're being forced to do this? You'd love to know off whom the raskvel got those extremely powerful guns they're packing. Whoever they are have got a lot to answer for.

Cum types: Ever since you caught sight of the raskvel's big, achingly packed balls your attention has been drifting back to them, and how much you'd like to relieve the cute little snack-boy of all that gloopy, delicious pressure. So what if you've kinda messed things up. Maybe you wanted to mess up. Messes are fun.

{merge}

"I will have the supplicants service me on my own to begin with," says Azaphel, beaming as he steps forward into his red letter day. "Just to make sure it's worth the rest of you fellers' time, you know."

"You're a real piece of 'lani, Zaph," growls another, looking you up and down enviously.

"Language!" Queen Sydian snaps, bonking him on the head with her sceptre. Azaphel isn't paying attention; he's ripping off his loincloth, revealing his proud, purple, gleaming erection, smoothly pointed at the top like a swollen, rigid tongue. It's a decent-sized member for a creature of his size, but it looks dinky accompanied by the testicles that it is: balls the size of grapefruits rising and straining in their sack, that practically drag on the ground. No wonder these little guys are incapable of thinking about anything except sex.

"Uh, ok... " says Azra, wringing her hands as she gazes down at him. "Those look pretty pent up. What if [pc.name] here looks after them whilst I give you a suck?" She grins, displaying her lethal teeth. Perhaps she's hoping that the sight of them will make the raskvel boi change his mind.

"Yeah," breathes Azaphel, mouth open and eyes slightly misty. He grips his brilliantly-colored cock and brandishes it upward. "That. Now. Please."

"Right," sighs the suula. "Well... [pc.name], if you get on the floor, I'll... "

{Normie: Silently uttering dire threats towards the denizens of Tarkus and the trash planet as a whole, you clear a small space on the rust-coated ground and lie yourself down. / Ifelse: You'd much rather be the one on the hard, syrupy business end, but, well, even you have to admit Azra's the one with the much larger mouth. And you'd hate to take the joy of cramming three delicious dicks into her mouth at once away from her. You happily clear a small space on the rust-coated ground and lie yourself down.}

Almost immediately the giddy raskvel is clambering his warm, dense weight onto your neck. {>C cup: His warm fingers slip backwards to your [pc.boobs], and he giggles as he gives one a squeeze.

“Those are nice,” he says approvingly. “Our women-folk never grow them as big as that... “} He drags his heavy bollocks forward so their smooth warmth is rested upon your [pc.lips], wedged up against your nose, and your senses are enveloped in heady musk, sending an involuntary wriggle of lust through your [pc.groin]. It’s difficult not to feel a slutty, submissive frisson about this - the more embarrassed you feel about the fact your lips are mashed into this lizard savage’s balls, the harder it becomes to deny. {Probably the best strategy is not to think about it. You close your eyes and begin to lick the leathery, musky flesh. / You coo as that wonderful sensation easily overwhelms your faculties, leaving you nothing but a soft, sensitive slut who wants nothing but to serve. Happily you close your eyes and lavish the leathery, musky flesh with your [pc.tongue], shivering at the taste.}

“Oh yeah... “ groans Azaphel, shifting his weight and sliding his hand into your [pc.hair]. His balls clench and relax underneath your questing lips and [pc.tongue]. “Kiss ‘em a bit. Yes!” He practically sings when you open your mouth wide, form suction around one and french it lasciviously. “Alright. Now you, big lady.”

The suula has to get way, way down in order to get anywhere near the raskvel’s dick. You get a worm’s eye view of her kneeling, and then almost kowtowing so that she can, at last, open her wide mouth around his purple, pointed bell-end. You don’t know if Azaphel deliberately positioned himself so he was facing his potentate and peers, but the fact Azra’s massive butt is now pointed up and flared submissively in their direction draws a chorus of approving murmurs and sighs from them. It also has the effect of pooling her similarly plus-sized boobs around your brow and ears, so your head is completely swaddled in sensitive, scaled erogyny.

In the tiny, cramped space between boobs and balls that you can still see through, you watch Azra rather awkwardly begin to bob her head up and down the raskvel’s straining shaft, doing her best with the uncomfortable position and size difference. {You try and speed things along with / You contribute} patient, attentive sucks and sweeps of your [pc.tongue] over his grapefruit-sized jewels, drawing the salt away into your mouth - as attentive and uncomplaining as the most grovelling of ball-polishers - but really it’s up to Azra to get this up and running, and watching her half-heartedly suckle on the purple fuck-stick above like a popsicle the flavor of which she doesn’t particularly gets frustrating. Azaphel’s sighs of enjoyment remain blissful rather than orgasmic.

“Are they doing the best they can, Azaphel?” you hear the female sydian demand. “It is not deemed sufficient unless they are.”

“Um, yeah... “ the raskvel breathes in response. “It’s quite nice. Oh!” He gasps, and his balls tighten underneath your mouth, as Azra suddenly opens her mouth wide and allows her great

long tongue to flop out. It writhes like a snake of its own volition, blanketing itself tightly around the base of Azaphel's dick with an obscene, saliva-drenched smack. {If dick: Onedamn... [pc.eachCock] harden{s} just looking at that. How much you'd give for that to be you.}

"Yes!" wails the effeminate lizard boy, feet pawing in the dust next to your [pc.ears], hands reactively grabbing the suula's pointed ears like handles as she begins to writhe her prehensile monster of a tongue back and forth around his cock, sucking on the tip as she does. She huffs her annoyance at that, but doesn't stop for a moment, the wet sounds of it clear to everyone present. "Oh Queen, this is so, so good!"

