

Tailcunt scenes

-By Thebiologist-

Pollinator face fuck and drain

//Take advantage of the little sapling. Drain her with your tailcunt and ride her face.

//You should get a tailcunt before attempting these kinds of shenanigans.

Now that your foe lays defeated at your feet, completely at your mercy, your gaze is inevitably drawn to her peculiar endowment. Quite an interesting sight, her stamen-dong bears an uncanny resemblance to wild tapered tentacle, much like a thick phallic-shaped vine than anything else in particular. Already hard and quite veiny, her engorged sex-tendrils remarks the evident excitement of the poor, vanquished effigy.

Certainly, It would be a shame - not to mention, unsportsmanlike - to leave a needy, eager plantling in such a sorry state. Especially after the number you did on her. Fortunately, you are quite the gentle[pc.manWoman] and you feel quite magnanimous today... Albeit, considering what you're planning to do **with** that big boy... not to mention what you're going to do **to** the little gal herself, magnanimous wouldn't be the word at the top of your list.

Face twisting in sardonic grin, you slowly - if playfully - disrobe yourself. Eyes on the prize, you stare, almost unblinking, with one glint of predatory instinct buried under all that burning passion. Troubled by your dread-inducing stare, the dubitative plant-girl is still debating which instinct should she follow - fuck or flight? As you move in closer, you set your hands amok. Unbidden by rules, they playfully glide over your partner's shoulders, sliding your fingers back and forth in sensual, enticing massage, trying to soothe the frightened girl and coax her into submission.

"W-what? I-I don't underst-" Tapping her lips with your index finger then wiggling it side to side, you shush her, prompting the confounded effigy to hold her tongue and let your plan unravel as you intended. Nervously, she nods and lets you carry on exploring.

The tactile sensation your digits encounter is a curious one. As your hands journey across her body, new textures graciously present themselves in a peculiar and quite refreshing manner. In more than one sense, the little effigy is almost like a plant - petals, leaves, and soft bark covering most of her body - but not quite. Much to your astonishment, she's particularly... velvety - for lack of a better word - smooth and delicate, yet so full of nuances and counterpoints.

Running your hands across her body feels akin to admiring a work of art made solely for the enjoyment of all senses. Cool dew trapped between her leafy-covering might surprise you at

some point, while at the next, warm, silky sap might flow and force open your nostrils with a frugal, peaty bouquet.

The journey wouldn't be complete without pausing for one brief moment to bask in her flowery aroma. The sensation is an invigorating one, so refreshing and uplifting. Every new scent sets your body ablaze, every whiff of her musky, yet floral fragrance flares up a new sensation, a new emotion. Inhaling her pollen makes you tingle, enhancing your perception of her many hues, her delightful textures, and spicy essences. Taking such an overwhelming sensory input surely makes a number on you. Red all over, you're completely flushed, and to be honest, randy... Moreso - all things considered - since your libidinous scheme was already patent in your mind.

Like clay under your tender care, the quivering effigy barely shows signs of resistance, exhibiting mere token gestures of meek struggle whenever your daring digits dart perilously close to an overly sensitive spot, but that, of course, is all part of the fun.

Once you've molested the submissive sapling to your leisure and contentment, you delicately nab her by the chin with your thumb and index finger, placing your other hand over her shoulder, and gently guide her until she's down on her knees. Eyes meet for one brief moment. She stares at you like a lost puppy, begging for more - her yearning and desire made patent by her laborious panting. She's far more excited to be in this compromised position than anticipated - at your mercy under your domineering presence.

Little does your cute plant-slut what nefarious intentions you've set your mind to. Slowly, flashing her a frisky smile, you allow your thumb to run free across those leafy lips of her, enticing a few compliant whines and luring her into a false sense of security.

With your little pollinator enthralled by your tenderness, soothed by your pretended semblance of warmth and kindness, your [pc.cTail], driven solely by its own desire to breed, swings playfully behind you - out of sight, out of mind, but with a plan of its own. Unfortunately for her, a serpent sneaks into her lush garden, seeking for a big branch that suits its purposes, and that fat, vine-phallus of hers looks an awful lot like one.

First contact comes as a surprise to the unsuspecting seedling, who yips in surprise, only for you to take advantage of the situation and shove a pair of your digits into her gaping maws, muffling her response. Following through with the surprise, you lock eyes only to flash her with a slowly-forming, dread-inducing predatory grin, which in turn, meets her own distressed and utterly confounded response. Shaking, the betrayed effigy tries to take a peek at the plight that befalls her, but, of course, you deny her. After all, suspense and guesswork are much more engaging.

Considering your tailborne muff has already claimed a stake. That leaves you with little options, but, if the way she suckles on your fingers is of any indication, her mouth would suit your purposes just nicely.

[pc.isHerm] With your tailgina already grinding hard against her stamen, it's up to you to decide how should you claim your little sprout's mouth.]

//If herm select dick or pussy

Dick variant

[pc.isHerm] Surely, your dick would do just nicely. At the very least she knows how to suck. You'll take care of the rest.]

Pulling your fingers out of her mouth, you wipe her sappy saliva, spreading it nicely over her lips and smearing the rest over your stiffening [pc.cock], making sure it's nicely coated for lubrication. Giving it a few pumps for good measure, you get it ready for action and present your erect member to your submissive plant-slut, who recoils anxiously, shaking her head. Oh, but you're not going to let her get away so easily.

Everything unfolds according to your plan. First, you command your tailgina into a diversion, snuggling tightly and delivering a nice, long upwards massage her tapered tenta-schlong won't forget. With a whine and a shudder, the little effigy confirms the success of your nasty plot. Her mind is now absent, just not enough. This time, your fiendish genital climbs upward, navigating through the treacherous curves of your partner's tendril and reaching submit soon after. Once at its peak, your [pc.cTail] celebrates its achievement with a victory dance, teasing the tapered cock-cap mercilessly, without pause or regard for its sensitive tip. Your efforts, of course, are gleefully rewarded with a host of muffled, chirping moans on your effigy's behalf, and a healthy amount of thick, amber precum from the grateful sex-tendril.

Culminating your plantling's crescendo, an instinctive, throaty moan provides you the aperture you've been expecting. Without hesitation, you thrust forward, shoving your uninvited [pc.cockNoun] straight into her unsuspecting orifice - an action that comes as a shock to the poor girl. In synchrony, your tail pussy devours that tree trunk of hers like a professional sword swallower. Your tender folds part easily, aided by your [pc.cTail]'s natural lube and its rapacious appetite for anything that looks remotely erect and capable of dispensing seed. The effigy's massive stamen slides up to the hilt in a single forceful motion, twitching and throbbing ecstatically from the unexpected - but eagerly welcomed - burrow you so kindly offer.

The cute, little plant-bitch isn't fond of having a [pc.cockLight] trying to violate her throat, but she's got to concede, this double penetration is mutual. Well... almost. Anyone would agree this is a fair deal. After all, you're offering her one needy fuckhole. The best she could do is reciprocate.

Once properly situated, your tailgina wastes no time making sure that turgid pollen-maker is firmly under its clutches, and gleefully begins milking it with fierce devotion, disrupting the pollinator's train of thought.

With your little seedling out of balance, your job becomes much easier. After a few tentative humps to test the waters, your hips are finally free to thrust at their own leisure. The pollinator no longer struggles, no longer rejects your [pc.cock]. Her mind has other things to worry about. Namely, that serpentine leech, forcefully trying to drain her for all she can give.

The addled plant-girl can barely focus and no longer minds your relentless facefuck; on the contrary. Somehow, her instincts seem to be kicking in, provoking her to succumb to your tender care. Even submitting like the good cock-whore she is - suckling and slurping - devotedly coating your [pc.cockNoun] with her sappy saliva and tending to its every need with that compliant tongue-vine of hers.

Ah! This is glorious. Not only are you having your way with that delightful mouth of hers, but your tailborne cockgobbler is having the feast of its life. It's not long before you start to feel the effects of such a frantic double-teaming, making you lose pace and prompting a stray whine or two, but all that pales in comparison with your plantling's own wild melody. For someone with a schlong lodged in her mouth, she can be quite sonorous. Even muffled, her whorish moans are probably alerting the entire forest of your debauchery, but you can't complain, as every new squeal of pleasure only furthers your own, massaging your [pc.cockNoun] with a lovely, pleasant purring.

Unable to keep up, you feel your legs falter and tremble, your hips losing their harmonious back and forth, and you're forced to lean further forwards, slamming your crotch against the pollinator's leafy face and forcing her head to tilt back. The new position presents you with a great opportunity. With her throat unlocked, there is nothing left to do but to drill deeper. You take another step forward, aligning perfectly with her hole, then grab her head from behind - a gesture she reciprocates by wrapping her arms around your thighs and latching to your [pc.ass].

Unable to resist the urge, you start pounding up and down, with short, but deep thrusts, forcing your [pc.cockNoun] down the plant-whore's throat. The thingness feels lovely and the texture unique and velvety, further encouraging you to ravish her throat and precipitating the loss of what little control you had over the whole process. Your hips now move on instinct, reaming her face in overdrive, determined to fill her stomach with your swimmers.

Speaking of which, your tail-mounted predator, as well, delightfully close to its objective. You can already feel the pollinator's stamen twitch and spasm erratically, ready to deliver what your tail-snatch craves so desperately. If anything, the anticipation only causes your [pc.cTail] to redouble its efforts, achieving impressive feats only the most renowned pussy acrobats can only dream off. One could say its location and serpentine finesse is cheating, but your [pc.tailNoun]'s

ability to twist and contour at will - reshaping its own internal layout just to extort that little bit of extra pleasure - is worth all the slander.

Seed finally flows freely as your little pollinator breaks under your tailcunt's zealous milking. You can feel her orgasm coursing over her body, running rampant, causing her to quake and howl uncontrollably, adding a nice vibration to your effusive throat-fucking as a reward for your tailgina's loyal devotion, who's more than thankful itself for such a bounty - or should you say: harvest.

Ah! But this is far from over. Your [pc.cTail] is unrelenting, unyielding, and won't stop at anything until the last iota of your effigy's pollen-spunk is its own to guzzle down and enjoy. Hypersensitive as the poor girl is, she'll have to endure and shoot a few more times to fulfill your tail-muff's insatiable gluttony.

Meanwhile, you're ready to reciprocate and deliver a hearty meal straight into your submissive plantling's stomach, just for her delight. With your prostate squeezing and pumping, knowing your orgasm is at hand, all that's left to do is to thrust one final time, burying your [pc.cock] up to the hilt. A shiver runs down your spine, as your penile climax sparks into existence, weakening your legs and forcing your plant-slut to sustain most of your weight. A nerve-flaring peak wreaks havoc around your system, pounding every pleasure center of your brain into submission and forcing your seed out of your gonads, shooting a veritable torrent of [pc.cum] straight into your seedling's waiting tummy.

[pc.hasKnot] Unfortunately for your arboreal cumslut, she'll have to endure such an uncomfortable position for quite a while, as your [pc.knot] rapidly inflates, locking you two for what promises to be a long and fulfilling meal. If only you could see that majestic bulge distending her throat...]

[pc.cumVol 2000] You prove to be much more than what your cum-dump can handle. After her stomach grows disproportionately, she can't keep up with your overproductive gonads, and soon, [pc.cum] overflows in between gurgles, painting her face [pc.cumColor] and running down her cheeks, dripping and soiling your pollinator's body.]

The show is far from over. Even if you're satisfied and riding your delightful climax already, your tailgina refuses to be left out and decides to make a score of its own. You can already feel it clamp down and squeeze hard on the plant-girl's stamen, increasing the suction and tugging harshly in a latch ditch effort to pleasure itself and drain the pollinator's last drops.

A new tailborne orgasm kicks you back into action, melding quite nicely with your previous climax and reigniting its fire. With a duplex peak raging, you lose what little motor control remained. Your legs fail you, and your partner can no longer hold you. Losing your footing, you both fall in opposite directions, flat on your back, popping both dicks from their respective holes with a loud, wet splortching sound.

The effigy gasps for air, panting agitated and still hard as the oak trees she calls kin. You fare no better. Still spurring your last few ropes and leaking down your [pc.cTail], you take a breather and rest for a few minutes.

Once you raise your head again, your little partner is nowhere to be found. Although, if necessary, you could follow the obvious trail of mixed spunk. Oh, well, another day, perhaps. Now you should get back to business.

Pussy variant

[pc.isHerm] Surely, your twat could use a nice polish, and the little effigy knows how to use that tongue of hers. All you need to do now is introduce one another.]

First, you pull your digits out from her mouth and friskily smear her sappy-saliva across her lips, cleaning any leftovers in her cheeks. With a cute, playful smile, you brush her velvety, leafy "hair", running your fingers back and forth while slowly, yet inexorably moving closer.

The cute effigy shows clear signs of confusion at first, but without a doubt, she's appreciating all the caresses and attention - not to mention, relishing in all that action going down her nether regions - trusting you even to the point of closing her eyes and nuzzling her head against your hand, purring like a little cat. You've gotta admit you were not expecting this kind of behavior, but it offers you the perfect opportunity to make another advance while she's distracted.

By the time your little plant-slut opens her eyes anew, she's in for a treat, because standing before her there's a marvelous spectacle bound to captivate even the coldhearted. Modesty apart, who wouldn't love to wake up with your [pc.pussy] right in front of them? Your twitchy hole is already begging for attention, all lubed up and ready to go - tender folds unfurling in display. As you feel your partner's eager breath tickling your cunny, you become uncertain of which one of you wants this to happen more.

There is no need to coax the little gal, but you're feeling particularly frisky at the moment. Your face twists in a sardonic grin as the most salacious idea crosses your mind. Just as her luscious lips are about to meet your pussy's own, you command your tailgina into action, sandwiching the plantling's stamen between the ravenous cockgobbler and her tummy, only for it to slowly grinds its way upwards and latch to her vine's tapered tip. A hearty moan is her quickest response and precisely the one you've been expecting because you've been laying in wait to reward her with a face full of muff to arrest her effusive cry.

