

# Sascha, Trap-Sugar-Baby

*A prissy Afghan hound trap who is a total bitch and wants your money just cuz*  
**By SoAndSo**

<b>Overview</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Location</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Description/Interactions</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Group</b>	<b>8</b>
Sure	10
Next	12
Raincheck	14
<b>Progression flowchart</b>	<b>15</b>
On 'Finish Scenes:	15
<b>Sascha</b>	<b>16</b>
Sure	16
Date 1: Coffee	16
Chant/Refrain	18
Next	19
Finish, Date 1	19
Date 2: Salon	19
Next	20
Encourage/Dissuade	21
Finish, Date 2	24
Date 3: Stroll	25
Harsh/Gentle	27
Finish, Date 3	29
Date 4: Drinks/Bar	30
Let Him/Convince	32
Finish, Date 4	33
Date 5: Stargazing/Kiss	35
Yeah/No	37
Nah	38
Talk	40
You	40
Work	42
Love Life	43
Interests	44
Appearance	46
Flirt	48
Eyes	48

Taste	49
Hair	49
Bulge	50
Ass	51
Brains	52
<b>Decision/resolution</b>	<b>55</b>
Yeah?	55
...Yeah???	56
Lewdness	57
Sexy times	59
Catch-A-Dog	61
Mutual Anal	62
Handies	63
Sub Ride	64
Milk Sascha	65
Knot Love	66
Tender Sex	69
Daddy Play	70



# Overview

After doing Jesse, I kinda wanted to explore this weird afterthought I had when talking to a buncha people and teasing Ems about her super specific preferences.

So this is Sascha, an ausar who had a lot of puppy poppers. He's a super prissy, super spoiled brat-type with expensive and ever-present tastes. But holy shit, is he the sexiest damn thing in the room (depending on perspective but I'm gonna sell it that way, goddamnit).

He's got a nice story, not so much like Emmy but there's some similar themes, particularly with the whole 'full muzzle' thing. Goddamn inter-racist ausars, grr grr.

He's quite sexable if you have a dick and a need to dom unruly doggos. ~~Not that I'm against him having fem content but I don't have any ideas for vagina owners just yet~~ we live in a world where those ideas partially exist. There might be a meme-worthy bit of 'Daddy' content but I don't how much of that I could write before I kill myself.

~~The relationship is kind of sugar daddy ish, at any rate. That can change depending on how much you help and get to know Sascha or you can keep up the hefty spending in turn for delicious 'favours' and actual presents like expensive food and 'toys' to 'play' with.~~ Dynamic is different now: you can be his lubber or sugary man daddy person.

He's a doggoslut, whatchu expect.

There's also going to be a system for discerning your end-outcome with him. This works either as Ego Burn or Ego Buff, where your actions either make him a nicer, tamer and more wholesome boyfriend or reinforce him into being a prissy sugar-baby for your dirty pleasure.

Sex ideas: Catch-a-dog (buff 1-4), anal swaparoo (burn 1-4), knot worship (both), milking bubblecum (both), VERY NICE AND LOVING MISSIONARY (burn 5), 'Daddy' play (buff 5), make out and hand jobs (burn 1-4), lazy ride (buff 1-4).

{ / Red = Variations

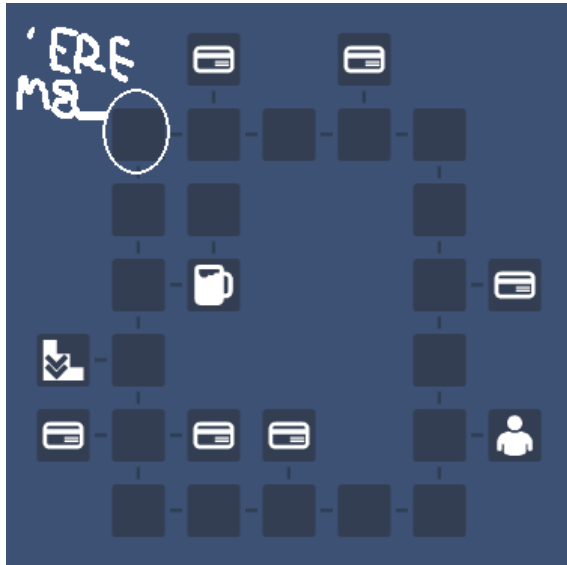
[pc.green] = Parser

[blue] = Choices/interactions

//Italics = Results

# Location

Sascha is found on the merchant deck in this particular spot.



And then found on the residential after X



He can be found from 11:00 - 19:00 at both spots every day.

# Description/Interactions

{First interaction: Group}

A small pack of twenty somethings are looking your way, giggling amongst themselves. They all seem to be incredibly affluent. Maybe you're intrigued as to why they're laughing at you...

{repeat interaction: Sascha}

Sascha and his friends are hanging around outside a particularly large movie poster. They all wave when they see you, quickly going back to their conversation. Sascha seems a little bored by the whole thing, maybe you want to spend time with him...

{repeat interaction, outside Bunny's Buns & Confectionary: Sascha}

//tooltip: Have fun with the prissy pooch!

Sascha is sitting outside the bakery on one of the outside tables, a coffee and untouched cake on the table in front of him. He's idly tapping and typing away on his communicator. Once he's seen you, he flips up his sunglasses and waves you over with a smile.

# Group

**//Sascha is locked off against Taur/Hyper/Neuter characters. First interaction/'Group' is permanently greyed out until PC stops being... all of those things.**

//tooltip: Something wrong with your face?

Well whoever these people are, you at least gotta know if there's something askew with your appearance.

You walk up to the group with head held high, taking note of its members. The first is a boyish, sharply dressed human male. Blond and imperious, he wears an old-style plush, crimson smoking jacket. He seems to be the oldest of the bunch.

The second is an exceedingly effeminate ovir. {pcReadCodexOvir: You're not quite sure if 'she' is actually a male of the species or not.} She wears an azure playsuit with matching sunhat that clashes with her lime-green scale tone. She holds a similarly matching purse by her side in her slender fingers.

The third is a muscled male kaithrit, the quietest of the three. He has ginger-white fur and platinum hair, both groomed to a perfect standard. He wears a minty green polo shirt and skintight jeggings that hug his sportsbody butt.

The last is a... dog-morph? She, no... <i>he</i> is the loudest of the group: a picture of cream clothes and blonde fur, his long platinum hair swishes around as he hurriedly whispers to his guffawing friends. From behind, a large array of tails swirl in front of you like a living curtain of {silly: floof //else: fur} that hampers your way.

"Hold on, we're merely having an issue," says the blond human, a knowing grin on his face.

"Well I didn't think [pc.heShe] would actually come over!" you hear one voice say under its breath. "Now I'm going to have to-"

The dog morph turns to face you, one hand on his hip and the other on the frame of his gold sunglasses.

"Hiiii, sorry about that, Maxi here was making quite the terrible joke at your expense," he explains, his eloquent voice filled with surprising enunciation.

"Well to be fair, it's not as if SteeleTech is going in any particular direction these days, muha!" blurts out the blond human in a foppish manner, covering his mouth with a white-gloved hand. The group shares the laugh, aside the ovir who merely grins.

"Oh forgive him, he's just hedging that dear sweet {Jack/Jill} finishes first," comments the dog-morph, shooting a look full of sass to the smug human.



"It's all fine," you say, shrugging casually in spite of the passive aggression. "Mind if I know what it-"

"And why am I not allowed favourites? How could this rube honestly be the one to succeed? Ridiculous!" he interrupts, the smugness growing like weeds until it spills out of his eye sockets. "Might as well just hand the whole 'empire' over to me and put the whole thing to rest."

Oh, what a presumptuous <i>ass</i>hole!

The corner of your eye catches the dog-morphs tails twisting and wrapping around his own left leg in frustration.

"Maxi, I'd bet you couldn't lift a share from the portfolio even with all the legal muscle in the world with<b>out</b> daddy's approval," bites the dog-morph, admonishing the now red-faced Maxi.

"Errrrh, please ignore Maxi, couldn't tell leather from vinyl even on his best days," says the dog-morph, quickly turning to you like an attentive hostess. "We're all correct in thinking you're [pc.name] Steele, yah? If not then, well, we honestly aren't that hopeful for {her/him}."

You clear your throat.

{pcKind:

"That's definitely me, static empire and all. Plus all the alien planets and dodging lasers," you say politely, scratching at your cheek.

/pcMisch:

"You forgot the part where I'm also supposed to be a glorified daddies {boy/girl}," you shoot back, crossing your arms with a wry grin.

//pcHard:

"Please, Maxi couldn't even match my cousin, who could barely organise a bitter birthday card," you say dismissively, rolling your eyes.

}

He puts a slinky, pawed hand over his dog-snout to feign a laugh, extending his other out for a handshake.

"Sascha. A pleasure."

You grasp it {pcKind: lightly, giving a few conservative shakes. /pcMisch: quite firmly with a playful squeeze. //pcHard: firmly with an arm jerking business-shake.}

Sascha retracts his paw rather quickly, curling it by his cheek and gesturing with his other to each of his friends.

“Ah this is Maxi, as you’re aware,” he points with a stifled giggle, lazily pointing in the blondies direction.

“Mhm,” says the indignant Maxi, fiddling with his cuffs.

“Next, the most <b>lovely</b> Yenshe,” he seems to purr, laying on an entertainers charm.

“Ohhh Sash, the hideous things you were calling me earlier,” says the ovir, offering her hand to you. You give her dainty, ring-laden fingers a polite kiss much to the delight of the recipient.

“Most charmed, Steele! I personally remain optimistic for your success. Or rather, {Jack/Jill}’s failure. Poor thing is in over their head, better to let the lesson be learnt the hard way.”

She curtsies and makes a little space for the last person to be introduced.

“And lastly, Boritz. He’s a shy one, bless,” finishes Sascha, guiding the cat-mans hand out for a shake. Boritz isn’t timid but he seems mildly reluctant: he makes eye contact but seems to constantly second guess his own movements. “H-hello. It’s not quite my day today,” he says in a warm, hoarse voice.

“It </i>never</i> is,” Sascha whispers close to you, a knowing grin on his muzzle. “Listen, we’re grabbing coffee and cream upstairs, care to join?”

{pcHasBeenToBunny’sBuns&ConfectionaryBefore: That <i>must</i> mean the kind of cream you think he means. Only Ilaria’s bakery specializes in ‘cream’ after all...

[Sure] [Raincheck]

## Sure

//tooltip: Cream optional.

{pcKind:

“I like the sound of it, let’s do it,” you say with a smile.

“Yeees, my treat! To make up for these rude, crude <b>ass</b>jockeys,” he sasses towards his sheepish friends.

/pcMisch:

“Hmm, sounds fun! I wonder if they do tea,” you exclaim, playing along.

“Mmhm! And those buns, my mouth already waters,” he exclaims, clasping his padded hands together.

//pcHard:

"I suppose I have time," you say politely, brushing your nose with the back of your hand.

"Hohoh, more time than these frickin' jerks," he bites, looking to his giggling group of friends. "They're only planning to steal my coffee money, hmph."

}

Following in Saschas path, the five of you amble towards the lifts to the upper floors. The conversation is light if mostly obscure to you: Maxi and Boritz in particular seem to be talking about names and circles of people that you couldn't possibly know anything about. Sometimes, you *are* able to inject a few anecdotes of your own much to the group's delight: Maxi is unimpressed but the other three seem genuine towards your sphere of knowledge.

"So did you go to that conference, Maxi?" asks Yenshe as you all board the lift.

"Mhmm, waste of effort. In no way is the idea of freely letting the rushers decide the direction of the markets a viable option. We have to reign them in, force representation! Unfettered, gaudy... it's all shit," sneers the blond fop, readjusting his lapel. You can't help but feel a little bit of satisfaction from his worked up state.

"Oh damn, Maxi, why not just say it to Steele's face if you're **so** set on this?" jibes a sarcastic Sascha.

"Oh damn, Sascha, why not bend over and just let Steele do what the hell [pc.heShe] wants? Defending this... you only just met!" imitates Maxi, looking off into some other direction away from the confrontation.

"I'm... staying out of this," you say in a neutral tone, although it seems to fall on deaf ears.

"Not now, why do you... UNGH, Maxi, if you're going to be like this again then I will drop you **so** fast!" shouts Sascha. He is completely livid. You can see his foot scratching threateningly against the floor as if ready to kick something.

"Fine! Enjoy your plebeian coffee, trash!" he harrumphs, darting for the opening elevator doors. He storms off to some unknown direction with firm footsteps, pushing everyone else aside.

Sascha flicks his hair back, trying to regain his composure.

"Fucking dandies," he mutters, visibly on the edge of sulking. Yenshe interjects.

"Let's just enjoy ourselves, hm? Four issss still good company," she chimes sweetly, squeezing Sascha's hands. "Apologies, Steele. Maxi is... has a lot of views and opinions," the ovir says to you in a tactful tone.

It's nothing, you've run into the type before. The four of you make your way to the bakery in short order and find a public table in the residential square. Sascha and Boritz handle the orders: you wonder what they're going to get you...

*//1 hour of in game time passes.*

[\[Next\]](#)

## Next

The food arrives after a banter filled few minutes: four plain Sin-a-Bunnies, four cafe lattes and a glass bowl of what seems to be whipped cream. Sascha flits about with making sure everyone's food is presented nicely. He seems a little rosey in the cheeks...