"Excellent!" says the sydian primly. "Alright, since you have waited patiently like good boys, the rest of you can dig in now. The two strangers are big enough to satisfy you all. {The winged fish thing is, anyway.}"

//+Lust

[pb]

The vibrations of six feet excitedly thundering across carry into your head. With a slithering eely sound, Azra unravels herself from Azaphel's dick in order to look up; she manages a half-hearted "Wait..." before two new sets of massively swollen raskvel balls are thumped down on your face, hands squeezing them into Azaphel's so they can get near the anticipated bounty of your mouth. You are utterly buried in smooth, musky, reptilian flesh. Your hands flap on their scaly backs and tails in startlement.

"Are you alright down there, [pc.name]?" comes Azra's voice. Her hand finds your {[pc.hair] / scalp} and strokes you soothingly. "Look it's alright - I'm pretty sure I can, um, fit them all in at the same time, so all you've gotta do is - hey, what are doing back th- ? Unnffk!" An impact vibrates through her, her hand tightens upon your {[pc.hair] / scalp} and you yowl in pain. One of the raskvel takes this as an invitation and pushes his ball-sack forward, filling your open mouth with its denseness.

"Uff... this isn't part of the deal!" the suula shouts over her shoulder. By the way her shoulders and boobs are jerking, it appears something small but incredibly energetic is clapping into her from behind.

"I can't help it..." come the groans of the fourth raskvel boi. "Those curves... that size! I must breed it. Must must must!..."

{You find yourself desperately hoping Azra will just roll with it; the thought of trying to satisfy these pent up, over-excited femboys on your own now is a daunting one. / Once your surprise has died down a bit, you wonder if it might not be better to extract yourself and propose to do this on your own; this clearly isn't your suula friend's scene, and your body aches to take all four

of the energetic girly boys at once. Make each of them groan and spurt their endorphin-inducing loads into your tight, thirsty holes, then get them to do it again. Wow, you're drooling all over their balls at the thought! You subsume yourself back into the blissful, subby haze, resolving to use all this excess saliva to give them the polishing they deserve.} You signal your intention to give this the old college try anyway by sucking vehemently on the rude boi who just stuffed your maw full of his testicles, opening your mouth as wide as you can so you can envelope it in shifting, wet mouth flesh, making him gasp sweetly with pleasure. A surge of thankfulness enters you as, after a moment, you see the suula's chin descend and her huge predator's jaw crane open, a dripping, fang-lined pit that's easily big enough to swallow three raskvel dicks at once. If the trio feel the slightest pang of apprehension about this they certainly don't show it; there's an intake of excited breath, and three sensitive, shining purple fence-posts are brandished upwards.

Azra envelopes them all in one tsunami-like sweep of her lips, pressing them together in her mouth with a stifled, hissing sucking motion. Grateful moans and sighs of pleasure from the raskvel rain down, as plentiful as her own saliva, as she thrusts her head up and down, tongue winding in and around cock like a snake weaving through the bushes; pink hands grasp her face, willing her on. You think the dude railing her from behind is a blessing in disguise; there's a heavy blush on her cheeks, heat building, which makes the demure researcher go about blowing these three with considerably more gusto than she ordinarily would.

You do your whorish best to uphold your side of things, sending your own [pc.tongue] trailing and lapping over the musky, rubbery balls laden upon your face, pulling each into your mouth for an attentive suck, your [pc.lips] and tongue occasionally dabbing against Azra's on her passage downwards. {Long tongue: As lithe as her own, you can twine and slither your [pc.tongue] around hers, tightening and loosening around the raskvels' hard shafts and throbbing balls like ribbons around maypoles. It's obvious from their effeminate moans, the way they arch their backs and reactively thrust themselves into your movements that the raskvel have never experienced anything like what you're doing to them, and probably never will again.}

You can gauge how well you are doing by the way they clench up and how their hands reach down to clutch and stroke your [pc.chest] and [pc.hair], getting ever more excited as Azra picks up the pace, slurping and drawing on the cocks stretching her maw wide assiduously.

"Oh fellas... " groans the fourth raskvel from somewhere. "This alien's happy hole... it squirms! It's amaaazing... "

"Nngh," manages one of the others in response. The way their penises are all squeezed together inside Azra's mouth whilst her cheeks and tongue tighten themselves around them is obviously an intense sensation from them; when they grab the suula's head and begin to thrust reactively into her wet suck, nuts battering down onto your face, they're pretty much frothing each other.



When one set of testicles tighten up so hard underneath your lips you're worried they're going to form semen-based black holes, the over-eager little femboy creates a snowballing effect for the others, so that when his eyes roll back and he flumes a fountain of liquid alabaster into the suula's vast maw, his shivering thrusts creates a snowballing effect for the others packed against him. They hold Azra down to their groins and cum hard into her, their muscular hips thrusting upwards into that slick, warm glory, and her eyes roll. Even with a mouth as accommodating as her they quickly swell her cheeks out and make her cough it back up, pearly spoooge splattering and drooling down onto you. The raskvels' balls gradually withdraw into themselves, at least some of the tightly packed pressure within them relieved.

[pb]

"That's enough," orders a stern, female voice, and suddenly the testicular landslide is being ferried away, cum-leaking reptilian cocks withdrawn from Azra's face. She gasps for air and collapses down onto you, gonads replaced by the squashy warmth of her boobs. Her long tongue hangs out of her cum-smeared mouth and her wings are flexing reactively to something; the rhythmic slap of hips against butt still reverberates from behind her.

