

# Saurmorian Cult Dream

by Aullama

- Neuters can not get this dream
- Can not get this dream while pregnant
- While this was not written for 'taurs in mind, I feel like they should still be able to get this dream.
- 7 or 8 hours pass like normal sleep I guess

You don't remember getting the invitation to the biggest seasonal gala on Molis, but that hardly matters now that you've arrived. Like the rest of Aegidis - capital city of the saurmorian homeworld - the great manor before you seems to be made of black stone carved from the land itself; an old building, retrofitted with modern necessities. The setting sun colors the sky a deep crimson, which in turn casts shades of red across the obsidian city - quite at odds with the lively chatter and music you hear coming from within the house.

"Oh, you made it! This is fantastic! Welcome, welcome," says a silky, feminine voice.

You blink, suddenly realizing you're inside and being greeted by a beautiful saurmorian dressed in revealing ornate robes. Though she can't be any older than you, she already cuts an enticingly curvy figure; her slim waist and curvy hips practically scream 'fertile'. Fertility yet to be tapped, if the petite mounds on her chest are any indication. She also has the usual silver scales covering her rich purple hide. Other than her beauty, her most notable features are four massive, demonic horns sprouting from the sides of her head - far larger and longer than any you've seen on any of the armored lizards - and slitted, red eyes.

Eyes that *<i>glow</i>*.

It dawns on you that she probably looks like this for the party, and looking around, you see saurmorians of every shape and size and color - but with several similarities; every one of them has a crown of demonic horns, are adorned in lavish, revealing robes, and have slitted, glowing eyes.

You look back to the one that greeted you, feeling a little out of place. "The invitation didn't mention-"

"Don't worry about that. Come, come," she insists, taking you by the hand and leading you to the center of the great, candle-lit foyer. This draws the attention of dozens, if not hundreds of other guests, until every pair of burning eyes are on you.

You're brought to the center of the foyer, where you notice a large circle filled with unrecognizable symbols and surrounded by evenly spaced candles.{pcWearsClothesOrArmor:

With an impressive flourish, she completely removes your [pc.gear], leaving you bare for every interested gaze to drink in.} She takes a moment to admire your form, watching the dim light of the flames flicker across your [pc.skinFurScales]. Seeming to like what she sees, the young saurmorian leads you inside the runic ring - her eyes locked on yours even as she deftly steps around the candles. Your hand is released as soon as you reach the center. Her own scaled hands quickly grasp onto either side of your [pc.face] as her eyes seem to burn with an ever increasing passion.

"Ohh, rejoice [pcname]! Rejoice! This is a wondrous night!" she exclaims with a wide and bright smile. "This time of the galactic year, the souls of the passed are ever closer to the realm of life - so close that those that are strong enough can even cross over. We have communed with the greatest soul of all, and after ten thousand years, he's ready for life once more! That's why you're here; to conceive a vessel for this great one, and bring a new age of conquest and glory!"

"Wait, wha-"

You're pulled against her as she slides her pretty muzzle against you, and takes a deep sniff of your scent before whispering into your ear, "And you're going to be the {hasCock: father // else: mother}."

[Next]

After a blur of motion, you suddenly find yourself spread-eagle on your back with your arms and [pc.legOrLegs] bound to the floor by some unseen force. You grunt as you try to lift your limbs, but they don't budge.

The amethyst beauty straddles your waist as she gazes down at you with smoldering lust. Her hips start shifting back and forth, and she sighs, grinding her already-sodden nethers against you. Her thin robes do nothing to conceal her sex; you can feel her plump lips as they {hasCock: part along your [pc.cocks], frothing up and down and coating you in her ardor. // hasCunt: are squeezed and squished against your mons.} She begins to pant, and slides her hand up to her chest, palming a petite titty. Your body starts responding to the wanton display with your own budding arousal, {hasCock: [pc.eachCock] stiffening} {hasVag: {isHerm: and} your [pc.vaginas] glistening} under the saurmorian's heated movements - but then she frowns, and leans down, tenderly caressing your [pc.face] while she gyrates against you.

"Do you not feel it?" she asks, noting your lack of enthusiasm, "Do you not feel </i>Him<i>?"