"Mmm, love the smell of this coffee, mm," sighs Yenshe, inhaling the fresh brew with dream-driven eyes. "I gather that it's a human thing, no? Do you drink coffee, Steele?"

You can't say for sure: a lot of old Earth customs seem to come and go very quickly. Fashion dictates the market, as it were.

"Oh I agree," continues the ovir. "But we've just enjoyed this drink so much that it's our little thing now. You should've seen Sascha the first time he tried it, so uncouth!"

"Well I'm better now, hm? Boritz is worse, he gets the jitters! Look, he's doing it now!"

"No, I uh, I'm okay too," pipes up the demure kaithrit, playing with his fingers.

"Mhmmm, anyway: I fancy some cream," exclaims Sascha, taking a teaspoon and scooping up a substantial chunk of the thick, pearly cream.

**{pcHasBeenToBunny'sBuns&ConfectionaryBefore:** You feel a small blush in your cheeks at the amount of it, knowing full well what it's actually made of. *<i>And</i>* it also explains the dog's similarly rose-tinted cheeks..}

Sascha spreads a little on his Sin-a-Bunny, dumps and then mixes the rest into his steaming coffee cup. He holds the mug up to his nose, inhales the steam then slurps and laps at the milky-brown mixture with murmurs of approval. Yenshe and Boritz giggle in their corner, doing the same with their drinks. You're a little tempted to follow... you add a conservative amount to your own drink and sip from the edge. All in good fun, right?

Mm, hot beany goodness! But also a... salty sweetness?

**{pcHasBeenToBunny'sBuns&ConfectionaryBefore:** Of course, you know what it is but you

wouldn't say no to experiencing Ilaria's flavour in new ways...} The group of three hold their palms to their faces in unison, as if they'd just played a prank.

"Getting a taste for it too, Steele?" prods Yenshe, flicking her lizard-like tongue out and around her lips. "Maybe we're being cruel..."

"Hardly, Steele can handle a little bunny sauce," winks Sascha, taking off his sunglasses.

"Mhmm, in either case, me and Boritz have things to attend. Come along, kitty," says the ovir, petting Boritz on his head. As she leaves her seat, Boritz follows meekly in tow with his hands in his pockets.

Sascha turns to you, resting his chin on his hands.

"Mm, lovely pair those two. So tell me Steele, what's your deal? The hearsay that we come up with is beyond belief, I shit thee not," he begins, idly admiring himself in a makeup mirror.

You begin by talking about your life as a [pc.career] out in the wilds of space. You recall some of your earlier exploits and the official perspective on the {Jack/Jill} vs [pc.name] battle for the SteeleTech name. You're able to clear up some of the wilder accusations, such as once forcing your cousin into lewd acts with a hose and biowhip.

Sascha is engaged with the chat but barely pays you notice, preferring instead to touch up his makeup. You watch as he applies mascara with a dexterous touch.

The sly dog catches you eyeing him over.

"Something amiss, Steele? Don't tell me I overshot again, guh..." he complains, angling his mirror to check for messups. His cute muzzle scrunches and animates as he looks for the supposed mistakes.

{pcKind:

"Oh no, nothing wrong, just admiring the... brush work," you say tactfully, sipping the last of your creamy coffee.

Sascha puts away his mirror and rolls his eyes. "You really know how to make a poor boy worry, you know that?" he giggles, pushing his girlish hip out towards you.

/pcMisch:

"Mhmm, bit of cream on your nose," you grin, pointing to it. There's nothing there, of course.

Sascha swats at his nose a few times. "Waaait... ugh, you absolute... so and so," he pouts with a wink in your direction, realizing he was strung along.

//pcHard:

"Hairbands slipped a bit," you say offhandedly, sipping the last of your creamy coffee.

The wide-eyed Sascha frantically paws and palms for the headband, accidentally fluffing up his immaculate hair. “Ah, oh... oh, fuck you, Steele,” he vents when he finds that it’s fine, blowing through his nose.

He still gives you a knowing wink all the same.

}

“Anyway, lovely time, wonderful, so very sorry for Maxi. We all are, deeply,” he says, paw on his sternum. “I have a fancy something or another involving bright lights and glitzy glamorous philistines so it’s ta-ta for now. You’d make an interesting addition to our little clique, Steele, so maybe I’ll catch your {pcM: hunky butt /pcT: cutie butt //pcForH: sexy butt} around here again, hm?”

You say sure, you had fun and the idea of meeting up again isn’t off the table. The sultry Sascha sashays {silly: in the most on-the-nose piece of alliteration you’ve probably experienced in a while. //else: to and fro as he gathers himself and prepares to leave.} He blows you a small kiss and walks away, his array of tails swishing and swaying behind him. You’re not entirely sure but it’s almost as if he’s trying to draw you to his cloth-hugging peach of an ass...

*//1 hour of in game time passes.*

[Leave]

## Raincheck

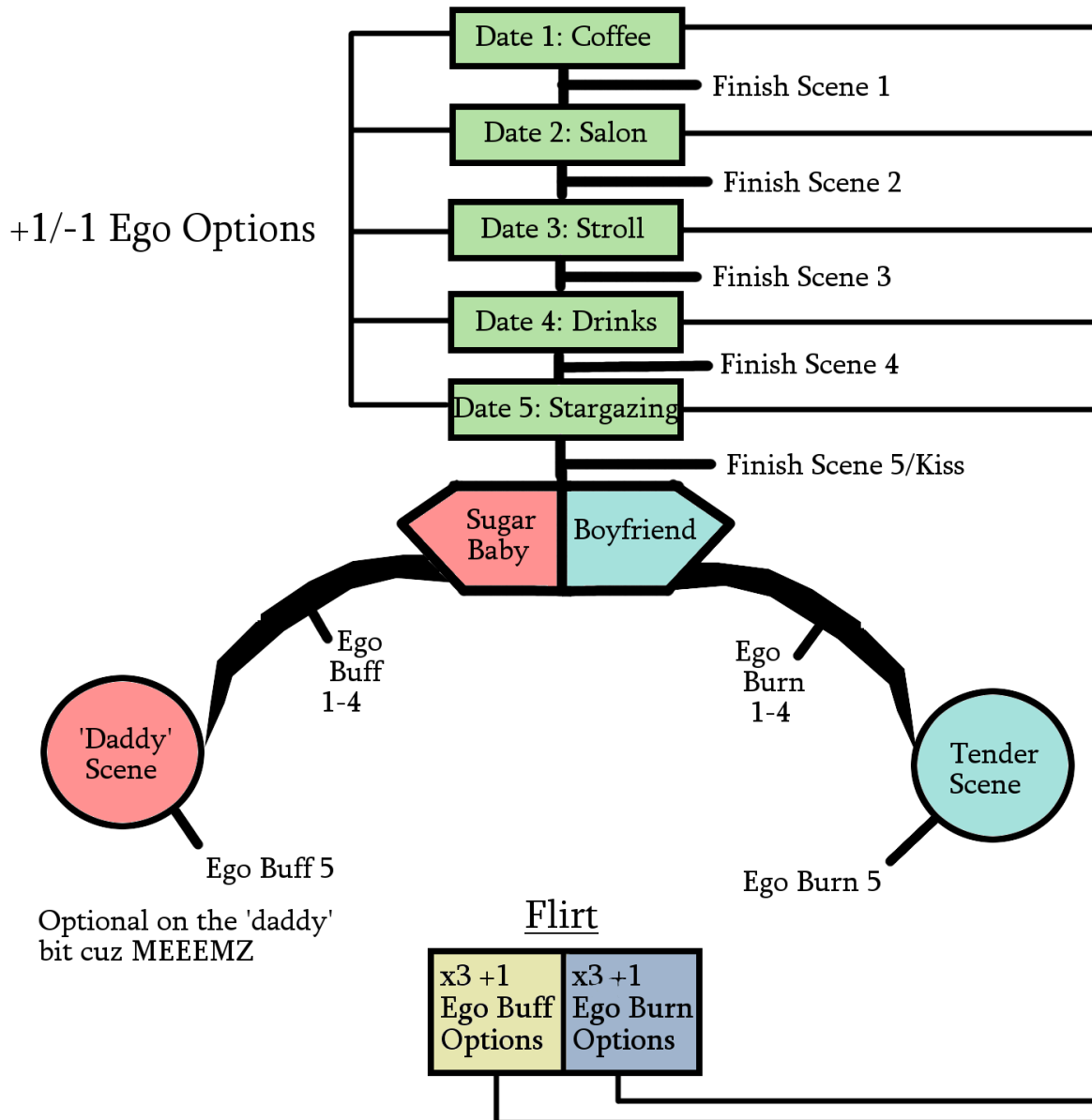
//tooltip: Mm, you’re not quite feeling it, for whatever {silly: stupid fucking, doggo-hating, penisy} reason.

You raise your hand. “Raincheck, I’m afraid. Fortune won’t find itself,” you say within earshot of the indignant Maxi.

“Aw, a true shame, babes. If we’re all around again, do allow us to treat you next time, hm?” says Sascha, winking over his sunglasses. The nattering friends make their way towards the elevator and you take your leave.

[Leave]

# Progression flowchart



## On 'Finish Scenes:

All applicable finish scenes trigger after completing one [\[Flirt\]](#) and one [\[Talk\]](#) action, effectively ending the date. Note that Date 5 **does not** have a finish scene, chart is slightly inaccurate.

# Sascha

//tooltip: Spend time with Sascha!

Resting against a wall with his shoulder, the sultry Sascha is next to his friends with his attention focused on his communicator device. He looks impressively bored or even dejected. Cancelled plans, perhaps...?

He's wearing that same outfit from before: a two piece set, short leggings and a short-sleeved crop top colored beige hugging his trim and curved figure in mildly distracting ways.

You walk over to the group with a few waves and they meet you in the middle with their own greetings.

"Heeeeya Steele, we've got something cool planned. Coming?" asks Sascha sweetly.

[Sure] [Nah]

## Sure

//tooltip: Fun times with the boys. And ovir of indeterminate sex.

(these scenes play once in sequence for every [Sure] interaction in this section. For example, 1st [Sure] is Date 1, 2nd [Sure] is Date 2, etc. Completing Date 5 unlocks the next phase where Sascha moves to outside the bakery.)

### Date 1: Coffee

You say sure, you're down.

Sascha claps his hands in approval. "Lovely. I've even convinced Maxi to behave himself this time," the dog-morph says with a smug grin. "Shall we get going? We're doing coffee again."

You follow the group at their side, keeping in tune with their light conversations. This time, you pick up on a rather lurid scandal that involves several different members of unions, directors boards and a whole priory of the Church of the One. There's even a few names that you recognise although the context is rather buried for each. Yenshe and Maxi appear to be in their element while Sascha bounces off of them with sarcasm and aesthetic commentary. Boritz mostly keeps to himself, apparently nursing a hip injury.



The elevator journey is much more pleasant than before: a nice air of banter with a lot of it being centered on the cause for Boritz's bad hip.

"I bet it was Yenshe," starts Sascha.

"Puh-lease, I am not that strong," says the modest ovir, scratching her shoulder. "It had to be Maxi. Especially after that last episode, poor Steele had only just joined us. How could you expect him to keep down after that?"

You wonder why anyone would be suspect to injuring the poor kitty but perhaps it's just one of those things you'd need to pick up on. Maxi himself says nothing.

A short stroll later and you're outside the bakery again. Finding the same table as before, Sascha once again goes to grab coffees filled with bunny love from the shop front, his quintet of tails swishing playfully behind him.

The next few minutes are calm, Boritz and Maxi comparing shoe brands of all things. Yenshe pays you reserved compliments to your [\[pc.gear\]](#), fascinated with the tech behind it. She's certainly the type to have never imagined a combat zone, let alone be in one. You remain polite however, showing the group your [\[pc.weapon\]](#) and how you operate it in your own special Steele way.

Sascha comes back with coffees and another bowl of 'cream', although he instead has a very tall frappuccino glass filled with... pure liquid cream. He puts the glass in front of his spot and hands the drinks around.

Yenshe is already cheering.

"Ohoho, Maxi not enough for you, Sash? No wonder you took so long in there," she giggles, clasping her scaly fingers together.

"Biiite me, just thought I'd have some fun," sasses Sascha, straightening his back. "Someone record this, pretty pleeeeeease."

All three of them pull out devices and angle them towards Sascha in unison. They're pretty used to this sort of thing, it seems... you're almost tempted to get a vid yourself but you don't have a camera.

Sascha inhales through his nose, paws laid out on the table. He rubs his lower lip against his teeth as he stares at it for a few seconds. "Ok, ok... ok. Straight to my ass, please."

In one swift motion, he grasps the glass with both paws, raises it to his lips and glugs away!

[Chant]\* [Refrain]\*\*

\*+1 Ego Buff, -1 Ego Burn.

\*\*+ 1 Ego Burn, -1 Ego Buff.

## Chant/Refrain

//tooltip: Encourage or don't, it might have an effect later...

A chorus of "Go, go, go!" quickly picks up, the sounds of gulping forming a punctual, lewd rhythm that's exacerbated by the reminder of what the contents of the glass are. In just over 12 seconds, the demonstrably ravenous Sascha has drained the entire thing and put the glass onto the table with a <i>thud</i>. He slumps onto the wooden surface with his panting tongue hanging outside of his mouth, a milky mix of drool and cream hanging off of the tip. The other three can barely contain themselves, teasing the stuffed creamslut. {pcMischOrHard: You even throw in a few teases yourself, mostly about how messy his mouth is.}

"Mmmuh, so thick. I'm not eating today," whines the defeated dog, his sunglasses sliding off of his snout onto the table. You can see his cheeks are a little puffed up: he definitely enjoyed it...

