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Character Essence

Ana, although the younger sister (as Bella retorts, not that it counts for much; they're basically twins, and she was born about two hours after Bella), is usually mistaken for the older. Not just because of her size, but because of her attitude.

Ana is what TVtropes calls a "type 2 kuudere". She presents a cold, collected, stoic-leaning front towards outsiders - part of this is nature, part of this is from her training as a soldier, and a big part is because she figures this is what folks expect/want of a mercenary. She is level-headed, professional, business-like, and at most tends to restrict her exasperation to snarky comments, dry wit, and at her most extreme bouts of icy fury. However, with those she considers close - family, true friends, loved ones - she displays her truer, warmer self. In these situations she is a little shy, but tender-hearted, caring and compassionate. Her sister Bella is her biggest chink in her armor; she's the ice maiden who runs over and gives her sister a big hug while admonishing her for making her so worried, essentially.

Although Ana acts the tough "gurrl" that your average employer expects of a merc, she's got a much more girly-girl interior. That's not to say she's not good at speed-stripping a lasrifle, winning a moonshine drinking contest or beating somebody at armwrestling: she is, and she even enjoys things. However, she has much more "highbrow" enjoyments; she likes dancing, fine clothing, gourmet cuisine and classical music. Ana's dream for a date night would probably be to enjoy a four-star meal with some classy wine, watch an action movie with her beau, then

some tender, romantic lovemaking before falling asleep in each other's arms.

Speaking of romance and sex: Ana is not the most experienced lover in the world. She's shy and kind of sexually naive, though not exactly a virgin (it has to do with a romance in boot camp that went bad; she doesn't like to talk about it). Plus, sleeping with a coworker or, worse, the boss is rather unprofessional, so she doesn't do it - she's too caught up in protecting her image, since her livelihood depends on it. If brought to bed, she's eager to learn but mostly after the intimacy it brings - no "wham, bam, thank you ma'am" quickies for her.

Courting Ana, then, is a delicate affair; you gotta crack her icy shell and peel back the outer layers to reach the "other her" inside to bring her to bed, and prove yourself worthy of her trust to keep her there. Once she counts you as her true love, she opens herself up to you, openly displaying her warmer self inside.

If the topic of children comes up, Ana will probably blush and change the subject. She has idly thought about being a mother or a father at some point, but right now, she doesn't have anyone special enough to want to make kids with - she wants a mother or a father who'll be in her life with her, not to raise her daughters singlehandedly. If promised that, though, the idea becomes rather... enticing, though she's quick to point out she's no pregnancy fetishist.

Character Outline

She is a femme fatale who acts as manly as she acts girly. She is good at blending in, but does not like crowds. Personality is cool and collected, a bit shy and socially awkward in certain situations. Is a virgin, and upon being introduced to sex takes a liking to it, but does not become obsessed.

See linked GDoc for racial codex of Laquines:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1seF0KYdE9kJ0eyUVIOntgxXGAcregEvq8TDy9qpcW38/edit>

And for her sister, Belladonna:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1fyvpQXG-m0r47_vgVXhTRbRwjPROd5ZEo82Uui9xFe/edit

If Anastatia and Belladonna are both sexed:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1leTAFTFEszB1OHCEgtgX_aDSiutw0OcSRiEb0kBAO-U/edit

Relationship Flow

Anastasia has two menu options once recruited; Hang Out, and Date.

Hang Out is a submenu of various things the PC can do with Anastasia of a friendly nature; target practice with guns, wrestling, dining together, listening to music, dancing, etc. Hang Out is open by default, but some options will require Anastasia be in either Friends With Benefits mode or Lover mode to unlock.

Choosing Date will start Ana in the romancing path. This means the PC may evolve their relationship to FWB and eventually to Lovers. It is possible to evolve straight to FWB if you pick the right choices, but generally you will need some work to get there and will need even more work to get to Lovers mode. Hang Out options may or may not grant LoveXP, and unless you pick Date once, none of them will ever grant LoveXP.

At 50 LoveXP (assuming we just go from 0-100), she enters Friends With Benefits mode and becomes sexable. (You can use a single counter, ranging from however much you want, or do like I did with Maki and have a variable to count XP and one to count the current relationship state. Either way does not make a difference, matter of preference and execution only.)

When LoveXP is maxed out, Anastasia will confess her feelings for the PC. The player may choose to either Reciprocate (places her permanently into Lover mode, allows for potential threesomes with Belladonna, preg content, etc) or Stay Friends. This may, if agreed upon, be reversible later, but is currently looking to permanently lock her into Friends With Benefits mode.

Appearance [examine and review]

You are observing Anastasia Folsom, the laquine mercenary you hired. She notices you checking her out and casually poses herself so you can get a better look. Like all laquines, she looks pretty much like a hermaphroditic anthro rabbit, standing - in Ana's case - 6' 3" tall and with shapely, feminine features. For an anthropomorphic rabbit, anyway. The legs she has, whilst rabbit-like, are oddly jointed, allowing her to walk on either the heels in a plantigrade fashion or on the balls of her elongated paws in a more digitigrade fashion.

She is covered predominantly in black fur, though the 'hair' atop her head is a lustrous silver color and there are noticeable splashes of white - specifically, her muzzle, breasts, stomach, feet to the knees and arms to the elbow are all white. {If Ana is sexable: Though she keeps it covered, you know for a fact that her right inner thigh has a "birthmark" of two heart-shaped spots of white on her otherwise black fur.} Her eyes are a rich shade of purple, and she has a

slender and smooth build, having carefully toned her body for athleticism rather than muscles. Her tail's fur is the same silver as her hair, and she's chosen to wear its fringe long, making it look more horse-like. You can see she's got a handful of butt, firm and toned, no doubt the results of diligent training. It would be very enticing to watch her walk swinging her behind side to side.

Not being dressed for combat right now, she's wearing a simple blouse and jacket combination with jeans, showing off the twin bulges of her cleavage and her (greyish-black colored horse-like} cock. {AnaBusty: Her formerly C-Cup tits have increased to E-cups, notably bigger than those sported by her sister, something that fills her with pride.}/{AnaSwollen: The laquine's top strains to contain her massive, milk-oozing G-cup tits; she needs some serious milking before she'll go back down to her "normal" improved size.}/{Else: You'd easily pinpoint her breast size as C-cup, though full and perky for that.} At her crotch, the horse-like cock that defines a laquine is around 12" by 2", paired with a pair of balls between 2" and 3" in diameter, ready to fill a luckless - or lucky - partner with a cascade of hot herm spunk. {If Ana is sexable: You know that she wears a surprisingly dainty, but bulge-fitting, thong underneath her jeans and goes without a bra.} {If Ana is Pregnant: [She has loosened her usual belt, the only current sign of her pregnancy.] / [Her belly is distinctly bulging now even through her clothes, just starting to poke out over even her loosened belt as your child grows inside of her.] / [There is no hiding her sizably inflated stomach now, stretching the fabric of her usual blouse considerably to keep it modestly tucked away. She pats it with a dreamy smirk, as if reassuring herself it's there.] / [Anastasia's belly is hugely swollen now, clearly ready to pop in the very near future. So large has it grown that she's actually pulled her blouse partially up over it, allowing her popped-out navel and much of the surrounding bulge to be naked to the casual observer. Not that this seems to bother her in the slightest.]} For further ornamentation, she wears a small belt around her neck as a choker, and a wristband that you are sure is really a pocket computer/communicator device on her left wrist.

