Riya 2: Sex scenes(Or; **YOU MUST CONSTRUCT ADDITIONAL PYLONS**)

- Franks

- Should tie into her ‘Sex’ button with each scene having an equal or near equal chance of proc
- Plan is to write one vaginal(With an alternate for virgin PCs) and one oral scene to fulfill staff desire for more sex scenes before more expacs.
- Also plan to possibly add ‘Degradation’ option involving PC more or less asking Riya to treat them like crap, but priority is to add oral and vag scenes, so degradation scene may wait until her expac on account of me writing slow as fuck

Vaginal

Riya smirks, reaching around the back of your head, pulling you in, and setting her teeth against your neck, making you squeal as she sinks them into your [pc.skinFurScales]. She pulls back after leaving an indent in your throat, gazing into your eyes hungrily. "Alright, Steele. You want some of this? You got it." she says, using her grip on your neck to spin you about and herd you quickly into the elevator, where she grabs your wrists and deftly cuffs them behind your back.

She spins you around, meeting your eyes as her right hand {PC is clothed: slips into your [pc.lowerGarment]// PC is nude/revealing clothing: journeys down your belly}, fingers skillfully toying with your clit{s}, spreading the lips of your [pc.cunt] apart as she starts to tease you with surprising gentleness. Hell, she knows what she's doing too! Your thighs quiver, legs shaking slightly as she explores your insides with her hand while her thumb stays outside to caress your clit. She pushes you back up against the elevator wall, your [pc.vagina] leaking fluid all over her digits as she plays with your naughty bits, a smug smile playing across her sharp features as she watches your face redden and listens to your breathing get heavier.

"It's always such a joy watching my bottoms squirm. The facial expressions, the panting, the whining… Putty in my hands." she says idly, eyes still boring sensually into yours.{PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph with tail: "The tail wagging, in your case. You mutts are adorable as far as aliens go, you know that?" she says, scratching behind your ears vigorously. "Who's a good puppy? Is it you? Is it yoooou?" you open your mouth to protest this demeaning treatment, but all that comes out is a happy whine as she switches to massaging that spot behind your ears you can never quite get to, snickering loudly as she does. "Putty in my hands." {Silly: she crows as one of your legs thumps against the deck uncontrollably.}

All too soon, the elevator ride ends and Riya is marching you past rows of desks filled with U.G.C. officers of every shape and size, a few of them glancing up as you pass, one or two smirking knowingly at you. Riya's face is stone-like, betraying none of the raging lust she was showering you with just moments ago. That changes as soon as the two of you enter her office though, the door closing and being locked before Riya resumes her assault on your body. She's all over you, grabbing you by the throat and throwing you onto the floor, repositioning your head so that your face is down, pressed into the carpet and held there. {PC is clothed: She divests you of your gear rapidly, uncuffing you and tossing the restraints off to the side.} {PC is nude/extremely revealing clothing: She runs her fingers over your bare form slowly, groping and playing with your body as she pleases, removing your cuffs and tossing them off to the side.}

A moment passes, during which you hear the soft noises of Riya's uniform and underwear hitting the carpet followed by the sound of a bottle opening, and then you jerk in surprise as you feel something cold being pushed into your [pc.vagina] - lube, it must be. {If PC is not virgin and has looseness rating of 3 or above: "There you go, slut. Not that you really need it. You must be Naughty Wyvern's favorite customer - or Beth's favorite earner."}

If PC is vaginal virgin(By which I mean complete virgin, not just intact hymen)

Riya's fingers probe deeper into your [pc.cunt], spreading your folds around her fingers as she works more lube into you - that is, until her fingers hit the barrier of your hymen. She grunts in surprise, releasing your head and rolling you over onto your back. "You didn't tell me you were a virgin, Steele." she says, an entirely different kind of lust in her eyes now. "You should have. I would've set up something nice for you. I've got something of a soft spot for first timers." {PC is nonhuman: She reaches up and tweaks your nose, cuffing your cheek afterwards. "Human or not." You look at her askance - doesn't she think nonhumans are inferior?

"Yeah, but I've got a soft spot for virgins, like I said." she says, going back to lubing you up. That works, you suppose.}

"Anyway, in lieu of a candlelight dinner and a path of rose petals leading to my bedroom, here goes!" she says cheerily, climbing on top of you and positioning the head of her already rock-hard member at the lips of your [pc.pussy]. She leans down and locks lips with you, pushing her tongue into your mouth and wrapping it around yours, wrestling your organ into submission. Her left hand is still busy at your unclaimed cooter, while her right comes up your body, nails dragging along your ribs to rest on your [pc.biggestBreastDescript], {Breast rating above 2: kneading the orb // Breast rating below 2: tweaking your nipple} sensually, lovingly even, as she breaks her kiss. Isn't this a bit out of character for her, you ask? She chuckles. "Maybe. Don't really give a shit. I said we're doing this my way, and we are."