"And this will be on the extranet in 3... 2.... 1..." says Maxi, a smug smile on his face. Sascha giggles but burps mid way, his paw catching more pearly fluid between his fingers. Everyone laughs: even you are compelled to chuckle.

"Oh, that is just embarrassing," he mutters into his fluffy cuffs, burying his head in his arms.

"And that's what happens when you don't eat or screw for half a week," says Maxi, the smugometer of self-satisfaction climbing ever higher with his every word. "Silly boy."

Sascha merely raises two middle fingers to his direction.

"All jokes aside, me and kitty have to be toddling on," says Yenshe, quickly downing her own drink. She pats Boritz on the shoulder, pecking him lightly on the cheek. "Toodles, Steele. And don't get <b>too</b> cream hungry, Sash? Remember that one week last year when you were here every day, hm??"

The defeated dog gives the ovir the middle fingers as well. She leaves with the grinning Boritz in tow, his hip giving him a small stagger in his step and very quickly tainting that grin with a wince. "I'll be off too, a summoning at 6 of all things. Apparently, the family brand is expecting some minor expansion," quips Maxi, putting on a straight faced business tone.

"Don't forget our own appointment, cumslut," he finishes, layering on a vaguely threatening tone.

"Biiiiiitch," calls out Sascha from his buried arms. Maxi merely smiles and walks off with his fingers tapping away on his communicator.

[\[Next\]](#)

## Next

Sascha spends a few minutes groaning on the table, the thick regret of his actions still hanging around his mouth. You figure it'd be best to keep him company: his friends seemed to be more concerned with themselves, just leaving you two as is.

"Mmmm, Steele. Sorry," stirs the dogboy, slowly lifting his head up. His rose tinted eyes are weary and he rubs them repeatedly.

"It's a fun thing we just do on occasion: how much can Sascha dunk down his guts. I haven't done it in a while so I'm... urgh, rather full," he whines, clutching his belly. "Talk to me, hm? I could use the company."

[\[Appearance\]](#) [\[Talk\]](#) [\[Flirt\]](#)

## Finish, Date 1

"Mmm, that's enough excitement for me right now," says the groaning Sascha, patting his full belly. "Thanks for staying around, Steele. Probably a fluke but I appreciate the company."

"No problem, it was a fun time!" you say, smiling at him.

"Mmm, bet it was, hmm? Enjoy watching me swallow all that bunny juice?"

He sticks his tongue out and drags an index finger along it. You lean in ever so slightly as he does so...

"A-actually forget I said that, Maxi would... anyway," he stammers, dusting himself down. "A true pleasure, Steele! Catch you soon?"

You nod and the dog boy takes his leave, fluffy tails swirling and swaying behind him.

[\[Leave\]](#)

## Date 2: Salon

You're up for another get-together, sure.

"Just awesome, Yenshe here booked a salon appointment for us. Maxi is doing something important and boring, poor Boritz hasn't woken up from last night sooooo, it's just

<b>perfect</b> that you came along,” explains Sascha, stroking his platinum hair with his hands.

“Mmhm, our treat Steele,” adds Yenshe, now wearing a lemon colored summer skirt.

You follow the chattering friends to Shear Beauty, the unisex salon of Tavros’s merchant deck. The conversation is mostly between them and consists mostly of ‘girl talk’: shoes, scandals and being size queens. They do sometimes ask for your opinions on color palettes, to which you give a reasoned, well-received opinion. Sascha seems to hover close to your side, occasionally using your arm as a support after a particularly catty joke between him and Yenshe that you missed out on.

“Ooohh, so that’s why he has the limp, you devilish little lizard!” laughs Sascha, play-pushing Yenshe as she retells her story.

“H-Hey, how is it my fault that he can barely handle me?! All that muscle and sports training and he can barely move his legs right,” giggles the ovir, re-arranging her emerald bob of hair.

They both give each other a quick hug and then Yenshe seems to turn to...leave?

“Byeeee, don’t do anything I wouldn’t dooo,” calls the ovir as she turns around.

“Tap you later, biiiiitch,” replies Sascha in a sarcastic tone. “Ugh, the things that girl gets away with. All ready to go in, Steele?”

You nod but ask her why Yenshe isn’t joining.

“Ohhh, I didn’t clear it up, sorry! Mm, I guess you could say we all like having you around, ‘cept Maxi but whatever. And uh, I just wanted to have you for myself for a day, hm? Yenshe very kindly gave you her slot to use,” he explains, smiling sweetly. Fair enough!

Giving him your thanks, you both continue on and in very little time, you’ve made it to the salon.

[\[Next\]](#)

## Next

You’re greeted by Ceria and an on duty assistant - a sharply groomed human lad - at the door and guided into the pristine grey-and-white salon. Sascha does all the talking {pcHasMetCeria: although Ceria still gives you a welcoming wink on the sly}.

“A joy as always. And look! Finally a willing friend,” he chats, emphasising a note of frustration at ‘willing’. Yeah, those friends of his...

Ceria shows you both to adjacent seats - on which, you both sit with a unified 'thanks' - and calls over the assistant. With a very meticulous, thorough yet quick set of patterns, he's adjusted both chairs for your respective heights and covered your fronts in grey capes with a pink brand logo near the neck holes. How very professional.

"Isn't he just the best? A shame that he's not around as much, poor Ceria can't handle all this majesty on her own!" quips Sascha, flicking his lustrous, platinum locks clear of his shoulders. The tumbling cascade catches the eyes of the assistant, bringing out such a strong reaction that you can see a tear visibly well up from the corner of his eye.

"M-May I touch it, sir? Ceria's work is something I greatly admire and if I could just have a <b>feel</b> for it..."

"Hmmm..." muses Sascha, idly tapping his cheek.

[Encourage]\*\* [Dissuade]\*

\*+1 Ego Buff, -1 Ego Burn.

\*\*+ 1 Ego Burn, -1 Ego Buff.

### Encourage/Dissuade

//tooltip: Suggest that Sascha should let him touch or not let him touch.

{ifEncourage:

"Go on, it'd be good for his training," you suggest to him, laying the charm with a faint grin.

"I supppooooose. Alright then, babe, have a good little fondle," giggles the dog boy, leaning his head back a bit. The assistant can't seem to believe his luck and eagerly sets his fingers into the bulk of Saschas luscious locks.

Slowly and steadily, he drags his bony fingers down the cascade of soft platinum.

Without any resistance, he performs a long, smooth motion all the way down to the dog-morphs perky derriere. He stops just shy, bringing his hands up like an impassioned conductor.

"My word. My word, sir, my word indeed. I might have to sit down," says the breathless lad, much to Saschas grin-hidden delight. The flustered assistant then takes his spot behind you.

/ifDissuade:

"Don't, it's for Cerias hands only, right? Only the best," you suggest to him, resting your chin on your hand, emphasising 'only'.

“Mmm, yes. Sorry, babe, only the important people get to touch,” he says, the dog morph’s mouth turning into a satisfied, smug lip purse. He gestures in the vague direction of the assistant, as if lazily swatting a fly.

“Customer is, indeed, always right sir,” says the slightly dejected lad, taking his spot behind you.

}

Ceria returns from the back, an array of haircare tools in her hands. She arrays them in front of Sascha and both her and Ceria pick up the small talk.

The assistant places his hands on your shoulders.

“Hello {sir/madam}, I’m Benjamin. Your friend has allotted and paid for the ‘Smooth Groom’ package so expect a real <b>treat</b> in detail,” says the freshly anointed Benjamin, a friendly, sophisticated bent to his middle-range voice.

{pcKind:

“Can’t wait! Show me those skills,” you quip, looking at him through the mirror in front of you.

/pcMisch:

“Just no throat-slitting, hm? Kidding,” you joke, looking at him through the mirror in front of you.

//pcHard:

“Better be perfect,” you say plainly, raising an eyebrow to his reflection.

}

Benjamin nods with an upward crease in his lips and begins his work, applying a gentle spray of water onto your [pc.hair]. With his thin fingers, he sets about massaging your scalp in a pleasant and professional manner, getting a feel for your particular unquities.

While that’s happening, you have a glance over to Sascha through the mirror. He’s in his element, talking non-stop about people and events you’ve no bearing on. Ceria is laughing all the way, her expert hands gliding over and around Saschas platinum cascade without effort.

{pcHasLivingHair:

You can feel a thin gel being gently massaged into your [pc.hair] with delicate and smooth movements.

//else:

You can hear a bit of snipping and nipping from behind you{pcIsBald: although they’re fairly infrequent and precise, the metal of the scissors constantly held against your scalp}.

}

He’s very gentle, the little pulls and fluff-ups with his fingers feeling just <i>so</i>.

“Lovely work, hm? Very high standards here of course,” you hear Sascha say to you in a raised voice, his contented rose quartz eyes giving you that knowing look. “Oop, I think it’s time for peripherals!”

Ceria undoes Saschas cape, fluffing and brushing his glossy hair. You honestly can’t tell what’s different about it aside looking ever so slightly more perfect than it already was. The dog boy slinks out of his seat and moves to the center of the room. He then begins to... strip?!

“Mm, I wonder if there’ll be a crowd this time,” he jests, pulling his cream crop top over his head and pushing his tight leggings and G-string to the floor with a wiggling of his girlish hips and ass. His wide fan of five bushy tails swing around his body, covering his bare backside from your view. What a tease...

“Oooo, now now Steele, even a bitch boy like me has to maintain **<b>some</b>** personal dignity,” he coos, turning his head to blow you a playful kiss. You can only smile at his display: he’s just having fun after all.

He spreads out his arms so that he forms a graceful T-pose, his array of tails extending to their full length behind him. The faux-peacock fan is ready for its trim.

Ceria can’t stop smiling herself, given that she’s the only one with a full view of his front. You’re almost tempted to imagine it yourself, although you can see that Sascha is giving you the eye from over his shoulder. It’s that kind of smokey, sultry look that’s **<b>begging</b>** for you to look over all his beautifully nude form.

Ceria starts her work, examining every prominent tuft and giving each a little *<i>schnip</i>*. You rest your head on your hand, intending to give him the visual attention he craves.

It’s the little motions: a slight push of the hips to the left, a little bit of tail brushing invitingly against his thighs and ass... he wants to feel your eyes on him.

Ceria whispers into his ear and he pirouettes on the spot to face you, his nethers covered in sandy blonde tail fluff. At this point, Sascha closes his eyes and lets the energetic elf stylist do her work in peace.

It’s quite the display of egomania. The pampered pooch is putting on a performance for the people of Tavros and you have the front row seat. You haven’t even noticed that Benjamin had finished with your own hair quite a while ago.

After a good 20 minutes of posing, trimming and living in his own fantasy, Ceria taps Sascha on the shoulder and calls ‘Dooone’ rather loudly into his ear. The distracted dog boy almost yips as she does, covering his front end with his tails in surprise. The elf just giggles at him, swatting his perky butt as he bends down to redress.

He sits back down in the chair next to you, fanning himself with both hands.

“Mm, putting on such a show gets a boy hot under the collar,” he chuckles, rolling his eyes at his own unintentional pun.

He looks at you from the corner of his eye, his snout pointed to the mirror. "Enjoy it, babe?"

"No comment," you say with a wry grin, although your locking gaze with him says it all...

"Pfft, you <b>loved</b> it," he teases, the faintest hint of a blush discoloring his sandy cheeks.

Ceria interrupts you both, two cups of {silly: BOOTY SWEAT, Y'ALL //else: fragrant tea} in her hands. She places them on the ledges beneath the mirrors in front of you, allowing the aroma to reach under your noses.

"What a joy, just a bit of R&R with a new friend," comments Sascha. "Want to talk for a little? I booked a long slot after all."

[Appearance] [Talk] [Flirt]

## Finish, Date 2

"Mmm, I've had such a fun day, all things considered," says the pampered pooch, finishing his tea with a proper, rehearsed motion. "How about you, Steele? Benjamin's a proper sculptor in the making, hm?"

You can't help but agree, the added smoothness to your [pc.hair] feeling like it has been completely cleansed of impurity and imperfection.

"Mind if I...?" asks Sascha, curling his pawed hand back.

"Suuure," you say, bending your head towards his direction. He gives the top of your head a quick ruffing up with his paws. "Ahaaa, gotchu!" he teases. Heeey... good thing that whatever that stylist did to your hair lets it go back to its pre-fluffed state! {silly: <i>BASED FUCKING TECHNO SPACE MAGIC, UNNNNGGGG</i>}

Sascha's purse makes a noise.

"Fucking... I gotta take this, Steele," he says, whipping out his communicator. "I'll see you soon, hmmm?"

He sends you a wink and a blown kiss then quickly gets to his conversation. "Oheey, Maxi, baby, sorry for-"

You decide it's best to leave him to it.

*//PC gains Well-Groomed status effect.*

[Leave]



## Date 3: Stroll

You say sure, you're up for spending some time with the group. It's a smaller bunch today: Sascha, Boritz and Yenshe.

Sascha leans to your [pc.ear]. "Actually it's a greeeat thing you're here, I want to get away from the usual crowd. Just us two, yah?"

