

TiTs Christmas Contest Entry

Krystal the Snow Fairy

(created by Jaylee Coglin)

Intro

You feel a small jolt run through the ship, waking you from your sleep. Despite the abrupt awakening, it only takes you a split second to realize the cause. The ship's Light Drive has shut off. A quick, confused glance at the time shows exactly what you thought, it's far too early for you to have reached your destination. Adrenaline surges through you as throw yourself out of bed and rush forward to the cockpit, thinking you might be under attack, on a collision course with an unknown object, or in any number of other dire situations.

Such racing thoughts of disaster only make your utter confusion all the stronger when you reach the cockpit and find the entire compartment dark. There are no alarms and nothing but empty space through the viewport. Then, the darkness truly registers and your heart skips a beat. Not a single control is lit, not even in standby mode. Just as you start to panic, a green spark of light appears in the middle of the floor, quickly growing and forming into a happily twinkling arrow, pointing you back the way you came.

What the hell?

You ignore the arrow for the moment, scrambling to the too-dark controls of your ship. A better look through the viewport confirms that there's nothing here to threaten you, but you can't help but feel vulnerable with everything seemingly shut down. Starships are *not* supposed to shut off mid-transit. Nothing happens for several moments as you try to bring the ship's controls back online, then a message appears on every screen in the cockpit.

"Follow the arrow, [princess/sport]."

Blinking at the familiar nickname, you look back down at the now-strobing light of the arrow. Tentatively, you get to your feet and take a step in the direction the arrow is pointing. Another arrow, this one a cheerful red, appears on the floor as you pass the first. Then another, green again, as you take a second step. Completely bemused, but realizing you don't seem to have any other option, you follow the arrows until they take you to a lonely corner of the ship's cargo hold. The arrows disappear, turning into a sparkling silver and gold ring around a segment of floor. A heartbeat or two later, a glowing hand print appears on the wall just to the left of the ring.

You step forward, taking a moment to examine the handprint and ring of light. Both are clearly built into the ship itself, previously invisible due to being disguised as part of the deck and bulkhead, and that fact combined with the nickname that appeared on the cockpit screens drains most of the tension from your shoulders.

Apparently, your old man still has a few surprises for you, even from beyond the grave.

With the new realization, you reach out and place your hand against the print without hesitation. The handprint flashes once, twice, a third time, then a little jiggling chime sounds and a hiss comes from the segment of floor ringed in light. A moment after the hiss starts, a fog erupts from the ring and you jump

back in reflex. Which might have been for the best, as the segment of floor is now rising, the fog covering the new cylinder for long seconds. You hear a 'whump' noise and feel a small burst of air pressure, then the fog slowly starts to clear. You peer through the thinning fog and frown in confusion at what you see.

It's a metallic cylinder. Well, almost a cylinder. One side is clearly flat and the displaced air you felt rushing by must have happened when it pitched over and fell onto that side. You step closer as the fog clears completely and blink in shock. You were wrong, apparently, about it being metallic. Much of the side facing the ceiling is glass. Glass that appears completely frosted over from the inside. Just as your still-sleepy brain begins to realize what you're seeing, a screen pops out of the head of the cylinder and an image of your old man flickers to life.

"Happy Holidays, [princess/sport]! Bet you weren't expecting to hear from me again!" His face twists into an expression of thought. "Well, unless I had the bad luck to die right before yule, I guess. Then you might have just seen my will." He shook himself, grinning at the camera. "But that's not really important. What *is* important is that I arranged a present for you! A last yuletide gift from your old man." His hands come into view, spreading out as if to present you with the cylinder in front of you. "I'm sure by now you've realized that your standing in front of a cryo pod. Which, if everything goes right, should be defrosting and popping open in just a few short minutes! I won't ruin the surprise for you, but I will tell you to be nice. The young lady inside is likely to be disoriented for a few minutes. Have fun with your gift!"

With that, the screen goes dark for a moment, before lighting up with a countdown. You shake your head and do your best to gather your scattered thoughts, taking a deep breath as the last sixty seconds of the defrost cycle count down. Even aside from the abrupt awakening, there's a dozen emotions running through you from seeing your old man again out of the blue, and getting some semblance of focus back after the series of shocks is taking you entirely too long. Thankfully, by the time the pod gives one last hiss and the glass lid retracts into its housing, you've managed to get yourself mostly back to normal. Well, normal for you, at least.

There's a stirring in the pod, which now resembles a twin-sized bed with one raised side more than a pod, and you get a new shock to replace your old ones as the occupant slowly pulls herself upright. The girl, easily identified as such given her complete lack of clothing, is almost ethereal in her beauty. Glittering blue skin covered in lighter blue and white markings that leave the impression of snow and ice add to a delicate, classical beauty, shoulder-length white hair, and slightly pointed ears to create a positively fairy-like effect.

The girl fumbles as she tries to push up, out of the cryo pod, using one hand on the raised far side for leverage. Seeing her nearly tip sideways, you instinctively dart forward to help stabilize her. It isn't until your hand wraps around her arm that you realize she's not merely petite, as you had first thought, but genuinely small. As you help her out of the pod, stabilizing her for a moment as she finds her feet, you gather that she's only around four foot tall. A step back after stabilizing her gives you a better view, and you're able to determine that the rest of her is roughly proportionate to that size, though her chest is perhaps a bit bigger on her than you might have expected.

Her eyes, half-closed against the slowly strengthening lights of the hold, finally flicker open completely. Their startlingly luminescent sapphire blue remains unfocused for a few long moments, before finally sharpening as she seems to register your own appearance. She rakes you over with her gaze, then opens

her mouth to speak. Her voice has a musical clarity, only slightly muddled only by her still-befuddled state.

“Are you [pc.name] then?”

You nod a bit dumbly, momentarily mesmerized by that clear crystal sound. There is no way that voice can possibly be natural, though you can’t think of a single mod that would affect something like that. Which probably doesn’t mean much, given the size of the galaxy and the number of esoteric mods out there.

Her shoulders relax a bit. “Oh, good. There was always some risk that someone would steal your ship and crack the bio-lock. Unlikely, but I’m glad it didn’t happen. As much for what I owe your father as anything. He went to a lot of effort to set up this gift.”

She focuses on her own movements, clearly trying to shake off the last effects of the cryo process, and you think about what to do next...

----Options----

Ask about her

-Who is she?

-What is she?

-Ask about Parents (must have asked about her)

Ask about Gift

Ask about Surprises (must have found tongue and heat surprises)

Sex

----End Options----

Ask about her

- Who is she?

You decided to ask who she is, and how she ended up on your ship.

She grins at you, a spark of mischief dancing in her eyes.

“Yes, I suppose I should have introduced myself, huh? My name is Krystal, glad to meet’cha!”