Taken by the heat of the moment, you do not hesitate to press her head against your crotch, forcing her leafy lips to grind heavily against your [pc.pussyNoun]'s labia. At the same time, out of impulse, your ravenous tailcunt devours the pollinator's massive plant-dick in a single seating. For as thick of a branch as her dong is, nothing stands between your tail-mounted pussy and its

victim, no matter how sizable, fat or unwieldy. It's almost like watching a serpent swallow its prey whole, only to expel it and engulf it anew time and again with such a wild, savage rhythm you'd mistake it for a crazed predator if it weren't attached to your lower back.

Between your tail's ferocious violation and your musky cunt right up in her face, the little effigy can barely hold it together. She's as twitchy and flustered as one can get, unable to decide her very next action. Recognizing this, you take a pause for a moment, allowing her to take a much-needed breather and guiding her hand towards your hips. Unfortunately, your tailgina is far from cooperative and maintains the same frenzied pace as before, making things a bit complicated, but eventually - between whine and moan - you manage to coax your plant-whore into service.

With her tongue-vine ready for action, you press your [pc.pussy] once again against her mouth, only for her oral tendril to squirm its way inside your snatch with surprising agility and finesse. Time will tell if her cunnilinguist skills are as honed as you expect.

As she gets to work, you feel her oral tendril twist and contour unnaturally, delivering new and exotic sensations you'd never thought possible. Your guess, those are the perks of such peculiar nature. With that wide range of movements, paired with an already impressive length, talented or not, your cute plantling already has your screaming out loud in ecstasy. It feels like a serpent burrowing for nesting, yet entirely devoted to your pleasure. It swirls and snakes, undulating with a precise and carefully timed rhythm that's keeping you literally on your toes.

It's not long before your hips buckle, humping softly on their own. Unable to control yourself, you tense up in turn, pressing harder against your pollinator's face. Concerned solely by your own self-gratification, you disregard your partner's comfort if only that could give you just a tiny extra sliver of pleasure. You can't help it, being a selfish, greedy person. At this point, you're barely in control, and all things considered, she attacked you first.

As you slowly lose hold on your own self-restraint, your [pc.cTail] remains a paragon of discipline. Granted, it might be needy, pushy and quite ravenous, not to mention rough, but there is elegance and purpose between each zealous thrust; all of them carefully timed and designed to extort maximum pleasure from its victim and drain them of all their seed sooner than later. If only you could pause to admire its majestic precision, but alas, you're barely keeping it straight as is.

Your tailgina couldn't care less of what's going on below the waistline. For a body part, it feels like sometimes it has a mind of its own, and while you're trembling and shaming yourself with such a loud display of howls and squeals, your tailborne devourer remains diligently, unrelentingly, and above all, mercilessly pounding your poor plant-girl's stamen, determined to bring the cute, little effigy to climax and gobble all of her precious bounty.

It's not long before you feel your pollinator's warm juice shooting out. A mere, meek twitching is all the warning you're given moments before her plant-phallus begins to ooze out. This is not the kind of orgasm you've been expecting, and definitely, takes longer than you've imagined. She's leaking, almost like a broken faucet - slowly - but steadily, filling your [pc.tailNoun] up with her thick, rich spunk. Of course, your pussy-tail couldn't be happier. As it gleefully gulps down this precious gift, the cheeky, gluttonous bastard continues to offer its services as cockmilker.

As soon as the liquid love began to flow, it clamped down hard. With every new thrust, the pressure builds up, increasing the suction, forcing more of the delicious sappy-cum out of the pollinator's gonads whether she likes it or not. A skillful set of twisting and contorting motions keep the glans and shaft constantly stimulated, while the intense constriction holds the member erect and turgid. Now, this is the perfect cock trap, and it just got a little fly snared between its clutches. If you think about it, it's almost diabolical.

Unfortunately for you, there isn't much thinking going on inside your brain. You're operating solely on instinct, thrusting like a mad[pc.manWoman] with the sole desire of breeding. Legs tremble and falter, forcing you to rest more of your weight over your plantling for support. You can't help it. That marvelous tongue of hers is working wonders inside your twat. At this rate, you're unsure if you're gonna need a new one because the orgasm that's already been brewing for a while promises to be body-shattering.

Every time that serpentine tongue brushes against your G-spot you think to yourself: this is the part where your mind leaves your body. This is the part where you cum your brains out, yet release never truly reaches you. The realization finally hits your lust-addled mind. Oh! That coy, little bastard is good. She keeps racking up the tempo, increasing the pressure, slowly composing the grand finale of this harmonious melody, yet she's smart enough not to trigger your climax prematurely.

All things considered, for a plant-brained slut, she's incredibly disciplined. Especially if take into account he's been orgasming for several minutes straight already, and there's a vicious tailborne predator munching on her cock like it owns it. Fortunately for her, your tailgina's hold is slipping, its pace becoming erratic. You aren't far from a tailgasm yourself.

At this point, you're a veritable mess. Hips and legs fail to respond. You're quaking and spasming, yet completely tense and straining. Every muscle fiber of your body is yelling at you, begging for an orgasm. Your lips betray you, signaling your weakness to the entire world with a litany of whorish whines and squeaks, unbefitting a [pc.manWoman] such as yourself.

With one forceful motion, your pollinator retracts its tongue in a spiraling, forceful motion, finally triggering the climax you've been yearning for, yet far from being done, she latches to your so far neglected clitty like a starving puppy, wrapping its dexterous vine-tendrill around and squeezing hard while tugging and suckling. The end result is a mind-warping orgasmic cascade, one climax setting another one in motion in an exponential chain reaction. Your body cannot

even begin to process the overwhelming wave of stimuli wreaking havoc all over, pounding you into submission. One potent orgasm after another travel up and down your spine, until eventually, you're hit just right, triggering the last missing piece of the puzzle.

A tailbound peak surges to meet the others. Far from finding itself diluted into the swirling maelstrom of ecstasy, your tailgasm barges in like a maddened bull, claiming the stage for itself. Unable to withstand the crazed rapture, you lose all motor control. As your body turns to the consistency of pudding, your legs fail, and even with support from your hardy plant-girl, you fall flat on your back, pulling the pollinator along for the ride. Even so, she's not leaving your pleasure knob alone. Instinctively, your legs wrap around her, imprisoning her head between your thighs. You enjoy your prolonged orgasm quivering and squirming for what seems like an eternity, fading in and out of consciousness until you're out for good.

You wake up a few moments later, still laying on the floor, leaking from both cunts and over a moist pool of mixed bodily fluids. You feel awfully sore, yet fulfilled... and sticky. Your little sapling is nowhere to be found, but she's left some belongings behind and a waterskin. Thank goodness. You're gonna need the fluid replacement.

After taking a breather and cleaning yourself up, you gather your stuff and get ready to go.

Horny Hornet payback

//Use your tailcunt to drain the bimbugs and give them a taste of their own medicine.

//Locked: You're gonna need something more exotic for this. Try getting a tailcunt.

With the bimbugs down on their luck... and their knees, all you can think of right now is having some payback on them for trying to stuff you full of eggs. The hornet girls look at you, a bit annoyed about their defeat, yet you perceive something else going on. They avert their gaze every time you focus on them. They are... blushing? It certainly looks that way, as if- no way! As if aroused by your domineering presence. Could it be true?

On closer inspection, you notice a cloying, sweet scent that's unmistakably honeyed in nature. You can feel the girls breath as you get closer, they are practically panting eagerly, and the more flustered they get, the more potent the aroma.

Finally, you locate the source, dangling from their abdominal nether lips. A semi-rigid, fleshy organ peeks from one of the horny hornets' fuzzy bumbutt... if you could call it that. It's an insectile abdomen, growing where a tail would be in other races. It's swollen, oversized, and you guess: overfilled with eggs. Perfect, just like you wanted it.

You select one of the bimbo sluts and tell the others to scram.

//Insert party claiming one or two, from other similar scenes.

With a set, macabre idea in mind, you get to work, teasing the whorish hornet girl, suggestively gliding your fingers and the back of your hand over her lips, her shoulders and her deluxe-sized knockers, alternating slowly between one another, fondling tenderly and smoothly her sensitive, soft chitin.

Much to your surprise, the lust-added bimbug is already moaning and quivering like a bitch in heat - just from mere foreplay and barely any stimulation. If she's so easily pleased, this will prove to be much more interesting than you originally thought. Hooking your index finger, you press on her chin, pulling her up and making her face you as you flash the bimbug a salacious, predatory grin. Her eyes widen, and she tries to avoid avert her gaze, but you move in closer until you're barely an inch away - literally butting heads. The horny hornet is flushed, yet slightly absent, almost as if she's unable to concentrate, or more accurately, focus. Her eyes dart back and forth as her breathing turns increasingly agitated. Clearly, she's eying you, but far from sizing you up, she's staring right at your crotch, her eyes begging you to remove your clothing.

Instead, you open wide, and bracing for a kiss, your partner reciprocates, but that's not what you have in mind, of course. You skillfully, yet coyly avoid her lips, brushing against her cheek and delivering a sensual, wet lick before going straight for her ear, where you sultrily whisper what you're about to do, causing the girl to snap out of her stupor and recoil, slightly terrified.

"N-no! Queenie... e-eggs are for-for losers... I-I-I..." She lost, to you to be precise.

"That's not how it works! If-if we can't... but queenie does it... not you!" Oh, well, all you're doing is helping her monarch. She should be gracious.

"Noooo! I've never had... eggs before. Eggs are for-for..." Losers, as she's said before, and she's lost, right? It's only fair that she gets the eggs.

The hornet maiden nods slowly, and you grin in response. Standing tall, you cross your arms and, with a circular motion of your index finger, command her to turn around on all fours.

With her swollen abdomen now wiggling and pointing up the sky like a marvelous spire of temptation, it's time to set your scheme into motion. It's no easy feat to ignore that plump, honeyed pussy of hers, especially with such an intoxicatingly sweet aroma emanating from her engorged labia, but the real prize here is her ovipositor, and you try to focus on that particular goal.

Without fair warning, you wrap around that delightfully bloated bumblebutt, embracing it like a long time gone lover and causing the unsuspecting bimbug to squeak in surprise, only to follow up with an excited, purring moan. With her egg-filled abdomen under your clutches, you try to

coax your hornet partner into the right egg-laying mood, treating her distended abdomen like one ginormous schlong.

The task at hand proves to be easier than expected. A few tender cuddles, some gentle nuzzling, paired with several upward squeezing motions and a couple of tantalizing kisses are all you need before her abdomen begins to twitch and squirm under your diligent care, releasing the remaining length of her ovipositor from its protective folds. It's fleshy in appearance at first, but it's clearly covered in some sort of smooth, soft chitin with a velvety, skin-like texture and the turgid consistency of your run of the mill cock; maybe slightly floppier.

You pause for a moment to check on your submissive insectile-lady, only to discover she's already creamed herself. Either you're a better lover than you've thought or she's on a hair-trigger. Your bimbug slut is barely standing. Even on all fours, she's trembling uncontrollably, announcing her excitement and scattering her ecstatic, whorish howls over the four winds. You catch a whiff of her twat's honeyed scent, much more potent than before and enough to cause you to recoil from the sheer intensity. There is something different, buried underneath the cloying fragrance: some kind of primal, musky smell. It is faint, but its effects are soon noticeable.

You feel hot and bothered, overly excited and, to be honest, horny for hornet. You truly want to fuck that insectile slut, but far from emotional, this is pure carnal desire. Your body wants this, not you. Unfortunately, one can't fight against nature. The pheromones are too strong, their allure too enthralling. Your hips already hump on their own. Your [pc.tail] already snakes around, coiling and climbing up her abdomen, looking for a breeding partner.

Addled and overstimulated as you are, you submit to your impulses and let your body take control while burying your face straight into the squishy chitin of your bimbug's abdomen before inhaling deep. Every breath causes reality to fade even more, dulling your mind. All you can think about now is the softness of this massive bumblebutt you're embracing. You want to squish it, fondle it, caress it. It's so relaxing, so velvety, yet so smooth in some parts. The myriads of pleasant and gratifying textures keep you mesmerized. You can't help but trail all over it's engorged length, feeling, groping, touching and squeezing. You're compelled to rub and nuzzle, to kiss and suckle. It's like one colossal cock-pillow and you feel the irresistible urge to pleasure it.

Eventually, your face brushes against a sizable bump in the road. Your eyes are closed, but out of pure instinct, your mouth latches to its tip, suckling and guzzling on the elongated appendage. Of course, you've caught her ovipositor between your [pc.lips], prompting an immediate response from your barely conscious wasp-girl. A loud moan is all you hear before the literal fall. Her legs and arms give up, and she collapses, lying limp on the ground. Her abdomen shakes as her hips buckle, but you've got it firmly under control. There is no escape.

A thick, honey-flavored liquid soon flows from her ovipositor. It's somewhat slippery, and probably some sort of lubricant and nutritive goop to ease up the insertion and aid with egg development. The flavor is exquisite, yet too syrupy and sticky to swallow in one seating despite its lube-like properties. You're soon forced to release the egg-injecting organ as the honey-like substance overflows and runs down your lips and neck, staining your chest.

An opportunity presents itself to your eager tailgina. With the ovipositor free, your tail-mounted twat wastes no time to replace your mouth, engulfing the whole length of the elongated organ like it's but a pitiful morsel. Pleasure waits for no one, and as the stimulus travels from your tail and all over your body, a gurgling moan escapes your lips, spilling the remaining syrup you've been trying to guzzle down and causing quite a sticky, yet delightful mess.

With your ravenous tailcunt now firmly lodged in place, you set your mind and body to work in a way to force all those eggs out of your submissive hornet-girl. Tightening your embrace, you begin pumping up and down, squeezing with both arms all the way from the base of the abdomen and up to the tip, masturbating the abdomen like one gargantuan cock of epic proportions.