He turns to Yenshe. "Soooooooo...."

"Oh go have fun, you two," says the smiling ovir, flicking her scaly hand in the air. "Catch up later, Sash?"

Sascha nods with a sigh, a look of relief on the puppy boys face. He turns back to you and grabs your right hand. "Let's go for a walk, hm? I just want to do something simple." He bounces to your side and lifts up his right arm to his chest. Taking the hint, you hoop yours through his and he gives your hand a little squeeze. It's all just friends being friendly, right? Right...?

You both head off at a slow strolls pace, avoiding the crowds of the merchants deck. Where you'll end up, who knows? But that doesn't matter, you're just having a nice time. Sascha walks a little more slowly than you expected, his rather purposeful steps adding a bit of a hip-swinging gait to his stride. You'd be tempted to look at the effect on his peach of a butt if you weren't so tightly locked to his arm...

You both keep it to small talk, a little bit about the space weather in the local cluster and a little bit about the newest Tank Kannon episode that you haven't seen yet. "Ugh, for all the hype of the thing, it's a surprisingly unsatisfying ending," opines Sascha, a mixture of disgust and perplexion in his voice. You chuckle, proposing that perhaps having two Tanks would be a more enjoyable watch.

"I don't know Steele, the more you say on the matter, the more sounds to me like you have some undisclosed hyper fetish," he sasses, squeezing your arm. "Then again, I heard it from {Jack/Jill} that you have a thing for {his/her} nude pictures and a hose so I don't really know what to believe."

Oh joy.

You both reach a seating area near Anon's Bar and Sascha pauses his walk.

"Uurgh, mind if we sit for a little? I need some unbiased ears," he says, a little nervous and sheepish in his movements. You ask if there's anything wrong.

"Mmmight be? I don't know yet," he starts, setting himself down on a bench. You sit by his side a few inches away, leaning against the seat in a relaxed way to keep up the sense of calm for him.

"So as you've probably picked up or if I've mouthed off enough, us four... friends are a bit closer than we might seem. Yenshe's doing Boritz and I'm doing Maxi. We change it up every month or so, ostensibly for fun but... lately, I guess, I've been thinking that I can't do it. Especially not with Maxi, he's just been completely unbearable, like totally. I can even explain it!"

You sense a rant in the making.

"Ok ok, lemme try to lay this out: his parents are pricks. More than he is! I know, like, how does that work? So anyway, ultra controlling, very wealthy. They want grandkids for whatever dumb rich person reason, poor boy's only 26. He just wants to live a little!"

You nod along, keeping vague eye contact with him.

"Make him get this stupid, stupid mod that makes his 'equipment' ultra 'potent'. Conveniently forgetting he's pretty much only into men but what can I say, deluded rich people. Anyway, big shocker, it just makes his dick bigger. And really, I'd be impressed, it's like a foot long and all kinds of tasty girthy," he says dreamily. "But whatever he took, fucked him. So. Hard. Ironically too because that's his new problem: he can't get hard. Too proud to take drugs, too stubborn to show up his dumbass parents. Although I'll say that when it's a semi, it's got this really hot, dildo like flexibility and I just love to... anyway."

He shakes his head before he breaks into a devious tangent.

"But that's just Maxi, who was always an ass and is just worse cuz he wont change. But Yenshe is super into Boritz right now. Jeez, those too... Boritz can be fun if you're leading him but fuck me, I just can't handle his stupid, spiney dick. Mercy me, more irony, hm? But yeah, he felt jilted by it when I turned him down and now just won't talk to me. And Yenshe is my real friend of the bunch but she's just so... **big** and I don't want more EasyFit in me. Then again, she won't even touch me while she's with Boritz so, uh..."

Is he going to ask you...?

"I wanted to know."

Mhmmm....??

"How do I break the news to Maxi that we're over?"

Oh...

[Harsh]\* [Gentle]\*\*

\*+1 Ego Buff, -1 Ego Burn.

\*\*+ 1 Ego Burn, -1 Ego Buff.

## Harsh/Gentle

//tooltip: Remember, they're both hurting inside.

{ifHarsh:

“Screw him, make it clear. He treats everyone badly, even you!” you say sincerely, maybe hurting a little too much from Maxis passive aggression.

Inhaling deeply, Sascha looks at you. “Damnit, you’re right. He’s so pig headed and it’s not worth my time. I don’t even know if we’ll be friends anymore but oh well, he wasn’t exactly a good one of those either.”

/ifGentle:

“Just be easy on him, he’s not unreasonable. You’re all still friends at the end of the day and he’s not really a <b>total</b> write off, right?” you say sincerely, hoping to find the good in both parties.

He sighs but his face is a picture of content and acceptance. “You’re right, he’s nutty but not an idiot. I can probably rope Yenshe to help too. Hmmm, feels good to get it out there.”

}

He seems relieved, his tails swaying gently behind him. They idly brush against your shoulder but whether that’s intentional or not... doesn’t seem clear.

“Thanks [pc.name]. Got very few people to talk to about the serious side of our little circle. Good peptalk...”

He smiles at you with a sort of knowing, sweet smile. Clearing his throat, he jumps up to his feet.

“Let’s continue, hm? And not ruin this nice moment. I want to walk by Aliss’s place too, just to see all her new items. Been needing some new... particulars,” he says to you, holding his arm out again. You lock with him, this time giving his hand a squeeze. You think you can see a little hint of a blush from the dog boy.

You both amble at a leisurely pace, drawing one or two looks from couples and singles alike. You can see Sascha giving every one of them a wink, obviously enjoying the attention. Somehow, the conversation returns back to dicks.

“Mm, I tell you one thing though, Steele: I haven’t had a good knotting in *ages*. Both ways, actually. Maxi always gets his way and won’t let me touch that stupid ass of his so I’ve had to settle with a half hard dildo most of the time. And dammit, that shit is smooth and **nice** but I need some time off from using the hips too...” he rants, being very casual about the whole thing.

“So what kind of cock do you like...?” you ask with an immense amount of immediate regret.

“Mm, all kinds really. I have size preferences, though. Wouldn’t think so, huh? Looking and acting as I do but yeah. I’ve had a lot of tries to figure out what I like and what I can uh... cope with,” he continues, unfazed by the topic.

“I’ve found that a full twelve inches is just the **dream**, you know? Fuuuck, a full twelve, two and a bit thick and with a nice, meaty knot at the bottom,” he explains with enthusiasm, gesturing the rough sizes with his pawed hands. He hooks his purse around his shoulder for a better ease of motion.

“And when it bottoms out inside, I just... oof, sold, completely sold,” he finishes, fanning himself something fierce.

“How about y- ooh!”

He rushes off towards Mi Amour as it comes into view, almost sprinting on his powerful, springy legs. You follow of course, trying not to bump into anyone along the way.

The excited dog boy pretty much smushes his face against the viewing window, his panting tongue leaving a hot mist on the surface.

“I waaaant it allll,” he whines, his array of tails spiralling, twisting and swishing against each other. “Gimme a few minutes, wait here!”

Welp.

He rushes into the shop, pretty much jump-hugging Aliss herself as she tries to greet him. He rushes towards the window from the inside, giving you a frantic wave and a grin, then proceeds to pick out three black, rather slinky thongs.

He holds them to a full spread, as if asking for some wordless approval. They *are* pretty fetching, at least in your eyes: slinky, svelte, very much his style. You give a double thumbs up and he bounces on the spot, very quickly proceeding to throw them at Aliss while he rushes to another part of the shop. Guess you can’t keep a boy from his clothes...?

Sascha takes a good 10 minutes to admire and fondle every small and big thing that takes his fancy. Even Aliss herself actually gets a more-than-friendly kiss on the lips after he makes the final purchase.

He comes out just as fast as he went in, showing you the small bag of purchases he made.

“Mmmmm, I love these! So cute, so cuuute, can’t wait to feel them when I get home,” he squeals. His fan of tails sway and swish in excitement, not quite fast enough to be considered wagging. Aw, who’s a happy boy...

“Whatcha think? You wanna see me wear them... too...”

He stops himself mid sentence, very quickly clearing his throat.

“Leeet’s just walk some more, aheheh. Mm...”

His cheeks are very flushed but you decide not to press him on it. Still, you can’t help but grin at his own self-flustering.

“Ooh, I could use a bit of... bit of a sit. Over here,” he says breathily, pointing to another public bench.

Sascha sits on it first, patting the seat next to him for you. You do so, a little closer into his personal space than before. He either doesn't notice or doesn't mind.

“Mind if we just sit and talk some? It’s been such a lovely day and you just letting me rant has helped so much. Come on, ask me something! I gotta give my fair share!”

[\[Appearance\]](#) [\[Talk\]](#) [\[Flirt\]](#)

### Finish, Date 3

“Fuck, I never knew how much I needed this. Just to clear my head, someone to bounce off of, ya know? Eheh, you’re probably pretty bored of me now, huh?” says the dog boy, leaning his head on your shoulder.

“Nooo, it was fun! Even if it was about... dicks a lot of the time,” you say in a musing tone. Sascha just laughs.

“Oh no, we did, fuck! That was all you though, letting me just spill out like that. Totally, one hundred percent you! Amirite?”

He leans in close, his wet nose almost brushing against your own. “Maybe,” you half whisper, inching your face so that both noses touch...

He licks your nose.

Then laughs.

“Haha, silly {boy/girl}!” he says slovenly, play-pushing you away with a giggle. What a tease...

“Anywho, I need a to try out these babies,” he says, holding up his shopping bag. “I’ll see your {pcM: hunky butt /pcT: cutie butt //pcHorF: sexy butt}, soon right?”

You say yeah, keeping eye contact a little bit longer than usual.

He quickly gets up to leave, his tails brushing their light, impossibly soft fur across your face. With a blown kiss, Sascha takes his leave.

[Leave]

## Date 4: Drinks/Bar

You ask what’s on the menu today.

“Oh nothing fancy, just drinks at Anon’s! Even we need to just be trashy for a night, ahuh?” says Sascha, pulling Yenshe and Boritz by the hands towards you. Maxi is, again, nowhere to be found. Not that that would surprise you given last time’s pep talk.

Hm, you can do drinks, sure!

“Aweeesome, I want to try some Terran mixes!” he exclaims.

“Oh me too, I heard of something called a, uh, what was it, da-kiiiri?” interjects Yenshe.

“Actually it’s daiquir-” you try to say.

“But what about that other thing, that really <b>lewd</b> thing? A Pornstar? Or was it the nipple thing?” muses Sascha, squinting at Yenshe.

“Just get all of them, ya silly bitch,” flaps the ovir, rolling her eyes. “I want to see how Boritz handles his composure once I’ve been through with him.”

She turns to the silent cat boy and nudges him in the ribs, making him yip. He now has a silk collar on since last you met, a tiny little bell tinkling against his adam’s apple.

How fetching.

Yenshe leads your little group towards Anons bar, a place that seems busier than ever{silly: since Fisi decided to show up JEEZ LOOK AT THOSE FANBOYS, FUCK}. Still, you’ve never not been able to find a cozy spot to get sloshed in.

Sascha and Yenshe are immediately at the counter, squabbling over who knows what between the din of conversation and mood music. There’s a lot of frantic pointing at the cocktail menu,

that much you can tell. You and Boritz find a big table to sit at, away from most of the hubbub but within easy access of the bar itself.

Of course, Boritz being his awkward self, he has very little to say outside of small talk. You comment on how his hip seems better but he leaves it at 'thanks' and says nothing else about it. To idle the time, you keep a visual reference on where Sascha and Yenshe are. Still ordering although you can see the drinks being mixed in front of them: loads of bright blues and reds being thrown together with what looks like some lime green too.

After a view minutes of observation, the pair come back with two impressively sized drinks each, one for each person. Sascha places yours in front of you: it's transparent and in a tall slim jim glass. Slices of some sort of fruit line the inside and there's a distinct 'fresh air' aroma going on. You take a sip for a taste and <i>achh</i> it's a little bit on the sharp side! Damn tasty though, whatever it is.

During that taster however, the other three have already downed their drinks!

"Oop, time to get some more!" calls out Yenshe, rushing over to the bar with a polite burp. Sascha is already slightly red in the face despite his fur covering his cheeks.

"Sooo, whatcha think, Steele baby?! Nice right?!" he shouts, perhaps a little louder than he needed to. You nod and give a thumbs up, unable to get a word across.

"Try miiine!" he yells, shoving his thin glass into your hands. There's just enough of the wispy red stuff left for you to have a swig. Knocking your head back, it goes down really smoothly. Mm, it's pretty damn sweet and fruity! Then, a particularly strong burn hits the back of your mouth. {pcAlchTolerance>45: Nice! Let's get another! //else: Oo, might have to watch out for that particular cocktail...}

Sascha nudges you in the ribs once you've put the glass down. "Tasty, yeah?! I'll getchu another!"

The dog boy makes his way to the bar, passing a slightly wobbly Yenshe. The ovir sits down with a smile, the mild air of intoxication already apparent. She's already giggling to herself, using boytoy Boritz as a sort of cushion. You get the impression that she's not great with her drink...

Sascha comes back with two more red drinks and sets one next to your first clear drink. Once again, the dog boy knocks it down him without much of a show and has a little trouble placing his glass back on the table. Oh, so they're <i>both</i> bad with their drink...