That being said, she pushes forward with her hips slightly, guiding her cock into you, spreading the lips of your [pc.pussy] for the very first time. She pushes in slowly, the look on her face

telling you that she's savoring every moment of this. She stops, though, as the head of her cunt-stuffer prods your hymen, leaving you to acclimate to the feeling of your first cock spreading you so very wide, your breath coming slightly ragged as she prepares to take you. A moment passes, you close your eyes and brace yourself, and… nothing. You open your eyes to the sight of Riya gazing smugly down on you, her right index finger lazily tracing around your areola while her left elbow props her up, her bare breasts hanging enticingly above your {PC height below 6'1: face, pebbly dark nipples almost brushing your [pc.lips]. //PC height above 6'1: chest, coal-black nipples brushing your [pc.chest], sending dual electric currents to your brain.}

Maybe she wants you to suck them? You crane your head {PC height below 6'1: up // PC height above 6'1: down} to take one of her juicy nipples into your mouth, but she shakes her head lazily, smiling. "Not what I want, Steele." she drawls, left hand scratching your scalp. "I want you to prove you want this." she continues, leaning in to whisper into your ear. {PC is ausar: "Bark. And wag your tail, and beg like a good doggie. And then you can tell me how bad you want to be brought to heel." // PC is Kaithrit: "Meow for me. And purr. Then I want to hear what a nice pussy you are, and how bad you want me to pop your pussy, pussy." // PC is human: "Beg. Tell me how honored you are that I'm your first, and how bad you want me to bust a nice, virile nut up your cunt." // PC is other: "Beg. Tell me how lucky you are that a human wants to pop your cherry, and that you hope I'm kind enough to fuck you again after this." }

What? This is degradin-... It occurs to you suddenly that you were really dumb to expect it not to be. You hesitate, though, despite how horny, how ready you are. You're rich, somewhat famous; do you really need to debase yourself just to catch some dick? No… but as Riya sighs theatrically and starts to pull out, you realize you want to. Whatever it takes. Why else would you put yourself here, {PC is nonhuman: with someone you know for a fact thinks you're inferior to them? // PC is human: knowing how rude and crude Riya is?}

And so, just as the head of her magnificent brown beast of a cock is starting to leave your body, {PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: you bark. Quietly and shamefully at first, but when Riya stops pulling out and stares at you expectantly you bark again, just the tiniest bit louder. She leers at you. "I can't hear you, slutpuppy. Bark." she orders, her cock shifting just a tiny bit further into your body, taunting you. You bark again, louder, and again, and again, your [pc.tail] shifting side to side rapidly, thumping against one of the legs of her desk as your yipping increases in volume - you wouldn't be surprised if her fellow officers can hear the commotion outside. Is it just you, or is Riya getting harder inside you…? "Good dog. Now beg." she continues, shifting forward so that her cock is touching your hymen again, so tantalizingly close… and you beg. You've already come this far, why stop now? You beg Riya to pop your cherry, to train you to be a loyal and obedient doggie, among other things.
// PC is Kaithrit: you meow. At first it's a quiet, pitiful sound, but when Riya stops pulling out and leers at you, an expectant look in her eyes, you do it again, louder and clearer. She pushes in a bit more, then stops again and looks at you. "Well?" she asks, that infuriatingly smug grin of hers crawling across her features. But still, you purr as ordered, telling Riya what a good kitty you are

and how badly you want - how badly you need her to take you, to make you hers, among other things.
// PC is human: you beg. At first you're quiet and hesitant, almost whispering as you ask her to take you, but when she shifts her hips forward a few centimeters and grins expectantly at you, pinching your left nipple between her thumb and index finger. Her ministrations draw a squeal from your [pc.lips] and you increase the volume, face flushing, telling her in no uncertain terms that you need her inside you, filling you with hot, hard cock and thick, creamy white seed…
// PC is other: you beg. Hesitantly and shamefully at first, but increasing in volume as she pushes just a tiny bit deeper into your [pc.vagina], bumping the head of her prick into your hymen again, promising to fill you if you'll just ask like you mean it, like you really want it - which you do, howling now how badly you need her inside you, pounding you, pumping her steaming nut up into your womb.}

“See Steele, was that so hard? All you had to do,” she says, pressing a bit harder on your hymen, eyes fixed on your face, “was admit that you belong to me. That you belong under me.” she crows, leaning down and pecking you on the lips. “This part hurts, pet. Hold still.” she continues, and then you see her hips push forward, feel something inside you rip. Your head snaps back against the carpet, eyes watering suddenly at the intense pain. You lie like that for a few moments with Riya motionless inside you, cradling your head in her left arm, before she starts to move again, slowly, rocking back and forth, easing herself deeper into you with every thrust, spreading your previously untouched flower around her member. Even as gentle as she's being though, you still find yourself wincing and gasping at the sheer size of her as she splits your [pc.vagina] open, burying {Normal: her trouser snake // Silly: the thickest oak tree in the forests of dickland} in your body.