You begin to shake your head, but are interrupted as a frigid breeze hits you. The candles flicker, but don't go out. You think you hear a whisper, and though you can't understand it, it's message is clear as you feel icy claws cleave straight down your middle like a flint striking {silly: Steele // else: steel} and igniting your prostrate form with intense desire. You let out a strained

moan and arch your back, your limbs quivering against their invisible bonds. Your lover grins ecstatically, pressing into you even harder as

{hasCock:

your [pc.biggestCock] {hyperCock: absolutely engorges against her, dragging its slickened mass along her body and causing her to cling to it urgently. // else: throbs to full size against her silky vulva.} She can't hold back a happy sigh as the sudden girth spreads her swollen lips further apart.}

{hasVag: {isHerm: Meanwhile,} [pc.eachVagina] gushes [pc.girlCumNoun] between your thighs, adding your own juices to the soaked lizard's movements.}

"Yessss," she hisses, her grin looking much more predatory; her teeth much sharper. "You have His blessing!" Her jubilant eyes flick to the other lizards, and your own [pc.eyes] follow. You didn't notice until now, but your runic circle is surrounded by every single person attending this 'party'; hands groping, bodies grinding, and steamy breaths panting as they watch - they were so quiet, you almost forgot about them! After sharing her joy with those she looks to, her molten eyes turn their focus onto you once more. "I hope you'll remember this forever, like I will..." she murmurs as she slips off her wispy robes, "I saved myself for this - waited my whole life for this moment!"

You shudder at the euphoria those eyes promise, and brace yourself.

{hasONLYVag:

"Although... There is something I need to do first," she says, nibbling on her lip. She lifts herself up, moaning with you as her mound parts with yours in a web of mixed feminine fluids.

Your brow furrows in confusion; what else could she-... <i>Oh</i>. It clicks within your lust fogged mind exactly what she means as you watch her gingerly touch the spot just above her cunt.

"We are both destined to be His p-parents... And since you're to be the womb, it's up to me to, mmm, to plant the seed!" Her eyes remain locked on yours, but her dainty hand starts rubbing, more and more passionately every second. "W-With His blessing, I-I can... I can..." she stutters as her hips twitch and jerk against her. Barely maintaining her composure, she manages to say "Just-a-bit-more. I-" and she's cut off by her own scream of ecstasy.

Bursting out of her crotch - and into the tight grip of her claws - is the thick shaft of a dark red saurorian cock, lurching and throbbing angrily as it immediately swells to its full size; twelve inches, at least, with its girth more than filling the new hermaphrodite's hand.

Her groin now free of obstruction, you can see a distinct sheath, and two hand filling, cum swollen balls bouncing down in front of her drooling cunt.

Her other hand abruptly joins the other, and she begins wildly pumping along her length, seeming to lose herself to the pleasure as her panting becomes desperate. After only a few moments, she lashes her tail in frustration; the spontaneous member is only getting harder, leaking more pre, but doesn't look close to cumming even though it must be incredibly sensitive.

"N-No, you're right! I'm sorry..." she mutters, and lets go of her raging erection. "This isn't for, mmm, for me. I can't waste a drop." Her mesmerising eyes lock onto yours once more, "This is for you."}

[Next]

{hasCock:

{hyperCock:

She sits back, tugging your [pc.biggestCock] with her as she marvels at its sheer size.

"I never dreamed... I-I mean I never knew... But of course," she says in wonder, "of course the sire of His new vessel would..." Leaning in closer, her eyes cross as she tries to take in every detail. "Of course His sire would have something this-" her scaled snout suddenly presses into your cock's bulging urethra, and she takes a deep, desperate breath full of your musk, "-magnificent!" Your precum coats her nose, causing her to snuffle and snort. She spends a moment more praising her new favorite [pc.biggestCock], before pulling herself away and standing above you.

You're not sure how she's going to fit that monster into her comparatively delicate frame, but she seems confident somehow - and fucking stars you want nothing more than to have this zealous virgin ruin herself on your obscene cock. If only you could move; then you could take matters into your own hands. You'll have to make do, though, and after some awkward maneuvering, she has your [pc.biggestCockHead] pressed against her plush quim. Her eyes flicker across your body, a needy whine slipping past her lips, and then her legs give out.

The young saurmorian lets out a cry of utter ecstasy as your [pc.biggestCockHead] opens her wide and her weight impales her further on the first few inches, her hips straining as they're forced to spread wide. She tries to

stand up, but her legs fail her, and her breath hitches as even more [pc.biggestCock] barrels its way in.

You can only grit your teeth and groan as she slides more cock into her sweltering depths, feeling like a wet vice as every new millimeter of length squeezes out streams of girlcum. When you feel her crotch meet yours once again, your jaw drops - gaping like the former-virgin's entire lower body will - stunned that this girl-turned-cocksleeve could take you to the hilt. Your [pc.biggestCock] is wrung by taut muscles, and she writhes in your lap, whining and sighing with short breaths as her torso bulges from your unreal size. You can't help but admire saurorian biology, even as it's stretched to its limit.