Your little scheme pays off, as in between spasmodic contractions and hearty squeals, you feel a round, sizable bulged forming up at the base of your bimbug's ovipositor and traveling upwards. No doubt, that's the first of many eggs.

An intense spike of pleasure travels all the way up your spine as the hefty egg parts your tailgina's lips apart, only to be followed by another one as the next egg doesn't wait for its turn. A violent abdominal contraction announced only by a soft whine, heralds the beginning of your bimbug's wild climax. Her eggs are pushed out of order, rushed and too many at a time for such a small pipe to deliver; sometimes two or three at a time. Your partner's unable to control herself. Her abdomen twitches and spasms wildly, while she remains fully limp on the floor, moaning for her life as she delivers far too many eggs and far too fast for what she's accustomed.

Honeyed girlcum splatters all over the ground, as the squirty bimbug chains one orgasm after another in quick succession. Meanwhile, your gluttonous tail-mounted devourer, engulfs her many eggs with ease, keeping up with the intense suction and zealous milking, demanding more, unsatisfied with anything but the whole lot.

It takes several minutes and who knows how many dozens of eggs and gallons of honeyed goop, not to mention uncountable orgasms on your wasp-slut's behalf, but you're fairly confident she's been drained of her entire load. If only your [pc.cTail] shared the same confidence. It's gonna take some convincing to separate your tailborne twat from your partner's ovipositor, but with some patience and a bit of coaxing, you manage to dislodge the two of them, causing your tail to slam heavily against the floor, bloated, and leaking honey, from all it's taken from your partner.

It's not long before you feel the contractions, as your tail attempts to expunge the round intruders. It wasn't built for these kinds of insertions. Ah, but you have better plans for the whole load than letting it go to waste and expelling it on the ground. Oh, that's going back where it belongs: inside your waspish slut.

"You failed your queen!" You bark, startling the climax-addled and barely conscious handmaiden.

"Q-queenie? I-I-I... sorry..."

"You know what happens to losers? Right?"

"E-eggsssss...." she slurs, trying - and failing - to regain her footing.

"Yes. If you can deliver them where they belong, you'll take them all for yourself."

"Y-yesssss.... eggs... eggs...q-queenie..."

Boy, this is proving more fun than you expected. She certainly is willing to be a bloated incubator. Well, fortunately for her, you're also ready to grant her wish.

With a mischievous flourish of your [pc.tailNoun], you grin, pressing your [pc.cTail] against your bimbug's rear end and whispering into her attentive ear.

"Who's your queen? Say it."

Your little remark disconcerts the partially addled bimbo slut, causing her to tense up, ruffling her feathers.

"W-what? Queenie? Y-you are not... you can't... I-I love my queenie... I'm loyal, I'm loyal!"

We'll see about that. Leaning forward, you secure your partner down, supporting most of your weight over her in a prone bone-like position, or at least close enough, considering all the extra endowments in place. With your overpowering leverage, your bimbug can hardly struggle, let alone break free. You're ready to deliver. The question remains: is she ready to receive?

Groaning and straining, you squeeze, contracting your internal tailginal muscles, trying to expel all those eggs you've previously drained. The first one, of course, is the hardest. You try your best to keep the pressure up and maintain a good seal, but it's no easy feat. The liquid bounty from your previous lovemaking spills all over the place, but enough lands where it's supposed, facilitating the insertion.

As tight and tense as she is, passing the first squishy egg feels like an odyssey on its own. There's a fierce back and forth between your tailborne twat and her obstinate sphincter. You both groan and struggle, and for a moment, the overwhelming stimulation of juggling that godforsaken sphere in and out, puts you at the very brink of defeat - not to mention an orgasm - but you endure and persevere.

With one powerful final contraction, you send the rivaling asshole packing - quite literally - delivering your first egg inside your hornet incubator. Who needs an ovipositor when you have such a marvelous multipurpose tail? Certainly, not you.

"Who's your queen?" You repeat your question, panting, but determined to get the answer you want.

"Nnnnnnngh! N-no! I-I... loyal..."

A second egg parts your lips, followed by a set of rhythmic contractions. This time, laying is much easier since the road is paved with enough honeyed lube to accommodate an entire minotaur legion and its entourage.

"Ngh! L-loyal, loyal, I-loyal- Aaaaah! Queenie!"

Well, that last whorish moan seemed pretty treacherous to you. Surely, a few more eggs should convince her of who's the real queen, and this time, you can feel a double dose. It seems you've bitten more than you can chew because your bimbo hornet is having an easier time accepting the eggs than you're having pushing them out. You can feel the strain. The whole ordeal is taking its toll. You've delivered just another egg in your partner's welcoming rectum, but you can't even begin to fathom the end of it.

Another egg passes through, easily, only to be devoured by the gluttonous waspish whore, and another one, and a two for one special. Y-you can't keep up. There's a cluster... gods, you can't even count them. They are too many, clogging the exit. Squeezing them out feel like an inhuman feat, but you're operating on instinct.

One final push is more than enough to pass the whole clutch... and enough to trigger a violent orgasm. This is not what you were expecting. You lose control. You lose your footing and collapse on top of your egg-slut, moaning like a bitch in heat, unable to restrain your enthusiasm, announcing your peak without shame or second thoughts.

"Q-queenie... you're... AAAAAH! Queen! Queen! You're queen!"

Your bimbug's passionate announcement in between moans and squeals makes something click inside your brain, for some reason. A powerful breeding instinct takes hold, superseding your debilitating orgasm and kicking you back in the game.

While your fiery climax rages, pounding every pleasure center of your brain into submission, your body acts on its own, regaining its posture with a straining groan of determination.

Your tail twitches and spasms erratically, but you manage to maintain just a tiny shred of control; just enough to keep the flow of eggs and honey uninterrupted. With every passing sphere, your very own climax prolongs, delivering just another volatile mixture of hormones, ecstasy, and adrenaline into your overtaxed system. You lose track of time, of how many eggs you've inserted and how many more are there to come. You lose track of how many climaxes you've triggered in your submissive egg receptacle. The rest is a blur, a haze of whines, and groans mixed with an overwhelming sense of tiredness and satisfaction.

You don't know when it all ended or when did you go to sleep, but it's fairly safe to assume it's been a couple of hours at least. You wake up, with your arms still firmly wrapped around your egg-slut. Your both laying on your sides, and your hands are caressing her obscenely bloated belly out of pride and instinct. She's out like a log, but you can hear her murmuring her allegiance to you, which puts a smile of contentment in your face.

Snuggling together for a moment, you recover your breath and rest before gathering your stuff and preparing to move on. You take a look back at the bimbug. She's smiling too, still out. You let her rest and carry on.

Male statue tailfuck

//Well... why not?!

//Obviously, you're missing the proper equipment.

Staring at the marvelous sculpture, a myriad of stonework related puns come to mind.

{cunning<50%: Although, admittedly, most contain "rock hard" at some point or another. You're not exactly the sharpest tool in the shed.} That aside, you can't help but admire such delicate, almost life-like craftsmanship.

Running your fingers through the smooth, polished stone helps you appreciate the beauty and intensity of such a detailed piece. The sensation is peculiar. You're sure it's stone, perhaps marble? White granite? Alabaster? You're unsure. It feels like stone, looks like stone, but there's more... somehow. You're beginning to experience something unexpected. It's clearly just a statue, but you can't help to think of it as something more. This herculean adonis feels like he's here, with you, far from being just a hunk of rock, you can't get that nagging sensation of the back of your head.

Every time you caress those bulging pectoral, every moment you spend admiring those chiseled abs, it... excites you. You're already salivating, flustered, and why lie? Horny. You're unsure if

this effigy of perfection is enough to cause such reaction despite its clear inanimate state or if there are more exotic forces at play, but you can't deny your arousal.

While far from unusual, feelings of excitement from lifeless objects rarely manage to eclipse the real deal, yet somehow, this representation of pure, raw masculinity is evoking such response... and apparently, you're not the only one.

Back there lurks your insatiable tailbound cunt, and oddly enough, seems to agree with you for once. You can feel its carnal lust. You can see it undulating, stalking its prey for an opening. This is far from the ordinary. While, for a body part, it has some slight independence, you've never considered it could react like so with a plain sculpture.

This is most intriguing. Your [pc.cTail] is confused, unable to tell the difference between legit and facsimile, or perhaps, there's more to this marble stud than meets the eye. Something that your tailgina can identify, yet it seems reluctant to act. If it were flesh and blood you'd bet your tail-mounted cockgobbler would have latched to that monumental spire your mineral fella has between its legs. Nevertheless, dubitative or not, it won't be deterred by mere appearances.

It doesn't take long before your tail fiend starts to molest your statuesque partner, albeit with unusual calm. It feels almost like foreplay. Your [pc.tailNoun] coils friskily around the marbleous man's muscular leg, squeezing it way more tenderly than you were expecting, climbing up and probing the terrain. After a few tentative "pecks", your tailcunt switches to a more affectionate nuzzling before flat out grinding with those awe-inspiring orbs of round perfection that hang right below your rocky partner's spire.

Reluctantly, you've got to admit you're a tad jealous. You've been passively watching so far as the... two? Lovebirds have some fun... You shake your head. It's just a statue! Then why are those manly pair of lips begging for attention? It's hard to concentrate. When did it get so hot? How can a simple piece of sculpted rock have such an effect on you? At some point, you've got closer. You didn't even notice, but your hand is on his hip... his? Its! Hip.

Wow, that's a solid ass he's got there... Ngh! It's just a glorified boulder. He... he's so dreamy. Damn it! What are you sixteen? You're a grown [pc.manWoman]. How can you have such feelings for a statue?

You don't know anymore. You simply go with the flow and ogle that stunning musculature like it's the only thing that matters now. You can't help but nibble on your lower lip, and cocking both eyebrows, you let yourself go and spank that ass with mighty force. Ouch! That hurt, and he's lucky he's made of cold, hard stone or he'd be screaming. No, scratch that. He'd be moaning... like the masochistic slut he is... because he loves this, of course. He loves it when you play rough. He loves it when you treat him like your bitch.

Tightening your embrace, you pull yourself closer to your lover. You're panting, completely flushed. Slowly, you undress, putting quite a show for your impassible stoneman. He didn't give him permission to look at you like that! Those eyes of him are just too full of lust and desire. He's gotta earn you! A good slap across his face will remind him of that... Ouch. He deserved it... Perhaps a big wet lick to soothe the pain. You're not heartless after all. Ah, so close to those lips. You can't help but share a forceful kiss. You're pushy, domineering, but you keep it brief, of course, finishing with a gentle bite on his lower lip, tugging for a second.

While you were busy fantasizing, your [pc.cTail] has moved beyond mere cuddles and kisses. Polishing those smooth balls did quite a number on your tailborne twat, getting it a smidge into the wet side. Oh, who are you kidding? Your tailgina is already drenched, and so are your partner's balls, but it doesn't matter, because that sneaky bastard has already picked its next victim. Since your [pc.cTailNoun] is busy worshipping that towering cock-boulder, might as well claim those delightful testes for yours truly.

With a tight squeeze, you test your statue's mettle. Mmmm, he's taking it like a champ. You keep the pressure on, toying with his balls like you own them. Oh, he's loving it, and that's why you're forced to spank that toned ass of his once more, to remind him that he's supposed to be begging... Yeah, that's more like it. You do like the sound of that.

Some things never change. Your tailbound pussy will never be satisfied. All that zealous cock worship was but a mere ruse. Like painting over a canvas, your [pc.cTail] delivers its last few strokes, and recoils back, admiring its handiwork. With that entire hunk of rock all lubed up, the preparations are complete, and your serpentine tailgina pounces its prey, latching to the tip of that erect monument like a starving lamprey.

For a few moments, there's a struggle - much to your surprise - but eventually, or should you say inevitably, that thick mushroom head disappears, devoured by the gluttonous cunt-tail like it's but a pitiful morsel. You hope there's enough room left for dessert because that strudel might prove to be more than it can chew.

It's not a smooth road. Despite the relentless tenacity of your [pc.cTailNoun], you can feel the tightness, the exemplar dedication to detail of the author, every nook and cranny, every bulging vein. It takes time and dedication to make such a masterpiece disappear, but you relish on every vanishing inch, punishing your stern stoneman for every ecstatic moan that escapes through your lips.

If he were flesh and blood, he'd be sore and bruised, not to mention he might need a few days before being able to sit down again, but your marbleous man sure is sturdy. The palms of your hands feel on fire, and tingle from all that merciless slapping. Ah, but such are the plights of those who hold domain over others.

Once your tailbound python reaches the base, you celebrate it with a soft, whinny purr, whispered into your stone-cold lover's ear. Far from a reward, or a sign of weakness, this is a clear statement of intentions. He's here for your own pleasure, at his expense. His pain will be your delight. His cock will be your toy. You want to hear him beg and scream for mercy, only to listen as he asks you to continue once you punish him for such weakness.

Perfect, you've got him righter where you wanted. You tail-mounted twat clamps down, squeezing hard, and your [pc.tailNoun] twists and contours, creating a swirling, spiral pattern on the inside. Penetration might become a true odyssey, but the journey itself promises to make you shiver in bliss with every forceful thrust. It's not long before you're milking that monumental dick of his. It's a slow, hard process, but every second of it is a delight to the senses. You can feel that enormous pole widening the insides of your tailginal canal, brushing heavily against those tight, sensitive walls, which in turn twitch and contract in a heavy, suction motion, heightening your sensitivity, your pleasure.

Meanwhile, your hands continue abusing such and herculean body. Groping, squeezing and molesting those sculpted muscles is never enough. One slap after another, you remind his buttocks who's in charge, but that... is never enough. Digging your nails, pulling his hair... is never enough. You need more. You're beginning to lose control; more feral beast than [pc.manWoman]. If this weren't a glaring display of fornication, anyone would think you're a vicious predator mauling its prey. Eventually, your digits find an opening, untouched before, ready to spoil. His backdoor is firm and tight, but no match to the fierce determination of your index finger. With your brave digit securing a beachhead, it doesn't take long before the rest of its siblings join the fray and start reaming your boy-toy's rectum.