She guides your head to her chest then - now she wants you to suckle her, it seems. You do, of course, wrapping your [pc.lips] around a dark, pebbly nipple and dragging your [pc.tongue] over it, drawing a soft moan from the shemale above you. {PC is ausar: “Good dog,” she coos, petting the top of your head and scratching between your ears. // PC is kaithrit: “Good kitty,” she coos, petting the top of your head and scratching between your ears. // PC is human or other: “Good girl,” she coos, petting the top of your head.} She starts picking up the pace then, her hips slapping off yours with the kind of easy, powerful grace that can only come from hours and hours of practice. You purse your lips, suckling gently at her breast, doing your best to pleasure Riya as she pounds you into the carpet, every thrust of her hips sending shockwaves through your form - she's not being quite so gentle as she was when she initially took your virginity, not at all. Her nipple pops out of your mouth despite your best efforts and you lean your head back into the carpet, wrapping your legs around Riya’s hips, looking up to see her shapely brown tits bouncing in time with her thrusting.

You're close now - every long, powerful stroke Riya delivers to your [pc.vagina] sends lightning coursing through your form, {PC has breast rating above 1: your [pc.biggestBreastDescrip] jiggling and bouncing enticingly. The dusky officer grabs a handful of titty with her right hand and

kneads it possessively, tweaking your nipples expertly as} her balls slap off your [pc.ass]. Your domineering lover's expression is one of intense focus, though. She continues to rail you, toying with your body, until finally you feel an orgasm coming at you like a tidal wave, crashing down on you and sweeping you away. Your body seizes up, back arching, your {chest/breasts} pressing up into Riya's heavenly soft bosom, the human woman continuing to turn your cunt inside out as your walls clench around her, your sex rhythmically massaging her fat brown anaconda as it kisses your cervix. You're too blissed out to be doing much of anything besides cumming around Riya's {Normal: cock // Silly: throbbing meat wand}, but your body knows exactly what it's about - you're writhing and pulling Riya further into you with your legs, acting with no input from your brain, entirely on instinct.

Instinct that demands that you let this magnificent specimen dump her seed into your hot, needy depths. Riya seems to be trying to resist cumming, biting her bottom lip so hard you're afraid she'll start bleeding, but it's no use. You see her eyes roll up into her skull as she hilts in you one last time, feel her {Normal: prick // Silly: thing that looks like an exclamation point} swell inside you, and then the first jet of her seed slams directly into your womb, triggering another orgasm on the heels of your first, your mouth working soundlessly as Riya grunts, her lower abdomen flexing visibly as she pumps you full of hot, virile seed. It feels like she cums into you forever, planting her essence in your deepest reaches. But all things must come to an end, and so too does her orgasm, tapering off until one last, powerful jet of jizz shoots into your ovaries, Riya's {Normal: cock // Silly: 100% all-beef thermometer} starting to soften inside you.

The dark-skinned human starts to pull out, leaving your well-fucked body quivering as her {Normal: cock // Silly: throbbing meat truncheon} drags through your still-sensitive box, parting ways with your sex with a lewd, wet noise as your sweat-slick bodies glide off each other. Riya stands, stretching luxuriously and reaching down to grab your hand, pulling you easily to your [pc.legs]. She grins, looking you up and down, then focuses her attention on the ground. "You bled on my carpet, Steele." she says, pointing - sure enough, there's a small bloodstain on the otherwise tan rug, where you and your partner were just entangled in coitus.

"Totally worth it, though," she continues, waltzing over to her desk, rummaging around inside and tossing you a towel, cleaning her sweat-glistening form off with a second one. "Hope you had fun, [pc.name]. Next time I won't be so gentle," she says teasingly, dressing herself and picking her handcuffs off the floor. She grabs you after you've dressed, spins you around, and handcuffs your wrists behind your back. Then the two of you are on your way, marching back through the rows of desks, only to be stopped by a tall, slim ausar officer with rich, chestnut brown fur with black patches. She smirks knowingly at you and Riya, planting an arm on the elevator door, blocking your path.

"Some kind of interrogation that must've been, eh ell-tee?" she drawls, amber eyes twinkling. Riya returns the grin, leaning in until her face is almost touching the other woman's. "Yup. Just like your promotion board, sergeant."