She hesitates for a moment, visibly gathering her thoughts.

“How I ended up on your ship is somewhat more complicated. You see, I was rather sick, the victim of a bad combination of mutations at a very young age. My parents were rushers from the last expansion and something in their own scrambled genetic makeup didn’t mix very stably when it came to children. In fact, they hadn’t even known they were compatible at all, right up until mom had me.”

A heartbreakingly sad smile spreads across her face and her eyes grow distant, clearly remembering something. Some of the sadness fades before she continues speaking, but not all of it.

“Which isn’t to say they weren’t happy. No, they were ecstatic when I was born, and they loved me more than any child could ever hope to be loved.” Her smile turned happy for a moment, then bleak a mere moment later. “Unfortunately, the incompatibilities of their mutations took a rare nasty turn with me, and it was only the fact that they were quite well-off and ready to pour every credit into my health that kept me alive for the first decade and a half of my life. Not that they ever let me realize just how bad it was.”

She took a deep breath, then let it out, pausing for long moments as a tear ran from one eye. You notice, fascinated despite your empathy, that the tear begins to ice over as it runs down her cheek.

“Then they didn’t have a choice anymore. They were running out of money and didn’t know what to do. Thankfully, they’d met someone during the rush that they thought *might* know what to do.” She grins, some of her grimness disappearing as she sees the light of recognition in your eyes. “Yep. The person they reached out to for help was Victor Steele. They’d done him a good turn during the rush, and he’d told them to call if they ever needed him. It had been so many years that they weren’t sure he’d even remember, but luckily for me, he did.”

She grimaced for a moment, but continued on after a deep breath.

“It was then that they finally explained to me what had been going on, as well as explaining that the expensive stabilizing agents that they’d passed off to me as routine injections weren’t enough anymore. I needed help from someone with a lot more scientific resources to call on, so they did what was best for me. They packed me up and sent me to your father on the first available ship.”

Her expression turned warm as the sad memory seemed to take a brighter turn.

“Victor Steele was an amazing man. He already had a bunch of stabilizing agents that he’s created for his own use, and he used some of those expensive procedures without so much as blinking. It wasn’t painless, nor easy, but unlike his own condition mine was one he could fix. It took a couple of manufactured miracles and nearly three years of what bits of time he could spare, but he didn’t just stabilize me temporarily, like the drugs had done, he actually fixed the root problem.”

She grinned, her expression swinging completely back to her original mischievous one. “Then he caught me by surprise. He came to me right before the final stabilization process and asked me if there was anything I wanted to be. As you might imagine, I was confused at first, but he went on to explain that the process of stabilizing me would effectively ‘lock’ me into what I was when it happened. It would be virtually impossible to safely transform me afterward and he wanted to know if there was any changes I wanted to make before it did.”

Her grin was splitting her face now. “Then, I surprised *him*. I think it might have been the only time I ever actually saw the old man caught completely off guard. You see, I told him I wanted to be something

radically different, something that wouldn't remind me of the old, sick me. Something cool and powerful."

She giggled, then waved a hand through the air, a sprinkle of snow falling as her power condensed the moisture in the air. "He ran off immediately, and I was shocked when he came back for plans to turn me into what I am now. I hadn't meant *cool* and *powerful* quite so literally." She shook her head in bemusement at the memory. "I liked the idea he presented though, and I was almost disappointed to point out that there was no way I'd be able to fund completely new research into the mods required." She looked pointedly in your direction. "That's when he just grinned this huge grin and explained that he had an idea about a gift he wanted to give his kid..."

- What is she?

She shrugged, not seeming offended by your question in the slightest.

"Well, I started life as a humanoid hybrid, but now I'm something completely different. Something completely unique, as far as I know. At least for now. Officially, I'm not sure there's a name for me, but your father called my mods 'Project Snow Fairy.' So, I suppose I'm a Snow Fairy."

She grinned at your incredulous look.

"From a more practical standpoint, the base template for my mods was human, with some sylvan mixed in for the ears and facial structure. I have no idea where the blue skin or overall size came from, and your old man absolutely refused to explain where he got the mix of genes needed for the whole 'power over ice' thing. Which, by the way, is some sort of mixed biochemical and electromagnetic reaction that results in slightly cool-to-the-touch skin and the ability to manipulate the temperature of things I come in physical contact with." Her expression scrunched up, showing a bit of confusion as she continued. "I think there were some nanites involved as well, but honestly that whole aspect of things went so far over my head that I may never properly understand it. The gene stuff I can actually understand, sort of. I spent a lot of time studying it after I learned about my own condition. But I'm not sure anyone but your father and a few of this top people understood the whole ice thing."

Her confused expression warped into a wicked grin. "There's a few more surprises that you'll just have to find out if you accept your gift. Not to mention that there are a lot of fun things I can make out of ice..."

-About her parents

(must have asked about her)

She shrugs.

"Mom and dad are both from long-lived species, and I know they'd had at least some level of rejuvenation treatments before they had me. I was writing letters to them, via the net, right up until I went into cryo. Which, as it happens, was the day after your father died. We'd arranged it so that I didn't need to go in before then. So, even if you missed me somehow during your first holiday after his death, it wouldn't have been that big a deal to lose a year, or even two or three. That's nothing weighed against everything your dad did for me."

She made a throwing away gesture, as if being frozen in cryo for a few years really wouldn't have bothered her, if it had paid back a portion of what Victor Steele had done for her. From the way she talks about him, that's probably exactly what she thought.

"As it is, it hasn't even been that long. The ship was set to send an encrypted one-time signal to my parents when I woke up, and they knew all about your old man's plan. So they know I'll get in touch with them, using a rusher account they set up for me, in a week or so."

Ask about Gift

This time there was something smoky in her eyes, rather than the mischief that seemed to be normal. She spread her arms wide, showing her still-naked body off, then raised them to do a slow twirl to show off the complex package. She smiled warmly as she came back to rest, the expression seeming natural on her despite her icy nature.

"Why, the gift is me, of course. I'm here to *serve* you, if you get my meaning, for one full week. Anything you want, as often as you want. No rules other than doing no permanent harm and no trying to transform me. The latter only because it can't be done safely."

She closes the distance between you, reaching up to run a finger along your [pc.face]. This close, you realize with a start that she actually *smells* like new-fallen snow. Some idle part of your mind uselessly wonders if that was on purpose, or just a natural result of her powers.

"You want a blowjob, all you have to do is ask or order and I'll drop to suck you off without protest. Want me to fuck you?" Her free hand waves in empty air and the outline of an icy phallic object forms on her palm for a moment before turning from ice to snow and falling from her spreading fingers. "I can put my own *unique* spin on that, too. I was even preemptively modded for oversized dicks, my entire internal organ placement rearranged just right, so I can handle anything you throw at me." She pauses, stepping back to shrug with a smile when your face shows visible surprised at her going that far. "That was mostly for me, to be honest, not you. After all, I can't be modded any farther, and it was always possible I'd fall in love with a centaur or something later in life." She waves the side track off with a tiny flick of one hand. "The bottom line is, we can do whatever you want, whatever either of us can think of, for the entire week of the holidays."