With your foothold on his ass, your partner is now truly at your mercy. You can already hear his silent pleas, but neither your hands nor your tailcunt gives him quarter. Your [pc.cTail] is beginning to lose control. Maintaining such a pace takes its toll, and you can no longer afford to keep the rhythm. You're slipping. Thrusts become more erratic, less precise and less steady. You can feel the pressure brewing, knowing full well it'll soon be the end of you.

Your hands try to assert dominance once more, displaying a heightened sense of duty, as opposed to your chaotically humping hips and your carefree [pc.tailNoun]. With skillful grace, your index finger finds a chink in the stony rectum. That smooth bump in the road is all you need to finish this. With his prostate under your clutches, you strike, pounding such a glaring weakspot relentlessly.

There is no way to hide it. Your monument man is suffering in silence. He wants to scream. He wants to profess his love for [pc.hisHer] [pc.master]. You can feel his motionless squirms, his stoic straining, his serene flushed stare. You can't make head or tails of what's going on. You know everything is wrong, yet oh-so-right. He's a statue... he can't feel or beg, or squirm, but... he is... more... to you. Gods! You can't understand.

Finally, you break, bested by an inanimate sculpture, yet you feel satisfied, knowing he's been your slut the whole time, knowing you've broken him first... somehow. You can feel the orgasmic surge, traveling up your tail like a rumbling earthquake, shattering your already weak hold on reality. You must brace, and hold tight not to stumble and fall, but your stoneman can take your weight. You can feel your tailgirth, loosening and contracting spasmodically, trying to milk a stony faux-cock to no avail.

Your tailborne orgasm is wild, debilitating, and above all rapturous. You're unsure why or how could you achieve such a colossal orgasm by abusing a mere hunk of rock. It feels like an obsession, a compulsion. You cannot explain it, but it's driving you crazy. The pleasure wave crashes against your overtaxed brain, threatening to wash over your very conscious. You hold, but barely, trying not to drown in such a swirling maelstrom of lust, love, fixation, and ecstasy.

Your climax rages for what feels like an eternity, and eventually, even your legs fail you. Not even your marble lover can keep you up and about. You fall on your knees and finally, flat on your back, causing your tail-pussy to leave its partner behind with a wet pop, only to smack you in the face and cover you in a sticky mess.

Moments pass with you down on the ground. You're panting, squirming, trying to recover your breath. Your climax still keeps you on your toes, but you feel the pleasure receding with every passing second.

Eventually, you regain your composure and your footing. Looking back, you can't begin to fathom the cause of such mania, of such unnatural infatuation. It's... just a statue, but it felt... oddly satisfying and fulfilling. You felt in control, powerful, dominant, and somehow, you liked that.

You shake your head. Something must be wrong. After gathering your belongings, you decide to carry on, yet the thought persists, you can't help but think about your stony lover. Perhaps you'll see him again, soon...

Evangelist dildo tailfuck

//That wand of hers certainly looks interesting. Perhaps you can use it in an unexpected way. You could use it as a double-ended dildo and turn your tailcunt into an improvised tailcock.
//Locked: You'd need a tail equipped with a nice pussy for this task.

Examining the peculiar-looking wand laying on the grass mere feet away from the gobo-cultist, a myriad of pernicious ideas come to mind; Some more salacious than others, but the key component of your little schemes always involve that phallic shaped rod.

Hesitantly at first, you pick it up and examine it closer. You sigh relieved. It seems that despite its nefarious craftsmanship, just holding it won't turn you into a raving, sex-crazed fuckbeast.

The whole thing has some heft to it, and it's certainly girthy. It's smooth and well polished, not to mention highly and intricately detailed. If you didn't know better one could easily think this is just a repurposed dildo with a ribbed handle... well, maybe it is.

Finally, the gears click inside your head. The muses have seen fit to graciously gift you with your best idea so far. Face twisting in grin and head slightly tilted, you slowly approach the addled cultist while tapping the palm of your hand with the tumescent cockwand.

The gobo-slut responds with a hearty moan. You're unsure if she's acting out of instinct or if she can read your intentions - as painfully obvious as they are - but her hips are already humping the air in open invitation.

Once you're looming over the emerald bitch, you don your attire and drop your gear, standing tall and naked.

"C-cock? Coooock!"

She's a girl of few words. Nevertheless, you can't say she doesn't know what she wants. The poor goblin is just a victim of her own lustful conjuring. You can see that heart-shaped tattoo over her crotch glowing with intensity, pulsating with libidinous magics, enticing the green-skinned shortstack into obscene subservience. Every throbbing beating means another dose of thaumaturgically enhanced ecstasy, each triggering a powerful, quivering whine. Well, her plight is your benefit, so it seems.

Standing over her, you spread your legs and rest your hands over your hips. Your [pc.tail] raises in between, stiffening, undulating and casting a sizable, ominous shadow over the overexcited goblin slut. Unfortunately for her, as turgid and phallic as your tail looks, it's not what she's looking for. As its tip unfurls, gleaming with moisture and ostentatiously presents your majestic, velvety tailgina to the lust-struck cultist, you're rewarded with disappointment for your efforts, despite delivering a solid performance.

The freaking bastard simply shakes her head, much to your dismay.

"C-cooooock!" She begs.

Angered, you bow to give her what he wants, just not the way she expects. With a sardonic, cocky half-grin, you present the wand to the little green slut, who gleefully nods as her eyes widen, hoping for you to impale her with the mighty rod. Oh, but you have other plans. You shatter her dreams just as she did yours, sticking the wand shaft-first inside your greedy [pc.cTail].

The instantaneous result is a sharp jolt of pleasure, much more intense than you were anticipating, as the ribbed handle caresses the inner folds of your lush tailtwat. You manage to arrest that fugitive squeal before it can escape through your lips, not to show any sign of weakness.

Now with the rod firmly lodged inside your tailborne snatch, you have what you wanted: an improvised tailcock! That hard part will be keeping that tail-fiend from devouring the whole thing.

Oh for the love of... You took your eyes away from the gobo-slut for a few seconds. Just a few seconds! And she's already going to town on herself. Both her hands are nesting deep inside both her holes in an obscene display of double fisting. Her whorish moans saturate the air, mixed with her musky pheromones and the fine mist of the overflowing feminine juices her gaping cunt is producing in excess.

You roll your eyes, and with a quick swipe of your tail, you turn the emerald cultist around, forcing - by your harsh action - both fists out of their respective burrows with duplex wet pops, only to be followed by one heck of an orgasmic howl and a veritable waterfall of girlsquirt. She's already creamed herself... how rude not to wait for you. You'll have to teach her a lesson.

Securing the cultist by the hips, you pull back, hoisting her thick bubble-butt up in the air, only for you to bring it down with twinned sonorous spansks, which are quickly drowned by a high pitched whine coming from the overexcited goblin. It takes a few seconds for that jiggly pair of moons to settle down, and once it's mesmerizing bouncing comes to an end, you spread them apart and get ready to bring down the hammer.

If she wants cock, you're gonna give her one... just not the one she expects. You kneel down to her level, pressing her closer to you and taking her doggystyle. She's right where you wanted her. Now on to deliver. With a swift thrust, your [pc.tailNoun] pounces, spearing its target and forcefully injecting that slobbering cunt with several inches of cockwand in one go. Your tailgina clamps down, facing the sudden onslaught like a chap, yet you can't help but take a few inches yourself, much to your own delight.

Both of you take a few moments to let the thick rod settle in, panting and groaning in unison like a pair of sluts in heat, but it's not long before a surge of corrupt magic snaps the goblin bimbo out of her cock-fueled stupor. The initial penetration might have been quick and easy, but you were far from prepared, and now you're facing a raving lunatic who doesn't understand or doesn't accept she's the bottom bitch. You might have her pinned down, but those breeding hips are inhuman and sway back and forth with the tenacity of a demonic horde.

It doesn't help your case that your tail-mounted cunny no longer obeys and gleefully joins the debauchery, reciprocating one thrust with another, slapping heartily against that massive pair of swollen labia like two lovebirds determined to profess their affection for each other. One

massive dildo isn't gonna stand in their way, of course. Both pussies are too engaged, compelled to kiss one another to let something so insignificant be of a bother.

Love soon turns to quarrel as the pussy duo wrestle for dominance over custody of the sizable rod for their own personal enjoyment at the other's detriment. As magically enhanced as that gobo-cunt might be, your [pc.cTail] proves to be up to the challenge. One shouldn't underestimate the milking capabilities of your tailborne cockgobbler, and, unfortunately for her, this emerald slut did just that. Now, it's time she faces the consequences.

With a swift twirl, your tailgina decides to add another layer of pleasure to this - already complicated - business. Some pussies can do wonders, but none can achieve such a level in cuntortionism as a true tailsnatch. You can already hear the whorish moans of defeat, as sweet as pure honey, coming from the green bitch. She wasn't expecting a spiraling dick to be on the menu, but you're here to show her how quickly the tide - and your tail - can turn.

Forcing her further down, you assume a more dominant, almost prone-bone position, pinning the slutty shortstack under you. In this position, you have full access to those luscious funbags of her, and you fully intend to take advantage. Holding down her shoulder with your right hand, you exploit the opening and molest those green mounds with your left hand, causing the goblin cultist to squeal like a little piglet every time you pinch her prominent nipple. Damn, she's sensitive! You could swear that the last one caused a rocking boobgasm. Is that even a thing? You wonder.

Now, with such an advantageous position, your tailcock-turned tailgina has free reign over the lush goblin twat to wreak havoc as it sees fit. Wild, unbidden instincts take hold, turning your already aggressive tail-mounted cunny into a vicious predator. It has tasted the joys of its male counterpart, the distinct pleasure of being a dominant tailcock, and it just can't let go until it's fully satisfied.

Such an intense reaming, such a frenzied pounding, scares even you. You know it can be quite ravenous, but you've never witnessed such obsession. It's almost like some sort of rut; like it wants to breed. It doesn't understand that all it has is a mere implement, not the real deal, but your tailcunt simply doesn't care.

It's impressive how it can pound with such a merciless, savage style, yet strikes with elegant precision and majestic, pleasure-extorting movements. Every flourish, every twist, and thrust have a singular objective. You're amazed to see how, not only the poor shortstack's pussy can withstand such brutalization, let alone extract pleasure from the whole ordeal, but judging by the purring whine and moaning pleas of encouragement, that goblin bitch is having the blast of her life. Who would have thought it would come from where he least expected it to?

It's not long before a howling cry of pleasure announces the cultist's final defeat. She's climaxing at last, or, should you say, she's finally 'peaking', because you've counted several low key orgasms beforehand.

With her pussy clamping down on the phallic wand, this soon turns into a frantic tug-o-war; one neither party intends to lose. Stubborn as each cunt might be, it's clear who the winner is, yet your faux-cock-equipped tailtwat has little time for celebration, as its sore winner antics soon brings it to heel.

With such a frenzied rhythm - and facing an already climaxing opponent - its effusive thrusting only lodges the ribbed end of the rod deeper into its tailginal canal, turning the former fornication into a silly self-fucking fueled by primal instincts.

You squeal in delight as you reap the fruits of your tailgina's hard labor, enjoying the nascent tailgasm in all its glory. You can feel the muscular walls of your tail's inside contract and spasm erratically, signaling your peak. One orgasmic pleasure cluster makes haste up your spine, decided to pound your brain into submission and missing its objective by the think of a hair. You're still conscious, but barely, and unsure if you'd be able to take another beating like that. Meanwhile, the remnants of such a potent climax still cause mischief all over your system. You're tense, straining, yet every muscle fiber within your body feels like pudding. You're unable to understand such an oxymoron. All you know is that you can no longer hold your footing, and collapse over the petite shortstack.

Both cunts are enjoying their respective prolonged orgasms, and are now engaged in passionate french-kissing, clits rubbing one another, fluids mixing and splattering in the volatile concoction.

You turn to the side, not to crush your diminutive goblin matron. Panting, you snuggle together, still frottaging cunt against cunt for what feels like an eternity until you hear a heavy thud followed by loud splattering. Your [pc.cTailNoun] is finally free and resting, yet something isn't right. Far from calming down, you hear a renewed cacophony of moans and squeaks surging from your partner. It takes a mere look down to spot the sizable, cock-shaped problem.

It seems your tailgina is far stronger than you were anticipating, and it's managed to lodge the entire rod inside the goblin's cunt, to the point there's a distinct bulge in her tummy. Determined to help, your hands come to the rescue, one spreading her pussy wide open while the other jams a couple of fingers up the cultist's rump. It doesn't take much to dislodge the phallic wand, and much to your surprise it pushes out, shooting like an arrow, accompanied by a veritable geyser of girlcum and a perverse symphony of whines and moans.

Satisfied with the result, you take a few moments to rest and recuperate, then gather your belongings and prepare for departure, leaving the cultists to her own obscene devices. You can

see she can never have enough, because she's already fingering herself again, this time with the wand jammed up her ass.

Oh well, to each their own. Hey! There's the cockwand! It's traveled quite far, and it's half-buried in the ground like a javelin. You chuckle and carry on.

Lupine scout threesome

//Fuck his ass and get a proper tailnilingus from the beefy amazon.

//You lack the right equipment to set your scheme in motion. A tailcunt and a dick would be a start.

Both opponents lay defeated at your feet, still partially stunned yet somewhat defiant - a matter of ego and bravado rather than true will to carry on battling. You cross your arms and smirk, watching both scouts crawl and stumble as they try to regroup and regain their footing.

The amazon's strained breastplate clankers and slips down - unable to hold her sizable mounds and bulging musculature - while she tries to keep it in place to no avail. Such an amusing - and quite frankly, sexy - spectacle is hard to ignore.