Recruiting Ana [examine and revise]

Last Resort Square

//Auto-play the first time PC is in the square.

You walk towards the crudely drawn map of this module, trying to figure out where you should go, when you feel someone suddenly bump on you.

"Ooof! Hey, you alright, {mister}?" Your accidental assailant asks, her tone too casual to sound like she's really apologising. You regain your balance and look at her. She's quite a tall figure, clearly over 6 feet tall, and fairly feminine in appearance. She wears a black t-shirt emblazoned with the symbol and slogan of some punk-rock band you don't think you've ever heard of, which stretches tightly over C-cup tits. Hands tuck themselves casually into artfully ripped long jeans, the crotch blatantly bulging over what has to be a sizable set of male sexual organs, a chain

wrapped around the right wrist like a bracelet, and a techno-wristband on the left wrist. She looks at you casually, flicking one long, rabbit-like ear, silver hair artfully tousled to look like it hasn't been combed at all. "I said are you alright - what, you gone deaf?" She repeats, smirking in challenge, her tone playful.

You don't care much for her tone... but since you don't want to stir up any trouble right now, you reply that you are fine. "Good - sorry about running into you; my bad," she playfully replies, removing her right hand from her pocket. "Anyway, places to be, people to see; catch ya later," she says, flicking you a lazy salute and then sauntering off.

You don't know exactly what to make of this encounter, so you just shrug and continue thinking on where you should go.

//To continue this quest, PC has to go to Seed's Bar.

Seed's Bar

The bar is quite aptly named; Seed's has literally gone to seed, with the interior liberally festooned with plant-life. Roots and root-like growths cover the walls, the floor and the ceiling; the bar counter is made from a particularly interlaced growth of wood, leaves cover the ceiling, branches poke out of odd nooks and crannies, some sort of mossy growth is thick underfoot. The whole place is gloomy, as the vegetation swallows the light, and figures move through the murk; clientele, staff, it's hard to say. A grizzled looking humanoid stands at the bar counter, rubbing methodically at a glass, occasionally turning around to fiddle with a large, yet clearly secondhand, television unit.

You look around for a table and spot one near the middle of the bar. Once you sit down a root lifts up a form, on the top of the form, the words "How may I serve you?" are written. You look around for a pen and finally spot one, held up by the same mysterious root that is holding the form up. For now, you decide to just mark "water". The root retracts, taking the pen and form with it towards the bar, where the humanoid looks your order over.

As you wait, you sit back and take in your surroundings. The TV's reception is pretty bad, it's tuned to some sort of sports show. Sitting where you are you have the feeling of being exposed... like many sets of eyes were watching you. As you scan the room you spot that strange girl you bumped into earlier, watching you intently. You consider approaching her, but suddenly the whole bar starts cheering madly, apparently their team scored. The girl is also cheering, just as enthusiastically as the other patrons. You follow her eyes and realize that from her angle, the TV would be just above your head... so she was watching the TV and not you. You shrug and relax, still... you cannot shrug the sensation of being watched. So once the root returns with your glass of water, you down it and promptly get up to leave.

You make your way through the winding streets towards the square, when suddenly a pair of hands pull you away into an alley.

"Look what we got here... a newbie." A red reptilian creature says. "Hehe, yeah, teach {him} the rules of Last Resort's streets." His shorter green partner says, pointing a {pistol} at you. "Well, you heard my brother, newbie. Cough up all that you have or we'll have to send you out through the decompression chamber." He growls, threateningly.

Before you can react, the unmistakable sound of a shock-pistol rings out. The smaller reptoid drops like a stone, clearly out-cold or even dead, you can't see at this point. "What tha fuck!?" Roars the bigger reptoid, before a dark figure suddenly pounces out of the darkness, one leg whipping around in a side-kick that doubles the sole standing reptoid when it slams into his stomach like a comet. As he's helpless, the figure raises the sparking staff-like shape of a stun rod and brings it crashing down on the back of his head. With a crackling sound of electrical discharge, he's left unconscious, and you realise your savior is the herm bunny-morph from before.

"Gotcha, scumbags... Are you alright? They didn't hurt you, did they?" She asks, sounding genuinely concerned this time. "Sorry, but I couldn't tip you off and ruin my cover. Been after these bastards for weeks." She pulls out a pair of cuffs and bends down to latch both of the reptoids' wrists together, ensuring that even if they wake up, they won't be going anywhere in a hurry. "Ah, nothing beats the glow of a job well done." She says, then casually lets out a huge, wet belch. "BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK! Sorry, the cheap beer they serve at Seed's gets to me," she says, unabashedly patting her stomach as if in explanation. Fiddling with a pouch at her belt, she takes out a small compact pocket mirror, opens it up and starts to fiddle with her hair, applying some glitter-mixed black lipstick to her lips as though she hadn't just delivered a belch a fratboy would be proud of. When she sees you looking at her beautifying herself, she lifts her eyebrow in an expression of curiosity. "What? Can't a lady like to look good after taking down her bounty?"

You watch her dumbfounded, not exactly sure what to make of this whole situation. When you finally come to grips with what is happening you thanks her for the help. "Ah, don't thank me, I was getting paid to hunt these guys anyway... I mean, not that I wouldn't have done the same thing if I'd seen them doing that anyway, animals like this deserve to get the tables turned, but I don't deserve thanks for just doing my job." She replies casually. She closes the mirror with a soft 'click' and returns it to her pouch with the lipstick. "That said, I do owe you an apology for using you as bait... tell you what, gimme a couple minutes to take care of these scumbags and then you can join me for some drinks - my treat." She suggests, smiling invitingly at you.

[Accept] [Refuse]

[=Refuse=]

You thank her for the offer but politely refuse. You are actually busy with other affairs right now.

"Oh. Alright then, if that's the way you feel about it," she replies, shrugging casually. "Still, here's my card, just in case you ever find yourself in need of my services - Anastasia 'Tracker' Folsom is my name, and I'm one of the best mercenaries you'll find hanging around this station." She smirks, flicking you a business card before unceremoniously hoisting the reptoids over her shoulders and dragging them away to turn them in for whatever bounty they're worth.

(Anastasia added to PC's contacts.)

[=Accept=]

You politely accept the invitation.

"Really? Great!" She says; she sounds sincerely pleased at the prospect, and favors you with a smile. "Tell you what, I've been camping at room 69 of the Low End Inn; why don't you meet me there? I'll just haul these two slimebags off and collect the fee, then when I get back we can share a few drinks, maybe swap a few stories, what do you say?" She asks, already stooping to hoist her catches up onto her shoulders.

Sounds like a plan. "Alright, I'll see you there, then," she replies cheerfully, and then walks away, effortlessly hauling along the reptoids in what is probably a very painful experience.

Low End Inn

(play first visit if this is your first visit)

You arrive at the inn and rap your knuckles against the wooden door, waiting for an answer. At first, nothing happens, and you almost wonder if she's still out; then you notice the small detachable camera that has been placed on the door and is busily studying you. Seconds later, the door swings open and Anastasia is standing there with a welcoming grin. She's dressed somewhat more professionally than before, but still fairly casually; a simple blouse and jacket combination with jeans, showing off the twin bulges of her cleavage and her cock, a small belt around her neck as a choker, and that same technological wristband that you saw her wearing before. "Welcome! Sorry about the wait, but you can't be too careful about who's at the door in my business," she apologises. "Please, won't you come in?" She steps aside, making a gallant gesture with her arm to indicate you are free to enter.