She purposes her lips as she steps back and looks you up and down. "Maybe longer, too. We'll see..."

Ask about her Surprises

(Player must have found her tongue and heat mods)

Krystal giggles at your question. Then sticks her extra-long tongue out for a moment. "You like them, huh? I bet the heat was even more of a shock than the tongue!"

You nod ruefully, agreeing that you'd been caught off guard.

She grins, seeming to enjoy your confusion for a few moments longer. Finally, she gets around to answering your original question. "The tongue was deliberate, obviously." She rubs the back of her head a bit sheepishly, actually blushing for a moment. It's a curious effect, a dark purple splashed on the myriad blues of her face. "I...uh...I kinda really enjoy giving oral. It's just kinda a thing for me, you

know? So I asked for the tongue mod, even though it didn't fit the theme we were going with. Your dad just grinned and jumped right onboard, of course."

She shook her head, smiling fondly at the memory, then continued. "The heat was actually an accident...well, not so much an accident as a side-effect we couldn't avoid. We had to use something warm blooded for a starting point, or my own powers would knock me out all the time. Which would have been pretty stupid, you know? If we'd started with a cold-blooded model, I'd have gone to create an ice cube then passed out until something warmed me up." She shook her head, grinning at the idea. "Anyway, I had enough human DNA anyway that we just decided to start with that as a model. Thing is, though, that we wanted to do the whole cool-to-the-touch thing for my skin. Which was great...except that it made it harder to keep all my blood flowing at a safe temperature. We tried working around it, but eventually figured we'd just have to make my proverbial internal fires run a bit hotter to make it work." She paused a moment, shrugged, then added. "Honestly, I think it probably worked out for the best. I think the differing sensations actually make things a bit better, don't you?"

You nod firmly, not the slightest bit hesitant about that fact.

Krystal grins back for a moment, then her expression turns a bit sly. "You still haven't found the one surprise that *is* themed for the whole Snow Fairy thing." She gives you a moment to let that sink in, then reaches up to one nipple and manipulates it for a few moments. You're surprised when, after several seconds, it begins dribbling a little bit of off-white milk. "You might have found it given time, but it's a bit temperature sensitive and you never kept up contact long enough to get it started. And the best part is..."

She steps forward and holds a covered finger to your lips. You tentatively take the finger into your mouth, and your eyes immediately widen when the taste registers. Eggnog! She lactates Eggnog!

She steps back and smiles at your reaction. "Fun, right? I always loved eggnog, and it kinda fit the theme, so we went with it. If you ever want some, all you need to do is ask!"

Sex Scenes

- Blowjob -

(Requires: Player has asked about 'gift' | Player has at least one cock)

You can't resist following through on her comments about dropping to give a blowjob on command.

Krystal doesn't even blink at the order, grinning and dropping to her knees with a hungry look. Her hands reach out to your [pc.gear] and manages to free your [pc.cock] with such rapid, deft movements that you're quite sure she's done this before. Many times before.

You almost protest when, instead of immediately taking your cock into her mouth, she grabs the base of your shaft with both hands and begins working her way up with a milking motion. But before you can get the words out, her already cool-to-the-touch hands suddenly spike icy for just a bare instant, and the

sudden feeling of cold mixes with her milking to produce a completely new sensation, a tingle of a type you've never felt before. New sensations aren't something you encounter very often, and this one throws you for a loop long enough for her hands to make their way all the way to your tip. By the time she makes it there, you're as hard as you've ever been and more than ready for the promised blowjob as she closes in.

To your frustration, she stops with her lips pursed just shy of your throbbing head. You nearly protest again, but her tongue flicks out to wet your tip and she follows it up by blowing a slightly chilled puff of air at the same spot. The sensation isn't quite as unusual as her previous action, but it actually sends a more potent spike of pleasure through your body, and you decided to just shut up and let her get on with what she's doing. Clearly, she knows better than you how to make use of her gifts.

Just as you decided that, it becomes pointless anyway, as she finally leans fully forward and engulfs the head of your cock in her mouth. Her *hot* mouth. You nearly jerk in surprise as you realize she's actually *hotter* internally than any pure human. Your surprise at the realization is enough to penetrate even the haze of pleasure now coming from her actions, but you quickly shrug it off with a simple mental note to ask her later. You have much more important things to focus on.

You groan as she slowly works her way down your shaft, teasing you by pulling back to just the head, swirling her tongue, then descending down your shaft to take in just a little bit more than she had before. Combined with her hands continuing their odd milking motion, occasionally adding an almost violent icy counterpoint to the high heat of her mouth and throat, the sensations are nothing short of exquisite. Yet, it's exquisite torture, as she does the entire pattern at an almost agonizingly slow advance. Finally, she bottoms out, her hands now pulled away as her spread lips press against your groin.

Then she begins humming and you barely resist the urge to thrust. There is far more vibration than mere humming should account for, and it's quickly driving you to the edge. She stops just before you cum, easing off and returning to her slow milking as she swirls her tongue around just your tip. The milking somehow drives you farther from the edge, despite feeling amazing, and as your pull back from the brink some errant bit of your mind abruptly connects the unnaturally musical quality of her voice to the effect of her humming.

Then the thought is gone as she descends again, much faster this time. You can't resist the urge this time and you thrust your hips to meet her, all coherent thought subsumed by your approaching end. But she doesn't protest, instead she grasps your legs and pulls herself down even harder as she angles herself to deepthroat you more easily. Some primal part of you recognizes the invitation and you instinctively grasp the back of her head, beginning to rapidly fuck her face with no thought beyond the need to get off. Her lips turn cold while, if anything, her mouth grows even hotter as you shout your impending climax. You ram down her throat one final time and fire your first shot, only for her to begin humming around your hilted shaft. Your world turns white at this added pleasure at the height of your orgasm and you feel a long moment of indescribable bliss as your body goes limp...

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You wake up some time later, laying across Krystal's lap as she sits on her cryo pod's bed. She's playing with your hair, a pleasant sensation in its own right, and smiles down at you. You say nothing, closing

your eyes and pressing into her naked legs a little deeper. You'll enjoy this for a few minutes longer before making yourself get up... You're on holiday, after all...

- Have Krystal Eat You Out -

(Player has at least one vagina & clit)

Krystal grins at your order, darts around you, then tackles you while you're still turning to follow her movement. You let out a 'oof' of air as you make contact with the bed of Krystal's cryo-pod, Krystal's light weight landing on then pulling to one side, shifting you onto your back.