The ausar’s ears pin back against her skull, her face flushing bright red as she stutters out a response - something about how she earned that promotion, and anyone who says otherwise is a damn liar. You barely hear though, as your escort is shuffling you into the elevator and closing it, still smirking.

As the two of you ascend, Riya lazily gropes your [pc.ass], unlocking your cuffs one-handed. “Fuck, it’s been too long since I’ve done that. Thanks, Steele.” she says, her hand withdrawing your ass only to deliver a resounding smack, the officer blowing you a kiss as the elevator opens and the two of you begin to part ways. “Catch you later, slut! Try not to trip and land on a cock, now!”

PC is not virgin

Riya’s fingers probe deeper into your [pc.cunt], spreading your folds around her fingers as she works more lube into you until your warm cunny is ready to go, making sure to brush them over your clit on their way out. The domineering dickgirl grunts in satisfaction, wiping the leftover lube off onto your rump. “Ready to get your clam slammed, fuckmeat?” she says, {PC does not have tail: slapping your [pc.ass] roughly and gripping your thighs, angling your rear up. // PC has tail: yanking your [pc.oneTail] up roughly, drawing a pained squeal from your lips.} “Face down, ass up. The way you belong.” she barks, slapping her swollen caramel cock down into the cleavage of your [pc.ass] and hot dogging you lazily, grinding her length back and forth for a few moments, her fuckstick gliding easily between your asscheeks. She kneads your buns possessively, eventually sinking her nails into your [pc.skinFurScales] and pulling back, slapping her prick against your thighs a few times before shoving your legs apart. You feel something press into your [pc.cunt], spreading your lips around it, and Riya's left hand comes down beside your head, the pressure steadily increasing, your teeth unconsciously worrying your bottom lip… {PC has looseness of 3 or above: Riya's cunt-stuffer plunges into your waiting depths, your well-practiced cocksleeve devouring her boner. // Otherwise: Riya's monster of a cock invades your body, her caramel python spreading your tight cunny from a slit into a perfect, cock-swallowing ‘O’.}

She's got to be at least halfway in, and with no concern for your enjoyment, she just keeps feeding you dick - at least she took the time to lube you up beforehand. She's already setting a rhythm though, grunting animalistically as her right hand comes down on the other side of your head, her torso resting heavily on your back, pinning you to the carpet. {PC is human: “You like this, bitch? Pinned and bred, the way you were meant to be. // PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: “Having fun, slutpuppy? Hell, maybe I'll give you a litter of half-human pups, improve your bloodline!” // PC is kaithrit: “Enjoying yourself, pussy? I'd bet my next paycheck this is better than those nu-males on your homeworld. Shit, maybe I'll even give you some half-human kittens

to improve your genes!” // PC is other: “Like how human cock feels? Hell, I might even give you a kid to improve your genetics if you behave.”}

She takes her hands off the rug then, instead looping her left arm around your throat, forcing your head back and painfully constricting your windpipe while her right hand pushes your hips down, leaving you prone on your belly, gasping for air as Riya's hips hammer into your ass, her cock driving in to the hilt on every thrust. Her office is full of the sounds of the savage mating you're receiving, the caramel shemale above you fucking you without any apparent care for your comfort or desires. Still, though… it feels right, somehow - being here, Riya's weight pinning you down, her hips fucking you into the floor like the bottom bitch you are. Your mouth hangs open, working soundlessly as Riya plunders your insides, her beautiful prick spreading your sex around it, reforming your innards into a perfect mold of her dick. {PC is nonhuman: “You get it now?” she hisses into your ear, “You're a walking, talking hole for me to fuck. A warm, wet sock. The sooner you accept that, the better off you'll be.”} She groans as she takes her pleasure of you, railing your helpless form mercilessly, and hard enough that you can see her desk rattling out of the corner of your eye.

She continues like this for what feels like hours, the occasional droplet of sweat falling from her to land on you, the intense exertion otherwise seeming to take no toll on her incredible stamina - meanwhile, you can already sense that you're going to be sore after this, if not walking funny. You can feel your orgasm building steadily, mounting to an inexorable crescendo in spite of Riya's brutal, uncaring pummeling of your [pc.vagina]. Or perhaps because of it? You still can't quite shake the feeling of rightness that subsumed you earlier, the feeling that this is where you truly belong and what you truly are; a fleshy, welcoming cunt begging to be filled. Again, and again, and again, hard and fast and… Your breath catches suddenly as Riya gifts you a particularly deep thrust, and the orgasm you felt building becomes a symphony of ecstasy. Your [pc.legs] shiver and jerk suddenly as your cunt flexes, constricting instinctively, rhythmically around the turgid hammer of a cock slamming into you from behind, giving you something you needed more than you ever knew until now.