You are a bit wary of what she has in store for you, but do as she asks. You thought the two of you were going out to have a drink?

"Nah, most of the bars here are of the same stripe as Seed's; cheap and nasty. I thought we'd just sit in here and share some of the stuff I brought in with me when I came to this station,"

Anastasia replies. "If you know a good place to go, though, I'm willing - I suppose there's got to be a diamond in the rough drinking hole around here somewhere," she smirks, flicking one long, lapine ear in amused dismissal. Well you aren't exactly familiar with the surroundings... "If that's the case, then staying here is the right choice." She interjects.

You shrug and sit yourself on a nearby chair. Anastasia closes the door and locks it, then wanders through to the mini-kitchenette, casually bending down and sticking her ass up in the air as she roots through the fridge. "I picked up this tasty little brand on [suggest a planet name]; nice kick to it at first, but mellow aftertaste, and it doesn't leave you with a head clanging like a machine shop in the morning," she tells you conversationally, butt bobbling around as she investigates the contents of her fridge. She lets out a triumphant noise and straightens up, lightly kicking the door closed as she brandishes three bottles, two held by their stems between the fingers of her right hand. She gives you the single bottle held in her left hand, and then turns towards the separate bedroom, letting out a whistle through her buckteeth. "Sis! You want some?" She calls.

The door opens and another figure hesitantly emerges. Whereas Anastasia looks like an anthropomorphic rabbit, this figure looks like some anthropomorphic blending of wolf and rabbit. Silently, not looking at you, she bounds out, snatches the bottle from Anastasia's hand, and then runs back into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her. Anastasia shakes her head. "Sorry; Belladonna's not what you'd call a sociable girl, but what can you do?" She shrugs her shoulders, then twists the cap off of the last bottle and starts chugging it down.

You watch her with interest as she downs her drink. When she finishes and looks at you inquisitively, you snap out of your trance and twist the cap open, taking a swig of the booze. Its bitter, creamy and bubbly, tickling along the way to your stomach. You can't help but sigh as the familiar buzz of good beer spreads throughout your body.

"Good, isn't it?" Anastasia asks you, then lifts the half-empty bottle back to her lips. She drains the bottle in another long swallow, sighs and wipes her lips with one hand. "Don't get me wrong, I'm no drunk, but it's nice to get a bit of a buzz now and then, and it's best to get it with the good stuff, you know what I mean?" You nod in agreement and take another swig. There's something that's been nagging you and you can't help voicing your concern. Why bother inviting you over for a drink? Isn't it better for her as a merc to just... get paid and be done with her mission?

She shrugs her shoulders. "Oh, that'd be the professional way to do it, but I like to feel like a person and not just a job. It's not like there's a law against being friendly, is there?" She takes another sip at her bottle, then realises it's already emptied. She casually throws it away, where it clanks neatly into a wastebin, and then goes to fetch another from the fridge. You realise when she's bent over that she has a rabbit-like tail, but it's got a fringe of long fur that makes it look more like a horse's tail.

You take another swig. While it's true that there's no law against being friendly... that's hardly what a mercenary would do. The least involvement she has with someone the less likely she is to be put at risk. And she just brought you over to her room, called her sister in front of you and basically is letting you get a good look at her and her surroundings. If you were looking for info on her, you would have just hit the jackpot. That seems awfully careless of her, and frankly, she looks much better than that. You'd like to think you are a pretty good judge of character, so what exactly is on her mind?

"Okay, so you got me." She kicks the fridge closed again. "I do have my reasons for inviting you here... and the reason is: I'm prospecting for work." So she's looking for employers? "That's correct. I have a pretty good nose for business." She twitches her nose for emphasis. "And I'm getting a good vibe from you... Plus I had my sister dig your background and you don't seem like you would pose a threat to me. No offense to your capabilities, I just don't see any reason for you to hurt me in any way. Besides if push comes to shove, you are in my home, I keep weapons hidden." She twists the cap of her bottle open and takes a swig. "So... this is just a social call so I can meet a possible new client. Worst case I lost a couple beers, big deal." She shrugs and takes another swig. "So, what do you say?"

Interesting... but why you? You doubt working for you would be as good as working for (corpName). "You are not completely wrong, but there's more to this than meets the eye. Besides I'm sick of this place... We are sick of this place." So? Why doesn't she and her sister just up and leave? She sighs. "When we got here our ship was in a pretty bad shape... pirate raid." She rolls her eyes. "And (corpName) offered to fix it for us, nice of them right?" You finish your beer and wait for her to continue. "They fixed our ship alright, but now they want to charge us an exorbitant amount of money in order to get our ship back. We obviously did not have the money, so they took our ship and basically everything we left on it. Which wasn't much, as we had our suspicions in the first place, I'm glad to say. We're stranded here; the pissant jobs I take keep food on the table and a roof over our heads, but there's no way we'll ever afford even one of the piece-of-crap ships the local junk-peddlers have to offer. Not that (corpName) has any intention of letting us leave, mind you. We are pretty good at our jobs after all. Cleaning up the station of scumbags and everything." She sighs and chugs down more of her booze, then flicks the empty bottle over to the wastebin again.

Bottom Line, she's looking for a way out. And you just happen to be the way out? What's stopping you from stabbing her in the back? Or even saying no? She looks at you and takes a deep breath. "Nothing, really. I'm just taking my chances. No risk no gain right?" You rub your chin in thought. "Look, you don't have to decide anything right now, and I don't intend to go with you for free either. We're still mercs remember?" She winks at you. "But we can discuss money some other time. Our priority right now is leaving this place and getting a good job so we can get a new ship or even settle somewhere nicer." Well... you suppose you could at least consider.

She brightens up and smiles at you. "Thanks, that's all I'm asking for. So... how about another

beer? Maybe we can chat, so I can get to know my future employer better?" She says confidently. She's pretty confident, a trait you can appreciate, so for the time being you decide to accept her offer. The two of you chat for a while longer before you say your goodbyes and leave with her contact info.

(Anastasia added to the PC's contacts.)

Contacting Ana for Recruitment [examine and revise]

Selecting the details for Anastasia from your communicator, you try to call her. After a few minutes - the signal reception in this dump is lousy - it finally connects and the laquine receives your call.

"Hello, this is Tracker of Tracker & Cracker, how may we help you? Oh, {name}, it's you!" The laquine replies, her friendly professionalism turning to honest cheerfulness when she recognizes you. "Do you have business you want to discuss?" She asks.

You reply that you want to discuss her proposed deal. "Business? Of course I'm willing to talk business; please, meet me at room 69 in the Low End Inn - that way, we can be assured of your privacy." She tells you in her original tone of friendly professionalism.

You agree to meet her there at your earliest convenience.

Low End Inn

Finding room number 69 is easy, since you've been here before. You gently rap your knuckles on the door and wait for the camera to scan you. Once it's done, Anastasia immediately pulls the door open with a welcoming smile. "Come on in, please," she instructs, motioning with your arm for you to enter. When you enter, you can see Anastasia's sister is also seated at the table, expression carefully neutral. As she closes the door behind you, Anastasia explains, "My sister and I have this rule about her always being involved when I take a job - we are partners, after all." The sister, Belladonna, as you recall, simply nods her head noncommittally at Anastasia's words.