So, they tried to beat you up and fuck you silly, didn't they? Payback sounds about right. You squat in between the bruised - physically, but mostly emotionally - couple, and playfully rise both their chins with your index finger, making them look at your cocky face.

"What?!" The male snarls, baring his teeth. "Haven't you mocked us enough already? Do what you will and be done."

You tilt your head, flashing him a salacious grin and jerk it in a quick motion, pointing at his partner. "Undress her," you command. "Now."

"You must be jok- GAH!" You slap him; a backhand across the face, interrupting his whining, then grab him by the snout, firmly, but not harshly, massaging the impact zone.

The female scout looks at her companion for a moment, still confused, but then averts her eyes and nods. "Do what [pc.heShe] says..."

"But-"

"Damnit! Do what [pc.heShe] says!"

Oh? That sounded more like a plea than a request. You're fairly certain you've heard, perhaps a soft moan? She sounds like the dominant one but also excited to be put in such a predicament.

Begrudgingly, the wolfman moves closer and kneels down beside her friend, looks at her once and begins untying the knots that hold the straps of her gear. Halfway through, something makes him pause for a couple of seconds to sniff the air. He looks uncomfortable but continues his task, eventually removing her breastplate and moving towards the leather skirt. Much to your surprise, she's not wearing underwear and crosses her legs to cover her modesties.

"Undress him." You order the female scout.

Without further discussion, she unbuttons her companion's leather jerkin, slowly. He collaborates, now more submissively. You can hear the male's breathing increasing rapidly, but the true surprise comes from the amazon; She's panting, excited, longing. This clearly has her going. Glancing down, you spot a faint glint down on her crotch. Oh, she's soaked. That must be why the male sniffed the air.

Both are now truly naked. The man's already at half-mast. Oh, but his partner is truly excited.

"Well," you say with a clap of your hands. "We have at least two cocks and a pair of pussies. The next part should be obvious... I'm gonna fuck your ass," you point to the man, "and you're gonna eat me out," you tell to the woman, with a smirk on your face.

The lupine duo looks straight at you, eyes wide, baffled by the order in which you pointed fingers at them.

"Wait... don't you mean-" You interrupt the lady, waving your index finger side to side.

"Oh, gods..." The wolfman mutters. "T-that doesn't make any sense!"

You cross your arms and puff, flashing them a sultry grin. "Of course it does." You reply, gently guiding the begrudging lupine man down until he's on all fours. You can't help but smile as you watch the wolven amazon stare with mouthwatering awe and desire at her partner's toned butt. You bet she'd trade anything to be in your place right now.

Standing up, you lord over the pair, who await your command, looking at you with sultry, yearning eyes. Slowly, you remove your gear and toss it aside, proudly displaying your naked form, accentuating your already stiffening [pc.cock].

Crooking your finger repeatedly, you signal the woman to get closer, which she eagerly does with a swift leap.

"Good girl. I've got a pussy for you to play with."

[pc.has Pussy|Staring at your gleaming [pc.pussy], the amazonian slut opens wide and leans forwards, only to meet the palm of your hand.

"Ah, not that one." She tilts her head, confused by your remark until she notices your raising tail getting closer. The lupine recoils as your tail shoves itself up her face, only to watch with curiosity and no small amount of surprise as the tip of your tail unfolds, revealing your magnificent - and already wet - [pc.cTail].

"That's a... gods... in your tail?!" You smirk and nod. That would be her task for today, pleasing your tail-mounted twat.

|

The lupine woman looks visibly confused and rightly so. Your lack of feminine endowments certainly sounds incompatible with what you've tasked her to do. Ah, but she lacks the whole picture.

The wolfe girl recoils, startled by the sudden appearance of your tail in front of her face. The sneaky bastard took advantage of the distraction to flank the poor woman, who's now watching your tail's every move. It comes as a surprise. The tip of your tail unfolds, revealing your [pc.cTail], majestically putting your tender petals on display for the disbelieving lupine.

"In your tail! That's a... gods... is it real?" You nod with a cocky smirk. That would be your pussy. The one she's supposed to lick clean.]

The amazon licks her lips. She's practically drooling. You've managed to surprise her alright, but this reaction is far better than anticipated. She's staring, her eyes gleaming with hunger and lust, and you're gonna make sure to put that voracity to good use.

Of course, you mustn't forget the poor man down on his fours. He's been watching the whole show from the sidelines and surely must feel neglected. Oh, but he must not fret, for he's part of the main spectacle.

Your previous display had quite an effect on him. That canine cock of his is now rock solid, engorged and eager, already spurting silky precum with anticipation. Perhaps he's no longer apprehensive about the prospect of getting fucked in the ass. You can see the twitchy little fella - still tight - but inviting.

With your right hand, you slap that toned butt, enjoying the whine of response like a melodious symphony. Then, you kneel down, aligning yourself and claiming his hips, clinging tightly with both hands. You let your semi-hard member flop with a swift hip thrust and slam heavily in his buttcrack, enticing yet another whine. This time, with a soft moan escorting it out of his lips.

You're caught by surprise as the amazonian lupine seizes your [pc.tail], unwilling to remain a mere spectator anymore. Your hips buckle, slamming against the man's own and contributing to your rising hardon. For now, you let the pussy and the hound fight one another, trying to pick up a pace of your own. It takes a few more pumps until you're ready to go, and then a couple more to lube up that clenched tailhole with your pre, but you're ready to slam through that tightly shut castle door with your battering ram.

Aligning your [pc.cockNoun], you prepare to thrust. The lupine man grunts and grits his teeth, mentally conditioning to take such a [pc.cock], yet something unexpected throws your plan into disarray. You intended to play it cool and slow, but without warning or consent, the she-wolf backstabs you, jamming a pair of her fingers deep inside your tailgina with a single forceful shove. You squeal in pain and delight as your hips lunge forward in reflex action, brutally reaming the wolf-man's rear, sinking your entire [pc.cock] deep inside in a single motion. Your relishing moan is soon drowned by the man's howls of discomfort, denouncing your betrayal. His sphincter wasn't ready for your savage violation.

Both of you need a moment to adjust. The lupine's rectum is pressing so hard you're not gonna move a single inch in or out until he calms down. You lean forward, embracing the wolfen tightly, and caressing his cheek with your right hand while gently nibbling on his ear, trying to get him to relax. He huffs and puffs, still tense, assimilating the pain, coping by means of groans and whines.

In the meantime, your focus shifts back to the true traitor, that backstabbing hunk of muscle-woman who's having a field trip with your [pc.cTail]. Unfortunately for you, your current position limits your range of options, and her fingers are deeply entrenched in your tailgina and hard at work, causing all kinds of mischief.

Damn, she's got you, or should you say, they've got you, because you're not getting out of that cock-trap anytime soon no matter how hard your hips thrust. If anything, you're only weakening your position. You need the strained wolfman to relax, but it's hard to concentrate on that when his rapacious partner keeps toying with your tail's uncooperative cunny.

It's hard to admit, but you've gotta give it to her, she knows how to work those fingers. Goodness, she must be an expert in personal alone time. Some of those flourishes, you've never seen them before. You can't help but whine and bite your lower lip, trying not to give away how much she's in control, but your own hips don't lie. You've been humping erratically, giving the lupine man a nice rectal reaming, much to his constant groans and protests. You can see him, almost ready to eat the grass if only that would free your [pc.cock] of his ass.

Meanwhile, the amazonian wolfen doesn't care about the shenanigans you two are engaging in. She's enthralled, admiring her own handiwork, staring at the velvety folds of your glimmering

tailtwat with awe. You're unsure what could cause such zealous obsession, but no doubt it comes at your benefit.

Once you get accustomed to the dual sensation of a tight sphincter engulfing your meatpole and a pair of devoted digits worshipping your tailginal hole, you start to see things from another perspective. You've got a pair of willing, fluffy lupines pleasuring you at their expense. You feel contentment and warmth. Heck, you're smiling, and this time, it's not a mischievous display of naughtiness or dominance. You are enjoying yourself. You're relishing in the joys of a tight rectum and a skillful masseuse.

Now that you're relaxed, you can finally get this party started. Your first objective is to loosen up that ass, just like you've been trying to do so far. Gently nuzzling against the back of the wolfman's neck, you whisper words of encouragement, only to surprise him with a playful slap on the butt, followed by your hand slipping further south, laying claim to his doggy-bone. One thing's for sure, he's excited to be here. His cock is so engorged you can feel his distended veins, almost palpitating at the rhythm of his beating heart. A series of slow, but vigorous pumps are all you need to get him all leaky, and he's not shy about it. His pre flows freely, like running water, staining your hand and raining down on the ground.

It's not long before you feel the straining constricting force of his anal muscles wane and diminish, slowly, but surely, giving you enough room to begin thrusting, albeit, delicately, sensually, making love to his butt.

Meanwhile, the poor, neglected amazon sets another of her schemes in motion. Like a professional thief, her other hand joins in on the fun, working in conjunction with its sibling, trying to pick your metaphorical lock and get to the real price. One hand works slowly, like a gentle, lifelong friend who's declaring it true love and loyalty for the first time. There, a pair of fingers run along, massaging your petals; sometimes gliding playfully, sometimes massaging your labia with true passion and devotion.

Her other hand, however, clashes in style, acting as a counterpoint, delivering a brutal, yet completely pleasure orientated performance. Digging deep to maximize its gains, her digits search for your hidden trove, exploring every nook and cranny like raiders on a rampage.

Then, the finishing lance strikes, clashing against your last, unclaimed fortress. Your clit, besieged by her mouth, pounded by her oral battering ram.

How can you resist the combined forces of such a savage onslaught? Mercifully, the lupine amazon slows down the pace, giving you wide berth, and allowing her oral prowess to set the stage. Fingers withdraw, as her tongue dives in to fill the emptiness. Hands are relegated to mere support. Both wrap around the tip of your tail, with her thumbs, slowly massaging your labia in unison with powerful, grindy upward motions.

While you cool off and your female partner does the opposite, you shift your attention back to the furred wolfen under you. You've been pounding his ass for quite a while, almost with automata-like precision, but no doubt he's enjoying himself either way. Success is clearly in view. So, you decide to redouble your efforts on both fronts and give the good boy a treat. Your other hand joins its brother and together wrap around that nine-incher like a pair of overly cautious jailors.

It's a complicated position, but you find a nice steady pace, balancing a solid anal reaming with a tough-loving cock milking, stroking that puppy with every time you pound the back entrance of his kennel. It's not long before his strained whines turn to an obscene crescendo of slutty moans and sharp whimpers. You can feel the wolfman's body relax, adopting a more cooperative position, even reciprocating your rough, but fair lovin'.

His ass is quite a twitchy slut. If you didn't know any better, you could think he's trying to milk your dick, not that you care anyway. You decide to go with the flow, synchronize your hips with his and enjoy. Such a tight rectum is sure to cause a lasting impression. You can feel the love burning inside you, raising the pressure. You want to let go. You express yourself to the best of your abilities in such a compromised situation: moaning like a mare in heat, not only because you can feel the strain in your prostate, yelling at you to be done with it, but because you can also feel that tongue back there, molesting your tailgina's buzzer.

It's not easy to focus with so many stimuli and sensations overwhelming your pleasure receptors, but that flat, yet strong lupine tongue is hard to miss. You wonder if she's practiced beforehand because her oral skills are something to behold. She's been polishing every fold inside your tail-mounted muff, getting it to loosen up and relax, only to pounce against your most vulnerable spot at the very last minute, causing you to squeal out of sheer delight and to refocus your priorities.

Yet, there isn't much you can do. The lupine amazon has your tail well under her clutches, wrapped around her arm and pinned under her weight. All you can do is yelp and whimper, let her do, and let the pleasure seep in. You marvel at the feeling of her oral flourishes. You've never witnessed such an act, full of twirls and pirouettes worthy of the most skilled professional cunnilinguists, and every one of them lands right on target after being done, bouncing time and again on your poor pleasure buzzer.

No more can you keep this up. You're at your very limit, staring into the abyss. You're breathing, erratically. Your movement are, completely out of synchrony. You can't even fuck that ass in peace anymore. The intense double teaming is too much. The tide has turned. Once the vanquished, now the victors. They couldn't best you in combat, but the final laugh is theirs. You're cumming.

Defeated, you intonate your plea of surrender. One howl of pure pleasure signals your failure, yet your relish in every second, delighting yourself in your well-earned duplex orgasm. Your

[pc.cTail], flails wildly, slipping out of the wolfen musclemwoman's control, yet still bound by her tongue's spell, unable to control itself. Your tail pushes hard, forcing the tip of the lupine's snout inside your tail-twat and then clamps down, much to the woman's surprise. When no cock is to be found, anything long and hard might suffice - that's your tailcunt's philosophy.

Your tailginal climax hits faster and harder, but your prostate refuses to yield, sending pulses of bliss like its a contest and it has something to prove. Eventually, both orgasms meet and clash right in the middle, catching your poor body in the crossfire. Pounded on from every side, lo and below, your brain has no choice but to wave the white flag and submit to pleasure unbound.

With synchronous squeezes, you erupt, cock and tailcunt dispersing your liquid love wildly. Girlcum slather's the amazon's face, followed by the poor wolfman's rectum, which gets a rushed injection of concentrated, warm love straight from the tap.

[pc.hasKnot] Not soon after the first droplets of spunk leave your cumslit, your [pc.knot] balloons to epic proportions, locking you tightly with your moaning partner.]

It might be the sudden display of passion, the fact that you're pressing hard against his prostate, or perhaps the frenzied rhythm of your hands, desperately jerking off the lupine man, but among the cacophony of your own obscene moans, a masculine howl raises, stealing the play. After all he's endured, he deserved this win. Unfortunately, his seed is wasted, splattering against the ground, without an orifice to impregnate.

You three hold positions for a few moments, until, eventually, you agree it'd be best to rest and recover. As you lay on your flank, with your [pc.cock] still buried deep inside the man's rectum, you take a look back to check on the woman.