She straddles you, beaming down at you with a huge smile. "You're gonna love this, boss! It's my specialty!"

Before you can even properly process that comment, she's sliding down your body and pulling your legs apart. Her tongue flicks out, brushing over your [pc.clit], silencing any thought of protest as a half-surprised moan slips past your lips. Another flick, then her lips seal around your button and apply suction. Your eyes pop open in new surprise as you realize her mouth is *hot* rather than cold, before she pulls back to breathe a cold puff of air across your saliva-wetted button. Any other thoughts are wiped away, replaced by the electric sensation that chill breath sends racing through your body, your mind losing hold of any thought other than pleasure. Your hands instinctively fly up to play with your own nipples as Krystal returns to sucking on your painfully erect clit. She continues to work your button for several minutes, alternating the startling warmth of her mouth with chill puffs of air, driving you farther and farther toward your peak. Just as you're about to cum, she pulls back, drawing a whine from you as you thrust your hips up, trying to maintain contact.

She giggles and pushes you back down as best she can with her light frame. "Not yet, we haven't gotten to the best part yet."

You aren't really coherent enough to understand, but you certainly understand when her face lowers again and her folded tongue draws a long line from the base of your slit to your clit, flicking the needy button just briefly at the end. You start to whine again, then gasp as the tongue plunges inward, much farther inward than ought to be possible. You feel it push all the way to your cervix, nearly as thick as a cock and much more flexible. It wiggles inside you, then pulls out half-way and begins a steady thrusting, moving side to side in a way no cock can manage, just for good measure.

You somehow manage to suck in enough air to howl, then you start to thrash, the new sensations almost overloading your mind. Then the tongue draws back, curls, and taps a few times in an attempt to find your G-spot. Your eyes widen as you realize what's about to happen, then scream the air out of your lungs as she hits the right spot and you cum so hard stars appear in your vision. She doesn't stop there, one of the hands trying to steady you reaching to flick your clit as she continues to thrust and tap. Your orgasm stretches on and your vision goes white...

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You wake up some time later, laying across Krystal's lap as she sits on her cryo pod's bed. She's playing with your hair, a pleasant sensation in its own right, and smiles down at you. You say nothing, only

smiling back for a moment before closing your eyes and pressing into her naked legs a little deeper. You'll enjoy this for a few minutes longer before making yourself get up... You're on holiday, after all...

-Ice Strapon-

(Has at least one Vagina, bipedal)

Krystal grins and closes the distance between you with a single step, her naked breasts pressing into one of your arms as she hugs you, going up on her tip-toes to blow a chill breath across the back of your neck. Her hands shift as a pleasurable shiver races down your spine, working the fasteners on your [pc.gear] and sending it to the floor with deft motions. Almost before you realize you're naked, Krystal gently guides you forward, movements somehow encouraging you to lower yourself onto the edge of the bed portion of her pod without coming across as demanding.

As Krystal follows you, pressing you back against the raised far side of the pod, the small part of your mind not fully focused on the seductively advancing Snow Fairy registers that the entire pod is a bit larger than you expected and thoroughly padded for comfort. Your back sinks into the padding on the raised far side, and Krystal parts your legs to kneel between them. Her hands hypnotically caress her skin, trailing their way down her ice-colored body until they reach a point just above her own sex, where they cup for a moment before slowly drawing forward as an icy dong of moderate size thrusts out from her skin. Her hands stop around the bulbous tip of her new phallus, and her eyes close for long moments in concentration. Slowly, shoots of ice fan out from the base of the icy toy, forming around her body and dipping into her own slit, seeking to properly anchor the toy. One of her hands slips down to her pussy, moaning deeply as the ice there forms a proper spear into her own core, before connecting more solidly to the base of her new shaft.

Her hands finally move away, coming to rest instead on your spread legs, and her expression morphs into a slightly disappointed pout. "That's the largest I can make it so far, without it breaking during the fun bits." The pout disappears quickly into a predatory grin that makes your hammering heart skip a beat. "Of course, it's more than enough if you know how to use it."

She stalks forward, closing the last distance to you and moving her hands to [\(Click here for a variant where player also has a cock\)](#) rest on your breasts. You gasp as ice-cold fingertips lightly tweak your nipples, sending a lightning bolt of pleasure running through your arousal-heated body. You have no time at all for your brain to process the sensation before her hips find the perfect angle and she brutally thrusts her icy toy home in your [pc.pussy], not stopping until the cool skin of her own body touches your own, icy dildo firmly hilted inside you.

The combined shock of her rough action, after the slow and gentle build, mixed with the all-encompassing sensation of cold in a place normally so warm nearly sends you screaming over the edge into climax. But only almost. She stills herself, still grinning and eyes sparkling with mischief. She leans in to blow ice cold air over one nipple, adding just a bit of new sensation, but you quickly realize you're growing farther away from a climax, not closer. It takes your lust-addled mind long moments to realize why, understanding properly only when the first mild pang of pain hits your brain. The ice is *cold* and on skin as sensitive as that inside you, cold can get painful fast. Even worse, you realize with a tiny bit of horror, it can go *numb* as well, and parts of you are just starting to feel that way.

Krystal giggles, apparently having understood from your expression, and she immediately pulls out completely, shimmying down your body to your spread slit. Her tongue lashes your clit, and you gasp again in renewed surprise as you realize her tongue *isn't* cold. She gives you no time wonder at the oddity as she shifts target, spearing her tongue deep into your pussy. Far deeper than you thought possible, in fact, and you have a single moment to realize her tongue must be one of the surprises she mentioned, before the numbness fades completely and you're lost to the new sensations.

She continues her actions, tongue fucking you with considerable skill, just long enough for your core to properly warm up again. You whimper as she withdraws and climbs back up your body to place the toy back at your entrance.

The sound surprises a second giggle from her and she winks up at you. "Don't worry, I won't do that again. I just needed to cool you off, I didn't want our fun to end too soon."

You sigh in relief, half-realized fears that she was going to numb you again disappearing, only to draw a shuddering breath a moment later as she slips back inside you. True to her word, however, she doesn't remain inside nearly long enough to cool your body's natural heat this time. Instead she begins a steady rhythm, hands playing with your nipples as she thrusts, sending bursts of ice-induced pleasure through them in counterpoint to those spiraling out from your core.

She keeps it up, steadily increasing the pace, for a few minutes, and you feel yourself rapidly building back up to a peak under the effects of the unusual sensations. She seems to realize you are growing close, and lets her hands fall from your nipples to grab at your legs, pulling them up to rest on her small shoulders so she can pound you even deeper.

The new angle is too much. A dozen deep thrusts drive you over the edge, your climax all the more powerful for having been denied the first time. Your body convulses in climax and you feel two more thrusts drive home before hearing a loud snap. You ignore it, basking in the sensations.