You greet them both and step inside taking the time to look Anastasia's sister more closely now that she's sitting before you. This time, while she still doesn't seem to be of the same race as Anastasia, Belladonna's facial features are clearly reminiscent of the laquine's, for all that her face is more generally wolfish. Long rabbit-like ears rise up curiously at your scrutiny, but then fall back down, swivelling to lie down her neck. She is much lighter colored than her sister - assuming that they really are sisters, anyway - being mostly white with gray and grayish-blue splotches, kind of reminding you of arctic camouflage patterns, as compared to her sister's predominantly black coloration. She is dressed easily as casually as her sibling, if not more so;

a comfortable shirt and jeans, though now that you're sitting here you can tell she's got a lot more cleavage than her sister does, though her crotch bulges sufficiently you can tell she's a herm as well. She looks you in the eyes; somewhat nervously, but refusing to "back down" by breaking your gaze.

"Anyway, now that we're all here, let's talk price," Anastasia suddenly declares, interrupting your little staring match. "You wouldn't be here unless you were planning on hiring us, so let's not waste time on that - don't worry, we'll be giving you a BIG discount, since you're helping us off of this rustbucket of a station," the laquine notes.

You decide to start by asking them what are their skills, what can they offer you that would make them an asset?

"Well, myself, I'm something of a jack of all trades," Anastasia replies confidently. "I'm a social chameleon, meaning I can blend in almost anywhere and seem a perfect fit. I'm lethal with a stun rod or bare hands and feet, and I'm a crack shot with one or two pistols, if I do say so myself." She smirks and pats the side of her hip, revealing the bulge of a concealed holster. And her sister?

"I handle the cyberwarfare side of things," she replies coolly. "I gather information, I infiltrate databases, and I haven't met a security system I can't crack, break or take control of yet." She declines to say anything further, instead seeming to believe that speaks for itself.

Interesting skills to have at your disposal. Now then... what are their terms?

"Simple terms, really; you take us both on at the same time - we're sisters as well as business partners, so we never work separately, though we only charge depending on whose skills you actually use - and you provide living quarters for us." Belladonna replies, before her sister can interject. A frown flashes quickly across the laquine's face, but she quickly schools it into a pleasant smile. "My sister here is correct. Those are the most basic terms; any other arrangements are on a case by case basis. So, are you interested in hiring us?"

[Yes] [No]

[=No=]

You rub your chin in thought, then declare that you need more time to think about this.

"I see... well, if you ever change your mind, just contact us again and we'll set things up." Anastasia replies. If she's disappointed, she does a damn good job of hiding it.

[=Yes=]

You rub your chin in thought, then nod your agreement. They can consider themselves hired. Both sisters smile, but then quickly school themselves to look more professional. "I assure you,

you won't regret this," Anastasia declares. "Where do you want us to meet you? We can have our belongings packed shortly, and our departure papers are all in order." She asks.

You inform them where your ship is located and extend your hand, welcoming both sisters on-board. Each shakes your hand in turn, both displaying a strong, firm grip. "We'll be there shortly," they tell you, and immediately get up to start gathering their belongings as you show yourself out.

Repeat Contact

Selecting the details for Anastasia from your communicator, you try to call her. After a few minutes - the signal reception in this dump is lousy - it finally connects and the laquaine receives your call.

"Hello, this is Tracker of Tracker & Cracker, how may we help you? Oh, {name}, it's you!" Anastasia replies, her friendly professionalism turning to honest cheerfulness when she recognizes you. "So, have you changed your mind? Are you willing to employ us?" She asks, hoping to change her tone.

[Yes] [No]

[=No=]

You tell her that your mind hasn't been changed. On the screen, her expression changes to annoyance. "Then why are you calling us? Please, don't call unless you've decided you want to hire us." She promptly hangs up on you.

// Go back to default menu

[=Yes=]

You tell her that's why you're calling, yes. The rabbit-like alien woman's face lights up in a delighted grin. "Of course! You won't regret this, I assure you; tell me where to find you and we'll both be there as soon as possible." You give her the directions and she nods firmly, assuring you that the sisters will be there shortly, and closes communication with a satisfied expression.

//Anastasia and Belladonna are now recruited.

On-Board Ship (todo)

//Grant bonus to attacking

Her Room [Examine & Revamp]

Anastasia's room is surprisingly fitting for the laquaine mercenary; a mixture of vintage and modern furniture dots the place. She keeps her quarters very neat and tidy, with things carefully placed to be out of the way and readily accessible. Many of her decorations are classic and antique looking, though you are pretty sure this is just the way they are designed rather than being actual antiques.

She has a number of actual books - paper and ink and everything - on one of the small shelves in the room. Titles that you can see include "Ye Anarchyst's Cookbook", "1001 Easy Recipes", "Lapinaean Military Manual of War", "From Alairana to Zeifreu; Lapinae's Greatest Classical Musicians", "Ballroom Dancing Made Easy", "Energy vs Solid Projectiles; A Mercenary's Guide to Firearms", some sort of fantasy novel that, judging by the cover, comes from her homeworld, and "Scales Under Triple Moons", some sort of erotic novel the cover of which displays a reptilian yet feminine life-form and a human man.

An antique looking watch, lovingly maintained, is placed on a small bedside table, underneath a modern lighting strip. {If Ana is sexable: Though she tries to keep them hidden for decorum's sake, you know that the top shelf of her bedside table contains a king-sized box of Southern Stallion Queen brand laquaine condoms, ready for the next time you two might be having some fun - it cuts down on the cleanup, as she notes. Meanwhile, her sizable bottle of Slip 'n Fit lube isn't so well hidden, though not for lack of trying; it's just barely visible from where she's shoved it under the bed. Ultimately, though, a gallon-sized tub's just not that easy to keep out of sight.}

{if normal relationship:

[Randomly play: {Anastasia is busy at a small table, painstakingly disassembling one of her guns so that she can check it for wear and tear as well as clean it.} {Anastasia is currently performing some kind of martial arts kata, which is quite heavy on the kicks - with legs like hers, that makes sense.} {Anastasia is currently laying on her bed, reading a book. She seems to be ignoring you, but one ear swivels in a way that makes it clear she knows you're here and is waiting for you to speak first.}]

}

{else if FWB:

[Randomly play one of these]

{Anastasia is currently laying on her bed, reading a book. She steals the occasional glance at you, as if wondering whether you will approach her, one finger occasionally lifted to her forehead to twirl idly at a lock of silvery hair. There's a smile on her lips when she looks at you.}

{Anastasia is currently wandering around the room, seemingly tidying it up, though it looks pretty spotless already. She stretches up to reach at the ceiling, giving you a very good look at her long, slender legs, and then bends over to pick up something from the floor, pulling her

pants tightly across her nicely-shaped ass, tail twitching playfully over the rounded cheeks. The way she lingers in that posture makes it seem like she's almost inviting you to ogle her butt - especially given the fact she casts a quick and nonplussed look your way before slowly standing back up again.}

{Anastasia is currently performing some kind of martial arts kata, which is quite heavy on the kicks - with legs like hers, that makes sense. As you enter, she winds things down and finishes, taking measured breaths to recuperate from the exertion. She then walks over to her bed and begins pulling off her clothes, dropping them to the floor underfoot - not seductively, but clearly trying to be nonchalant about your presence there. Her body language screams "nervous" so loudly it's quite obvious she's not as nonplussed as she's trying to be. The fact her cock is starting to stiffen is evidence that she finds it thrilling on some level as well. Eventually her nerve breaks and she snatches up her replacement clothes and pulls them on as quickly as possible before turning to face you, schooling her face to look calm, though not doing so well with the tenting of her pants.}