"You too, Sessalai!" raps the voice.

"But I've only cum twice! I must breed her! So big... so soft... ow! Alright, ok," groans the fourth raskvel, and at last Azra's flesh stops shuddering. The warmth of her exhausted wheeze washes over your face.

"You only get to cum once!" snaps Queen Sydian, gesticulating with her sceptre angrily. The other raskvel bois have retaken their positions around her. They're look back at you longingly, but their purple cocks have obediently disappeared back into their sheaths, their loincloths once again in place. "You shall be punished for overstepping yourself. Azaphel, fetch my crop! You, strangers," she waves dismissively, "your supplication was amateur but honestly given. You may take your ill-gotten gains and leave. Don't return... unless you wish to savor the ball-sweat of my lowliest servants again."

{ "This is another thing we never talk of. Ok?" / "We never talk of this. Agreed?" } Azra says in a completely even voice, once she's wobbled back to her feet and done some due diligence with a handful of tissues, first around her face and then between her wide hips. The way she looks at you when she says it, suggests that disagreeing will result in her doing something very different with that mouth of hers than what she just did with the raskvel. { You hastily nod, and you stride away together with your sample of spunkshrooms in silence. / You blink, trying to banish thoughts of sleepwalking after the sydian's entourage so you can romp with them some more. Is she saying she didn't enjoy what just happened? Yes... wait... that's right. Most other people don't get as much joy out of being a gleeful spunk-receptacle as you do. You'd sigh and pout at your suula friend, but sensitive to her needs you smile and bob your head instead. You hurry away together with your sample of spunkshrooms. }

## Successful Diplomacy

//Change this bit in the handing over weapon section so PC can get at orgy scene this way as well

The Queen smirks. "I will care for my subjects as I always have. Strangers, you may depart in peace. Our business is at an end. Trouble my subjects no longer."

That's as clear a dismissal as you're likely to get.

"Come on," Azra bids. "Let's get back to the ship!"

The Queen smirks. "I will take care for my subjects as I always have. Unless you would like to join us? You look like very fitting... treats."

"I uh," stumbles Azra, pointing at her collection of fungus. "I'd sooner get going and... enjoy your gift, thank you, your Majesty. But I can wait here and do that if you want to go along with them, [pc.name]... "

[Yes] [No]

No

With equal politeness, you turn her down.

"As you wish," she replies with majestic indifference. "Come, servants! The pleasure barrow awaits." She strides off, shortstack entourage in tow.

"Pretty amazing, how you handled that," grins Azra, picking her samples up. "I swallow my tongue in situations like that. I'm so relieved I'm doing this with you, [pc.name]. Shall we get back to the ship?"

Together, you strike out from the rust spires.

## Orgy Tiems

{One blowie is absolutely not enough. You nod and grin your eager assent - triggering sharp intakes of breath and excited whispering amongst the raskvel bois - and follow the sydian's swinging, feathery tail as she turns and sashays away into her territory. / You are pleased she

made the overture - this was turning out to be a very dry encounter. Can you claim to have had successful negotiations if you didn't all fuck at the end? You nod and grin your eager assent - trigger sharp intakes of breath and excited whispering amongst the raskvel bois - and follow the sydian's swinging tail as she turns and sashays away into her territory.}

"Are you wondering how I became a Queen, stranger?" the tan creature asks. Even heavily clad in her armor it's obvious she has a nice figure, slim and muscular but with hourglass swells that make the mouth water. She's taken you to a steep hollow created by the bulwark of a half-buried spaceship, the heavily plated metal craning over a depression furnished with a large number of pillows and a spiky, welded together chair that obviously fancies itself as a throne. The sydian shoos her small charges down into it as she continues to speak.

"I knew I was destined for greatness, but my people do not recognise such things in females. So I had to find another way of building a realm. These raskvel are all outcasts too - effeminate males are the lowest ranking of their kind. But they obey me with total loyalty and fearlessness, thanks to my discovery of the spunkshroom, which makes them far more potent and lively than any male that used to be cruel to them."

She sinks back into her throne, and with a wriggle of her muscles and a grateful sigh she begins to peel her armor back, revealing the soft, smooth orange skin beneath. Tiny flakes of rust hang in the still air down here. You emit little puffs of bronze dust as her fine, firm breasts and protuberant nipples slide into view.

"Soon I shall have an army of them at my command," husks the sydian, feathers waving and prideful desire inflaming her face, compound eyes unfocused as she mauls her own boob, fingers sinking deep into the softness there as she pulls at the nipple. She recrosses her legs, and you catch a glimpse of her pussy, as soft, pale and plump as her armor is hard, tanned and severe. "But - for now - I have them, and you. And it's treat time. So what shall we do with you?"

[Lay Her] [Spit Roast]

## Spit Roast

Tooltip: Get fucked by the raskvel.

You signal your intentions by sidling into the nearest pink-skinned big-balled reptile [pc.butt] first, stroking his sensitive ears. He coos with delight and looks {up} at you with barely contained lust, hands instinctively wrapping around your [pc.thigh].

"Yes... excellent. You'll put on a show for me. Azaphel - here," the Queen orders, pointing at her feet. "The rest of you - tuck in. No bounds - you've been good today."