/

else:

Elegant, scaled hands grip your shaft as she raises her hips. The young saurorian lines your [pc.biggestCock] up with her cunt, and wastes no time as she abruptly impales herself to the hilt in one swift plunge. Her walls clench like a vice, and you can practically feel every contour of her silky, ribbed folds as they squeeze your entire length.

Her jaw gapes as her mind struggles to catch up with her body. She collapses forward, catching herself by bracing her arms on your shoulders.

"O-Oh void that's p-perfect!" she groans in wonder. A hand shifts to her middle {largeCock: - where you can see the noticeable bulge of your [pc.biggestCockHead] -} and she gradually gyrates her hips to some unheard rhythm, grinding her spread vulva harder into your [pc.sheath]. {isCockVirgin: She notices a similar look of awe from you, and she gasps as it dawns on her. "Is this y-your first time too?! Oh by my scales, this is- I can't express how wonderful this is! This is truly meant to be!"}

You can only groan in frustrated lust; wishing to thrust and rut against this fertile female, but unable to do more than let her have her way with you. Focusing on the feeling of her luscious walls wrapped around you, you marvel as they pull and tug in sync to her motions, as if to pull your cock - and your inevitable load - as deep as possible.

She lowers her snout down to your collarbone, and reverently laps at your [pc.skinFurScales]. She moves up your neck, kissing along your jaw and stopping with a flick of her incredibly soft tongue across your lips.

"Don't worry," she husks, her steamy breath hot against your [pc.face]. "Don't worry," she echoes, "we have plenty of time. P-Plenty of time for us to enjoy this..."}}

/

else:

She tries to prostrate herself on top of you, but in her feverish state she clumsily tumbles into you, landing face first into your [pc.chest].

{isBusty: As if seeing them for the first time, she becomes infatuated with your [pc.fullChest]. She sniffs and nuzzles into one while groping another with a precum coated hand, obviously delighted with your more gifted endowments.

"O-Oh this is... so perfect. You'll have so much milk to feed Him once he hatches! He'll be even stronger!" {isMilky: Though inevitable between your arousal and the rough squeezing, the rutting saurorian girl gasps in surprise when a {trickle/spurt} of [pc.milk] coats her fingers. She squeezes a titty again, and once more, gasps when more [pc.milk] comes out. There's a pause, then you hear her mutter "Well he won't be needing this for a while..." and she resumes roughly milking you, spreading your matronly bounty until you're glazed from collarbone to [pc.belly].} She continues teasing and playing with your [pc.chest], and you feel her needy dick bloat even further against your thigh to the sight and feel of your soft titties.}

Her hips twitch and quiver, dragging her searing cock back and forth across your thigh as she momentarily revels to the feel of it on your [pc.skinFurScales]. When she finally snaps out of her trance and moves the blunt tip to your dripping petals, she brings strands of sticky pre with - your legs smeared in the clear lube.

She looks like she's about to say something, but whatever it is is lost as she grabs your [pc.hips] and thrusts into you with a bestial grunt. You both let out whorish moans; you as your slick folds are impaled by thick saurorian cock, and her as she feels your cunt stretch around her girth. The juicy sound of her sliding further and further in is enough to make even the most practiced whores blush. Her hips tap into your crotch, and just like that she's hilt deep; your canal spread wide by over a foot of girthy meat. {pclsShort: A tentative glance down shows the very prominent bulge of her cock in your [pc.belly], and you drop your head back down as you struggle not to cum from the sight alone.}

Your vision starts to get spotty, and that's when you realize you haven't been breathing, and your tense body is arched powerfully. Your back smacks into the floor as you force yourself to relax, and take several wheezy breathes. A glance back up to the hermaphrodite hilt deep inside you shows her face beaming back at you beatifically.

Without saying a word, she slowly drags her prick out, both of you gasping and groaning as your [pc.vagina] instinctively tries to pull her deeper, and milk her for her undoubtedly potent seed. After just a handful of thrusts - each more and more forceful - it becomes clear that she can't hold back any longer.

"I hope you're ready."

You nod. You couldn't be more ready.}

[Next]

//PC orgasms

//PC loses all energy

The scaled beauty's muzzle splits with a grin that looks... *<i>hungry</i>*, eyes glowing brighter and teeth seeming longer. Her entire visage seems more malevolent, especially as she begins {hasCock: bouncing in your lap // else: thrusting in and out of you} with increasing fervor, taking some perverse pleasure in watching you squirm beneath her.