She's on her knees, looking completely absent, with her arms limp. She's panting, tongue lolling out and face still covered in your juices. You're not sure how, but you're fairly sure she's orgasmed at some point. You can see her thighs and the ground are soaked in unfamiliar girlcum. That didn't come from you. You've heard it's possible, but to see someone cum hands free just from giving oral, that's impressive.

Eventually, you go limp and your dick plops out of its burrow, accompanied by a noticeable deluge of [pc.cum]. It's been fun, but it's time for you to go. Exhausted, you retrieve your stuff and redress, then bid farewell to the lupine couple, who are still trying to figure out how could things have turned south so fast.

Gnoll alpha clit on tailcunt

//You both certainly have some interesting anatomy. There's a slight risk of taint, but it'd be interesting to see what your tailcunt can do with that monster clit of hers.

//You lack a tailcunt. Get one first.

With the alpha down on her luck, you wonder what would be the best way to take advantage of the situation. At first, you're a bit unsure, and ogle the furred woman, sizing her up. That's not a bad body there; lush tits, plump hips and... oh-my-gods!

You've heard the stories, but you were not prepared to see if they were true with your own eyes. Frankly, those tales underplayed the true size of the gnoll's bizarre female anatomy. Goodness, is that even real? Your eyes can't seem to be able to resist the rhythmic sway of that monstrous clit-cock, dangling like a clock's pendulum.

It's not even fully erect, and that oversized clit could dwarf quite a few human cocks. It peeks out of a clitoral hood, right above her sprawling puffy labia, both pieces of anatomy swollen beyond reason and glimmering with moisture.

Your mouth waters at the sight of such a tempting delicacy, yet it might prove too much for your appetite. However, there's one ravenous fiend that never lets you down when it comes to sheer voraciousness.

Smirking salaciously, like a sexual predator, you reach down and pull the spotted bitch's chin up, grabbing it with your index finger and your thumb. She bares her teeth, still defiant, growling and hooting in that guttural language of hers. You don't understand but are fairly sure hers are not kind words.

After a couple of minutes of staredown - eyes locked in a contest for dominance - the gnoll runs out of steam and calms down slightly, eventually averting her gaze, admitting defeat. Your face twists in grin - former smirk widening maniacally, eyes gleaming with telltale clues of sexual predation, both features announcing your true intent.

Kneeling down to her level, you strike the first blow. Your hand pounces, claiming her protuberant meat in clear display of dominion. As soon as your palm wraps around the floppy clit, a whinny moan elicits out of her, causing the former alpha to shiver before tensing up and gasping sharply for air, trying to arrest a follow-up whimper.

Right before your eyes, her clit-flesh engorges, rapidly inflating, pushing against your fingers until you're barely able to recognize the enormous piece of meat you're grasping. It's a true clit-cock, as substantial as a real, respectable manhood, maybe even thicker than the average.

Instinctively, you slowly stroke her faux-member, still enthralled by her peculiar endowment. It takes you a few moments to realize the alpha is staring blankly up at the sky, head lolled back, tongue flopping down. Her audible groans snap you off of your stupor, causing you to pause right in the nick of time. You can see the gnoll's hands, tightly clenched, grasping and pulling on

her thigh's fur. Her body is tense, and her breathing irregular, sharp and paused, telltale signs of an impending orgasm. Well, it's a clit, it's bound to be sensitive, but you've never expected such an overblown response to a few involuntary pumps. You'd have to be careful if you want to prolong this. Time to get down to business.

//Insert party member claiming the other gnolls.

While the alpha tries to catch her breath, your tail outflanks and surprises the gasping woman, getting uncomfortably close, swaggering right in her face, like a viper ready to strike. The gnoll recoils a bit, only for your serpentine tail to mimic her actions, only to unfurl displaying the hidden treasure it hosts. Your [pc.cTail] glistens and widens, showcasing its velvety folds to the astonished gnoll. You hear her bark a few words in her native tongue, and you respond with a shrug. She shakes her head in frustration.

"Wrong! Tail!" She shakes her head again. "Wrong! Pussy!" She points at your crotch, then at your tailcunt. "Wrong! Place!" Primitive, crude, but understandable.

Clearly, she's not expecting your twat to be attached to your tail. You chuckle. She's not one to complain, considering she's sporting something quite unusual herself. You point at her clit, then at your tail and flash her a salacious, side-grin. The alpha's eyes widen, and her jaw drops in surprise. She looks down at her clit. It's throbbing, bulging and as hard and stiff as a phalanx's spear. Still speechless and open-mouthed, she nods effusively.

That is all you need. You cross your arms and stand up, looming over the former alpha from a position of utter dominance. You don't give her time to second guess herself, and immediately, your tail-mounted muff takes a dive-bomb, plummeting down towards her feminine spire and engulfing it whole in a single seating. Her flesh slides in without problem -both participants being wet and elastic enough - and once inside your cavernous depths, the trap closes. Your tailginal muscles clamp down, ensnaring her turgid clit-cock inside. The whole scene reminds you of wild mamba, ambushing its prey from above. It's swift, and there's no struggle; only the screams of your prey.

The gnoll isn't shy about vocalizing her emotions. Her sonorous cacophony of moans and squeals is sure to draw the attention of any passerby. You hope it doesn't attract an unwanted crowd. Your response to the sudden violation is a bit more measured. The explosive gratification keeps you on your toes, quite literally, but you try to downplay the abrupt spike of pleasure, keeping it cool, not to weaken your position as the dominant one.

"Aaaaah! Is good! Is good! More! Want! More! Give! Give!" Her accent is terrible - albeit slightly sexy - and her vocabulary limited, but her groans and whimpers convey anything you need to know.

From your despotic stance, you have the poor woman at your mercy, and you intend to make full use of the high ground to extort every iota of pleasure out of her. You cackle maniacally, mimicking the hyenid's laughter from before. The gnoll's ears turn towards you, alerted by the familiar, menacing snigger. The alpha tenses up and braces herself, and you, of course, respond as she expects.

With a twist of your tail, the merciless hammering begins. You deliver your best A-game, barraging the poor clit-cock with an arsenal full of nasty tricks. Your tail's flexibility gives you an unfathomable advantage over your run-of-the-mill pussy, and you make sure she's aware of every single tailcobtronic. The incessant bombardment of spiraling pirouettes and corkscrewing thrusts soon prove too much to handle, causing the gnoll to fall flat on her back, crying out loud like a lupine in heat.

Every blow from your feisty tail-mounted fiend slams against her crotch with the force of an avalanche. You're harsh, brutal even. Such a fierce violation disconcerts even you, but the woman's howls of encouragement compensate for any self-doubt you might have. With every forceful pound, the gnoll responds in kind with an exaggerated pelvic thrust, only to smash against the ground later on - her only support a pair of bundled blades of grass she's threatening to rip out of their roots.

This is getting out of control, but at this point, you're beginning to feel the warmth of a brewing orgasm forming at the depth of your [pc.cTail]. Unwilling, or unable to stop, your tail doubles down on its efforts to milk the alpha's faux-cock, increasing the suction, clenching its powerful tailginal muscles to give that tower of fem-meat the milking of its life.

It's not long before your vicious antics have the desired effect on your overly loud partner. An unexpected purring-roar - a bizarre mix between a moan, a cackle, and a howl - announces the gnoll's climax. The alpha's body tenses up, straining beyond reason, her back arching like a stone bridge over a river. She's quivering, her jaw clenched, sustaining a prolonged groan. Only the gods know what kind of sensory riot befalls her. Eventually, she falls flat on the ground again. Her body relaxes, but her hips still dance, affected by the powerful orgasm. The gnoll's bounty flows soon after, spraying, watering the soil for new life to sprout.

Her climax lasts longer than you were expecting, but soon, her clit-cock begins to rapidly deflate. Unfortunately for her, your [pc.cTailNoun] isn't done, and it's not gonna allow its partner to go limp in such a crucial moment. Your tail's powerful labia clenches tightly, constricting its prey and entrapping all that blood on the run, much to the gnoll's protests.

"No!" She barks. "Done! Done! Aaah!" Tough luck, you're not done yet.

The alpha squirms and tries to break free, but you slink atop her, pinning her down, flashing her a terrifying grin. She stares into your eyes, confused, scared until those quivering eyes roll back from sheer pleasure and she blasts you with another ear-shattering moan. The girl must be

hypersensitive after the first orgasm. Further stimulation must feel like torture, triggering one climax after another in quick succession.

You don't care either way. The gnoll struggles under you - meekly - her strength sapped by the untold cascade of consecutive peaks that assail her system. This, somehow, turns you on beyond measure. Your face twists, flashing a maniacal expression - grin wide, eyes full of impure, carnal desires.

Your tailgina works on overdrive, milking the entrapped clit as if it were the real deal. The vacuum-like suction keeps the fleshy prisoner fat, fed by a steady diet of pooling blood. You can already feel its bulging veins, tickling your tailginal walls, pulsing with the rapid beating of her heart. Her meaty rod feels engorged beyond reason, and your [pc.cTail] relishes in that delightful fact.

It's a forceful, slow journey towards your own gratification, but you can finally see the end of the road ahead of you. Your tail's movements become more erratic, yet more needy, more aggressive. It's a veritable odyssey. Its internal muscles are clenched so hard that every inch in or out feels like an eternity, but the chance to appreciate the wondrous girth of the gnoll's spire is well worth the effort.

It's a laborious endeavor, but at long last, with one final grindy thrust to engulf the meaty clit up to its hood, your orgasm manifests itself. You collapse over the poor spotted bitch, but she hardly notices, still immersed in her own climax-addled stupor and barely conscious.

The pleasure rushes to meet your brain. Your orgasm isn't gentle nor seeks invitation. It barges in without regard, thrashing your entire system, draining your will and leaving you to deal with the consequences of a rampaging tsunami of feel-good chemicals flooding every single one of your pleasure centers. You feel like pudding. Every single one of your muscle fibers refuses to obey your command, twitching erratically at their own volition, unable to muster any sort of strength, let alone coordination. You feel like melting. All you can do is brace yourself and take the wild beating.

Time and again, your peak strikes, like tempering iron, but like most smiths, it only causes the metal to crumble. You can feel the exhaustion build-up, overcoming the fierce temper of your savage climax, cooling off the myriad of blissful sensations that ravage you.

Your tailborne orgasm slowly dies off, and eventually, your [pc.cTail] lets go. You see the gnoll's clit shrink rapidly until it's barely the size of her index finger - still impressive - but far from the hunk of meat from before. The alpha passed out at some point. You can't blame her, all things considered.

Eventually, you muster your strength back and get up, ready to continue your journey. You're fairly sure the alpha is just fine, and if anything, her buddies aren't far behind.

Marefolk Shaman

//This one is a defeat scene.

//I'm tossing this one for free because I'm enjoying it and has a lengthy intro with little tailgina on it.

"Now that we've both warmed up, shall we cut to the chase?" The shaman crosses her arms, flashing you a smug smirk. "Oh... don't worry. This is gonna **feel** really... really good. This is, after all, what we both wanted all along, right? Relax, lie back, **think** happy thoughts."

Hard to oblige when you're sitting on your sorry ass after such a strenuous fight. You're wasted... and... gods, you can smell... you can smell her musk a mile away. It's so pungent, so... enticing. You're panting. Why are you panting? Every whiff forces your nostrils open. You feel flustered, agitated. Your gaze fixes on her loins; gosh! They are drenched. The cloth is literally dripping, marinated in her own feminine juices. Was she already that horny? Or is this the result of the fight?

Mesmerized as you are, you barely notice the moment she undoes the clasp behind her neck. Numerous knickknacks and silvery fetishes slide off, gliding sensually over the amazon's curvy body until all that's left to cover her modesties is her silky, chestnut fur. As the last piece of her attire falls to the ground, the real treasure reveals itself. Gosh! You can't take your eyes away from that overly plump mare-cunt. You've never seen anything so delicious looking, so engorged and inviting. The fat, swollen delicacy steams as it meets the cool valley air. It's truly mouthwatering.

Unsure if this is what you want or if there's magic at work, you shake her head, but the fragrant aroma of her womanhood smashes directly against your whiffer, dazing your senses. You're fairly sure now, her pheromones are affecting you, but you're too far gone to put up a fight.

"Oh... easy, [pc.boyGirl]." The shaman slowly prances towards you, extending her arm, inviting you. Hesitantly, you reciprocate, but she doesn't grab your hand. Instead, she simply feints forward, reaching and caressing your cheek with the back of her hand. "Let me take care..." she coos amorously. "You will **feel** great. Let your **emotions** be your guide... the more powerful, the better. It's **all** about the emotions..." she smiles, sweetly.

Addled as you are, you can't help but nuzzle, like a cat. You feel aroused, horny even. The more you brush against her, the more her musk inundates your system. Her scent is almost palpable in the air. You can almost reach, and take it, claim it for you. You shake your head, unable to think straight anymore.

"You are so cute. Ah, tell me, do you squeal? I would love to hear you squeal for me." Her sweet smile turns more salacious, predatory even. "We'll know soon enough." Her other hand slowly reaches out. She scratches your chin a few times and then grabs it with a pair of fingers. As the marefolk leans forward, something startles her, causing her to recoil.

"My leg- Ah! What?! What is that... Oh! It's just your tail. It's so adorable but also mean. You shouldn't sneak up on a woman like that, you little rasc-" Her sentence ends short, as your unfurling tail causes the woman's jaw to drop and her eyes to widen in disbelief.

Fully exposed, your [pc.cTail] swags back and forth - almost dancing - begging for attention like a lost puppy, displaying its flushed folds like a peacock flashing its best tail feathers.

"That... is something else entirely. I've heard about them; manticores? Never actually met one. Are you one of them? [pc.racelsManticore] [You don't look like one.] I guess it doesn't matter."