Hot, smooth paws grasp you and pull you down into a sitting position, three pert, pent-up raskvel eager to experience as much of your alluring alien flesh as lizardly possible. You laugh and then gasp as one slides his hand over your [pc.chest], touching a [pc.nipple], hesitant at first but then with enthusiasm when you push yourself into him, coaxing him to stroke and maul your {lovely soft boobs / muscular pecs}. Another sinks his fingers into your [pc.vagOrAss], {testing your depths and swirling you until you're {beading / gushing} heady [pc.femcum] down his digits. He licks them clean with obvious delight and then {moves on to your [pc.anus], working it loose with insistent loops and then sinking them in to your sensitive back tunnel, another hole he very evidently intends to plunder. / {sticks them into your [pc.vagina1], eager to feel the texture of every one of your breeding holes.} {quite loose, and he's stroking your sensitive back tunnel deep. You tense up with delight at the thought of having one of these scaly duracel bunnies rammed up there. AT LEAST one.}

All three have their gleaming purple cocks craning out of their pouches, their stuffed, oversized balls rising and falling in barely contained anticipation, and they rub their hot, smooth hardness against you from all sides with energetic bops, happy enough to feel your [pc.skinFurScales] against their erections. Their musk and eagerness is heady in the still air of the hollow, elevating your own arousal, and you lie back into them, grasping two pricks and giving them both teasing yanks, {giggling / laughing} at the twin, girly groans this induces.

"Ohh, are all aliens like you?" one croons, long ears shuddering with delight. "We need to build a rocket..."

"Can we keep this one, my Queen?" pipes up another, fervently pumping his length between the cheeks of your [pc.ass], oiling it with a near constant flow of pre. "We'll take good care of [pc.him], I swear!"

"No," the sydian replies sternly. "You have no idea what [pc.he] even eats. Aside from dick, evidently." Azaphel has his hands wrapped around her armored thighs, head deep between them. His tail flails and there's a muffled whimper when she smacks her sceptre about his pert backside. "My clitoris is not a piece of gristle, you clod! No teeth, just tongue. Thaaat's more like it. The rest of you, stop lolling around. I demand action!"

A slutty, voyeuristic thrill thrums through you at the thought of putting on a show for the proud, pompous, self-styled queen. You allow her bitch-boi harem to roll you over onto your hands and [pc.knees], opening your [pc.thighs] so that the one behind you {can continue to finger you, finding your [pc.clit] and rubbing it so fast it's like a vibrator's being applied to it. / can grip your [pc.cock0] and jerk it until it's straining hard against your [pc.belly].} You gaze up at the raskvel in front of you saucily and swirl your [pc.tongue] around the pointed head of his cock, retreating inside your mouth to savour his salty taste before reapplying it around the crown with relish. Meanwhile your hand cups his massive ball-sack and gives it a squeeze, delighting at the way it throbs beneath your touch - packed, liquid density. The trappy raskvel is far too worked up to take that kind of teasing for more than a few seconds; he grips your head and thrusts his stout

erection past your [pc.lips], its shape and smoothness enabling him to holster himself in your wet, sucking maw with ease.

You tense up and reactively grab his slim, girly hips when one of his peers grabs your [pc.hips] and slots his own pointed reptilian cum-faucet into your [pc.vagOrAss], the pointed head encountering zero difficulty opening your {slickened entrance / loosened asshole} and packing thick, hot meat into your fuck tunnel. If you didn't know these little snack-boys were wound up tighter than a spring and live at about ten times the pace you do, you definitely receive plenty of evidence for it now. They judder into you from both ends like jackhammers, thighs tensing in order to drive their cocks into your sensitive holes twice per second, a constant stream of pre drooling from the tips lubricating your mouth and [pc.vagOrAss], breathy gasps and groans of gratification the accompaniment to the dirty 'slap-slap-slap' of their gigantic balls against your chin and [pc.thighs].

All thought is driven from your mind except the ecstatic feeling of hard, hot dick pushing deep into the most sensitive parts of your {snatch / colon} and it's all you can do to keep hold of the raskvel face-fucking you and suck him down. So you aren't thinking about what the third femboy is doing until {Large capacity on orifice in use: he practically fights the one tailgating you, shoving and growling like a rabid chipmunk until the first is forced to stop, withdraw and slap him back. You detach from the cock in front of you to tut at them in disappointment.

"C'mon you two," you say huskily, flaring your [pc.ass] and wagging it at them. Your whorish, well-broken-in {cunt / ass-pussy} beckons, a more generous hole than they have ever known, or ever will. "Why are you fighting? There's plenty of room for everyone."

"Yeah..." breathes one, his teeth loosening from the other's shoulder, hypnotised. He grips your hips and easily inserts himself deep inside your [pc.vagOrAss] again; you shiver as you feel the other clamber on top of him, and then shrill with joy, eyes rolling, as with assertive thrusts, he fucks his way inside as well, stretching and packing your tunnel out with hot dick. Your open mouth is filled by the raskvel in front, unable to simply stand by and watch anymore, and in moments all three are sawing themselves into your tender, over-stimulated holes.} {2 or more pussies: you feel someone determinedly scrabble his way in underneath you, gripping your sides and [pc.chest] as he hooks his short legs around your [pc.thighs], hot, desperately eager erection bumping clumsily against [pc.eachVagina]. You emit a muffled laugh around your cock muffler and slap at its owner to stop and withdraw. Your downstairs is absolutely equipped for parties, why not get one started!