The night goes on pretty nicely in spite of that. The conversation is mostly a wall of giggling and petty banter, the supposed fetish you have of dousing your cousin in the jizz of Tank Cannon while you whip his testicles becoming the main talking point. Even Boritz is getting into it, the rough voiced catboy having what looks like a more typical beer alongside cocktails. You're less inclined to drink given how the ovir and dog boy are only three in and seem worryingly wobbly.

As things continue, Yenshe and Boritz are kind of all over each other: scaled hands gripping and squeezing at buff kaithrit fur with the accuracy and strength of... well, a drunk person. They're minutes deep into a long makeout session and might not come out of the other end unspoiled...

A waitress comes over and asks how everything is, aiming to take your dirty glasses away. Sascha laughs at the awkward embrace of the kaithrit and ovir, the smaller green lizard being haphazardly groped by a dopey giant of a cat boy.

"Huhhuuhheeeey, heheeeeh," he slurs to the waitress. "Mayyyybe I can help yooooou, huhh?"

Oh jeez, with him being drunk, that could mean <i>anything</i>.

[Let Him] [Convince]

### Let Him/Convince

//tooltip: He's not quite in a rational state but he's not malicious either...

{ifLetHim:

Oh what's the worst he could do?

Letting him go about his drunken manoeuvre, you watch the dog boy rush up to the waitress and give her a particularly wet kiss on the lips! He holds the kiss for only a few seconds, enough for the startled waitress to not react in time. Once he's had his fun, he slumps onto his back against the couch, laughing hysterically.

"Pffffhahaha! Oh my, oh me oh my! Nice lips baaaaaby, pfffhehehe!"

The flummoxed waitress stares into space and merely says "th-thankyou sir" before wandering off in a daze with empty glasses.

The sated dog boy sits himself back up again, his skin flushed under his sandy fur.

"I'm so <b>waaaaasted</b>! Didju see that Steele-babes?!"

/ifConvince:

Just make sure he tones it down, huh?

"Uh, don't do anything weird, kay Sash?" you say casually, imitating Yenshes inflections.

"Pffft, suuuure, suuuure," he giggles, reaching into his purse. He pulls out a fancy looking credit chit and unabashedly drops it into the waitresses cleavage, much to her surprise, "A whole minty fresh thousand for you, honeybuns. Dooooon't go wassssting it like meee, heeeeh," he semi-sings, gesturing wildly with his fingers.

The flushed waitress hurries off with the glasses and her generous tip.

}



You shake your head, grinning at his tipsy state.

His little 'gift' given, Sascha sits with a silly smile and sways lightly from side to side. His tails float around him in a similar way, independently brushing against all manner of surfaces. He jumps in place when one of them brushes against your arm.

"Ohoh, oh... mmm, sorry," he says slovenly, dopey eyed and grinning a foolish grin. "Mind of their own sometimes. Not bothered, right?"

You shake your head, giving his tail a reaffirming stroke. The {silly:floofy//else:fluffy} duster lightly wraps itself around your hand, the supremely soft fur feeling like a little piece of heaven. "Mm, like it, Steele? Remember when we got it nice and trimmed up? Mmmaybe I did it for a certain... someone," he says, choosing his words carefully.

Err, hmm.

"...Maxi?" you say to him.

Sascha gives you the sort of look that implies you've just vomited down his leg. The he bursts out laughing.

"Ffffffhahaha! Oh fuck, Steele, you're precious! I could just frame you and put you by my bedside, wake up in the morning, see your silly face and laugh all over again! Bahaha!"

...You sip down the rest of your drink in embarrassment. An open window and you aim for the shutters! {silly: "Well excuuuuuse me, SoAndSo, but you're the one who's making me do all these obviously self-sabotaging things!" SHUTUP, GET BACK TO BEING AWKWARD IHFDHMHFUHHH}

"Tell you what Steele, entertain me for a bit and I'll give you another chance, hm?" says the dog boy, leaning on his crossed knees.

[\[Appearance\]](#) [\[Talk\]](#) [\[Flirt\]](#)

## Finish, Date 4

"Soooo," says the half-drunk Sascha, turning on his seat to face you. "Let's try this again, Steele-baby. C'mere."

He pats the space next to him with the most sultry, smokey look you've seen from him yet. Well, that's as much a hint as any! You reservedly shuffle over to him, [\[pc.hip\]](#) hitting his cream-clothed thigh.

He puts his paw on your chin and draws you closer so that your noses meet.

“Now kiss me, you dumb sack of... of...pffft,” he giggles before pressing his lips to your mouth.

<i>Mmmmmm...</i>

Hot, sloppy tongues meet in the middle, your [pc.tongue] immediately on the advance against Saschas long, flat mouth muscle. You can feel his pawed palms around your back and neck, the both of them trying to pull you tightly to a lustful embrace. He murmurs his approval as you play and pull at his tongue with your own, the soft sucking sounds reverberating through your head in a delightfully encouraging way.

You can feel him slide his hands down your body towards your [pc.ass]. They find their way into the right places, one for each cheek. He squeezes and squishes the flesh while luridly groaning through the kiss.

“Mmmuh, fuck, that’s a nice ass... {pcThickness>51, pcTone<50: just the kind of ass to eat out and <b>fuck</b> all day //pcThickness<50, pcTone>51: just the kind of ass to grip on while riding a thick knot}, mmm!” he growls in between kisses, his claws gripping at your [pc.armor] in a bid to remove it all.

{pcButtRating>12: “So nice to just <b>squeeze</b>, fuck! Mmm, why am I only doing this now, mmmmmmmuh,” he continues, aggressively kneading your [pc.ass].}

You reach your own hands around the dog boys middle, also aiming for his peachy behind that begs for freedom from its prison of beige fabric.

One finger in, three, six: your hands slide down the tight space between the fabric and his fur then sink into his girlish, perky butt.

“Mmwait, wait...”

Huh..??

Sascha pushes himself away from you with a sudden shove, turning away from you. Was it something you did?

“Sorry, I-I’m not... I don’t think I want this tonight. Maxi still hurts, I have to stop my stupid, stupid self from jumping in again,” he says forlornly, covering his eyes with his palms. He quickly sips an unfinished drink.

“Ffffuck, I can’t beliiiieve this,” he whines in anguish.

“It’s ok, nothing bad happened, right?” you ask, hoping to calm him.

“That’s not... not it! Fuck, I have to leave. I have to leave! This is hurting my stupid, little head,” he panics, grabbing his things and heading to the exit.

You follow suit, hoping that the distraught Sascha doesn’t do anything rash...

You catch him outside before he rushes off in his slightly wobbly state.

“Hold on, wait!” you call out, trying to get in front of him. “Can you at least tell me where you’re going?”

“Home, goddamnit, just... my place! I need some time, I should never have gone for drinks with you here...”

Wait, what does he mean by that?

You ask him and he immediately goes on the defensive.

“N-nothing! {silly: B-b-b-b-baka!!!} Just give me some space you fucking cocktease!”

You raise your eyebrow at him: was that an admittance?

Realising his slip, the worked up dog boy rushes towards the elevators. You figure it’s best to let it all sort itself out but... goddamn, if you didn’t want to get at that boy butt before, you’re feeling for it now.

In the distance, you can see him looking back at you with a pout and crossed arms. You wave him on just to have him wave you back all the same. His face puffs up in frustration as he does: he’s supposed to be mad at you! Gaw!  
Silly boy.

*//PC gains ‘Buzzed’ status effect. Sascha becomes unavailable for 48 hours.*

[\[Leave\]](#)

## Date 5: Stargazing/Kiss

As you greet them, the duo of Yenshe and Boritz slink away with double-winks to leave the two of you alone.

“Yeeeeeah, we need to talk,” begins Sascha, fidgeting with his paws. “I had this whole... apology thing rehearsed and ready, it’s completely gone from my head. Ugghh, I just...”

{pcHeight78<:

He presses his forehead to your left shoulder and rests his fist on the other.

/pcHeight>78:

He pushes himself into your arms and wraps his hands around your middle.

}

"I don't even know, this mess with Maxi and the whole drinking thing last time, I can't even think about anything else. Anyone else..."

You ask him who he could mean.

"Yooou, you stupid, stupid, perfect idiot! Fucks sake, Steele," he whines, play-jabbing you in the ribs. You chuckle: you just wanted to hear it from him out in the open. You hug him softly so that he can feel comfortable, whispering "It's ok" into his fluffy ear.

He sniffs, taking your hands in his paws and looking at you with glassy eyes. "So what now? Just have fun a-a-and, and then see how it pans out in the end? Be all lame and cliché?"

You say that doesn't sound so bad, smiling back at him while holding his right hand in your left. Why not just enjoy the evening? Nothing to worry about, no drama or stress.

Just you two.

He squeezes your hand. "Exactly what a boy like me wanted to hear," he giggles, his fan of five tails slowly brushing against your back.

You're both close by to a viewing window, one that looks upon the local sun and the stars beyond. Hey, pretty romantic! You take the lead, walking slightly ahead of the sauntering Sascha.

There's a long bannister to lean on in front of the 50 foot wide window and you both take up spots next to each other, arms and hips pressing together as you lean side-by-side.

The view of space is breathtaking to say the least.

A picture with so much depth to it that it messes with your sense of perception, one filled with an incalculable number of glowing white dots. The local sun is a blurred orb of white and yellow, hanging just off the bottom left corner of the viewing point. A distant, red-green nebula colors and tinges the starlight around it, the size of which must be galactic..

"You see this stuff all the time, hm? Does it still move you? I can't even make head nor tails of it," asks the dog-morph, resting his cheek on his palm. He sighs as he gazes into the darkened canvas, glassy grey eyes reflecting pinpricks of white light. "It kind of scares me, all this. Sometimes, I get too close to thinking about the size of things, the movement of it all, the... point of it all."

You feel him lean against you, his grip on the bannister becoming tense.

"Ever feel like that? I guess it's a different ball-park for the adventurous types, hm?"

You wrap your arm behind him and squeeze him closer.

[Yeah]\* [No]\*\*

\*\*+1 Ego Buff, -1 Ego Burn.

\*+ 1 Ego Burn, -1 Ego Buff.

## Yeah/No

//tooltip: You're pretty tough out there in the dark but the question of self-worth is always there...

{ifYeah:

"Maybe I'm a little scared from time to time. Think about it: all of this in front of us is purely the work of force acting upon force. All we can do is hang on, right?" you reply, rubbing your cheek against the top of his soft, silky-smooth hair.

"Mhmm and let me guess: you just need something or someone to hang on to, hm?" teases Sascha, his tails brushing and rubbing against your [pc.legs].

Also maybe, you say with a laugh, squeezing him to you again.

/ifNo:

"It's just stuff, really. Stuff to easily avoid and have no need to know about. Curiosity at most, right? You've got yourself and that's all that should ground you," you reply, using your palm to gently rub his hip.

"Ohoo, what if I dared to want to share myself with you, hm?" teases Sascha, his tails brushing and rubbing against your [pc.legs].

"Well that's different," you say in a smouldering voice, frisking the rim of his cream leggings with your fingers.

}

"Uh, calm down, yooou," he chides, slapping your hands away with a giggle. He reciprocates with a nuzzle against your arm, putting both his paws on your left hand.

You both become lost in the enthralling, impossibly slow movements of the cosmos before you. Every so often, Sascha points out the odd shapes and patterns that break the near-static image, tugging on your arm when they occur.

You give your best impressive, ad-hoc explanations: unstable real-space, gravity wells, solar winds, the ancient hand of Zeus smiting an insect on his wrist.

"Yooou bullshit artist, you," he half-whispers with a grin, nudging you in the ribs. "Dumbass mouth like that needs something to plug it up."

...<i>Oh really now?</i>

Taking the hint, you pull him against you and line your [pc.lipsChaste] to his grinning muzzle. Finally able to finish <i>that</i> moment from drinks night, you both lock lips for a woozy, slow and tongue-heavy kiss.

It's a gentle game of tug-and-pull, with you pulling him one way and Sascha pulling you another. His fluffy tails wrap around the two of you, forming a warm covering for your entwined forms.

{pcHasTail:

[pc.eachTail] can feel the silky softness of the Afghan hound's {silly: flooffertips /else: perfectly trimmed tail-dusters}, completing the covering around the two of you.

}

Suddenly, Sascha breaks away, his paws on your [pc.belly].

"H-hang on, hang on. I don't want to get ahead of myself here. I mean, me just being some dumpster trash from nowhere space being swept away by [pc.name] Steele of all people, I just-

Oh shush. You give him another quick kiss on the lips, to which he doesn't resist. You pull back and tug at his voluminous, platinum hair from behind, trying to match the wideness of his smile.

"Fuuuck, fine. I get it. Look, I just need a little more space to think. I... really want you," he says, drawing his paw along your [pc.chest]. "But I need to figure <b>how</b> I want you. And no I don't mean bedroom stuff, although maybe I do, I dunno, ANYWAY: you've made this a wonderful day for me. And... I'll be sure to return that feeling."

His paw finds its way along your pelvis, just inches from your nethers. With a giggle, he skips backwards, bouncing on his feet with excitement.

"You'll love it, I promise! Come find me by the Bakery later!"

He prances away with a little swing in his curvy, girlish hips. You're fairly sure you know what he means but if he needs his space...

Savouring the moment for a few minutes, you take the memory with you as you head back to the ship.

[Leave]

## Nah

//tooltip: Mm, you're not quite feeling it, for whatever {silly: stupid fucking, dog-hating, penisy} reason.