It takes a few minutes for you to come down from the afterglow enough to hear a quiet giggling. You stare, bemused, at the Snow Fairy who seems to be having trouble keeping an expression of mirth from her face. You cock an eyebrow at her, feeling too good to be insulted at her laughing after sex with you.

She holds up her remains of her ice strapon, cleanly broken in two. It takes you a moment for you to remember the snap you heard, then a laugh of your own joins her giggles. Apparently, the violence of your orgasm was too much for the poor thing...

Variant of Ice Strapon – player also has a cock. Continues from sentence with variant marker.

She stalks forward, closing the last distance to you and moving her hands to grasp your [pc.cock]. You gasp at the slight chill, but the sensation is more pleasurable than painful, and hot arousal burns through you as her hands begin moving. You have no time at all for your brain to process the mixed sensation before her hips find the perfect angle and she brutally thrusts her icy toy home in your [pc.pussy], not stopping until the cool skin of her own body touches your own, icy dildo firmly hilted inside you.

The combination of hands, starting to become slick with pre, mixed with the brutally abrupt sensation of cold in a place normally so warm nearly sends you screaming over the edge into climax. But only almost, as a sudden icy burst from the hands on your cock forces you back from the edge. She stills herself, still

grinning and eyes sparkling with mischief. She leans in to blow ice cold air over one nipple, adding just a bit of new sensation, but you quickly realize you're growing farther away from a climax, not closer. It takes your lust-addled mind long moments to fully process why, understanding properly only when the first mild pang of pain hits your brain. The ice is *cold*, both on your cock and pussy inside you, and your parts are beginning to go numb.

Krystal giggles, apparently having understood your distress from your expression, and she immediately pulls out completely, letting go of your cock and shimmying down your body. Her tongue lashes your cock, then she takes you into her mouth, pushing down all the way to your base in a single motion. You gasp in renewed surprise as you realize her mouth *isn't* cold. She gives you no time to wonder at the oddity as she shifts target, pulling off your cock and dipping down to your slit, spearing her tongue deep into your pussy. Far deeper than you thought possible, in fact, and you have a single moment to realize her tongue must be one of the surprises she mentioned before the last of your numbness fades completely and you're lost to the new sensations.

She continues her actions, tongue fucking you with considerable skill, just long enough for your core to properly warm up again. You whimper as she withdraws and climbs back up your body to place the toy back at your entrance. Hands coming to rest around the base of your cock again.

The sound surprises a second giggle from her and she winks up at you. "Don't worry, I won't do that again. I just needed to cool you off, I didn't want our fun to end too soon."

You sigh in relief, half-realized fears that she was going to numb you again disappearing, only to draw a shuddering breath a moment later as she slips back inside you. True to her word, however, she doesn't remain inside nearly long enough to cool your body's natural heat this time. Instead she begins a steady rhythm, hands pumping your cock as she thrusts her toy into your pussy, sending mild bursts of ice pleasure through her fingers, pleasurable instead of numbing, in counterpoint to the same cold spiraling out from your core.

She keeps it up, steadily increasing the pace, for a few minutes, and you feel yourself rapidly building back up to a peak under the effects of the unusual sensations. She seems to realize you are growing close, and lets her hands fall from your cock to grab at your legs, pulling them up to rest on her small shoulders so she can pound you even deeper.

The new angle is too much. A dozen deep thrusts drive you over the edge and your cock begins spraying cum all over your belly as you convulse, your climax all the more powerful for having been denied the first time. You feel two more thrusts drive home before hearing a loud snap. You ignore it, basking in the climax wracking your body.

It takes a few minutes for you to come down from the afterglow enough to hear a quiet giggling. You stare, bemused, at the Snow Fairy who seems to be having trouble keeping an expression of mirth from her face. You cock an eyebrow at her, feeling too good to be insulted at her laughing after sex with you.

She holds up her remains of her ice strapon, cleanly broken in two. It takes you a moment for you to remember the snap you heard, then a laugh of your own joins her giggles. Apparently, the violence of your orgasm was too much for the poor thing...

- Ice Bondage : Sub -

(Player has at least one vagina)

Krystal's ever-present smile turns predatory at your request and she advances on you without a word. You give only a token resistance as she pulls your head down for a harsh, bruising kiss, then spins you toward the cryo-pod and points a finger at you.

"Strip."

You obey without a word, arousal beginning to fill you as you obediently shed your [pc.gear]. Once your gear is piled on the floor, Krystal places a firm hand on your chest and pushes you backward. The backs of your knees hit the edge of the pod's bed, and you let yourself fall onto its padded surface. Krystal seizes your hands, lifting them above your body and using them to guide you into laying lengthwise on the bed. With your hands over your head, you're really too long for the short pod and you feel Krystal raise your hands up the edge of the pod, to rest at the top edge of the metal half-circle top of the pod. An icy chill shoots through your wrists as she freezes them there in a pair of ice-cuffs. You shudder at the sensation, and not just from the cold. You wanted this, after all.

A hand runs down your body, stopping at each nipple to generate another spike of cold. Each stop results in a pinch that makes you gasp, and the cold doesn't fade when her hand moves on. Looking down at your chest, you realize that she created two primitive clamps out of ice to hold your nipples captive. The hand stops again at your slit, finding and rubbing your clit. When the cold spikes there too you're filled with a bit of dread for the first time, but Krystal just smirks and moves on without creating a similar construct on your most sensitive bits.

Instead, her hands move down to force your legs out wide. She moves to kneel between them, placing one of your legs at each corner of the pod's base and freezing them to the metal with another set of ice-cuffs. Her hands trail back up your body, sometimes cold and sometimes merely the mild default chill of her skin. She plays with your trapped nipples for some time, keeping them from going properly numb by pulling on the clamps, sending mild pain and a little pleasure through your body.

"Hmmm, I should make you eat me out to earn your release. Sadly, you're not resistant enough to the cold to draw this out without hurting you." She makes a pouting expression at that, then shrugs and flourishes her hands like a stage magician. A dildo made of ice forms rapidly between them, easily 10 inches long, quite thick, and sharply ribbed in a way that makes you gulp at the sight. Your eyes can't help but trace it's every move as she plays with it, and you jerk away with a gasp as she rests its cold length on your cheek. She grabs your hair, forcing your head back forward. "None of that now. Suck!"

She presses the ice-dildo to your lips and you obediently open up and take it in. She thrusts it in farther than you expected and you choke a little, only for her to pull it out and immediately push it in farther. She repeats the effort several times, until you manage to deepthroat most of it's length. She holds it in your throat just long enough for you to run out of air, than pulls it out and inspects it.

"Good [player preferred gender]! See, you made it much more friendly looking."