You gasp at this shift in demeanor, but can't do anything else other than writhe and moan as your mate takes her pleasure - and gives you yours.

The most salacious sounds of debauchery draw a glance to outside the circle, and your eyes go wide; the entire foyer is filled with hundreds of lust-lost saurmorians in what has to be one of the largest orgies you've ever seen. And you're the guest of honor, stuck in the center of it.

Fat cocks fill gushing pussies and tight asses, licked by drooling serpentine tongues searching for the deepest depths of every hole. Anything not occupied by a cock or filling a hole is passionately pleased by claws, tails, breasts, thighs, and virtually anything else available. The floor is already glazed goopy white by who-knows-how-many loads.

Wait, serpentine tongues? Saurmorians don't have-

A sudden violent thrust of the hips from the saurmorian above you causes you both to cry out as you both cum at the same time, *<i>hard</i>*. You squeeze your eyes shut - ignoring the sound of shattering and scattering metal - and strain once more against your bonds as you feel

{hasCock:

your middle clench, {hasBalls: your [pc.balls] jouncing before pulling taut} and your cock bloating just before unloading an unholy amount of seed {doesn'tCumFuckTons: - much more than you ever normally would - } into the alien womb. You feel her belly expand and bloat as it rounds out from the sheer volume, soon bulging off of her waist and

resting heavily on top of you. A sloppy mixture of [pc.cum] and clear femslime streams out around your joined genitals{, isHerm: your own feminine climax forgotten}.

/

else:

your [pc.vagina] clench tightly onto the intruding shaft, your internal muscles fluttering and quivering and the lightning bolt of orgasm shoots across your nerves. Your malevolent lover huffs and grunts as her cock pulses within you. You hear her claws scraping against the ground as she fights to get just a little bit more shoved into you. A heartbeat later and your cunt is absolutely flooded with her thick cum, your [pc.belly] bulging out on the first blast. Each successive cock-distending load fills you more and more, your middle expanding until you're utterly full, and an unholy amount of potent seed is leaking out from around the saurmorian's lurching dick.}

You open blurry, unfocused eyes as you pant in exhaustion and - to your dismay - lust; you're still incredibly horny. Looking to the purple saurmorian, your slack jaw drops even further than it already has, as the woman on top of you has gone through quite the metamorphosis.

Her horns are longer, as are her claws and canines - which are also much sharper. A serpentine tongue polishes her grinning lips. Her breasts have gone up many cup sizes; the once cute mounds now luscious, motherly mammaries. {hasONLYVag: And her dick - oh <i>fuck</i> her dick has grown, still hilt deep inside you while her sack presses against your thighs, the orbs now the size of soccer balls.} Strong, wide wings spread from her back, and it dawns on you that that must have been the source of the breaking metal; her wings violently bursting forth. Lastly, her eyes; before, they were glowing red balls of lust and wonder. Now; they burn bright like the red brilliance of a dying sun, painful to look at but unable to turn away from.

With your eyes transfixed to hers, she leans in close and flicks her tongue across your face in a very snake-like gesture. She coos, and clutches onto your jaw with a painful grip.

"</i>Very<i> good, lover. He will be most pleased. But... We're not done. Even if that took, I want to be sure... And," she pauses, looking over you with a hint of possessive affection, "you're all mine. From now until He hatches, I can do whatever I want with you. And you can do whatever you want with me..." Her tongue flicks your face once more, and she smiles that demonic smile. "Oh... But you </i>do<i> look tired. You can rest. My followers and I will... continue from where we left of..." Her statement is punctuated by a ragged groan and a feminine moan, and the sloppy sound of an excessive load backwashing out of a cunt and onto the ground. Like a snake, she darts forward and nips your ear, and whispers unknowable words into your soul.

Your eyelids grow heavy, and consciousness starts to slip.



Just before everything goes dark, she whispers once more, "Though, be sure to *wake up*, so you don't miss out on too much..."

**"Wake up."**

[Next]

You let out a tired moan, and slowly crack an eye open. Strange; you're in your cabin, sleeping in your bed like normal.

Sitting up, you look at the clock, and shake your head both in confusion and to get rid of the grogginess. You slept for a while, yet you feel more drained than when you went to sleep... Did you have some strange dream? You can't remember, really; maybe something to do with saurmorians?

Oh well. Probably nothing serious.

[Next] //End. Take the player out of dream event or whatever.