Riya gasps, her powerful arm flexing across your windpipe as your body tries to milk hers for its alabaster bounty. The mental image of her seed being pumped directly into your womb flashes unbidden into your lust-addled mind, a ragged howl of pleasure tearing out of your mouth as what's left of your mind succumbs to the all-consuming inferno of arousal blazing through you. You're not sure when you come down; all you know is that when you do, Riya's elbows are planted in the rug next to your ears, her full, shapely breasts resting on either side of your head. She's still fucking you somehow, your tongue lolling nervelessly out of your slack jaws as your tenderized bitch-hole is plugged. Every movement she makes, every thrust and shift of her body against yours is amplified tenfold thanks to how sensitive you are in the wake of your explosive orgasm. Riya is close too, you can tell, every body-shaking thrust she delivers drawing another moan out of her. Her thrusting suddenly takes on an erratic, frenetic pace, the caramel futa grunting as her cock swells within you, her balls tightening, pulling up against her shaft.

You feel her member pulse, and then the first thick, hot splash of seed hits your innards, setting off another orgasm on the heels of your first. Your eyes roll up halfway into your skull, your [pc.toes] curl,{If PC has tail: your [pc.oneTail] twitches madly} and your body tenses and shudders beneath Riya as your mind blanks out with pleasure for the second time in nearly as many minutes. She continues to fill you, jet after steaming jet of ball-batter filling your womb, seconds turning into hours in your mind until she finally begins to taper off, her rod withdrawing from your body slowly, your legs shaking involuntarily as it drags across your oversensitized nerves. There's a lewd, wet ‘pop’ as she leaves your body, the sound of her breathing heavily with exertion, then the sound of a drawer opening. You look up groggily and spy her slinging two towels over one of her shoulders, a bottle of water in each hand. She makes her way back over to you, nudging your ribs with her toes. “Get up, slutmuffin. Drink some water,” she says, setting a bottle and towel down next to you and beginning to towel herself off.

You stretch, shaking off the comfy post-coital daze encompassing you and start to get to your feet, only to stumble and fall on your [pc.ass], Riya bursting into uproarious laughter. She regains her composure after a moment, sitting down next to you. “I'm not giving you time to recover, you know.” she gloats sipping her water and grabbing her boxers, wiggling back into them. “You're going to be limping on your way out of here, and everyone is going to know why. Now get your sexy ass dressed, and let's get moving.”

She's right, too; on your way back to the elevator, you hear a chorus of quiet snickering as you hobble past the rows of desks, cum slowly leaking from your fuckhole. The two of you make small talk as you ascend, your cheeks colored in embarrassment, Riya's familiar shit-eating grin plastered across her face. The elevator opens after a bit, and the dusky shemale punches your shoulder as a farewell before beginning to march off.

“See you some other time, Steele!”

Fellatio scene

Riya grins, gripping your chin between her thumb and index finger and pulling you in for a kiss. Of course, Riya being Riya, it's less a kiss and more an invasion of your mouth, her tongue finding yours and attempting to wrestle it into submission. She breaks the kiss, teeth catching your bottom lip and pulling it back a bit and releasing it, letting the soft flesh snap back into place. After that, she hooks her thumb into your mouth, yanking you along by the cheek towards the nearest public restroom. She nudges the door open with her foot, peeking inside to make sure it's empty before kicking it all the way open and pulling you inside, herding you into an open stall and closing the door, sliding the bolt shut. {PC exhibition score below 33: A bathroom stall? Won't people hear you? // PC exhibition score above 33: A bathroom stall? The thought of someone hearing you getting it in a public restroom sends a small shiver through your body.}

{PC is Ausar/Huskar/dogmorph: “Get on your knees and beg for your bone. I want to hear you whine like a good mutt.” // PC is Kaithrit: “Get on your knees and purr for me like a good kitty. I'll have some fresh, warm milk for you soon.” // PC is other: “Get down there and beg for human cock, alien. Might be I'm feeling generous.” // PC is human: “Get on your knees and beg for this dick, Steele. Like you mean it.”}

{PC exhibition score below 33: You obey, dropping down and begging meekly for the domineering dickgirl to use you, to fill your mouth with hard cock. // PC exhibition score above 33: You obey eagerly, dropping down, your voice ringing out in sultry need as you beg your hung partner to stuff her meat down your throat, to force feed you her ball-batter straight from the tap. The thought of someone hearing your whorish pleas or even peeking over the top of the stall to watch you sucking dick in a bathroom makes your cunt wetter every second.} She just grins, unbuckling her belt and working her thumbs into the waistline of her pants, pulling them down to reveal her plain white boxers. They come down in short order too, letting her fat, soft chocolate cock flop in front of your face, the officer shifting her hips forward, gripping her tool with one hand and slapping your cheek with it, hard.