"Aliens are amaaaazing," groans the one underneath, watching in awe as you carefully swivel your [pc.vagina0] down onto his bright purple filly-pleaser, before flaring your [pc.ass] to enable the other access to your [pc.vagina1]. A moan of purest, sluttiest delight is forced out of your mouth as he grips you and drives himself back in, putting delightful pressure through your walls against the dick you just sat yourself down on, and [pc.eachVagina] {drool / gush} [pc.femcum] in response to the two of them thrashing into you almost at right angles to each other. Your open

mouth is filled by the raskvel in front, unable to simply stand by and watch anymore, and in moments all three are sawing themselves into your tender, over-stimulated holes.} {1 pussy, not massive capacity: you feel someone determinedly scrabble his way in underneath you, gripping your sides and [pc.chest] as he hooks his short legs around your [pc.thighs], hot, desperately eager erection bumping clumsily against your [pc.clit]. You emit a muffled laugh around your cock muffler and slap at its owner to stop and withdraw. There's a simple solution here - you have the same number of holes as fuckbois present, after all.

"Aliens are amaaaazing," groans the one underneath, watching in awe as you carefully swivel your [pc.vagina0] down onto his bright purple prick, before flaring your [pc.ass] to enable the other access to your [pc.anus]. A moan of purest, sluttiest delight is forced out of your mouth as he grips you and works his way in, his pointed tool perfect for opening your ass-pussy up and incrementally filling it with hard, fervid flesh, putting delightful pressure through your walls against the dick you just sat yourself down on. Your open mouth is filled by the raskvel in front, unable to simply stand by and watch anymore, and in moments all three are sawing themselves into your tender, over-stimulated holes.} {If else: he practically starts fighting the one you're blowing, shoving and growling like a rabid chipmunk, desperately trying to present his own bright purple erection to your [pc.lips] instead. You laugh, and touch them both soothingly.

"C'mon you two," you say huskily. "There's no need for that. I'm sure I can look after both of you..." "

A few moments later the two have their eyes unfocused and their pretty mouths hanging upon, their thighs practically jerking automatically, as you hollow your cheeks around the cock of one whilst vigorously tug at the other. As soon as you adjudge one is nearing the edge by the tones of his groans, you withdraw and sink your mouth down the sizzling, tasty knob of the other. All the while, gratifying pleasure courses up your body from the femboy behind you driving his dick into your [pc.ass] unabated.}

{merge}

[pb]

The sensation of getting thoroughly gangbanged like this is overwhelming, and you are quickly forced to an orgasm which grips your entire body, {[pc.eachVagina] seizing up repeatedly and coating the raskvel's groin in [pc.femcum]} {and} [pc.eachCock] tensing up and blowing lines of [pc.cum] all over the cushions you're knelt on.}, and you writhe in delight around the cocks you're pinioned upon.

The Sydian Queen's mouth is open, delight tautening her features as she watches. No sharp words emanate from that armored throat now - just high, rasping breaths. She's got her powerful thighs wrapped around Azaphel's head, trapping his face deep between them, and her sceptre's end is engaged in clumsily pawing at her breast.

Your attention is brought abruptly back to your own knitting when, with a whispery groan, {one of} the raskvel behind you squeezes your [pc.thighs] hard, hilts himself in your [pc.vagOrAss] and implants a {womb / gut}-swelling load of hot cum into you. Void below, was that a single ejaculation?! The way your belly has been swollen out by that heavy liquid weight, it's as if he's made you three months pregnant in the space of three seconds. The reptilian femboy has barely slowed down; he's still hammering himself athletically into your cum-stuffed {snatch / asshole}, spattering it everywhere, digging into your tenderised walls in a way that makes you utter gasps around the erect cock you're tending to with your mouth. {It's made all the more intense that the raskvel {also embedded in your {twat / ass} {embedded in your {other twat / ass} hasn't slowed down at all. Evidently the more judicious of the two, he's still thrusting his piping hot meat into you with excited claps of his muscle-curved thighs.}}

"Must! Breed! Must! Breed! Got to... get it... all out!" he groans, lost in an exhilarated frenzy. Any attempt to express your own feelings about this are lost when the raskvel in front tightens up fiercely and then flumes a similarly huge gush of salty, musky seed into your mouth, bloating out your cheeks and making you cough a fair bit up your nose. {This one is considerate enough for you to wait for you to recover yourself, but his ardour is every bit as unassuaged as the one fucking your cum-gorged {back passage / pussy}; once you've taken a deep breath he firmly grips your head and spears his dripping, still-very-much-erect penis back into your mouth, groaning with deepest satisfaction when your [pc.lips] touch his scaly sheath.} {He pulls back with a gratified sigh, although his balls are still the size of grapefruits and he hasn't lost his erection even slightly; the other is patient enough to wait for you to swallow and take a deep breath before firmly gripping your head and spearing his own dick into your mouth, pantingly eager to reach his own release.}}

"Yeeesss, that's it my lovely boys, my ever-so-loyal sluts," crows the sydian, head-feathers twitching as she thrusts her lower body into Azaphel's face. "Get it all out of you! Enjoy the alien to your honest hearts' content! You deserve it for being so good, don't you? Yes you do." She opens her thighs for a moment; you can hear the raskvel femboy's gasp for air from where you are. Then her legs are around him again, thrusting him back into her sopping pussy. "You may continue. I have barely started."

You are barely sensate as one of the raskvel rocks you backwards onto his lap, groaning with joy as he sits you down on his sex, penetrating your [pc.anus] right down to the base; another clasps himself around your front, his hot lips finding a [pc.nipple] and {nibbling / tonguing} it hungrily {until [pc.milk] begins to dribble into his mouth} as he {sinks his cock back into your thoroughly gaped cunt / frots himself against your [pc.cock] energetically}, all the while the one behind pounds your [pc.ass] with urgent jerks of his rabbit-like hips, whipping intense sensation right into your core.