You raise your hand. “Raincheck, I’m afraid. Fortune won’t find itself,” you say within earshot of the indignant Maxi.

“Aw, a true shame, babes. If we’re all around again, do allow us to treat you next time, hm?” says Sascha, winking over his sunglasses. The nattering friends make their way towards the elevator and you take your leave.

[\[Leave\]](#)

## Talk

//tooltip: Get to know him a bit, he must be living a suitably lavish lifestyle.

You want to know about him, why not?

“All ears, babe” Sascha says, fanning himself with his paws.

*//player gets one choice per date, [Talk] is then greyed out for the remainder of the date.*

[You] [Work] [Love Life] [Interests]

## You

//tooltip: A general rundown: origins, history, normal stuff.

So what’s there to know about the cute dog boy? You ask him to talk about himself.

“Ohoh, Steele, darling. What a can of worms that is, let me tell you. Usually I’d have Yenshe to make me shut my stupid face but well, since you asked...”

He reclines back and draws his left leg up over his right knee, the tight material of his leggings accentuating the curves of his {silly: thicc /else: thickish}, girlish thighs.

“So, I’m Sascha, obviously. Sascha Brunae. Perfectionist extraordinaire and general hedonist,” he begins with a theatrical swing in his speaking voice.

“Honestly, most only get that far but you’ve been such a charmer. Hmm, we’re also just the two here, yah? How nice.”

He takes out a make-up mirror and brush, touching up his dark purple eyeshadow while he talks.

“Mm, so as you can tell, I’m a bit of a looker. Of course, natural beauty pales when compared to all of this but that’s not to say I’m all mods and none of my former self at all. But I am not my mods, of course, hmhmm,” he explains slowly, a few spaces in between sentences while he focuses on his eyework.

“Seeing as you’re not a natural born ausar, there’s certainly no harm in spilling a not-so-obvious secret. I’m an ausar, there, that’s all it is. Naturally, if you know anything about the current cultural climate, going ‘full muzzle’ is frowned upon to say the least.”

He sighs, bringing his attention to his other eye with the same attention to precision.



“But screw that, ‘pride’ in one’s planet is a bogus piece of thought. Thankfully, I’m very much in tune with overall spacer attitudes and the majority just don’t care about petty appearance squabbles and whose ass they plow on a lonely night.”

He chuckles, snapping the small mirror shut and stashing it away.

“So none of that ausar talk. I am Sascha, I’m a beautiful bitch boy, any variation of that can work if you’re smooth enough, hmmhmm. But what about you, Steele? You don’t mind that I’ve been calling you ‘Steele’? It’s got such a good ring, especially over [pc.name]. Uh no offence.”

“No worries,” you say, giving him your friendly approval. You start with the stuff he’s probably interested in the most: earning the ownership rights to your dad’s company. You talk about how you began and your current exploits with chasing far flung probes, batting away your cousin as the both of you vie for the same goal.

“Ah, lovely! And how is dear {Jack/Jill}? We’ve been very acquainted before now, similar circle of friends in high places. Maxi is certainly an actual friend, even if his idea of ‘friend’ is a little... mm, loose, I’d say.”

You say that in general, they have the head start, although health-wise you couldn’t say. You try your best to hold back your overall dislike of your erstwhile cousin, however he still picks up on it.

“Mmhmmhaha, don’t fret. No one likes {Jack/Jill} much aside Maxi anyway. Very much the typical ‘daddy’s precious’ sort and even in our little group, we’re not so empty in personality. A tragedy to be sure but even so, marvelous fun!” chirps the engaged dog boy.

“Hmm what else... mm, what about all this dressing up, hm? High fashion has no rules, in truth. I just love having sumptuous, soft everything all over. Mmhmm, it’s a lot of work being this perfect.”

He stretches out his forearms, showing the silky smooth, sandy fur that forms natural cuffs around all of his paws. They brush around in the air like tassels, becoming eye-catching when he moves his arms around.

“Oh and of course, my beautiful boys,” he says with pride, his array of trimmed, fluffy tails curling and swaying like a peacock’s fan.

“Best investment I’ve ever dreamt of, I’ve even won awards I had no idea existed! Yenshe likes to play games with me and randomly, I’ll get an alert from some obscure board of judges several sectors away who just <b>love</b> these beauties. Of course, she never mentions that they’re competitions for non-sentient pets until long after I’ve received the cheque...”

He reclines further, looking off into some distant corner of the room with indifference. “Mmm, enough talk about me, I’m usually terrible with keeping a lid on.”

[\[Back\]](#)

## Work

//tooltip: You're interested in how he's able to live as he does, must be fairly wealthy...

How does he fuel such an expensive maintenance? He doesn't strike you as a 'hard worker'. You ask him where he gets the moolah from.

"Hmmm, that's a fair question. I guess you could say 'a lot of little things', usually make up artistry though. I've had to hold that off recently as very few of my usuals come out to this part of space so I suppose Tavros is an extended vacation with no real end in sight. Suffice to say, I've already bought and handled my own apartment on the station, naturally. A boy's got to live reasonably, after all," he grins, running his fingers along his golden aviators.

"And if I'm not painting wealthy faces, I'm hosting. All sorts of things, mostly masked balls though. Being this sort of higher-tier usually entails something very sordid and I can confirm it's all true, whatever it is you've heard and no matter how outlandish it might be," he continues, going into gossip mode.

"Especially if it involves me, hmhmmm."

He taps the side of his snout, pacing his wording a little.

"I suppose there's no harm in saying that I can be quite the professional escort. A high-end one, naturally. Clients love the act, the idea that there's a very appreciative special someone on the end of their pay-chain. And I've had sugar daddies, some very handsome, <b>loving</b> daddies. Mm, very loving."

He grinds his tush against the seat, a sordid memory in his mind coloring the tone of his charmed giggling.

"Oh yes, I've done the 'rounds' and I suppose if I didn't enjoy it as much as I do, I would very much retire. Maybe that's why I like Tavros, it lets you do anything with enough impetus behind the idea. Open a charming little cafe with cakes covered in bunnyspunk? Do it. Buy a residence and turn it into anything you want to on a whim? Do it. Rent all the whores in the red light and parade it in front of that stuck up commoner in the Chrysalis? Do it! With a blessing!"

He openly laughs, explaining his viewpoint as a long-winded joke.

"Mm, it is a little lonely though. Not in a physical sense but a connective one. Oh I knooow, silly cliché bullshit about love and so on. I have little else to name it, though. That's why we like to... be very open with our friends. Us being Maxi and so on. We all love each other very much, if you catch my drift."

You're pretty sure you do, nodding with a sly grin at his suggestion.

"Anyway, anyway, anyway, let's not bury this nice moment in me, hm? Although if it's burying something else **into** me... kidding, kidding!"

[\[Back\]](#)

## Love Life

//tooltip: He seems quite the hedonist but what of more typical relationships? He seeing anyone?

So what about lovelife? Not an uncommon question around these parts.

"Oho, getting a taste for the gossip, hm? I kid. I guess seeing as he's not here, I'll just say it: me and Maxi are trying a thing. We've been friends for, hmm, almost a decade now. Back when I still considered myself ausar, I suppose. Never the greatest person to lean on but a great ride, great fun to be around. Family couldn't do enough for me, of course. Blended in like the adopted son they wish they could buy," he begins, tapping his chin.

"I'd say we keep things... mostly close, me and him. He was never one for polygamy or friends with extras. And very specific taste, as is the way with the upper-class: cute bitch boys like me, mmhmm. Natural fit, some would say, even if..."

He trails off, huffing air through his wet nose.

"Even if I'm not quite of the same breed as him, oddly fitting as it seems. Indeed, the exotic afghan and the purebred human, it'd never work! Or at least, that's what 'they' say but we're doing very comfortably," he says with pride, puffing his cream-clothed chest.

You ask about his preferences, considering how specifically he caters to clients.

"Mm, well I've never been the picky sort. And thankfully that's a natural instinct, I'd never survive if I didn't cast a wide net, so to speak. Corporate suits with dad bods and greying hair, cute boys in shorts, the sluttiest kaithrit just **begging** for a knot in the pussy, pardon my pun: it's all game! But I'd be dishonest if I didn't say I liked the male body the most," he opines, pulling at the elastic of his leggings.

Seems fair, he must be rather prolific in his cordoned-off world of hedonism. You ask him if there's anyone he has a soft spot for or was closest to.

“Ooo, hmm, tricky. And personal, may I add? I hope you don’t ask every random boy this question,” he teases, blowing you a kiss.

“But let’s see. I can point to one magical, whimsical night a couple of years ago. Found a lovely daddy to play with, very rich and very eager. Made me a very spoilt baby, as well. Old man wanted tight tailholes on demand and I could only oblige, of course. Charlie was his name, ‘Old Charlie boy’,” he starts, whimsically staring off into a corner somewhere.

“He takes me to a dinner, a hedonist’s paradise at that. It’s usual that after desserts, the play rooms open for all and everyone is encouraged to share. But during the evening, I’d spied a particularly beautiful specimen: a pink bunny boy, alone and singular in a crowd of black suits and dresses. I lose sight of him for the dinner but once play time was called, Charlie said ‘go have some fun’, so...”

The lip-biting Sascha pauses as he recalls the memory, a small blush forming under his cheek fur. “So I find someone’s lost little kitty and she was oh so distraught and so very, <b>very</b> horny. I did the kind thing and bent her over, full knot of course, mmhmm.”

He giggles in his seat, a paw trailing over his crossed thigh as he talks. You can see him squeeze his thighs together all the more, as if holding back a burgeoning arousal.

“And halfway through, a hand is on my shoulder. It’s him, bunny boy! And he’s been watching me all night. He asks ‘may I?’ in that sweet, sweet voice of his and I’ve all the reason to allow him, haha! MMmfuck, it was as if he’d known me all my life and knew just where to stick that foot long... yeah, well. Safe to say a Sascha Sandwich become a popular item on the menu,” he finishes, fanning himself with both paws.

“I never did catch his name. I wish I’d found him again... anyway, enough about that. Old dreams and memories, so many more to make, hm?”

[\[Back\]](#)

## Interests

//tooltip: So what does he like outside of ‘work’?

Truth be told, you’re curious as to what he does outside of socializing and ‘work’. You ask Sascha about his hobbies and interests, his passions and joys.

“Eheh, truth be told I’m not entirely sure. I enjoy stargazing when the opportunity arises. Something very personal about the wide, open emptiness of space. Makes no sense, right? I don’t know, I don’t think I’m smart enough to explain it. I think we could agree on that,” he begins, brushing away his opinions of himself with a few gestures.

"I think maybe keeping my sexy self tip-top with the most refined of mods would count. Mm, does count, actually. Certainly an interesting mark on my credit history! Not that I can't afford them, only that I tend to use a boat load all at the same time. Little things, you know? A bit of eye gloss here, fur texturing there, maybe something for the hips and lips. Never for the particulars though, I'm very happy with being quite naturally well endowed..."

He trails off with one of his rose-tinted irises peering out from the corner of its socket. What a boast! Would he be up for proving that claim?

You ask that question with a knowing grin: all in good fun, even if he says no.

"Pffthaha! Behave, yooooou, you dirty {girl/boy}. And maybe that's fresh coming from me but even I have my dignity, yah?"

He flicks a stray few hairs from his shoulder, shaking his head with a grin. "If only I'd known you had such a debased need for girly boys, huh? Like that wouldn't you..."

Sascha is definitely teasing you but you want to keep your real thoughts to yourself. You shrug and laugh it off, asking about how extensive his mod work is.

"Ooo, now there's an interesting topic. Well, certainly going from pale and smooth was the first step. Puppy poppers, naturally. Of course, I ended up taking enough for five beautiful tails so a pretty large amount. I had the fortune of being able to choose 'breeds' as humans call them and my, my, the afghan hound is a true treasure. Next, hips, legs and butt. I'm not so worried with spilling the beans on those, I had needs and mods filled them. Very much to standard."

He traces a line up the side of his left leg to his girlish hip, showing off his curvaceousness.

"A bit of Estrobloom for the details, lashes and overall frame. Inexpensive. A hair growth mod for that platinum shine and 'damage control', I suppose. Still need the salon, which I'm quite attached to anyway. Eyes, of course: custom designs, colors, all of it. Quite the price but worth it for me, hm?"

He pauses.

"I think that's all. The rest is pure fashion and hard work," he finishes, smiling with pride.

[\[Back\]](#)

## Appearance

//tooltip: Isn't he just gorgeous?

Sascha is a {pcDone[You]: 20-something year old male, modified ausar. //else: male dog-morph.} He's about 5'6" in height, a little below average for his sex and supposed race.

He paws over a sleek looking communicator, sitting in a straightened posture with his right leg crossed over a left knee. Very much immersed in his extranet fiddling, he is physically relaxed but has a look of casual annoyance on his face.

Sascha appears to be an Afghan hound, a venerable breed of show dog from Old Earth. He's skinny, graceful and covered in sandy blonde fur. The fur is short across his chest, back, belly, neck and face while gradually becoming much longer across his blackened, pawed, clawed hands and digitigrade legs. The fur forms natural cuffs and flares respectively: 6" long fur swaying and swinging with a tempting softness every time he moves his limbs.

He has a longish, angular muzzle with a black, wet nose at the end of it. Again, it's a very graceful feature and he can be highly expressive with his otherwise pursed lips. His 8" long, canine tongue can very cleanly and easily reach over his nose but tends not to extend that far normally.