{The door to the small private bathroom that Anastasia's room has hisses open, steam wafting out as she strides into the room, damp and naked save for a towel wrapped around her waist. She starts when she sees you, but then swallows, tries for a confident smirk, and walks over to her bed, where her spare clothes are waiting. She lets the towel drop and then starts pulling her clothes on, a bit faster than she was probably intending, before turning to face you.}

}

{else if Lover:

[Randomly play one of these]

{Anastasia is currently laying on her bed, reading a book. When you approach, she closes it and looks up at you with a smile, pulling herself upright and off of the bed before approaching you and placing a gentle kiss on your lips.}

{Anastasia is currently performing some kind of martial arts kata, which is quite heavy on the kicks - with legs like hers, that makes sense. As you enter, she winds things down and finishes, taking measured breaths to recuperate from the exertion. She smiles at you, then picks up a hand towel and starts drying herself off, then casually pulls off most of her clothes, leaving her standing nonchalantly before you in just her bra and cock-socked panties. "There's nothing like a good workout - care to join me for round two?" She winks at you flirtatiously.}

The door to the small private bathroom that Anastasia's room has hisses open, steam wafting out as she strides into the room, damp and naked save for a towel wrapped around her waist. When she sees you, she smirks, "Should I even bother putting my clothes back on?" She teases, then struts confidently over to her bed, lets the towel drop to the floor and smoothly starts redressing herself. "It's fun watching you get me out of these," she comments in lieu of explanation.}

{Anastasia groans in embarrassment, panting heavily but unable to stop what she's doing - namely, cumming like a hydrant into the condom she's got firmly clasped over her cock in one hand, three fingers of the other buried almost to the knuckles in her gushing gash. Latex audibly stretches and liquid gurgles as her black-gray cock shoots its load, her balls almost seemingly to visibly shrink as she empties herself into the condom she so wisely chose to wear before getting hot and heavy. By the time she's done and can pull her slick hand away, a swollen basketball of latex stuffed full of pearlescent goop is obscuring her crotch; Lapinaen condom makers definitely know their stuff, however, because the condom shows no signs of breaking despite how full she's crammed it. She pulls it off of herself and ties up the end into a knot. "So... uh, what can I do for you?" She asks, trying to hide how embarrassed she is that you found her in this state, the erotic fantasy novel lying ignored behind her as she slides off the bed and starts pulling on her clothes before dragging the condom to a corner of the room.}

}

Date [examine, review, revamp]

//Starts PC romancing Ana.

You look Anastasia over, taking your time admiring her body. She nonchalantly watches you watching her, subtly shifting to display her better features, more amused and pleased by your interest than anything. "See something you like?" She asks playfully, batting her eyes at you and then laughing softly.

You look at her in the eyes and confirm that you do. "What?!" She asks, then coughs, regaining her cool. "Well, you're not the first to see my inner beauty. But just because I'm a merc doesn't mean everything's for sale, you know." She quietly chastises you, making a cautionary wag of the finger.

You are not suggesting you'll pay her for sex, you're merely stating the fact that she is beautiful. "...Oh". Is all she can say; this evidently isn't something she's used to hearing. You take a deep breath and ask her out on a date.

{if PC is already romancing Bella:

"What, my sister's not enough for you, you want to try laquine?" She asks sarcastically, but she's smirking fairly playfully as she does so. She certainly doesn't look too angered by the suggestion. "Did my sister put you up to this? Did she tell you that triads are pretty common on our world?" She questions you lightly.

You shake your head. Though you are surprised by her reaction, you'd think she'd be at least bit phased at being asked out by her sister's {boyfriend}.

"Well, like I said, triads are pretty common on Lapinae; when everyone's got two sets of parts, one girlfriend isn't always enough. However, that doesn't necessarily mean I'm interested in sharing with my sister," she adds pointedly. So, this means no? She looks thoughtful and rubs her chin, contemplating it, then she looks you over and rubs her arm. "Look captain... it's not that I don't like you or anything, but I don't think we should get involved. I'm a merc and you are my employer, plus you are already seeing my sister." She takes a deep breath. "So, yeah. I guess this means no." She averts her gaze, obviously uncomfortable.

You sigh and apologise for making her uncomfortable, then turn to take your leave. You only have the chance to {walk a few steps / move a couple feet} when she suddenly grabs your arm. "Wait up captain... err... {name}." You turn to look at her. Is something the matter?

"I... alright, I know what I said, but... well, if my sister is happy enough with you, w-why shouldn't I take a shot?" She asks, her tone somewhat defensive. "Don't get me wrong, it's not exactly professional for a mercenary to date her employer - and I still owe my sister a good boot right to her chubby butt for this - but... well, I'm not looking to be alone forever. I don't know if she's told you this, but... I've never really dated anyone before, and she's told me good things about you. Soo..." She trails off, unsure of what to say. She shakes her head and looks more confident. "Alright; why don't you go and give me some time to set things up? We'll have dinner in my quarters - just something comfortable to start with, alright?" She suggests.

You smile at her and nod, then bid her farewell for the moment.

}

{else:

She looks thoughtful and rubs her chin, contemplating it, then she looks you over and rubs her arm. "Look captain... it's not that I don't like you or anything, but I don't think we should get involved. I'm a merc and you are my employer, it's really not good business for either of us to start bonding, you know." She takes a deep breath. "So, yeah. I guess this means no." She averts her gaze, obviously uncomfortable.

You sigh and apologise for making her uncomfortable, then turn to take your leave. You only have the chance to {walk a few steps / move a couple feet} when she suddenly grabs your arm. "Wait up captain... err... {name}." You turn to look at her. Is something the matter?

"I... er, well, I know I said it's not exactly professional for a mercenary to date her employer, but... I've never really dated anyone before. I can't remember the last time I had a chance to meet someone who was... interesting, like you are. Soo... if you really are attracted to me, I guess one date won't hurt either of us." She hangs her head, looking shyer than you've seen her look before.

You just smile at her. She shakes her head and looks more confident, smiling back at you. "Alright; why don't you go and give me some time to set things up? We'll have dinner in my quarters - just something comfortable to start with, okay?" She suggests.

You nod, then bid her farewell for the moment.

}

The Date

//One time only. Opportunity for bonuses to be earned here. Kickstart your relationship on the right foot!

You approach Anastasia's quarters. After a quick check to make sure you are presentable, you press the ringer on her door. It opens and Anastasia is revealed to you, wearing an elegant one-piece dress of a simple, clean design, embroidered with a pattern of some beautiful, rose-like flower that is probably native to her homeworld, perfectly suited for a formal meeting. She smiles you and twitches an ear, as if inviting you to comment on her looks.

[Gorgeous!][Beautiful][Nice]

[=Gorgeous!=]

You let your jaw drop and stare at her in silence.

"W-what's wrong? Don't you like it?" She asks, ears twitching in a touch of nervousness.

You immediately shake your head and let her know that you love the way she looks. Then explain that she was just so beautiful that she rendered you speechless for a moment. "...Really? Wow, nobody's ever said that to me before," she murmurs, then shakes her head and smirks at you. "Flattery gets you nowhere, {name}, but nice try; come on in, make yourself comfortable," she tells you, then steps back inside so that she's no longer blocking the doorway.

//Ana gains 10 LoveXP, 20 Lust//

[=Beautiful=]

You can't suppress a smile that creeps on your face. The date hasn't even begun and you are already enjoying it. You compliment the laquaine lady on her striking looks.