The shaman remains pensive for a few seconds, tapping her lips with her thumb while sizing you up. Suddenly, with a snap of her fingers, her little sapling companion crumbles into a pile of branches and leaves. You notice the anxious marefolk fidgeting with her staff, tapping it nervously, eying the glittering emerald on its apex - eyes darting back and forth between you and the precious gem. She's pondering her next move, and, whatever she's thinking about, it's having quite a noteworthy effect on her. She's now nibbling on her thumb, agitated, breathing heavily, and oh! That musk; the aroma of her arousal saturates the air.

"I'll make an exception for you because that... thing looks promising. Ah! But you better pay me back."

With an audible thud, she slams her staff on the ground, which, in turn, rumbles as overgrown blades of grass, plants, and vines emerge from the soil. Then, the marefolk turns the tip towards the former treant and taps it gently with the gleaming viridian stone while muttering a few words, causing the emerald's glow to dim visibly until it's barely twinkling.

From the pile of plant matter, new life emerges. Vines, leaves, and branches coalesce to form a brand new treant. A far cry from the usual little fella that accompanies her, this plant-stud is humungous - well past eight feet tall; closer to nine. Instead of the rough bark you're used to seeing, the wood is smooth and polished, like an old, well crafted and cared for piece of furniture. Yet, what truly baffles you is the towering, dark-green spire that passes for dismal mockery of a phallus. It's nearing two feet long of turgid rod, looking vaguely like a huge cucumber - nubs included - capped in a mushroom-like tip that leaks golden sap.

"Oh! Spirits! I must be quite pent up. Ah... don't worry, you'll love it. We both will."

Gods. Does she really expect you to take on that massive hunk of wood?! You shake your head and try to scurry away, but something unexpected grabs your ankle. You're stuck, ensnared by

a... vine? Is this her doing? The answer reveals itself once a second plant-tendrill surges out from the ground, coiling around your other leg. You cling to a nearby boulder, pulling yourself up, trying to break free, to no avail.

"This... is new..." The amazonian marefolk seems as surprised as you are, but doesn't give a second thought, and instead, hurries to remove your clothing. With help from her "little" puppet, she pins you down and wrestles your sorry ass, overpowering you until you're lying over the flat boulder.

Still held by your ankles by those pesky plant-snares, there is nothing much you can do to escape. Worse, you can spy numerous vines creeping up from the ground. They are all over the place, growing wild... and menacingly.

Naked as you are now, you accept your fate and cooperate. Not that you can do much more, considering the debilitating - not to mention, arousing - effect that mare's musk is having on you. You relax, submit, let the vines coil around your arms and legs. You're bound to the stone now, facing up, almost like a sacrificial lamp, yet you don't care anymore. You want her to own you. You want her to make you **feel**.

"Ah! S-spirits! What is going on?!"

Startled by the shaman's cries, you peep down, only to spot the same vine tendrills coiling up the marefolk's toned legs. No matter how hard she struggles or swats the fiendish plants, their advance is inexorable. An audible growl signals the first defeat of the amazon. The vines claim her asshole, pushing her ring wide open and establishing a beach-head.

Unable to resist the ravenous appetite of the plant-invaders, the shaman is forced to bend over, nearly collapsing over you. Propped only by her elbows - eyes clenched shut - she spends all of her willpower to resist the savage anal reaming she's being subjected to.

Those massive orbs, those head-sized mounds of round perfection - her breasts dangle above you, dangerously close to your face. Your mouth waters at the sight of such a pair of juicy treats. So close, yet so far. The vines keep you restrained, and that killjoy plant-brained automata pins you by the shoulders, still unaware of the plight that afflicts his mistress. You can't stand the tease. You want them in your mouth. You want to taste them. Her nipples almost brush against your lips. You can almost reach with your tongue. Damn it! Too far away, come on!

Something sticky splatters on your left cheek, distracting you from your prize. Looking up, you spot the source. Looming over you, like the headsman's ax, the treant's humongous log leaks its golden sap upon your face. You shudder to think where that monster's gonna go, yet luckily, his mistress is too occupied to give command.

Another howl of pleasure coming from the marefolk shaman precipitates the fall. The vines have invaded her mare-cunt, spreading those plump, juicy lips apart and digging their way in. There is something odd going on, however. The vines come forth, looping over the shaman's flared hips like a belt. Gods! They are sprouting, forming something... unexpected. Like a natural strap-on, the vines have crafted a cock-like structure - a smooth entangled green schlong that's almost a foot long - still shy compared to her wooden companion's, but sizable enough to make you shudder.

"Ngh! This is- Ah! D-do something!"

Animated by his mistress' mandate, the treant acts anew, but not the way neither of you expected. Grabbing you by the chin, he pulls your head up and aligns his enormous member with your mouth. You're not gonna like where this is going, aren't you?

Meanwhile - further south - the shaman still endeavors to figure out what went wrong with her incantation, but her newfound pleasure-belt isn't making things easy. Even from your vulnerable position, you can see her strained expression. She's barely gasping for air. Her final breath is spent on a faint moan. One would think she's about to lose consciousness, but rapture overtakes her. Fueled by a duplex climax, she gets back on her feet like spring powered, and arches even further back. Her ecstasy, somehow, is silent, yet a splendorous sight to behold. She's vacant, almost limp, completely bending backward like she's about to fall, yet still standing, displaying her vine-cock like a spire - high and mighty. Such oxymoron baffles your mind. The vines must be supporting her.

Silence finally breaks by means of thundering howl and throaty moan emerging from the addled mare. You witness her impressive chestnut-colored figure, her rippled muscles, tense and bulge, light bending around the warm mist emanating from the curvy amazon. You witness a perfect climax, full of envy and desire.

Her eyes open. She remains vacant, pupils innervated, eyes trembling. Her gaze fixes upon you; it's not normal. You can recognize an unbidden frenzy boiling hot inside her. Dread overtakes you. Her movements are erratic, unnatural almost like the living dead. The amazonian marefolk lunges forward, uncomfortably close. She sizes you up, taking long whiffs in between deep, steamy breaths, like an alpha checking on her next bitch. She moves downward, slowly but steadily until she reaches the object of her original obsession

Your [pc.cTail] twitches and struggles, unwilling to remain bound anymore. Unfortunately, the vines that trap your [pc.tail] are much too strong for you to break free. You can feel the marefolk's heavy breath - the warm air emanating from her lungs as she sniffles your tailgina, basking in its aroma.

Without further words, the shaman aligns her newly-minted vine-dick with your [pc.cTail] and simply thrusts. Her expression: uncaring, unfeeling, too focused to even realize your existence, your wishes, and desires. To her, a hole is a hole and yours fits perfectly.

Your tailgina's labia spread wide by the veritable tree-trunk forcing its way in. The shaman's organic strap-on feels otherworldly. It's rigid like an oak, yet incredibly delicate, silky even, like young sprouting saplings. The myriad textures you experience changes with every inch. The contorted, tangled vines create a unique sensation, never the same, no matter how deep. It truly feels alive, responsive. You can feel it twisting and squirming to adapt to your insides. Pleasure unbidden surges from your tail, fueled by the fierce penetration causing you to squeal in delight... just like she wanted.

The shaman's forceful violation triggers a chain of events, like the first piece of the puzzle is in place. Formerly calm vines move anew, squirming, twisting and gaining new ground. The readied treant, always awaiting for his mistress to set the stage, finally takes action. Exploiting the opening caused by your thundering howl, he follows the marefolk's example and pounds your face, forcefully shoving several inches of angry, green plant-cock inside your mouth without as much as a peep.

Caught between two frenzied beasts in rut, and restrained by a myriad of entangling vines, there isn't much you can do but hang tight and endure the coming storm. Worse, since aside from the marefolk and her wooden sidekick, a third party is taking an interest in you. Drawn by magic, or perhaps emotions, the animated vine-tendrils cast away their role as jailors and join in the fun. Slowly, the serpentine plants coil and tighten their grip on you, teasing and squeezing, journeying without pause towards erogenous areas.

The other pair of participants seem not to care about the creeping vines. The shaman is too far gone, too focused. She has already fallen prey to nature's call. All that matters now is that wet, welcoming fuckhole attached to your tail. Her frenzied movements are unsettling, her expression, macabre. You're unsure of what's going on, but one thing's for certain, there's no one in Savarra stopping that crazed mare from pounding your tailbound fuckhole like she owns it. Her rhythm is frantic. Her hips buckle with inhuman haste. There are barely any audible sounds, any clues about what's going on in her mind save for a few faint strained groans. The amazonian marefolk behaves almost like an automata with one single purpose, one single task. Somehow, you still draw pleasure, even from the exaggerated reaming she's subjecting you to.

Her faux-cock is a wondrous product of thaumaturgy. It remains completely stiff, yet always evershifting. With every thrust, a whole new universe of textures and sensations unfolds inside your tailgina. Even with such uncontrollable pace, the damn thing manages to extort an ever-increasing measure of unadulterated pleasure, enough to make your mind spin.

A far cry from his mistress, the wooden puppet barely serves any purpose. The treant is simply content with force-feeding you his towering plant-cock. It has no finesse, no care. It's all brawns

and no brains. Still, he's got you pinned. You're forced to service him, albeit reluctantly, yet there's something peculiar going on. You can't quite put your finger in it, but the more you feel his ginormous member slam against the back of your mouth, the more you... enjoy it? It's almost intoxicating... wait... it **is** intoxicating. You remember this buzz, this high. That sap he's been secreting, the one you've had to guzzle down least you choke on it, it's far from regular.

The more you taste that sweet, fruity syrup, the more you crave. It's almost addictive and causes your tongue to tingle slightly. Somehow, it enhances your mood, your senses, the whole experience. You feel far more sensitive than ever before. You can appreciate colors, sounds, aromas you've never even paid attention to before. A new world opens before you. You can hear the grass grow beneath you. You can witness the light refracting in the tiny drops of dew that cover the treant. You can scent his earthy aroma, mixed with a subtle hint of fresh flowers. Somehow, that massive dong he's now shoving down your throat feels magnificent. You're so sensitive, so receptive, your esophagus feels like an erogenous zone on its own right.

Enthralled by your artificial high, and the merciless double-teaming, you barely notice it when the first tendril knocks at your backdoor. The sneaky bastard is the first scout of a full-blown assault. It probes your rear guard with unfathomable finesse, easily finding an opening to spearhead through. Myriad of brave serpentine adventures rush past your sphincter, following the lead of the first pioneer. Your anal walls clamp down to repel the intruders, but they are too many, too slippery and coordinated. This is a full-blown rectal raid!

Invasion or not, you have to admit those vine-fiends are nothing if not dedicated. Their first act is to thank you as a host, giving you a proper and tender massage. The slow, loving pace quite contrasts with the merciless double teaming from the pair of frenzied, feral beasts that assail your throat and [pc.cTail]. Quite honestly, this is a welcomed sensation, not to mention exquisite, warm and relaxing. You're loose and milking the vine cluster in a matter of seconds; from invaded to collaborationist. If you could, you'd squeal in delight, but there's a colossal, cock-shaped blockage bulging inside your trachea. It doesn't really deter you from trying, but all you manage to achieve is adding a nice vibration setting to an already intense throat-fuck.

[pc.hasCock]The last bastion of your own lucidity is soon besieged by the slow, yet inexorable advance of the plant-tendrils. Surrounded and outnumbered, your prostate yields to the tender care of the benevolent invaders. Soon, your love knob knows true pamper, as tendrils coil and ram against it with zealous devotion, enticing no small amount of pleasure.]

Unable to withstand such a tremendous buildup of ecstasy, your body tenses up and your back tries to arch, but you're far too covered in creeping vines to even prop yourself up. The mischievous feelers leave no part unmolested.

[pc.hasCock]Your [pc.cock] is next in line. You're well aware of that fact as soon as the first vine coils around the [pc.knot] of your [pc.cockNoun], only to climb up your shaft to meet with your [pc.cockHeadNoun]. A couple more tendrils join its sibling, and together, deliver a trifold

massage, jerking you off in a unique fashion. As they wrap and unwrap, alternating pressure with a triple coordinated pumping maneuver, your mind spins inside your skull. You're unable to grasp how such a feat is even possible.]

The prowess alone is unfathomable. How can the crazed mare even control the vines? Is she even controlling them?! She's barely functional herself!

[pc.hasPussy]It was just a matter of time. Finally, the cheeky serpentine sprouts have found another opening to assail. This time, there is no scouting party, no victory by overwhelming numbers. You can feel something completely different pressing against the labia of your [pc.pussy]. A gargantuan plant-tentacle of mastodontic proportions - as thick as your leg - pushes at your entrance. As opposed to the anal incursion, this one relies on brute force alone. Your [pc.pussyNoun] is unable to withstand such a frenzied battering and yields unconditionally. Your labia split apart to welcome the passionate intruder, which claims the entirety of your vaginal canal as its own private domain despite your G-spot's energetic complaining.]

A crackling howl snaps you out of your pleasure-addled stupor. The shaman has finally lost it. You're unsure if she's orgasming again, but she's doubled the pace in mere seconds, not to mention she's twitching and completely erratic. She looks slightly more lucid, at least. You can see her eyes beg. She wants this to end, and it seems the only thing standing between her and her wishes is your overstuffed [pc.cTail]. The stubborn tail-mounted twat still refuses to give up despite the relentless efforts on the marefolk's behalf.

It's time to yield at long last. You've resisted against insurmountable odds like a true champ, but no mortal could withstand such a feral beating for much longer. You're outnumbered, outmatched... overstuffed. All things considered, you should have orgasmed several times already, but perhaps pride, or simple stubbornness, or maybe just plain willpower, have kept you clinging with all your strength to the very edge of the precipice. You let go... you deserve it.

If you could, you'd take a deep breath, but a sizable log of a cock blocks your airway most of the time. You make do with a few sharp gasps for air and relax. It doesn't last. Your climax arrives soon enough, forcing every fiber of your body to tense up. Even the slippery tendrils lodged inside your ass [pc.hasPussy] and pussy] can't compete with how tightly you can clench your innermost muscles. There's no course of action from them but to concede. They are your prisoners now, albeit, rowdy ones at best. Far from fully accepting fate, they keep rattling the cage. You've never experienced such a brutal onslaught on your most tender, erogenous spots.