The other simply sits, stroking himself as he watches, waiting to take his turn as soon as one of his fellows cums again. And again. And again. They have royal permission to use you to drain

every last drop they have in their terribly denied ball-sacks, and that's exactly what they do. The relentless stimulation, the taste of sweat and sex and the beat of insatiable lizard dick against your {prostate} {and} {pussy walls} causes you to break down into a quivering, spaced-out sub-state, happy to take the relentless fucking in every aching, leaking hole in every position the raskvel can think of, cooing as cum is spurted over your face, your [pc.chest] and across your [pc.skinFurScales], mind blown away by orgasm after orgasm.

[pb]

You're not sure how much time passes, down there in the still, glittering air, before {you're lying on your front, holding your [pc.breasts0] together so that a pink raskvel can hammer his length between your sweat-slicked cleavage, pleasure twinging through you as his adept little fingers fondle your [pc.nipples0]. You sigh, eyes closed and utterly blissed out, as he moans and shoots another hot, sticky load of cum onto your face.} {you're lying on your front, holding your [pc.breasts0] so a pink raskvel can hammer his length into your [pc.nipples], stretching the sensitive insides with delightful pressure. You moan as your chest seizes up in boob-gasm, {[pc.milk] / [pc.femcum]} spurting out around the reptilian cock, }and sigh as the flexing causes him to catapult into a gasping orgasm as well, packing your fuckable tit out with yet more hot, oozing cum.} {you're lying on your side, holding your arm against your chest so that a pink raskvel can hammer his length between them, rubbing himself against your flat [pc.skinFurScales] to another tingling high. You sigh, eyes closed and utterly blissed out, as he moans and shoots another hot, sticky load of cum onto your face.}

At last, the rabbit-reptile flops down onto the cushions, flaccid and bollocks almost normal-sized, eyes unfocused and mouth turned up into a dopey grin, joining his similarly appeased, dozing fellows. You are left lying on your side, exhausted and covered from head to tail in cum, every hole stretched open and thoroughly used{, [pc.eachCock] tingling and throbblingly empty {itself / themselves}.}

"Mmm," whispers the Sydian Queen, drinking you in, tongue trailing down a long, thin finger. Azaphel dozes at her feet. Your head thunks into the sweet softness of a wool-stuffed pillow. You're not able to support it any longer. Your [pc.eyes] close, the insect woman's words droning through your exhausted mind. "What a pleasing treat time that was. Perhaps we should keep you? {My future court shall always call for entertainment. / I will have need of a healthy, eager breeder like you, if I am to swell the ranks of my raskvel army.} Ahh.... but no. It would shame me to cage a spirit who gave of themselves so readily and freely. A pity..."

[pb, +3 hours]

You wake up with a start. You're outside on the surface of Tarkus again, in the shadow of a rust spire. Your [pc.gear] has been piled roughly on top of you, and you seem to be have been given a rough towelling - although you still absolutely reek of cum. You stagger yourself upright and drag your stuff on. Oh <i>man</i> are you sore!



You find Azra over the next rise, sitting cross-legged next to a partially dissected slutshrooms with her holo-pad. She smiles and waves with obvious relief when she catches sight of you.

“Did you have a good time?” she calls. She watches as you {bow-leggedly / very tenderly} make your way over to her. “I, uh... guess you did!” She snaps her pad shut and gathers up her samples briskly. “Can we go back to the ship now?”

## Lay Her

//Needs a not absurdly sized dick

Tooltip: Dick the sydian. You may require some femboy fucking to get to her.

The tall, armored demagogue can hardly have shaken that tail in front of you, flashed that orange bejazzle, and expected you to settle for anything less than first prize here. You return her gaze with all the unabashed smolder you can muster, {shaking off your [pc.lowerGarments] and allowing your semi-erect [pc.cockNounSimple] to flop out / letting your [pc.cockNounSimple] slide out of your [pc.sheath] gratifyingly / let your [pc.gear] fall to one side, deliberately swinging your semi-erect [pc.cockNounSimple] as you do so.}

“Brave intent,” hisses Sydian Queen, black eyes hopscotching up and down your naked body. “You fancy yourself prime enough to make a treat of <i>me</i>, do you? {Or perhaps you’ve convinced yourself you are due that for getting on your knees for one of my servants.}” Her tone is one of arch amusement, but there’s plenty of fire in that tan, oval face, and her long feathers ripple and quiver. Her thin tongue extends out of her mouth, dabs along a finger. “{If femboy: I favor watching youthful girly boys tussle with one another for my pleasure, personally. And why should I favor you above my own, loyal catamites?” She waves airily at the pink raskvel, who are watching this exchange with baited breath. “I think you are going to have to prove your virility, if you fancy your chances with me.”} {If else: “How fetchingly bold. But I have a cupboard full of willing toys, as you can clearly see.” She waves airily at the pink raskvel, who are watching this exchange with baited breath. “I think you are going to have to prove you can go the distance, if you fancy your chances with me.”}

The trash tramp’s interminable teasing - married to the shift of her loosened plates over the softness of her inner body - has provoked you{, heavy heat swelling your [pc.balls]}. Hell yeah, you’ll prove yourself. You’ll prove yourself all night.

Azaphel the raskvel can presumably see some of what you’re thinking on your face, given the apprehension written upon his own pretty features, but he doesn’t do anything but shiver and

gasp slightly as you grab ahold of him, stroke his fat, scaly tail and long, sensitive ears as you pressure him down onto his hands and knees. {If PC blew him:

“What goes around comes around, you lil bastard,” you whisper in one of those long, rabbit-like flaps as you lift his tail to reveal his curvy backside, rounded and padded in a manner that cries out for a good, hard buttfucking. / If else: You lift his tail to reveal his curvy backside, rounded and padded in a manner that cries out for a good, hard buttfucking.} You slap your [pc.cock] into the warm crevice, rubbing some delightful friction into it as you lean over and nibble on an ear, delighting at the high moan and raise of the tail this draws out of the small, effeminate reptile.