You blink for a moment in confusion, still gasping for air, but eventually you manage to focus on the toy she's holding up for your inspection. A twinge of mixed understanding and relief hits you as you finally realize what she means. The ice has melted away from those sharp looming ridges, turning them much less painful looking. The worst of the edges must have melted even before she forced it down your throat, or you'd be hurting a lot more now than you are.

Once she sees recognition in your eyes, she begins trailing the toy down your body. "Now, let's see just how good a job you did."

It doesn't take long for the toy to come to rest pointed at your [pc.pussy], and she gives you one last predatory grin before shoving the cold toy inside with a brutal suddenness. Your back arches and you cry out in a mix of pain and pleasure as the sensation of cold pierces you all the way to your cervix. You have no time to process the new feeling as Krystal begins thrusting with a quick and brutal rhythm, leaning forward over you to attend a nipple with her mouth.

The wild variety of sensations only gets worse as the unexpected heat of that mouth latches onto and melts the clamp on your nipple, the blood flow returning to it with a mixture of pleasure and pain. The second nipple follows, then she swings around to face your feet, straddling your stomach and her mouth descends on your clit, the relentless thrusting of the dildo barely pausing. You've already screamed yourself hoarse as shock after pleasurable shock hit you, and your new cry as Krystal nibbles at your clit, then flicks it with her tongue, is all but silent. You convulse, the violent wave of your forced orgasm slamming into you with soul-shivering force. The thrusting doesn't slow and temperature spikes lash at your clit from her tongue. Your climax stretches on and on and *on*, then your vision begins to purple at the edges, darkness creeping in to cover your view of Krystal's naked ass as she straddles you. You fight it, but don't last more than a few more seconds before everything goes dark...

...

...

You wake up some time later, no longer bound and laying across Krystal's lap with a thermal blanket over you. She's playing with your hair, a pleasant sensation in its own right, and gives you a soft smile as she realizes you're awake. You say nothing, only smiling back for a moment before closing your eyes and snuggling into the warm blanket. You'll enjoy this for a few minutes longer before making yourself get up... You're on holiday, after all...

- Ice Bondage : Dom -

(Player has cock or Hardlight option)

You lean down and whisper in Krystal's ear for a moment. She grins up at you and nods when you pull back again, not the slightest trace of hesitation in her eyes.

Once you've pulled back to give her a little space to work, she sits on the floor and begins following your orders. She starts by touching one hand to each ankle, concentrating to split her attention to creating a pair of cuffs formed from ice around each. Once she's done with those, she moves up to her thighs and

creates a second pair. Cuffs in place, she turns over onto her hands and knees, then frowns for a moment as she contemplates how to best follow your orders.

After a long few seconds of thought, she nods sharply and twists around to seal both sets of cuffs together, locking her legs in place. She wiggles around to face you, grinning up at you again before raising her hands to her mouth. You blink in surprise as you see a ring-gag form in her mouth, forcing it to remain open in a perfect O. You hadn't told her to do that, but give her a nod of approval. It's a nice touch.

She smiles happily as best she can around the gag, then lowers her breasts to the deck before putting both hands behind her back. Her wrists cross and a final pair of cuffs form solidly around them. You grin at that, having observed that it's much harder for her to manipulate ice anywhere but her hands. While she could free herself eventually, by starting with the ice cuffs on her wrists, it would probably take her at least a few minutes. And you honestly doubt she'd do it without your permission, anyway. That last fact actually makes it better, somehow.

You kneel just to one side of her, running a hand through her shoulder-length hair, marveling for a moment in the feathery-soft locks. She presses back into your hand with a satisfied noise, apparently either unsurprised or unconcerned that you didn't dive straight in. You content yourself playing with her hair for a few minutes, before slowly trailing a hand down her bound body. She squirms when you tickle her sides, yelps when you smack her upraised ass, and moans throatily as you finally run a finger through her slit. You grin as you pull your finger away. The digit is soaked from even that light caress, showing just how badly she wants it. Still, she needs to earn it, first.

You stand again, drawing a sad whimper from Krystal. You pat her gently on the head on your way up, non-verbally reassuring her that she won't be deprived of your touch for long. She stills obediently and you smile. Such a good girl. Once you've stood fully, it takes you less than a minute to strip your [pc.gear] off. She can't see you from where she is, facedown on the deck, so there's no point in taking it slow. Once you've disrobed fully, you step around to her front, erect cock bobbing with anticipation. (Hardlight Variant of previous sentence: With only your [pc.underGarment] still on, you power on their hard light projection and step around to her front.) Since she went and made that ring-gag all on her own, it would be truly criminal of you not to make use of it, now wouldn't it?

You eyeball both her bindings and the geometry, deciding on the best way to get what you want. Given her small size, you quickly realize that there's only one way it's probably going to work, unless you want to subject yourself to the same sore knees she's probably getting from the deck. Reaching down, you grab her gently by the shoulders and lift, almost pulling too hard as you realize she's shockingly light. Mentally adjusting, you manage to get her standing on her knees without mishap, Krystal doing as much to help you as she can with her bindings. There's a gleam of eagerness in her eyes as she seems to realize what you're after, her gaze fixed firmly on your bobbing [pc.cock].

Seeing that fixed gaze, you decide to tease her a bit more, reaching down to play with her nipples. She moans in surprise, but then somehow manages to pout around the gag holding her mouth open. You chuckle and give in. If she wants to suck you're cock that badly, who are you to argue? You steady her with one hand, angling your cock with the other, and slowly feed it through the ring holding her drooling mouth forcibly open. You actually stop for a moment as you realize that the inside of her mouth is much

warmer than you expect it to be, warmer even than a normal woman, but you shake it off. She's in no position to answer questions. You continue your slow press inward with only the tiniest hitch of surprise.

Her own response isn't slow at all, attempting to press forward to get more of your cock in her mouth, despite your restraining hand. When you won't let her speed things up, she whines, then throws her efforts into swirling and flicking her tongue over every millimeter you've given her. Her eagerness almost makes the effort clumsy, but as you feed more cock in for her to play with, her efforts steady down and it becomes more than apparent she knows what she's doing. You stop for a moment to enjoy her actions, which seems to please her from the positive noises she makes and the quick redoubling of her efforts.

She flicks her tongue across your tip lightly, showing amazing control, then swirls it around your cockhead twice, before flicking again. She repeats the action, humming just a bit so that her tongue vibrates slightly. Then another pass, this time with just the tip of her tongue ice cold, sending a thrill straight through you.