His hair is almost a work of art.

3 feet of glossy, platinum locks hang straight down beside and behind him. It's all been blown back over his ears, allowing the full, weightless cascade to flow and swing against his backside when Sascha stands. A thin, black, jewel-topped headband holds it down behind his equally fluffy ears. Said ears are so covered in sandy blonde fur that they almost blend into his hair. His eyes sit like jewels: rose quartz irises with thin, vertical pupils. You can see them peep out from over his sunglasses every so often. He quickly mimics a blown kiss every time you make brief eye contact.

His long eyelashes are impeccable, certainly modded but luscious all the same. They flit and flutter with every eyelid movement in a distracting way, drawing you to his eyes proper. Said eyelids have expertly applied makeup: a very dark purple eye shadow that complements his eye color and fur tone.

As expected for {pcDone[You]: an ausar //else: someone being a dog-morph}, Sascha has a tail. Actually, tails. Five, fluffy, sandy blonde tails that blend into platinum tones towards the tips. They've grown horizontally like a paper fan, the outermost two being 2 feet in length, the inner most being roughly 2'6" and the middle tail being 3 feet in length.

They seem so light that they tend to 'float' behind him, capable of moving independently but often swaying from side to side in unison like a Terran peacock. You figure that he could wrap his entire front in tails alone to cover himself if he wanted. Under his tail is his peach-shaped derriere: toned, perky, and complemented with girly hips to kill for. You'd say modified but when

coupled with his shapely, toned thighs, he must put a lot of effort into his shape. He doesn't skip leg day, at least.

Sascha is very much a person of taste. On his snooty snout sits a pair of gold aviators with orange lenses, hiding his eyes while he looks at the screen in front of him. A small, beige handbag hangs on his right shoulder, most likely designer and very likely to be highly impractical.

There is a faint aroma of smoky perfume around him: subtle but compelling and... alluring. He's wearing a loose, short sleeved, cream crop top that is cut at the ribcage. It leaves his midriff exposed, showing off his very subtly toned abdomen and navel.

Below the waist, he wears ultra-tight, cream leggings that are cut at the knee, allowing his lustrous leg fluff to flow freely as he moves. From the front and behind, it does wonders to show off his assets in as teasing a way as possible.

{pcHasHadSex:

Speaking of...

Underneath his ensemble, he's wearing an impossibly thin, white G-string that does very little to hold everything in. It hides a sheathed, ausar-like cock that is 9" in length, 2" wide and has a bulbous 3.5" knot when erect. He is particularly proud of his pecker, proclaiming that it's 'au naturel'.

His toned, curvy ass hides his tailhole and it's the only place on his body having been bleached of fur. Whenever he catches you staring at his assets, he visibly grins for a few seconds and clears his throat when he thinks you've had enough of a good thing.

}

## Flirt

*//PC gains one [Flirt] use per date (4 dates = 6 options), unrepeatable, greys out after use.  
Adjusts Ego score as stated.*

*//tooltip: Well, why not? There's some signals here and there, after all...*

You lean in a little closer to him, giving him 'the eye'. He gives a slightly puzzled look back, fiddling with his sunglasses.

"Yah? What do you need, darling?"

[Eyes]\* [Taste]\*\* [Hair]\* [Bulge]\*\* [Ass]\*\* [Brains]\*

\*+1 Ego Burn

\*\*+1 Ego Buff

## Eyes

*//tooltip: Typical but tried'n'tested, right? Given that he's anything but typical, might catch him off guard...*

"Oh nothing, just having trouble keeping away from your eyes," you say casually, leaning your chin on your knuckles.

"Wait, is there something wrong? Eyelash?" he flusters, getting out his mirror to inspect for damage. In apparent desperation, he pulls and paws at his eyelids, winking involuntarily.

"Nooo, no, I just... really like them. It's like getting lost in mirrored jewels," you say whimsically, keeping eye contact with the pink-flushed doge boy.

"Oh, ah, <b>wow</b>, mmmm. Didja really have to put me on the spot there...?. Now I just look foolish," he half-whispers, turning away sheepishly while flicking away a stray lock of platinum hair.

"And here I am sticking my claws into my eyes. Steele, babe, you really know how to put a boy on edge, hm?"

He exhales through his snout, playfully tapping his padded fingers on his bony knees.

"Well you, Steele, have a very, uh, very nice way of making me, mm, feel nice...?" stammers Sascha, apparently having his thoughts clouded by something distracting.

"A-anyway, stop looking at me like that! {silly: b-b-b-b-b-b-baka!} People'll think you're being creepy," he chides, play-slapping you on the shoulder.



[\[Back\]](#)

## Taste

//tooltip: Complement his taste in fashion and beauty, it's bound to appeal to his ego.

"Just admiring the ensemble, you know. The colors, the sunglasses, how everything fits your figure **just** so... hard to ignore," you say with a smirk, eyeing his cream, skintight clothing unabashed.

"Hm, flatterer," he chimes with a grin, rolling his eyes at your intent. "But not wrong, huh? I knew I pegged you for a person of good taste, Steele-baby. You should see me in a skirt, most girls would kill for class like this."

He fans himself with a paw while reaching for something in his purse. He pulls out a sleek looking datapad, barely larger than his handspan.

With a few button taps, it beeps and the blurts out pale blue light and a 3D hologram shoots up.

It's a picture of Sascha and a much older, human gentleman: suit, mustache, cane and all.

Sascha himself is dressed in elaborate, silver silk: bands of it wrap around his limbs, forming tasseled, loose sleeves that sway with his natural fur cuffs. They join into a rather feminine blouse top, puffed up roughs around his shoulder joints. Beneath that, his svelte, soft-furred midriff is exposed and what seems to be the lowest of low cut skirts sways away.

Sascha is caught in the smiling old man's embrace, as if taking shots for wedding photos.

"Old Charlie boy..." he half-whispers, a nostalgic smirk forming on his muzzle.

"Who?" you ask offhand.

"Mmhm, don't worry," he says dismissively, the image turning to just Sascha in his sumptuous silk skirt. "Hmmm, one of my favourite outfits, Not for style I suppose, mostly just for the memory... would you like it, Steele babes, if you could see me in a sexy new piece every day, hm?"

"Maybe I would," you grin, keeping eye contact with the dog boy.

"And I'm keeping that in mind," he finishes, tapping the side of his head. "So what else, huh?"

[\[Back\]](#)

## Hair

//tooltip: His hair is something else, being the well-kept cascade that it is.

“Admiring those locks. So shiny, so silky looking... and the way it bobs and flows behind you when you walk. Could even say ...beautiful,” you comment off hand, keeping up the layer of cool.

“Oh, well y’know, it’s just this burden of mine I suppose,” he replies while twirling some locks between his fingers. “I suppose there’s a certain... loveliness to it.”

He twists his head in a quick maneuver, the full three feet of platinum swinging around his shoulders then his front. Sascha sets about caressing and stroking his locks with gentle movements, as if compensating for a lack of brush.

“Okay, I do love this silly mess ever so, I admit. So much hard work to keep it all together, though! Trimming, two person brushing, conditioning, every single day. Pffft, yeah, it’s just hair though, right? I don’t know, I just like it...”

Sascha trails off into a whimsical state, his focus entirely on the strands in his palm.

“Maybe because it seems uniquely you? Something to be proud of?” you chime in, snapping him back to the conversation.

“Hmhmhm, I suppose. I guess it’s the pinnacle of the pet project that is myself, right? I never think on the why so much, just the when and how... when will this fit into my schedule, do I over trim, under trim, balance, that sort of thing. Soooo, thank’s I guess,” he says, winding around the point.

“Mm, thankyou Steele. Not often that I reflect on things like this, with other people I mean. Usually thinking too much about good dick...”

How nice.

[\[Back\]](#)

## Bulge

//tooltip: He’s certainly not demure about it and just as certainly happy to flaunt it...

“Thinking about a certain something, that’s all,” you grin, darting your eyes down towards his waistline.

“A certain...? Oh, I see, hmhmhm. Enjoy the show, I take it?”

You nod, reclining back with a feigned look of thoughtfulness.

“Purely from a technical standpoint, though. What mods you used or still use...” you prod, locking eye contact with him.

“Ohooo, well played {sir/madam}, very well played. But I’ll have you know, all of ‘that’ is one hundred percent au naturel,” he proudly proclaims, drawing a circle with his finger over his lower body.

“Yeah? Bet it doesn’t see as much action as that backside...” you probe, a sly smile being your riposte.

“Au contraire, you... utter devil! I give just as well as I take, as a hundred wet kitty girls will attest,” he boasts, verbally fighting for high ground.

“Is that right?” you shoot back.

“Yes, it fucking is, okay? Knot deep in a subby pussycat is just... unng, like you wouldn’t believe!”

{pcHasVagina, IsKaithritOrHalf-Kaithrit:

He stares straight at you, a toothy, devious grin forming on his face. “Here, kitty kitty...” he taunts, one of his tails brushing against your shoulder.

<i>Gulp</i>...

“Pfft, so easy,” he blurts, waving the situation away.

}

“Anyway, surely we needn’t be so crass, huh Steele-babes?”

[\[Back\]](#)

## Ass

//tooltip: Talk about dat booty.

“I was thinking about that peach of an ass you have, how it just kind of... stretches everything,” you say coolly, watching him eye you with a look of disbelief all over his muzzled face.

“...You’re being serious, I take it?” he asks flatly, unsure of what to say.

You nod, pointing out that he’s never normally phased with talking about himself or his body.

“Pfffsure but have some decency you... dirty, dirty {girl/boy},” he chides, giggling to himself. “So is that all? ‘Nice ass’?”

“Well, now I’m thinking of what I could do with it...” you say slyly, tapping on your chin.

“Whatever it is, I can assure you it’s nothing new,” he shoots back, leaning in a little closer.

“Want to prove that claim?” you probe, also leaning a little closer.

“Haha, not in public, babes...” he winks, sensually sucking on his pinky finger. “But if it helps you to find an answer, I’m thinking of all the amazing, <b>nasty</b> things that people get to do with this derriere. Mmm, so much you’ll never get to knooooow.”

What a tease! While he’s pulling a smug, eye-closed grin, you bop him on the nose.

“Atatata, what was that for? Jeeeeez,” he whines, batting at his nose with his paws. “You know, karma is a slow and insidious killer!”

You just laugh, much to the dog boys ire.

[\[Back\]](#)

## Brains

//tooltip: Pique his thought waves in an odd way by not talking about his body.

“Nothing in particular, I guess. I was thinking of something you said about yourself, about how you sometimes call yourself dumb. I just don’t think that’s true, is all,” you say candidly, playing the truth card.

“Oh Steele, honey, baby, I am the dumbest person I know! Undereducated, selfish, superficial as all hell, come on,” he starts, fiddling with something in his purse.

“Don’t even remember what the ruling body is half the time. U.G....C? Right? Ultimate Galactic Constabulary? Pfffhahaha...”

You tell him that you mean it, how he’s obviously aware of his flaws and still tries curtailing them. You also note how he’s managed to fit into and sustain a lavish, high maintenance lifestyle all on his own.

“W-well I suppoose, even if a good chunk of it is just entertaining older gentlefolk. But is that smart or is it merely pragmatic?” he replies, quickly turning the question back to you,

How about the compassion angle, you say, considering how loyal he is to his friends and clients.

{pcDoneLoveLife:

His tale about 'old Charlie boy' certainly sounded authentic and caring, almost certainly loving.

}

"Mm, perhaps, perhaps... maybe I never thought about it that way," he replies sheepishly, tapping his padded finger tips together.

"Eghh, look what you've done to me Steele, made me... quite the flustered so and so {silly: HEUHEUHUEHEHUEHUHEUHEUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHE}. Thanks, though... mhmm."

He clears his throat.

"On to something else, hm?"

[\[Back\]](#)



# Decision/resolution

*//This scene sets in stone the kind of relationship he wants with you. Triggers upon finishing the 5th date and getting to the requisite tile between 11:00 and 19:00 on any day. Decided by Ego Buff/Burn levels. One off. Irreversible. Overrides normal interaction with Sascha. Completing this scene unlocks sex options and radiant menu. Sascha is now outside the bakery in the seating areas permanently. **If EgoBuff/Burn scores match, then the outcome is based on whichever highest score was reached first. PC becomes one of 4 things: Dom, Daddy, FWB or Lover.***

You stroll along to Bunny's Buns and Confectionary, trying to anticipate what Sascha has in store for you. You've an inkling, at least: he seemed very open to your persuasion. Perhaps he's looking for a real change and improvement in himself.

Maybe he's just after your body. As you pace around the seating area, your mind ponders a little more.

Some part of you wonders if you've done it all right. If he's such a hedonist then why has it taken this long for him to figure things out? Maybe that's the one thing you have changed or maybe he's just...

"Bored, Steele? Sorry to keep you waiting," comes the sweet, effeminate tone of Sascha from behind you. You feel his pawed hands clasp at your [pc.hips], then spy his face weaving underneath your armpit.

"Heh, gotchaaa. And how're you today, babes?"

The enthused dog boy manoeuvres himself to your side, hands still on your hips.

Pretty good, you begin, even better now that he's here. You reciprocate his hip fondling with a squeeze of his skinny waist, bringing his sumptuous fur to rub against you.