The sound fills the bathroom for a brief moment and your cheek stings from the impact - not to mention the humiliation(and arousal) you get from being slapped across your face with a juicy prick. She pulls back again and you flinch instinctively, drawing a chuckle from the sadistic woman. “Aww, {PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: is puppy's widdle feewings hurt? Is she gonna tuck her widdle tail between her legs and cry?” // PC is kaithrit: is kitty scaaared? I guess that's why they call you pussycats.” // PC is other: is the little alien bitch nervous? In over her head? Is this too much cock for you, you dumb little slut?” // PC is human: is the cockshock setting in? I know it's scary being up close and personal with something as big as my dick. I don't give a shit, don't get me wrong. But I know.”}

She sends her cock swinging into your face again - and again, and again, the rod of mocha flesh getting harder and harder with every impact until it actually starts to hurt a bit, rather than sting. Once she's at half-mast, Riya pumps her hand up and down her shaft a few times until the veiny thing is almost fully erect, pulsing visibly in front of your face. She wastes no time inching her hips forward and bumping her pre-leaking tip into your [pc.lips], the powerful, salty taste assaulting your mouth. “Well, Steele? It ain't gonna blow itself.” she says as she pushes forward another inch, your nostrils the next to come under attack. Her smell permeates your olfactory senses, strong and intoxicating, your mouth seeming to open of it's own accord to welcome this exemplary specimen in.

She leans back against the stall door and reaches into one of her breast pockets to withdraw a sleek black tablet, the SteeleTech logo proudly displayed on it’s back. You blink - it's rather strange to see your company's products in this sort of situation. Riya slides her thumb across the other side of the device and you hear it open with a beep. Her cock pulses in your mouth and it's owner peeks over the top of her tablet, one eyebrow quirking curiously. “Why aren't you sucking my dick, Steele?” she asks, right hand leaving her tablet to rest on your head, her

powerful fingers gripping your {PC has no hair:scalp // PC has hair: [pc.hair] // PC has horns: [pc.horns]} and pulling you forward. The bottom of her meat glides over your tongue, bumping the roof of your maw at the same time on it's way to the back of your mouth. She keeps going until her dong hits the entrance to your throat, your body clenching the tunnel reflexively. Still, she holds you there easily, the muscles in her forearm standing out in high definition as you gag uselessly. She keeps you like that for a bit, the head of her cock poking uncomfortably into your esophagus without going all the way down, blocking your air until your hands come up to bat at her thighs, lungs burning.

Releasing you, she smirks over the side of her tablet. “Ready to do your job now, {PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: muttslut? // PC is kaithrit: kitten? // PC is other: xeno? // PC is human: Steele?}” she asks, cuffing you across the cheek lightly before returning to her tablet. Is she filming this? No… the camera light isn't blinking, and her thumbs are moving too fast. She's clearly typing - at least until she looks over the side of her device again, eyes glinting with irritation. “I'm trying to get some reports done here, Steele. Are you gonna blow me, or am I gonna have to put this thing away and facefuck you? You do seem like you'd like my balls slapping your chin.” she says, pushing her hips forward until her prick is poking the back of your mouth again. Taking the hint, you begin to move your head up and down her shaft, your tongue wrapping around the head, sliding over her cumslit. Riya groans approvingly, beginning to type again. “Bet you can't make me nut before I finish this.” she says, her trademark shit eating grin visible over the top of her tablet. Is that a challenge?

Apparently so, and it is on. You start to work harder on her schlong, right hand coming up to cradle her balls, the cum-swollen brown orbs weighty in your hand, filling and overflowing your palm easily. She throbs approvingly at this treatment, a drop of salty-sweet pre leaking onto your tongue. Encouraged, you push your head down further onto her shaft, her tip pressing into the back of your mouth again before you stop. “Can't take it all, Steele?” Riya taunts, fingers tapping quickly against her screen. You squint up at her, tongue lapping along the sides of her shaft, her breath catching despite her best efforts to remain smug. Gathering yourself, you begin to push forward, steadily feeding a third of her beefy member down your gullet - and feel a hand on the back of your head, pushing you inexorably further down as Riya forces your jaws apart.