[pc.hasCock]Your prostate comes under full siege by the myriad entangling vines. You're certain their diligent actions will only contribute to the might and length of your penile orgasm.]

[pc.hasPussy]Ah! Your G-spot is far from safe. It's too vulnerable, too exposed, and the vines claim it soon enough.]

As your [pc.cTail] follows your example with a climax of its own, you hear the shaman's constant howls increase in both potency and frequency. You're not sure how she can stand up after such an unending cascade of continuous ecstasy- Ouch! Ah! Spoken too soon. Down she went, slamming facefirst against your belly. Very little remains of her spirit, she's barely twitching, but you can feel her laborious breathing washing over your tummy.

The vines playing the poor marefolk like a sock puppet are still going at it, pleasuring both you and the amazonian horsewoman without a care in the world. She may no longer be thrusting, but her plant-like strap-on still acts on its own, reaming your tailgina, rocking the shaman's hips while abusing both her holes.

Your wild climax finally reaches its well-deserved peak. An overwhelming stream of pleasure coming from... well... everywhere - every hole, every erogenous zone - courses wildly inside your body. Your brain barely fathoms the rumbling maelstrom of pure, unadulterated rapture that looms upon it. You feel your mind short-circuiting, cracking under pressure like a harpy's egg falling off of the nest. A myriad of untold pleasurable sensations overload every nerve cluster of the bonfire that burns brightly down your loins.

Fortunately, a veritable torrent of your own juices erupts to quench those flames. It's an awe-inspiring mess of fluids - splattering, squelching and squirting all over the place.

It takes quite some time for your clashing symphony of orgasms to die off, and you're unsure if you're conscious during the whole deal, but alas, it's over.

The vines recede - eventually - fully retracting out of your holes and back to the land. The shaman - limp and absent - simply rolls over and down to the ground. Her puppet, however, refuses to leave your throat in peace. You're unsure if this thing gets tired, or if it can orgasm at all! For all you know, it could keep this up forever. Uh-oh, that doesn't sound good. You've already been swallowing its sap for over an hour and it keeps leaking! The treant-stud keeps you pinned, abusing you orally for a few more minutes. You're growing irate, but there isn't much to do. Eventually, the creature's mistress regains her senses.

"Oh! Spirits! I'm sorry! That's enough you dumb- Ngh!" The shaman manages to shove the treant away, but you're sure soon she'll regret the decision. The massive plantling now fixes its gaze upon the marefolk, who mutters nervously.

"Ah... It'll be best if you... get going. Hey! Hey! Back off! Seriously, you should- OH! S-spirits!"

The treant is faster than the eye. Before you can even react, he has pinned his mistress down on the ground and wastes no time claiming her swollen muff.

"I-I must be really pent up today. OOOOH! Yes! T-this doesn't concern you anymore. R-run allooOONG! So fucking- Ah! BIG!"

You decide to leave the pair to their own devices, gather your belongings, get dressed and... make a run for it. You're far enough already... Gosh, you've counted four orgasms so far... five... Wow, that sounded like a sixth... What's that green flash of light?

Tailcunt self-fucking

//Go to town on yourself. You've got a dick and a tail-mounted cunt. The next step is obvious.

//You'd need a tailborne snatch to set this scheme in motion. Not to mention, a dick.

//Since this is a masturbation scene, it doesn't count.

Stripping yourself bare and casting all your stuff aside, you ponder about your many options. It doesn't take a genius to add two plus two. You have a lovely - and, to be honest, quite ravenous - [pc.cTail] eager for a spin and a willing [pc.cockNoun] ready to deliver at a minute's notice. It's almost like they are both destined to meet each other! Mental gymnastics aside, you're far too horny to go on rationalizing. So, it's time for tab A to meet slot B, and the good news is you don't even need a partner; you're your own fuckbuddy. After all, who knows you better than yours- Oooh! Fuck! A-apparently your [pc.cTail] knows better since the feisty fiend is already hard at work, nuzzling against your [pc.cock] without your say so. Damn it! At the very least it should give you some warning, the cheeky bastard!

Legs shaking from the impromptu stimulation, you try your best to control your mischievous [pc.tail] **{Camp:** and find a nearby spot with a bit more intimacy **//Inn:** and hurry to bed}. Ah! Now the hard part is getting there without creaming yourself! Goodness, sometimes you can swear your [pc.tail] has a mind of its own. For a body part, it sure shows some initiative, and it can be as stubborn as it gets. You make haste and get comfortable **{camp:** behind a nearby boulder **//Inn:** , resting on the soft bed}.

By the time you manage to get a secure hold on your [pc.tailNoun], controlling your gluttonous [pc.cTailNoun], you're already facing a raging erection as rebellious as your tailborne cockgobbler. Ngh! You're painfully hard. Nursing your throbbing [pc.cockNoun] into a more manageable state isn't gonna be an easy task. Might as well just go with the flow, seeing how your own body has already made the decision for you.

Propping yourself up with your elbows, and leaning against the {camp: hard stone //Inn: headboard of your bed}, you grab hold of both traitors again, determined to give them a lesson in obedience. It pains you to admit it, but your [pc.cTailNoun] has the right idea in mind. So, you let the serpentine appendage meet the object of its desire once more - under your watchful supervision, of course.

Tender folds of velvety flesh eagerly meet with your erect member, desperately grinding against the engorged shaft from [pc.cockHeadNoun] to [pc.knot] in hastily, sloppy motions. Unfortunately for you, your [pc.tailNoun] is far too slippery and dexterous. Breaking your precarious hold over it with ease, your tail-mounted muff soon devolves into a twitchy, vicious mess, flailing uncontrollably, trying to breed, but unable to find the right pace or angle. Attempting to maintain order is an exercise of futility. Even if you could control your finer movements, there's another traitor in your midst - your own hips - rebelling against you, humping on their own volition.

With anything below waist level thrown into disarray, and slowly turning into a sticky mess overflowing with such a peculiar blend of bodily fluids, you try - in a last-ditch effort - to prevent this masturbatory session from spiraling out of control, to force both participants to meet each other the proper way. Success comes in the form of a violent penetration as your [pc.cockNoun] disappears before your eyes, swallowed by your voracious tail-mounted twat in one gluttonous gulp. The volatile mixture of copious precum and silky femlube - cascading from the eager [pc.cTail] - are enough to facilitate insertion, but far from a smooth ride, the trip is rough and savage, like two feral beast meeting in mating fury. For a moment, it feels as if you're violating yourself.

An unbidden surge of bittersweet pain and pleasure emanates from both your [pc.cockNoun] and [pc.cTail], meeting halfway up your spine and causing you no small amount of exultation. The sensation proves more intense than anticipated and it takes all of your willpower - and then some - to prevent you from losing yourself in wild frenzy, yet isn't enough to arrest the unrelenting cacophony of feral moans and howls from escaping your lips.

Quivering and groaning like a mad[pc.manWoman], you try to keep it together, maintain control, order, to no avail. Your tailgina no longer responds to your commands and frankly, neither do your hips anymore. So much for someone determined to force your bodyparts into submission. There you lay, defeated by your very own self, your lust, and primal impulses. Oh, how have you been brought.

With the situation out of hand, all you can do is submit to your carnal tryst, let go of your last vestiges of humanity, shed your last semblance of shame and embrace your primal impulses.

Tunnel vision sets in, dulling your senses, turning everything into a haze. You move without thinking, desynchronized, but with a single purpose in mind - a single thought sheared into your very soul: Pleasure.

For such a noble goal, you set to work, hand finding one spot or another to pinch, grope or fondle, but extra commendation should be given to your laborious tailgina, who's been hammering your rod like a cast piece of bronze under the tender care of a master smith. There is no respite nor there is a single pause. The intense, frantic pounding set a harmonious rhythm,

like the beating of your heart, flesh working in unison and synchrony to extort every last bit of ecstasy previous to the grand finale.

Determined to play a key role in this obscene orchestra, your idle hands finally find their way down your loins and knock straight at the doors of your rear - fingers gliding - puckishly teasing your [pc.asshole], coaxing it into loosening up.

Still, the diva of your little self-centered three-way - your tailborne snatch - is an egotistical performer, and takes every chance to own the stage, hoarding all the protagonism. Ah! And with such a salacious display, you've gotta give it credit. Right now, you can barely feel your legs, let alone control anything below your waist. Your tailcunt, far from slowing down, sustains the frenzied pace, tightening its oppressive clasp over your [pc.cockNoun] with an exaggerated suction applied directly to the throbbing member. Now you know where all that missing blood is. You shudder to think about how engorged your cock would look like but considering your sudden lightheadedness and numbness, inhumanly so would be the right descriptor.

While no help is needed nor requested by the fiendish, serpentine appendage, your fingers are determined to make their way past your sphincter and into your welcoming rectum. Deep the poke and probe, searching for a hidden gem - your squishy prostate. Once on sight, your poor pleasure buzzer might as well surrender, because your digits are merciless at their own trade, and savagely brutalize the defenseless nerve cluster bound to the bulbous gland, causing no small amount of pleasure during their anal raid.

Believe it or not, your [pc.cTailNoun] takes affront in light of competition and doubles down on its fuck&suck routine, pushing beyond the limits of what you once thought possible, swallowing your [pc.cockNoun] with such ferocious and unrelenting speed you're afraid something is going to catch fire.

The double teaming is placing quite a strain on your poor, abused prostate. So much so, it might as well be a goner. You can feel it squeezing, twitching harder than ever before, but completely out of synchrony with the rest of you. Forcefully, a few thick ropes of [pc.cum] show themselves out of your cumslit, only to be eagerly devoured by those pussy-shaped maws you believed to be part of your tailcunt, but are not so sure anymore. Might as well have a monster attached to your tail.

There is something wrong, however. You're cumming, but not orgasming! This... this doesn't make any sense. Between the fierce milking and that prostatic massage, [pc.cum] flows freely, but pleasure's been arrested, or delayed? Gods, this doesn't make any sense. You can still feel your prostate pulsating, working overtime to deliver your precious bounty straight into the waiting depths of your seed-starved cock-swallower. This is unnatural, bizarre, like a low-key orgasm. You can feel the exhilaration, the rush and strain pre-climax, but the ecstasy never arrives. You're trapped on a loop, cumming for eternity, feeding that ravenous appendage, but unable to experience your peak.

This can't be happening! It's too much; too much strain, too much to process. With every fiber of your body tensed up, you can barely move. You're a prisoner of your own half-assed orgasm. The buildup pressure only raises, and you're afraid you're spread too thin. What would it be of your mind after an orgasm like that?

Like it or not, you're in for a rough ride. You can already feel your [pc.cTail] wavering, acting erratically. Its hold over your shaft weakens, only to squeeze again like a minotaur's grip. You read such a sign of weakness as another impending orgasm in the making. If one is proving too much, two might be the last nail in your coffin. You can already read the inscription: "[pc.name], fucked [pc.himHer]self into oblivion". There are far worse ways to go - you think to yourself.

Eventually, reality sends you a blunt and merciless reminder that everything good comes to an end, coalescing in the form of a body-shattering climax. Like struck by lightning, your back arches and your hips thrust forward, keeping you literally on your toes. Not one, but two orgasms pound you in unison while you stand completely vulnerable. Both climaxes ruin your last vestiges of humanity, striking at the fine thread that keeps you away from reverting back to a primal, feral state, severing that lifeline.

Your body's response arrives swiftly in the form of total, unconditional surrender. Instincts take hold, nerves fray, and every muscle fiber of your body twitches wildly in a futile attempt to assimilate such a wild and volatile mixture of orgasms. You're unsure which one of the pair hits harder, and to be frank, your mind is too hazed, too far gone to care anymore. Only the raw, animalistic pleasure you experience seems to matter. Reality feels trivial at best, out of reach at worst, and this intense, fiery sensation - like a thousand bonfires burning brightly inside you - takes the spotlight.

Climaxes clash and meld, fighting for dominance, competing to find out which one manages to claim your consciousness first. They are far too much for your poor, overheated and overstimulated brain to process. Your body's given up already. You stand, flat on your back, completely limp as the unending wave of pleasure crashes time and again wreaking havoc throughout your entire system. Reality begins to dim and blurry, and you know, that no matter what, you've lost this one...

You awake, perhaps a few hours later. You've lost track of time. It's impossible to tell. Barely able to move, and awfully sore from the massive strain, you manage to lift your head just enough to check on your sorry ass. Unbelievably so, that freaking tailborne parasite you call your tailgina is still latched to your [pc.cockNoun]. Your orgasm might have run its course a long time ago, yet somehow, you're still cumming! This is unnatural. Your prostate hurts! It screams at you, and rightfully so. How can you even have that much in you remains a mystery, but your tail looks painfully bloated, and with every forced suctioning motion, [pc.cum] mixed with [pc.girlcum] overflows for your tail-mounted cunt.

With some difficulty, you manage to separate the pair of lovebirds, and - Oh my goodness! Your dick is still erect - if squishy - and ludicrously engorged. It looks almost twice as big as it used to be. Fuck! The swelling hurts and makes you floppier than usual, not to mention a bit numb and tingly, but you hope it'll subside in a few minutes. Ugh! You want to go to sleep. Scratch that, you want to hibernate for a few seasons... Unfortunately for you, reality won't leave you alone. You must carry on... At least after flushing all that [pc.cum] and recovering from the insane ordeal.

Interesting

Garret (Blindfold and surprise him)

Hashat (half-marefolk futa)

Hretha&Infrith (lesbo tailworship)

June

Kas dream

Evergreen endurance contest. (Your tail vs her balls).

Lusina (mothgirl)

Pavo (lizardman)

Sigrune

Naga TailxTail+69

Elf troupe orgy

Slimes (gotta love the possibilities)

Something about the pupper farms.