“Sessalai! Here!” raps the sydian, pointing at her chitinous feet. She’s watching you molest her servant with a bitten lip, anticipation writ large on her face - and the erect nipple she’s got squeezed between her knuckles, pulling and twisting the sensitive nub as she drinks you in. Your [pc.eyes] are on those, the delightful action of her fingers, as you draw your diamond-cutter of an erection back over the pink pad of Azaphel’s anus until the [pc.cockHead] is positioned against it, and then press it home, groaning at the delicious, warm tightness that envelopes you as you open him up.

The raskvel moans and then wails, claws sinking into the dusty cushions you’re on, as you inexorably sink more and more of your [pc.cockNounSimple] into his tail-hole, wriggling around you, but it’s obvious he’s no novice to this; his warm flesh keeps loosening around your girth to accommodate you {until your {[pc.balls] / [pc.thighs]} are lightly touching his supple bum cheeks / despite your prestigious size}.

“Yeeeeesss,” hisses Queen Sydian, black eyes alive with delight as she watches you saw back and forth into the prostate raskvel, gradually but relentlessly building up a rhythm which makes a glow of intense pleasure work its way right up your [pc.cock] and up into your groin. She’s got Sessalai’s head pressed between her open thighs, long ears and tail twitching as he obediently eats her. “This is what I lack! {An alpha male / A shemale taskmaster} to keep my servants in check and give them regular milkings!”

“No, my queen! I can be that for you, see!” The third raskvel has got the fourth pinned beneath him; he’s giddily flapping his curvy thighs into his fellow’s behind, whose eyes are crossed. A gurgling, helpless moan and a gushing sound draws your attention back to your own bottom. A thick cum is oozing from Azaphel’s bright purple cock, forced out from his sheath by the unstoppable bludgeoning of your own fuck-pole on what is evidently an outsized and very sensitive prostate.

“That’s sweet of you, Meffilin,” coos the sydian to the upstart raskvel, crossing her long legs around her designated muff-servicer, muscles shifting and tightening in her thighs. “But you’ve never made one of my other guards cum like a girl in seconds, have you?”

You smirk and pound {into / your [pc.hips] into} Azaphel's upraised backside even harder, drawing a wail out of him and a giant gush of cum all over the cushions beneath, his swollen balls deflating with every returning thrust of your [pc.cock] into his tight, clenching asshole, keeping your eyes fixed on his self-styled queen the entire time. The hot lust coursing up your shaft {and tightening up your [pc.balls]} is giddy, the desire to unload yourself and bloat this femboy with your seed growing - but she demanded someone who could go the distance, and that's exactly what you're proving.

With a shivering cry, the fourth raskvel orgasms, unable to keep fucking his peer without losing himself to intense excitement, shooting back out in a rocket trail of backed-up cum. You, however, don't stop bugging poor Azaphel, reaching deep into his delicious tightness, until he's lying quivering in a lake of his own cum, his balls shrunk down to grape size. And when you slowly withdraw out of his thoroughly gaped hole, relishing the warm texture sliding up it, your [pc.cock] is still rock-hard, dripping pre. The sydian has been arching her back, mouth open and feathers fluttering as she watches this act of anal destruction, and when she sees this she roughly pushes Sessalai to one side and opens her arms to you, her orange pussy unfurled and tongue-polished, gleaming and ready.

[pb]

Pulse thudding in your temple, you [pc.move] across and mount her on her reconstructed throne, the smooth, unyielding back-plates against your arms contrasting to the suppleness of her breasts pooling into your [pc.chest]. It takes barely a second to line your [pc.cockHead] up with her puffy, split tangerine of a cunt. Sliding into her is like slipping into a silky, sultry dream.

"Yeeeeessss," she hisses in delight, tightening her thin, armored fingers around your shoulders as you dip your [pc.cock] into her spongy, sopping tunnel. You find her limit and slowly withdraw, and she tightens her athletic thighs around your waist, reaching down to snatch at your [pc.ass], impatient for the returning thrust. "You! Servants! Rut each other for my pleasure! You have permission to cum as much as you waaaafnnnn." She trails off in an euphoric croon as you give it her, groaning yourself as you immerse your dick from {[pc.cockHead] to [pc.sheath] / [pc.cockHead] to halfway down the massive shaft} in simmering, orange delight. She gestures over your shoulder distractedly. "I demand a soundtrack of boy fuckings! Uff! ThequeenhassspokenYES!"

Your [pc.lips] descend to her nipples, so protuberant and swollen from the merciless mauling they were receiving from their owner, and you are rewarded with another gleeful hiss when you roll one hungrily between your teeth, flicking at it with your [pc.tongue]. She claps her thighs against you roughly, rocking the throne beneath you, urging you on, until you've got them hiked up at the knees and are thrusting your fuck-pole into her wet depths with everything you've got, sweat glossing your [pc.skin] and her own, soft inner flesh, sheer pleasure tightening up your muscles.

“Breed me,” she snarls in your [pc.ear], arm hooked around your neck. “Give me children born of alien stamina and honor, so I may have a dynasty that SHAKES this dying world!”