You almost want to stay there, just to see how many variations she can manage with just her tongue. But the ring-gag around your shaft is getting a bit cold, left in one place. You thrust, this time more forcefully, delighted as she doesn't choke at all. Instead she pushes forward again of her own accord, and you let her this time, your shaft rapidly disappearing through the gag as you hilt yourself in her throat. The moment you're hilted completely, she hums, the sound delightfully musical despite the obstruction. You gasp, her modded voice sending far more powerful vibrations through you than you'd expected, and you hurriedly pull back so that you don't cum before you can get ahold of yourself. Her tongue pursues without hesitation, but you can handle that, barely.

A few moments to muster your focus and you plunge in again, this time immediately taking up a thrusting motion so the humming she makes doesn't have enough time to force you over the edge. You still realize, in the distant part of your mind that can still think at all, that you aren't going to last long. It wasn't the plan, but to hell with the plan. You'll make a new one.

On your next thrust, with that thought echoing as the only one in your mind, you hilt yourself again and let her humming take you away. It's just as potent as before, and almost as soon as you come to rest your first shot is wrung from you against your will. You see stars as you fire a second, then a third. You lose track quickly, not sure if you're actually still firing cum or just spasming in pleasure. Finally, with an almost desperate grunt, you force yourself to pull away, unsteady on your feet. You fall backward, nearly taking her with you. You land on the bed as she somehow manages to stabilize herself. For long moments you can't speak, can barely even think. Then, a memory of what you had actually wanted to do to her stirs and you open eyes you hadn't even realized you'd closed.

She looks content, surprisingly enough, and you realize with a pang you're going to miss her perky willingness to please without expecting anything back. But that's for later, when she has to leave. For now, there's a literal puddle forming under her and you somehow doubt that very much of it is from melting ice. There are, after all, trails of arousal running from her dripping slit all the way to that puddle. Your cock stirs slightly at the sight and your desire to reward her rapidly becomes a desire to follow through with your original plans. You push yourself to your feet, a tad bit wobbly at the knees still, but energy rapidly returning.

As soon as you feel steady enough, you step around behind her and grab her under her shoulders. She yelps in surprise as you bodily lift her, her light weight assisting you. Thankfully for your still-wobbly

knees, you aren't going far. You tip her forward over the cryo-pod's bed, her tits pressed down against the mattress and her bound legs hanging over the edge. Your cock isn't quite ready again, yet, so you take your time to admire the view for a moment, then step forward to begin tracing circles around her sex.

She moans and squirms, her body instinctively trying to get your finger to make contact. You chuckle, refusing to let her for a long minute, then abruptly thrust two fingers in all the way to the third knuckle. She screams through her gag at the sudden pleasure, and you feel her pussy convulse around your fingers. You realize in shock that she was so close that she came just from that!

You grin evilly and begin thrusting, prolonging her orgasm while moving your other hand to pump on your rapidly reviving cock. It comes fully to attention again and you withdraw your fingers. She pants, a sweating, limp mess, hair splayed over the bed from her thrashing as she came. You don't give her time to recover, lining your cock up and plunging in. The sensation rips a moan from *both* your throats, yours even louder than hers as you realize her bound-together legs have made her incredibly tight. If you hadn't cum once already, you're almost certain you'd have fired off immediately. As it is, you need hesitate only a moment to get used to the tightness, before you begin sawing in and out of her at a rapid pace. You hear a cracking noise and her moans turn into babble, demands for more mixing with your name and indecipherable words. You almost laugh, despite the rapid return of your own desire to cum muddling your thoughts, when you realize she must have put too much force on her ice-born gag with her screaming and it broke.

After less than two dozen thrusts you feel her convulsing around you again, her voice disappearing into a long exhale. You don't slow. In fact, you speed up, and you're not sure she's even breathing anymore as her own climax goes on and on and *on*. You finally hit your own peak, hilling yourself inside her and blasting every drop of cum you've recovered into her depths. You collapse a moment afterward, barely managing to direct your fall to one side so you land next to her on the bed instead of on top of her.

You look worriedly at her limp form beside you and raise a shaky hand to check her pulse. It's not only there, but strong, and you smile as you realize you simply fucked her into unconsciousness. You close your eyes, intent on recovering your own strength. In a moment or two, you'll get up and snap her bonds so she can sleep comfortably. Yes...in a moment or two...

- Eggnog Lactation -

(locked until player asks about surprises)

Krystal smiles at your request for some eggnog and reaches to tweak her nipples. "Of course! Why don't you come get some straight from the tap?"

You move forward a bit awkwardly. She's small enough that you're not sure how best to do it.

She winks, seeming to understand your problem, and grabs one of your arms. She gently pulls you around until you're between her and the bed of her cryo-pod, then pushes firmly until you sit, scooting back a bit from the edge under her guidance.

(If player has cock only)

She crawls onto the bed with you, then straddles you with no hesitation. Your [pc.ck] throbs at the suggestive position, hardening quickly to rest between her cheeks. She smiles and grinds back against it, then rises for a moment and reaches a hand down to guide you to her pussy. She sinks down on your cock, slowly taking every last inch inside. She sighs, closing her eyes in satisfaction, before leaning in to offer you her breasts. “No reason for them to be the only thing to get milked.”

Just as you take one nipple in your mouth, her begins to massage you with her internal muscles, milking you for something else entirely as the first drops of a cool, rich eggnog pass your lips. You groan, but the pleasant sensation is a slow building one, so it isn’t hard to focus yet. Plus, the eggnog is delicious! You suck down your milky treat, hearing her start to moan as you suck harder.

You drink down a fair bit of eggnog before she pulls you away, muttering something about not wanting to feel unbalanced. You’re lost in a haze of your own pleasure now, Krystal having started to grind on you as well as keeping up her internal massage. It’s more by reflex than any conscious choice that you start sucking on the new nipple as it replaces the old.

You’re not sure how much time passes, but a feeling of fullness eventually penetrates the haze of pleasure and you stop sucking down your tasty threat. The moment you release her nipple Krystal begins to actively ride you, bouncing on your cock to drive the pair of you toward climax. A dozen bounces later you thrust up to meet her, unloading in her depths and triggering her own orgasm, her pussy clenching around you.

After a few minutes of afterglow, Krystal slides off of you and tells you to come back if you want more eggnog...

(if player has vagina only)

Krystal spreads your legs, mounting one while pressing her knee into your own [pc.pussy]. “No reason not to have some fun at the same time, right?” Saying that she grinds her knee against you for a moment, drawing out a moan, before leaning in to offer you her breasts.

You latch onto the closest nipple and begin to suck, the first taste of a cool, rich eggnog hitting your tongue just as Krystal’s hands find your own nipples and begins to play with them. Your eyes close in pleasure, but you don’t stop drinking. The eggnog is easily the best you’ve ever tasted, not even considering the interesting source, and you’re not about to stop. Krystal’s moans join yours as you begin to suck harder, wanting more of the milky treat, and you feel her begin to grin against you.