She seems to have given up typing for now, instead holding her device idle in her left hand, breathing hard as her fingers rub into your scalp. “Such a good{PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: mutt! // PC is kaithrit: kitty! // PC is human: girl! // PC is other: xeno!}” she coos, patting the top of your head. “Keep it up, slut! You might actually win our little bet at this rate.{PC is nonhuman: I've got something just for you after this.}”

She keeps pushing you down, your throat constricting powerfully around her girth as your body vainly tries to force the insertion out, only adding to her pleasure. Your eyes begin to water, chest burning as your lungs run low on oxygen, drool leaking liberally down your chin - and onto Riya’s heavy brown nuts as the swinging orbs slap into your face. Your [pc.lips] are stretched thin around her base and you can feel your throat bulging obscenely, distending to

accommodate the fat meat buried in it. Looking up at Riya, it becomes apparent that she doesn't seem very interested in moving for the moment, eyes fluttering shut. She spends a few long moments simply luxuriating in the feeling of your neck wringing her cock, wrapped in sweltering tightness. As usual, she seems completely unconcerned with your pleasure or lack thereof, rolling her hips back and slamming herself home, driving her schlong back down your gullet.

By now your lungs have passed burning and begun to scream for air, your hands coming up of their own accord to bat at Riya's powerful thighs. Your vision is beginning to dim, arms hitting with all the strength of a kitten until you can't take it any more, limbs going limply to your sides as your eyes flutter shut. You find yourself coughing and gasping frantically for air a few seconds (you think) later, the dusky futa gripping you firmly under one armpit, keeping you from falling to the floor. "Too much for you, {PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: mutt? I thought dogs loved swallowing bones. Are you… having a ruff day?" // PC is Kaithrit: puss? I thought cats loved milk. You're sure not showing it." // PC is human: Steele? Guess you've been spending too much time with those pindick xenos." // PC is other: alien? Guess they don't grow em' this big on… whatever ball of dirt you're from."} she says, grinning lopsidedly down at you. You try to marshal a witty reply, but all that comes out is loud sputtering and hacking, your recently cock-clogged esophagus unable to articulate properly. "Anyways, back to work. Since you can't take the heat I'm packing, why don't you start on my nuts instead?"

She slowly releases your shoulder as she says this, allowing you to support yourself, one hand coming up to wipe away some of the drool on your chin. Her hand meanwhile drifts up to your head again, pinching one of your [pc.ears] and tugging you forward with it, smushing your face into those heavy, churning balls. The smell of them fills your nostrils as Riya releases your ear and grips the back of your head again, rubbing your mouth against her sack lazily. "Don't be shy, {PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: mutt! // PC is kaithrit: sex kitten! // PC is human: Steele! // PC is other: xeno!}" she says, shifting her hips to drag her balls across your face, your vision suddenly obscured by the cum-swollen orbs. Your mouth opens, tongue venturing out to glide over her skin, her member twitching happily in response. You can just barely see a fat bead of pre at the tip of her shaft; between that and her increasingly heavy breathing, you suspect she's getting close. She's taken up her report again too, fingers flying across her tablet's screen as if to make up for lost time.

Well, that won't do. You step your game up, opening your jaws wide to allow one of her testes to fully enter your maw, your cheeks hollowing out as you lean your head back. Riya's hands twitch and grip her tablet, unable to type, and the officer lets out a sharp gasp. You keep pulling your head back until her nut pops out of your mouth with a loud, lewd noise, Riya unable to restrain another pleasured grunt. "Fucking… keep… keep that up, Steele. Holy shit." she whispers, eyes fluttering as you lick your way up the side of her shaft again, taking the head of her prick between your [pc.lips] and teasing her sensitive glans with your [pc.tongue]. She's leaking more freely now - and so are you, your [pc.cunts] wetting {itself/themselves} steadily as one of your hands slips down to your loins. {PC exhibitionism score below 33: Are you really about to masturbate in a public restroom, on your knees with a cock in your mouth? Your cheeks flush

with embarrassment, but it doesn't stop your questing digits. // PC exhibitionism score above 33: The thrill of what you're up to hits you suddenly, of giving head in a public restroom where anyone might hear… or even open the door and spot the heiress to the Steele fortune on her knees, guzzling cock… Your cheeks flush, fingers scrabbling for your juiced up cunt with renewed vigor.}

"Almost done my report, Steele." you hear from above. "It's not looking like you're gonna win our little race. You ready to get throatfucked?" she asks tauntingly, one hand leaving her tablet to pat the top of your head. "Or is that what you're aiming for here? Get your face pounded by good ol' Officer Batra?" You glare up at the abrasive woman, but her eyes are fixed on her tablet, her hand leaving your hair to rejoin her other at work. You decide to speed up your work at any rate, bobbing your head vigorously while simultaneously jerking her shaft. {PC looseness 3 or above: You take her into your throat easily now that you've time to steel yourself, even managing to swallow around her tool as you bury it in your throat. The dusky woman's python flexes approvingly in your esophagus, and you notice her hurriedly stuffing her tablet back into her pocket before sliding her hands down to {PC has no horns:either side of your head. // PC has horns: your [pc.horns].} // PC looseness 2 or below: Despite your best efforts, you're barely able to get half of her lollipop into your mouth, but certainly not for lack of trying. Your determined, if fruitless efforts are still having the desired effect though, Riya's schlong pulsing happily in your mouth. You notice her hurriedly stuffing her tablet back into her pocket before placing her hands firmly on either side of your head.}

You have a sneaking suspicion you know what's next… and after your partner hauls your head back off of her girth, your suspicions are confirmed. "Take a deep breath, {PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: muttslut. // PC is kaithrit: pussy. // PC is other: xeno // PC is human: Steele.} You'll need all the air you can get pretty soon."