"Why, thank you, {name}; you're quite the charmer yourself," she replies coyly, looking you up and down in appreciation, even as she poses for your benefit. You admire her and let her admire you in turn, then when things don't seem to be moving forward you gently clear your throat. "Oh! Where are my manners? Please, do come inside," she says, bowing politely before heading inside and leaving the doorway open for you.

//Ana gains 20LoveXP, 5 Lust//

[=Nice=]

You just smile at Ana and tell her she looks really nice.

"Naturally; or did you think that being a mercenary, I couldn't clean myself up?" Her tone is sarcastic, but the smile on her face shows she's just kidding around. "Come on in, then," she adds, stepping aside from the door.

//Ana gains 5 LoveXP//

//all choices link here

You step inside her room and look about. Everything seems to be in their usual place... except for the table that's been set to what is obviously going to be a fancy dinner. A glass of water's been set for two, fine-looking dishes and silverware sit right next to a neatly folded napkin and to complete the set you see a bottle of wine and two glasses eagerly waiting to be filled with the sweet tasting alcohol. You approach the table and pull a chair intent on sitting... then immediately consider if you should offer the seat for your date?

[Yes][No]

[=Yes=]

You motion for Anastasia to sit down, holding the chair for her like a proper gentleman. She smirks at you, "Why, thank you, {name}; though I'm quite capable of seating myself." She accepts the seat, but seems to make a point out of plopping gracelessly down in it and pulling herself in. She looks at you, amused, and indicates for you to seat yourself across from her.

You promptly seat yourself across from her.

//Ana gains LoveXP 5//

[=No=]

You move to sit down on the chair, remembering that Ana is not exactly all girl. Maybe she'd rather you didn't hold the chair for her. Cheerfully she walks around to the other table and daintily seats herself, making herself comfortable.

//Ana gains LoveXP 5//

//all choices link here

"I hope you like the selections; a nice bottle of Eischcheri Royale that my seeder gave to me

before we left, and for the main course, a juicy spittlerose steak - my bearer sends me some on a regular basis; she's always relished hunting them. I've been saving the wine for a special occasion, and, believe me, spittlerose steak is to die for." She airily tells you, indicating the bottle of wine - which you can now see is a rich, deep blue color. "Would you like some wine first? I'll bring the starter afterwards." She explains.

You politely accept the offered wine, holding your glass for her. She takes the wine and gently pops it open, then carefully pours into your glass until it's half-full before filling her own to the same extent. She sets the bottle down on the center of the table, then picks up her glass by the dainty stem. "Salut," she smiles. You raise your glass and gently touch hers, a smooth chime signals the completion of this cheer and you proceed to take a sip. The taste is rich and piquant, cool and refreshing, making you think of the crispness of a bright winter's day and the crunching of fresh snowfall underfoot. Across from you, Anastasia smiles, opening her eyes after savoring her sip. "Mmm... I can't stand actually going to the Northlands, but I just love eischcheri wine... well, truth be told, I love eischcheries, have since I was a little pup." She comments.

Since she was a pup? You look at her questioningly, imagining what kind of mischief she'd been getting into that wound up with her getting a taste of wine.

"Oh, the fruits aren't alcoholic unless you prepare the juices properly - it's like your Earthern grapes, you know?" She replies, smirking as she easily reads your mind. "The eischcheries only grow in the taiga and in winter, so they're quite a speciality for us on Lapinae. The taste... mmm, I can't describe just how yummy it is to pierce through that tough white skin and get at the juicy blue flesh inside..." She takes another sip of her wine, savoring it. "Personally, I prefer the fresh fruit to the wine; I can eat all the fruit I want without any consequences... okay, maybe a little trouble fitting into my clothes the next morning. Wine, well, I'm sure I don't need to spell out how overindulging in alcohol isn't the best idea."

Remembering her reaction to Seed's cheap beer, you smirk and playfully ask if this means she winds up belching without stop? "Not normally," she replies casually. "It's the bubbles that does it to me; beer, ale, soda, carbonated soft drink; give me some drink they normally serve in tins and I'll need to burp sooner or later." You can't resist noting how unique Anastasia is. Here you are having a classy date with her and the subject matter is her burping; and to top it all off she doesn't even seem phased by this

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm a laquine; we don't tend to fit the same gender roles as you humans do." She smirks. "Admittedly, I'm one of a kind, but I'm just putting my own spin on how things work for us. What's wrong with a burp now and then? It doesn't hurt anyone... or does it bother you seeing me do something so... crude? Boyish?" She asks, looking kind of worried that she's upsetting you.

[Yes][No]

[=Yes=]

To be entirely honest it does bother you a bit. You were hoping she'd be more... girly... considering her looks and usual demeanor.

"I see," she notes, a little sadly. "Very well; I'm more comfortable with the traits you humans consider girly anyway, so I'll try and be more girly for you, if that's what you want." She says, then takes a melancholic sip from her glass. "Oh, right, I almost forgot the appetiser; excuse me, please," she asks you politely, standing up once you give her permission to go.

[=No=]

You shake your head. If it bothered you, then you wouldn't be sitting across from her.

"Oh? Well... thank you; I've had a number of aliens I've talked to or worked with be... less than happy to find out that my boyish elements aren't just limited to my reproductive organs." Anastasia replies, she looks a little shy, but rather happy, to hear you saying something like that.

Personally you think this makes her...

[Unique][MixedBag]

[=Unique=]

She's one of a kind, exquisite, and that's part of the reason you are so attracted to her. "Wh-what?! Ah, stop it, you're embarrassing me," she chastises, rather diminished by the blatantly pleased look on her face; you can't tell if she's blushing through that faceful of fur she has, but she sounds very happy at the compliment. She tries to cover it by taking another sip of wine. "Oh, right, I almost forgot the appetiser; excuse me, please," she asks you politely, standing up once you give her permission to go.

//Anna gains LoveXP 25 and Lust 10//

[=MixedBag=]

You can never know what to expect from her, and you happen to like the thrill of discovery. "My, my, is that so? And what kind of things are you hoping to discover?" She purrs, propping her chin up on her wrists and directing a smouldering look at you across the table. If she had a tail that worked that way, you think she'd be wagging it flirtatiously. If you told her, it wouldn't be as fun as letting her wonder... She laughs at that, highly amused, then takes a delicate sip of her glass. "Oh, right, I almost forgot the appetiser; excuse me, please," she asks you politely, standing up once you give her permission to go.

//Ana gains LoveXP 15 and Lust 20//

//all options link here.

The meal passes in companionable silence, after that. You polish off half the bottle of wine between you, enjoy a delicious vegetable stirfry appetiser, and then tuck into the main course; spittlerose steak covered in a piquant creamy sauce. You can't resist asking why she calls it a steak when it's apparently some sort of grilled vegetable.

"That's right, you've never seen a spittlerose. It's one of the carnivorous plants of my planet; it grows up to fourteen feet tall, it sprays acid, it walks, and it tries to rip you apart with thorn-covered vines it uses like tentacles. Trust me, it's animal enough for most of us," she says, dabbing up the last of the sauce with the last piece of her 'steak'. "Mmm... you know, maybe it's the alcohol, but, this dinner's a lot more fun than I anticipated," she comments breezily.