Certainly, you’re shaking something for her. You reach into her deep and orgasm in an unstoppable torrent, your [pc.cock] twitching and then disgorging [pc.cum] in ecstatic blasts. {If knot: A breeding is what she wants, and a breeding is what she’s going to get. She whines and then huffs as you push your [pc.knot] in, swelling up and stretching her plump entrance closed with your hard, bulging meat.} The tall, proud sydian makes guttural noises of purest gratification as you cum into her, her lush walls rippling around your flexing shaft, the lithe muscles in her bare legs and tummy molding into your [pc.skinFurScales].

“Mmm... but you’re not done yet, are you?” the harsh-voiced, mesmerizingly-bodied autarch whispers, when finally your thrusts begin to slow down. “No... my youthful, star-born mate, [pc.he] still craves to serve [pc.his] queen, does [pc.he] not?” She shifts around your cock, still mired deep within her cum-packed fuck-sleeve. You exhale raggedly. Yeah. You could probably go again. You’re the all-conquering champion, after all.

“Yeeeeesssss. You relax. Let the queen do as she may with her prize,” coos the sydian, shifting around you{, patiently waiting for your [pc.knot] to deflate first}, until your [pc.butt] is on the fur-lined seat of the throne and her dense, tan-skinned weight is on top of you. She strokes your chin, cackles a bit when her movements dislodge a gooey load of [pc.cumColor] spooge out of her swollen, orange snatch and down your [pc.thighs], and then slowly but surely swivels herself around. You groan at the delectable sensation of her tunnel twisting around your shaft, still hard, still up her...

“You like that, don’t you [pc.boyGirl]?” she says archly, gazing at you over her shoulder, her big, round butt now in your lap. You sneeze, reactively twitching as her tail brushes over your face, and you feel a giddy rush as the feather dust disappears into your nostrils, heat rising to your [pc.skin]. “Isn’t your queen benevolent to allow you to marvel at every inch of her illustrious form as you breed her? Do you not see how strong and beautiful your daughters shall be? Is she not the primest sydian you have ever laid your eyes on?” She wriggles her ass at you, feathers flicking, squirming around your [pc.cock]. Renewed lust surges through your veins. You grab her by the waist, holding her still so that you can thrust upwards into her cum-caked pussy, registering a ‘splorch’ and a delighted, husky squeal.

It takes your fuck-addled senses a bit to catch up, but you realize that letting you see her bum was not exactly the reason why the sydian wanted to face this way. Her raskvel consort are doing exactly as they were ordered, unleashing their bottled up libidos on one another in a desperation-tinged orgy. The one who had a go at challenging you is now on his hands and knees wedged between two others, joy on their hot-cheeked, youthful faces as they relieve their straining ballsacks into his mouth and curvy butt in heavy spurts again and again. Then the fourth rolls into Sessalai from behind, struggling with him whilst urgently frotting his shiny purple lizard dick against his, half-fighting, half-fucking. They’re constantly changing position, rabbit

impulses and rapacious libidos spilling out over the cushioned hollow, girly gasps, squelches and the leathery slap of scales on scales echoing against the surrounding rock and metal.

The sydian watches this feverish display of femboy decadence with triumphant lust, flexing her powerful hindquarters to ride you with increasingly violent jolts, her tail rearing back and forth, constantly swishing you in the face. You take one hand off her waist to slap her brawny ass, trying to get her to stop, but if anything this spurs her on; your [pc.cock] is jerked backwards and forwards in her oozing tunnel, kneaded by her churning movements as she growls and hisses with wordless delight, orgasming to the debauchery she's centred herself in.

You do your best to keep the wolf from the door, and you do spend long minutes determinedly thrusting into her writhing, sopping hotness, giving as good as you get; but with her pheromones high in your veins and sex assaulting your every sense, you can't last forever. You grip her thigh with one hand, enclose a squishy boob with the other - push yourself {up to the [pc.sheath]} / almost up to the [pc.sheath]} - and flume another heavy load of [pc.cum] into her breeding bay, wonderful, juicy pulses that have your [pc.thighs] pumping up into hers on auto-pilot. You don't stop until your {[pc.balls]} / [pc.cock]} are aching, gratifyingly empty, and you can do nothing but flop back against the throne's back, utterly spent.

"Done already?" The sydian's words come to you through a mist of exhausted bliss. You exhale slowly as she rises up, allowing your dick to flop out her extremely well-seeded hole. The giddy, ecstatic strains of raskvel at play continue unabated. "Oh well - perhaps you're not king material after all. But you have given me what I desired, and put on a good show, valiant, virile stranger - and I can finish up with my servants. Be at ease, and rest."

You're more than happy to obey that, slumped in the cozy, albeit sticky, furs of the throne. Your last sight of the tall, regal insect woman is her stalking down towards the four raskvel, feathers swishing, leaving a trail of [pc.cum] behind her...

[pb, +3 hours]

You wake up with a start. You're outside on the surface of Tarkus again, in the shadow of a rust spire. Your [pc.gear] has been piled roughly on top of you, and you seem to be have been given a rough towelling - although you still absolutely reek of sex. You stagger yourself upright and drag your stuff on. You groan as an almighty throb emanating from your groin gives you another reminder of your utter wantonness.

You find Azra over the next rise, sitting cross-legged next to a partially dissected slutshrooms with her holo-pad. She smiles and waves with obvious relief when she catches sight of you.

"Did you have a good time?" she calls. She watches as you {bow-leggedly / very tenderly} make your way over to her. "I, uh... guess you did!" She snaps her pad shut and gathers up her samples briskly. "Can we go back to the ship now?"