It's a pretty strong hint - and one you take, gulping down a huge lungful of air, taking this opportunity to wipe some of the drool off your chin. Why, you're not entirely sure, considering you're about to have a second layer applied. As soon as she senses your readiness, Riya starts to push back into your mouth, tunneling down your throat ruthlessly, every vein on her dong sliding against the warm inside of your throat. She pulls you back until the head of her dark anaconda is just barely piercing your throat and thrusts again, setting a wet, noisy rhythm of nuts on chin, the degrading act compounded by the copious gagging and sputtering you find yourself unable to contain. You hear the door to the restroom open with a deafening creak, then the sound of someone snickering and feet approaching. Not bothering to slow her pace or even look up, Riya opens her mouth to speak. "Fuck off or you're next."

The stranger outside the stall mumbles a hurried apology followed by quickly departing footsteps. {PC exhibitionism score above 33: The thrill you get knowing that your degeneracy has been seen stays though, sending a rush of heat to your already sweltering loins. // PC exhibitionism score below 33: Your cheeks flush in shame at the realization that you've been caught in the act, though that doesn't stop your [pc.twat] wetting itself with arousal.} The beating

your face is taking shows no signs of stopping, your drool glistening up and down the meatrod stuffing your gullet and dribbling down your chin again. Riya seems to be close at least, her grunting taking on a needy tone. You hope she's close; a fair amount of the air you sucked down earlier has been forced right back out by the feverish facefucking the dickgirl cop is unleashing on you. You can't even concentrate on jilling yourself off, hands instead gripping Riya's thighs to steady yourself as she wears your throat out.

There's no real warning when she cums, beyond her thrusting becoming short and erratic, the dusky woman instinctively burying her member as deeply as possible into your throat before her cock swells within the clinging, wet heat of your bulging neck, balls sliding up your chin as they prepare to dump their cargo into your belly. Good thing, too - you're starting to run out of air again. Her fingers clutch your {PC has no horns: head // PC has horns: horns} powerfully, immobilizing you as her shaft begins to pulse, lances of burning hot jizz shooting almost directly into your stomach. It feels like she cums down your throat for hours, but that might just be the lack of oxygen. However long she spends seeding your mouth, Riya finally begins to pull back as her orgasm tapers off, the last few jets of off-white jism landing on your [pc.tongue]. She pumps her length a few times, panting like she's just run a race, and pushes the head of her slowly deflating babymaker past your lips again to shoot her last bit of nut into your open mouth. Even at the end of her orgasm, Riya's cum is bountiful enough to fill your maw almost to capacity, the salty, slightly sweet taste overpowering your taste buds. She's quick to pinch your spit-slick chin between a thumb and forefinger before you can spit out the last of her copious load, tilting your head up so that it pools in the back of your mouth.

"Swallow." she says, pushing your mouth closed. You blink, then comply, the slimy mouthful of nutbatter in your mouth sliding heavily down your throat, joining the sloshing mass in your tummy.

Riya grins, leaning down and frenching you on the lips, her tongue clearing some of her own jizz out of your mouth before she breaks it. "Such a good little whore you are! {PC is nonhuman: Here, have a treat, sweetmeat." she purrs, licking her lips and reaching down into her crumpled pants, withdrawing a small baggie filled with… Terran Treats? Does she seriously just have a bag of Terran Treats on her person at all times? That's… well. Knowing Riya, maybe it's not that unexpected. She takes one out and presses it into your hand. "There you go, {PC is ausar/huskar/dogmorph: mutt! // PC is kaithrit: puss! // PC is other: xeno!} Take it any time you feel like improving yourself.}"

She grabs a towel from the dispenser next to you, wiping her loins dry with it before tossing it to you and reaching for her pants, pulling them back on. You wipe your face clean with the dry parts of the towel, closing your sore jaws as you stand shakily, [pc.knees] sore from being on them so long. Riya pinches your [pc.ass] hard, ushering you out of the bathroom and back into the station proper before blowing you a kiss and returning to her post. You go your own way - you didn't get off this time, but you feel strangely satisfied nonetheless.

{PC exhibition score +2}

{PC lust +30}

{If PC is nonhuman, PC receives one Terran Treat}