"Hmhmhmmm, I bet. Sooo, I've had a good think. Rarity for me, I'm sure you're probably saying to yourself, hmm. I've decided..." he begins, walking his fingers up your [pc.belly].

"Me, moi, indeed, I have decided..."

[Yeah?]

Yeah?

//tooltip: Yeah?

“That...”

[...Yeah???

...Yeah???

//tooltip: ...Yeah???

{pcEgoBuff1-4:

“That you’re my ideal {Dom/Domme},” he half-whispers, getting his lips really close to your [pc.ear].

Oh really now...? And what makes him say that? You look him in the eyes, stoney-faced. Well hey, if that’s how he sees you, better play the part!

“Weeeell, you’re happy to have me as me. Pushing me the right way, making me feel good when I do it... that’s what I want from you, Steele. I want it <b>hhhard</b>,” he explains, drawing circles with his paw tips against your sternum.

At those words, a quick thought-to-response plays out in your head. Without warning, you grab a fistful of his shapely ass and aggressively squeeze it. The movement catches his breath, making him lean into you and then arch his legging-strained derriere outwards.

“Like that?” you whisper into his ear, your other hand reaching underneath his crop top.

“Mmyeah, fuck, I need this right now! Your ship, yeah?” he pants, breathless and urgent.

/pcEgoBurn1-4:

“That you and I are <b>great</b> friends and great friends have <b>great</b> benefits,” he says, his hands meeting around your waist. “Whatcha say?”

Sounds good, you tell him while drawing your hand up his back, looking at the grinning dog boy dead in the eyes.

“Weeeell how about we start with the first bonus package, hm? At your ship...” he half-whispers, his hands reaching for the rim of your [pc.lowerGarments].

/EgoBuff5:

“That I want you... {Daddy/Mommy},” he whispers into your [pc.ear], squeezing your [pc.hips] at the same time as ‘{Daddy/Mommy}’.

Well that’s new... so what makes him think that of you? Not that you’re <i>not</i> interested.



“Cuzzzzz, you’re the {playboy/playgirl} to the stars, wooing the hearts of everyone! But there’s a special place for me, right? Right by {Daddy/Mommy}’s side, doing anything [pc.heShe] wants of me. Mmmfuck, and all I want is to please yooou,” he coos, grinding his bulge against your [pc.thigh].

“Pleeeeeease {Daddy/Mommy}? Your ship...?” he begs with need, his hands unable to self-restrain as he presses them to your [pc.belly].

/EgoBurn5:

“That you’re seriously, really fucking...hot and I would like a, uh, um, relationship! Relationship with you,” he says, distracted by something as he tries to pinpoint on what he wants.

“You mean it...?” you say, a little taken aback.

“Mmhmmm, just you nudging me along the way... the only one. I just get so flustered thinking about <b>anything</b> when we’re together, I... I just want you so bad, [pc.name],” he sighs with a grin on his face, relief texturing his voice.

We can definitely make it work... or at least try, you say back, drawing your fingers across his chin. The flustered dog boy giggles back, pushing his lips to yours. You welcome him in, hot tongues meeting in the middle with playful passion.

“Mmmuh, I can’t take it, just fucking drive me into the dirt, {big boy/big girl}!” he wails in glee, pulling you along by your arms.

}

[Lewdness]

### Lewdness

//tooltip: Well whaddya think this is gonna mean, picking flowers? {silly: HANDHOLDING???

To the ship it is, then!

The two of you take several detours to the docks, the odd nook and cranny offering a tantalizing tryst as you tongue-fuck each others mouths. It almost comes to a head when Sascha begs you to take him there and then, his hands guiding yours to his growing bulge. The outline of his package gets tighter and tighter as his arousal takes him over... but you both just manage to restrain yourselves.

Once you <i>eventually</i> reach the ship, attire set in disarray, you pull him along to your bedroom and engage the lock on the door...

The giggling Afghan prances his way over to the bed, eagerly undressing his cream attire and letting his platinum cascade of hair fly free as he removes his bejeweled headband. He turns it into a bit of a show, shaking his girlish peach-butt as he pulls his leggings to the floor. His tails hover and sway in tandem, wrapping around their owner as if enraptured in burlesque.

You approach him as he does, removing your [\[pc.gear\]](#) and chucking it all to the side as he performs for you.

You reach the edge of the bed and Sascha clambers on all fours to the middle of it, spreading his knees and arching his back so that his tight, smooth tailhole is exposed to the world. Below that, his fluffy sack and his pink, knotted member press flatly against the bed at an uncomfortable-looking angle, although he doesn't seem to be phased.

Peering over his shoulder, the giggling Sascha wiggles his lewd display for your viewing pleasure.

"Mmhmhm, how do you want me, [{pcDom: {sir/ma'am} /pcDaddy: {Daddy/Mommy} //pcFWB: darling ///pcLover: \[pc.name\]}](#)?"

[\[CatchADog\]](#) [\[MutualAnal\]](#) [\[Handies\]](#) [\[SubRide\]](#) [\[MilkSasch\]](#) [\[KnotLove\]](#) [\[TenderSex\]](#) [\[DaddyPlay\]](#)

## Sexy times

Also counts as his radiant menu whenever you wanna go back for more.

**CatchADog:** A dommy Steele chases the sprightly pupper on the bed and then punishes his butt in many ways. Requires a cock between 7"-16" long/Under 3" wide or strap-on. Needs EgoBuff 1-5.

**MutualAnal:** You buttsex him then he buttsexes you, simples. Requires a cock between 7"-16" long/Under 3" wide or strap-on. Needs EgoBurn 1-5.

**Handies:** Something nice and delicate. Requires genitals. EgoBurn 1-5.

**SubRide:** A dommy Steele gets ridden by Sascha, leashes and ting. Requires a cock between 7"-16" long/Under 3" wide or strap-on. Needs EgoBuff 1-5.

**MilkSasch:** A Steele of multiple persuasions milks Sascha's pink jizz, either with mouth or with cock. For any PC, although 'cock' path requires a cock between 7"-16" long/Under 3" wide or strap-on. Any amount of EgoBurn/Buff.

**KnotLove:** A PC with a big knotted cock gets knot-worshiped then uses Saschas tight hole. Requires a knot of any type on a cock between 7"-16" long/Under 3" wide. Any amount of EgoBurn/Buff.

**TenderSex:** Nice loving missionary that makes Sascha an honest boy. Requires a cock between 7"-16" long/Under 3" wide or a strap-on. Needs EgoBurn 5.

**DaddyPlay:** Get some toys he bought with your money and show him why you're in charge. No requirements. Needs EgoBuff 5.

Logic ref:

{pcDom: sir /pcDaddy: Daddy //pcFWB: darling ///pcLover: [pc.name]}

New Parsers:

[pc.knottedCock], [pc.knottedCockBiggest], [pc.knottedCockHead]

Basically, I want to be able to use parsers like that for a very specific scene to pick out very specific PC dongers with knots. Intended to work like [pc.cock].

There's also a specific piece of logic called {pcHasPerfectCock:

When PC has a cock that is 11-13" long, 2-2.75" wide and knotted, it simply plays a specific piece of dialogue.



Catch-A-Dog

## Mutual Anal

## Handies

Sub Ride



Milk Sascha

## Knot Love

//tooltip: Give that doggie a proper bone. Then give him a proper boning.

{Initial:

You've got a pretty interesting thought brewing for this bitch boy.

"I've got a great idea, Sascha. Look at me," you say to him, gripping your [pc.knottedCock] in your palm. You slowly jerk it to semi-hardness, the [pc.cockHead] rising out of the [pc.sheath] vaguely in the dog boys direction.

Sascha turns around on his knees, staring intently at your display. His eyes narrow to your hand movements, his mouth forming a small 'o' shape.

"Yeah...? What do you have in store for me, {pcDom: {sir/ma'am} /pcDaddy: {Daddy/Mommy} //pcFWB: hey baby ///pcLover: [pc.name]}...?" he says softly, his gaze being like a fox in headlights.

The [pc.knot] pushes its way forward, bulging in your palm with volatile certainty. Letting go of your [pc.cockShape] shaft, the bulge of flesh twitches in the cool air around it. The gazing Sascha refocuses on it, his tails swaying in unison as his eyes widen.

"T-thats for me, right...?" he half-whispers, leaning forward on all fours as you walk towards him with a hand on your [pc.hip].

You say nothing, merely smiling at his enthusiasm.

"G-gotta be for me...right!?" he says under his breath, gripping at the bed covers. He bites at his lower lip, rocking back and forth in place as your [pc.knottedCock] hangs mere inches from his wetted nose. You can see his lip tremble: the temptation must be unbearable for him...

"Go on then," you say sweetly, resting the half-hard shaft on top of his nose, causing the enthralled dogs eyes to focus on it entirely.

//Repeat:

"Mm, Sascha want his favourite bone?" you jibe, jerking at your [pc.knottedCock] to bring it to a swift sturdiness.

"{pcDom: Mmm, yes{sir/ma'am}, please please! /pcDaddy: I <b>always</b> want it, {Daddy/Mommy}! I want it so much! //pcFWB: Mmhmmm, you damnable tease... j-just give it already! ///pcLover: Oo, this again... I want all of you so much, [pc.name],}" he exclaims as he turns around to face you, his enthused gaze focusing in on your self-satisfactory movements.

You saunter up to him with all the confidence in the world, the subconscious wagging of his tail-fan being too alluring to resist.

With his tongue at half-pant, you drape your [pc.knottedCock] across his muzzle and watch him go cross-eyed.

“You know what to do, babe.”

}

{pcDom: “Yes{sir/ma’am}!” he says immediately, /pcDaddy: “Awh, yes {Daddy/Mommy}!” he exclaims girlishly, //pcFWB: “Hmhmhm, like this babe...?” he says sweetly, ///pcLover: “mmmFuck, I want this so bad,” he whimpers with flushed cheeks,} letting the slab of cockmeat fall in into his awaiting palms.

All at once, he puts his palms on {pcHasBalls: your [pc.balls] //else: your [pc.base]}, tenderly squeezing and massaging the surface while his tongue laps at that [pc.knot] from below. Mm, right there, right along the bottom, boy...

Your [pc.knottedCock], now fully hard and engorged, protrudes proudly above Saschas blushing face and enjoys its ministrations from underneath. That tongue finds itself lapping and coiling around the bulging flesh near the end of your shaft, murmurs of approval from Sascha touching at your inner self. Riiight there...

Your free hand finds itself {pcDomOrDaddy: firmly gripping the back of his head, reminding him who he’s dealing with /pcFWBorLover: guiding him in unison from the top of his head, the trappy dog tending to the knotflesh with flavour-savoured love}. You groan as the nerves within your [pc.knottedCock] send feedback through your dermis all the way up to your chest, making you a little breathless.

“Right there, {pcDaddy: princess //else: Sascha}, right there...”

While working on the [pc.knot], he teases the shaft with the micrometer fur between his fingers, the exceedingly smooth, minute movements making your kegels twinge. Fffuck, he knows his way around a cock...

He giggles as he feels the reaction impress upon his tongue, satisfied with the small measure of control he has on you.

{pcDomOrDaddy:

You remind him of his position with a squeeze of his hair, getting a hint of a whimper from the subservient slut. Good boy, keep at it.

//pcFWB:

You decide to let him have his deviant fun with your reflexes, a real expert should work his magic after all. Certainly working on you...

///pcLover:

You murmur again in approval, your fingertips brushing over his cheek with affection. Still, you can’t help but feel a certain kick from having him under you...

}

As he continues, however, you feel more and more tell-tale twinges. Ok, maybe he's <i>too</i> good! It takes a surprising amount of will to hold back the buildup from the worship of your [pc.knot], enough to make you clench your jaw and tense your brow on reflex.

{pcDom:

"If I may, {sir/ma'am}," pipes up the cock-covered dog boy. "Might I show you a party trick?"

/pcDaddy:

"MMmm, {Daddy/Mommy} want to see my party trick?" he pipes up, winking at you from behind your shaft.

//pcFWBorLover:

"Hmhm, want to see what I can do with thiiis?" he winks to you, kissing along the [pc.knottedCockHead] of your [pc.knottedCock].

}

You nod in approval, letting your hand free of his head. The drool-dripping dog boy cradles your knotty shaft in between his padded fingers, arching his back so that his position drops further. What is he...

He angles the [pc.knottedCockHead] to his trembling lips and then pushes himself upwards, the entire length slowly penetrating his wet, hot mouth. He groans in approval as he chows down on his new favourite bone, his eyes visibly rolling back into his head in between glugs.

Once the [pc.knot] hits his lips, he pauses to exhale through his nose, casually flicking some stray hair to the side. You gasp as you feel micromovements from his tongue tickle the underside of your shaft, the urge to just grab him by the hair and throatfuck him being held back only by the promise of a cool trick.

While he holds his position, you stroke his hair again for encouragement. He's not doing anything... that is, until you feel your [pc.knot] tighten up!

Across the tender surface, his lips tickle, suck and caress your knotflesh down to what feels like a minute level. The sheer precision of the action, already compounding his exquisite ministrations, makes you wince: fffuck, too soon!

You stop just short of filling the boy's mouth with [pc.cum]: only some pre, only some pre... With a bit of mind over matter, you retain the curated [pc.cum]-load that dwells within. The exuberant glugging sounds from below tell you all you need of Saschas approval.

## Tender Sex

## Daddy Play