It takes her a bit longer to remember her knee, and she falters a bit trying to find a rhythm that pleases both of you, but she eventually manages it and you feel your own body begin to build slowly toward climax. All too soon, the modest reservoir in her breast is empty, and you almost frown in disappointment before remembering there’s still another tap! You switch nipples, leaning a bit to reach her farther tit, and the angle causes Krystal’s knee to hit one of your hotspots just as your lips close around your new target. You moan into Krystal, forgetting to suck for a moment, then draw deeply when you remember. Krystal gasps, her hands moving from your nipples to your head, pulling you in while also making it slightly easier for you to think.

You reach down to Krystal clit, where she's grinding against your leg, and rub it roughly as you drink deeply. She freezes, whimpers, then convulses in climax. You keep drinking and playing with her button, causing several aftershocks to quake through her. Eventually, you pull back and grin at her panting form.

She meets your eyes and grins back, weakly at first, then her eyes firm with determination as she regains her focus. She slides down your body and you spread your legs wider, having a good idea where she's headed and not about to protest her finishing the job.

You're right, of course, and her long tongue shoots out, spearing into your sex in a way no cock can really match. You cry out as she immediately begins to thrust her tongue, clearly not going for subtly this time. A finger is added for a moment, then it moves down to your pucker with the moisture it gathered, rimming it then pressing inward. The new sensation is almost enough for you to cum, but not quite, and Krystal's tongue stops lashing about wildly. You groan, disappointed, then cry out and spasm as the tip of her long, prehensile tongue stabs at your g-spot instead. Once, twice, three times, then a fourth combined with a thrust of her finger buried in your ass. You're eyes pop open and you scream as your orgasm crashes through you, your whole body twitching with the power of it. She keeps up the stimulation, drawing it out, only letting you free when your body goes limp. She grins up at you, chin covered in your cum.

"Come back for more eggnog whenever you want, boss!"

(note: If player has both vagina and cock, allow choice between the two?)

- DP Krystal -

(Player must have two cocks)

Krystal's eyes light up immediately, an almost unholy glee seeming to radiate from them. "Really? I get to do that? Oh, you're just the best, boss! How do you want me?"

You look at her, nearly bouncing in place, and can't help but be a little bemused. If there was ever any doubt about why she got along so well with your father, her expression at that moment certainly wiped it away. You shake your head lightly to rid yourself of the pointless thought before directing her to onto her cryo pod's bed. Under your direction, she faces the bulkhead behind the bed, placing her hands on the raised opposite side of the cryo-pod and thrusting her naked ass back in your direction. You take a moment to admire the pose before climbing onto the bed behind her.

Seeing her beaming, eager face looking at you over her shoulder makes you want to do this right, but you didn't think to grab any lube. You frown for only an instant before realizing she's literally dripping, girl-cum running down her inner thighs with her excitement. The sight causes a grin to replace the frown, and you move into position between her slightly-parted legs. You grab a hip with one hand while you reach under her with the other, checking to see if she's really as wet as you think she is. You quickly discover that, if anything, she's even wetter than you imagined. Perfect.

You rub her clit in passing, getting a whine from her. Clearly, she wants you to move onto the main even. Still, you know this will be much better for her with a little preparation. You pull your hand back, grasping

your first cock and positioning it just beneath her dripping slit. She mewls in response as you thrust, making contact, then groans in disappointment as she realizes you're not planning to penetrate quite yet. Instead, you firmly press your shaft between her wet lips and thrust a half dozen times, letting her copious fluids coat your cock. At the same time, you take your naturally-lubed finger and begin ringing her rosebud, getting a much more eager groan of approval as she finally seems to realize what you're doing.

You take your time, dipping your finger back for more of her juices and penetrating her ass with it to lube the inside as well as the out. You're more than a little surprised as how hot her insides are, but you dismissed the thought for the moment. It's something to ask about later. You have more important business now. After a few thrusts of your finger, you pull back your cock from its place between her folds and line it up at her backdoor.

Ignoring your second cock and her pussy for a moment, you concentrate on easing the passage of your lubed member through her tight ring, though you're somehow not really shocked when you find the process much easier than expected. Clearly, she's done this before, and possibly has some mods to ease the experience as well. Whether she does or not, it doesn't take long for you to hilt the full [cock 1 size] of your cock into her ass, your second cock somewhat painfully folded over and pressed against her pussy by your actions.

Despite the slight discomfort, you hold the position for long seconds as she pants, letting her get used to you before pulling out until only your cockhead remains inside her. The angle she's at makes the next step easy, and you guide your second cock to press its own head against her slit. She gives you no chance to ask if she's ready, pressing back against it the moment she feels its presence. You chuckle and comply with her silent demand, thrusting gently forward to meet her, slowly burying both cocks in her holes. She half-moans, half-groans, body shuddering at the feeling of the double penetration. You soon bottom out, groin flush against her ass.

"So full~" she mumbles, voice weak but still sounding like music. Her body, so eager before, seems to be frozen as she tries to process the sensation in full.

You let her have a moment, then two, but that's all the time you give her before starting a slow withdrawal. She whimpers and tries to push back, to keep you inside, but both hands are on her hips now and you don't let her. Then you reach the point of nearly popping out of her and ram back home with far greater speed and force. She screams, a cry of surprised and pleasure mixed with just a little pain.

You hold still for a three count, then withdraw slowly again. She's far too dazed to try following you this time, and she cries out a second time when you repeat the forward thrust. A third time, a fourth. Her breathing deepens and you pick up speed, no longer waiting the three count before withdrawing. Her voice turns rough for the first time since you first heard her speak, crying out in only pleasure now and egging you on any way she can think of. You grin, but don't listen, speeding up the tempo of her penetration at your own pace.

Soon enough she loses coherence completely, words replaced with wanton moans and incomprehensible praises. You smirk as you hear what sounds like your own name mixed in quite often. You continue building slowly but surely, no longer going any slower on the withdraw than the thrust, and you feel your own climax building rapidly. You lose yourself to the sensations of the tight ass and pussy

squeezing your cocks, your rhythm finally beginning to stutter in it's mechanical precision as your control begins to fail. The new element of chaos to your thrusts only seems to drive Krystal higher, and a half dozen thrusts later she screams your name as her insides clamp down hard. The increased friction is too much for you and you hilt yourself one last time, your own cry joining hers as your body convulses, pouring every drop of your cum deep into her body. For long moments the two of you remain there, frozen in time as you ride out your joint climax, then you collapse to one side, managing to bring her still-impaied body with you as you fall onto the bed.

You both lay there, panting, recovering. Minutes pass, then she looks up at you with a blissfully content smile on her face. "That. Was. Awesome. Let's do it again!"

Her internal muscles start massaging you and you groan before laughing and pushing her off with your slowly returning strength. Later, you promise. For now, there are other things to do...