[Great][AsPlanned][Good]

[=Great=]

You were thinking the same thing actually. Ana is a very pleasant company. "Well, thank you, I'm glad to hear that," she says with a smile. "I don't get a lot of compliments of that nature, you know." You wonder why? "Most people that enjoy my company like this wind up captured or behind bars, you know?" She smirks. Does this mean you are in trouble? "Maybe... though if I'm feeling generous I might make an exception for you." That would be a pity. She laughs and makes a flippant gesture, "Oh, don't worry, you're far too enjoyable company for me to just throw you away like that."

//Ana gains LoveXP 10 and Lust 10//

[=AsPlanned=]

With a smirk you let her know that this certainly isn't just the alcohol. Surely you must account for at least 80% of her enjoyment, and soon she won't be able to keep her arms off you. In other words, everything is going exactly as you planned. "Oh? Somebody sure feels cocky, and for once I don't think it's me," she teasingly replies. You grin at her, looking at her straight into the eyes, full of confidence. She smirks back, looking you straight in the eyes. "I like a {man} with confidence," she says, then leans back and stretches, perhaps not so coincidentally thrusting out her boobs in your direction. You can't resist looking at her breasts, her dress emphasises her curves in such a way that it makes her breasts stand out even when she's not deliberately showing off for your benefit. You make sure to appreciate her efforts, taking in every little detail so you can make a mental picture of her generous orbs. She looks a little sheepish when you stare, but manages a proud smirk. "I'm not my sister, but I still got nice boobs, don't I?" She asks, jiggling in her seat to make them bounce before quickly putting her arms back down and smiling at you.

//Ana gains LoveXP 20 and Lust 20//

[=Good=]

You are having a good time as well. She smiles at that and nods, not having anything to say to that.

//all options link here.

"Well, the meal was lovely, but, I'd rather like to enjoy myself a little more, if you're willing, {name}?" Ana suggests.

[Sure][Later]

[=Later=]

You apologise, but you have some errands to run so you will have to take a raincheck on her invitation. "I understand." She replies casually. As she escorts you to the door, she conversationally tells you, "If you ever want to hang out, my door's always open." You promise her you'll keep that in mind, and then take your leave.

[=Sure=]

You ask her what she has in mind.

//Check for Ana Lust

{If Lust <35:

"Give me a few minutes to change out of these clothes, and then we'll go and have some target practice, alright?" She asks, stretching so that her joints pop and rotating her shoulders in turn to limber up. You nod and let her know you'll be waiting at the holodeck.

(Go to Hangout Target Practice.)

}

{else: //if Lust >=35

"Well..." She says, then slowly stands up, allowing you to see the sizable tent in her dress, a poignant reminder that she's more than an ordinary girl. "Somebody's been flirting with me all through dinner," she notes. "And, as you can see, it worked. So, what do you say you and I get to know each other a little more... intimately?" She suggests. She's trying to sound suave, but you can easily pick up the nervousness; she is, after all, still a virgin.

You smile at her and get up, slowly making your way towards her. She tries to look confident, but the nearer you get, the more nervous she gets, until she pointedly steps away. "Sorry, I can't do this anymore - I just can't," she tells you, apologetically but insistently. You look at her in confusion. "I know that I seem confident, but the truth is... I'm scared," she admits. "I've never... well, never actually had sex, not really. I've had people flirt with me before, and I've

had to flirt for missions and things before, but it's never actually, you know, gone anywhere. I've never gone this far" She spreads her hands wide in a plaintive gesture, looking ashamed.

[Kiss][Hug][TakeSlow]

[=Kiss=]

You place a hand on her arm, caressing her as you look deeply into her eyes. She meets your gaze, somewhat shyly, but with a hint of hunger in the depths of her eyes; scared as she is, there's a part of her that wants what she knows you have in mind. You slowly bring your face close to hers, until your nose bumps against hers and you give an experimental peck on her lips, pulling back to gauge her reaction.

She looks a lot calmer now, eyes hooding in a sultry look, tented dress bobbing slightly as she moves. She leans forward slightly, inviting you to kiss her again. You take her invitation, kissing her more deeply now, prodding her mouth with your {tongue}, seeking entrance. She moans softly, unintentionally - perhaps - allowing your tongue access to her mouth. You explore her mouth, inviting her own tongue to dance with yours. As you kiss Ana, you can feel {your {tailcock} slowly growing rigid;} {your pants suddenly feel a tad too tight;} {your {pussy} begins leaking {juice};} you can't stop yourself as you let your hands roam the laquine's body. Her firm yet soft butt, her svelte belly, her curved sides, you explore every inch of her as you lose yourself in the kiss. Eventually you find a zipper and begin slowly pulling it down, opening her dress.

"Mmm, yeah, that feels good," she murmurs into your lips, reaching up to stroke your {hair}, and then to play with your [{ears} and/or {antennae}]. You release her and break the kiss, stepping back and finally catching your breath. Impatiently, she fidgets and her dress seems to just fall off of her, leaving her standing before you in only her underwear. She clearly dresses for practicality rather than fanciness; her bra is a sports-like pair that holds her breasts firm and tight against her chest, while her underwear - a fundamentally panties-like garment, but with a sock-like attachment at the front to fit her penis into and pouched front for her scrotum - is of a similar design.

You move to approach her again, intent on finishing the job and leaving the laquine completely naked. Ana stops you, putting her hands on your chest. She turns to look at you, and you realise that whatever trace of nervousness she's had seems to have vanished and has been replaced with wanton lust. "You are being unfair." You look at her in confusion. "Are you going to take those off? Or do I have to take them off for you?" She growls, lust and mischief alight in her eyes as she nods at the clothes you're wearing. Then she smirks and shakes her head, before stepping forward and decisively taking hold of your clothes.

It takes a little fiddling, and a bit of cursing on her part, but eventually you are left wearing nothing but your birthday suit. Anastasia loses no time, nearly ripping her underwear off as she fully strips for you. "Now, where were we?" She teases, rubbing a possessive hand over

your {chest}. You grab her hand and pull her into another kiss. She purrs and hungrily kisses you back, even as she starts fumblingly leading the way towards her bed...

//Go to First Time Sex//

(I think you should also award LoveXP here.) [Works for me]

[=Hug=]

You wrap the nervous laquine in a soft hug, caressing her back. She stiffens in - surprise? Fear? It's hard to say. When she realises what you're doing though, she loosens up and hugs you back, content to let you hold her. You try your best to calm the laquine down, smiling once you feel some of the tension leave her shoulders. Ana is usually so confident it is really surprising to see her so vulnerable and helpless, she also looks really cute when she's acting like this. Her arms begin to hold you tightly and she nuzzles her head into the crook of your neck; you just know she's smiling. "Thank you for understanding," she tells you softly. You break the hug, smiling at her and pat her on the shoulders. "Well, this isn't as embarrassing as the rest of it was, but, can I maybe ask for some privacy? You know, to sort out my lower girl here?" She asks, waving a hand at the tent in her dress.

You nod. She wraps her arm in yours and escorts you delicately to the door. "Despite this ending, this really was a lovely date," she tells you. "I... if you ever want to hang out again, I'd be happy to do so." You promise her you will and leave her with a wave.

//Ana gains LoveXP//

[=TakeSlow=]

You take a deep breath and let her know that if she's so nervous, she doesn't have to do anything. "I - I don't want to be some sort of frigid tease," she protests weakly. You insist that you are fine, not that you wouldn't love to have a little tussle in the bed with her, but you're not just looking for sex. You want something more meaningful with her, and if she's nervous now, maybe she'll be feeling more comfortable later and then you two can do it. She takes a deep breath, then lets it out in a slow sigh, giving you a sincere smile. "Thank you... I am sorry I was such a coward; I promise, next time will be different." She vows.

You smile at her and then excuse yourself. This was a wonderful date, you let her know. "Yes, I think it was too," she replies, smiling shyly, but happily, back at you. You wave at her as you leave her quarters.

//Ana gains LoveXP//

Talk (todo)

Sex (todo)

First Time [examine, review, revamp]

//Auto-trigger if you have gotten her to FWB next time you visit.

//Can also happen if you played your cards right during the date.

//One time only, bonus applies whether you got it from the date or naturally.

As you approach Anastasia, the alien herm seems strangely nervous, twitching with pent up energy. Before you can announce yourself, she spins to face you. "Ah, {name}; good, I was hoping to talk to you," she tells you. You look at her in curiosity, wondering what's up. She takes a calming breath, and then looks you squarely in the eyes. "You and I have been... well, a bit friendlier than just employer and employee are normally supposed to be. And... well, it's not exactly escaped my attention that you're pretty good-looking. So... uh..." She trails off nervously, looking at her feet, her crotch starting to tent despite her nervous attitude. "Do you want us to maybe be friends with benefits... is that the human term? Just friends and all, nothing tying us together, but still... willing to fuck? If you're willing, of course, I mean, I wouldn't try and force you no matter how hot I think you are," she says, almost babbling in her nervousness.

You smile at her. Despite her nervousness about the subject, she's still offering to have sex with you. You cannot waste this opportunity. Slowly but purposefully you approach the laquaine, stroking her cheek with the back of your hand. You lean closer and wrap her in a light hug, taking the opportunity to envelop her lips with your own and kiss her. She practically melts into your arms in relief, and kisses you back without hesitation - indeed, her shyness seems to momentarily melt away, making her quite passionate, hands reaching down to caress your ass in eagerness. You let your hands roam her body, looking for the zippers and straps that hold her outfit together and easily undoing any that you can find. She makes no effort to prevent you from stripping her. Indeed, her hands start to brush against yours, gently coaxing your hands towards her various fastenings, aiding you in stripping her. Finally, reduced to her undergarments, you break the kiss and step back and you can see what she wears under her usual outfit.

She clearly dresses for practicality rather than fanciness; her bra is a sports-like pair that holds her breasts firm and tight against her chest, while her underwear - a fundamentally panties-like garment, but with a sock-like attachment at the front to fit her penis into and pouched front for her scrotum - is of a similar design.

You step closer to finish the job, but Ana stops you. "What about you?" She asks, looking at you with a mixture of nervousness and expectation. Not being one to disappoint you begin undressing yourself as well. Suddenly you feel a hand on your lower garments and look at the laquine merc, smiling nervously at you and intent on helping you shrug off your clothes. You don't push her away, instead you let her fumble with your clothes as you undress yourself. Sometimes she gets in the way, rather than helping you strip, but you don't say anything about the matter. Soon enough, you are just as naked as she is. She looks you up and down, and from her expression she likes what she sees, but she can't bring herself to meet your eyes just yet. You gently hold her chin and move her to look at you, before kissing her once again and beginning to push her towards the bed.

//Date links here.

Ana falls into a sitting position, breaking the kiss, once you reach the bed. "Be gentle... it's my first time." You are aware of that and give her a little peck on the lips to calm her worries. She smiles at you. You reach for her bra, undoing the clasp in the front and pulling it off her. Ana doesn't fight you, but she does look away in embarrassment. You touch her bare breasts, earning yourself a surprised yelp from the laquine as you begin toying with her nipples. Slowly you slide your hands along her sides, hooking your fingers on her panties. You feel her grow tense and look at her face. She's staring at you with both uneasiness and expectation. Without wasting any more time you begin to pull the final piece of her undergarment along her legs and finally off her body.

You stop for a moment to admire the laquine, now laid bare before your eyes. You compliment her beauty. She hoods her eyes and flicks her ears, probably the equivalent of blushing to someone whose cheeks are covered in fur. Teasingly you begin taking off your own undergarments, discarding them carelessly once you are done. She watches your actions intimately, unconsciously licking her lips as you expose your crotch to her. "So... how are we going to do this?" She asks, a bit unsure about herself.

{If PC is herm: You pause for a second, wondering whether you should offer your cock or your cunt to the horny laquine.

[Cock] [Cunt]
}

{PC-Cock:

You let her know that you'd like to take her pussy. "S-Sure... that sounds fun." She forces a nervous smile. You run a hand along her thighs, slowly spreading her legs so you can access her virginal pussy. Ana swallows audibly. You align yourself with her entrance and just as you are about to bump into her puffy lips, the laquine interrupts you. "W-wait! I need some protection!" She interjects, then looks away, perhaps coincidentally looking at the bedside

table. "I-I mean for myself - my own dick. After all, I can't think of how off-putting it'd be to, to be in mid-stroke and end up with a facial of laquine spunk... I still remember the first time I jerked off; I wasn't prepared for the spray and I got cum down my nose and all in my mouth, I was gagging and choking, and then my bearer came barging in on me and... I'm rambling, aren't I?" She asks, her tone morbid as she realises just what sorts of embarrassing secrets she's sharing.

You just smile at her, no sure of what to say or do that could ease the laquine's embarrassment.

She awkwardly half-rolls, half-drags herself over to the bedside table, leaning over and pulling the top drawer open, before fishing around in it. She pulls out a small box, which you notice says 'Southern Stallion Queen', then pushes the drawer closed before resettling herself in front of you and pulling it open, revealing the foil-wrapped shapes of condoms inside. "For you - I mean, my species is not exactly what you'd call easy to impregnate... but could you wear that please? I... I'm not ready to become a bearer just yet. Don't want to take any risks..." she says, offering you one. "D-don't worry, it's a one-size-fits-all brand. Best condom we have on Lapinae," she says; if she could blush, she'd be bright red right now. You take one of the packets and rip it open, then {bring your [tailcock] around and begin putting the condom on} / {begin putting the condom on your [largestCockThatFits].} {If PC is big: You are pleasantly surprised to feel the condom stretching as you put it on, it feels tight enough to hold everything in, but not tight enough that it'd be uncomfortable.}

When you look at Ana, she's already finished putting the condom on. She tries to smirk, but the expression just awkwardly curls her lips as her nervousness sabotages it. You ask if she's ready now.

"W-what? No foreplay first? Y-you want me that badly?" She asks, shying away unconsciously from you. Still the blushing nervous virgin, it seems.

[Foreplay] [Enough]

{Foreplay:

You decide to humour her and envelop her condom-clad stallionhood with your hand, gently stroking it up and down. "H-how about another kiss?" She asks, shyly, then puckers her lips in anticipation.

[KissHer] [KissCock]

{KissCock: Smirking to yourself, you bend over and give her cock a kiss, right on the flattened tip. "Oh!" She squeaks in shock, one hand's fingers rising gently in front of her mouth, then she giggles in equal parts embarrassment and amusement. "M-maybe you don't mind me having two sexes after all," she murmurs to herself.}

//KissHer goes straight to this paragraph.

You lay down on top of her and wrap her lips into another kiss {, feeling your shaft rub against her own}. She gently wraps her arms over your back and murmurs softly as she kisses you back. This close, you can feel her heartbeat racing, slowing down as your kiss calms and soothes her. When you break the kiss, she meets your eyes calmly. "I'm ready now," she whispers dreamily.

}

{Enough:

That's enough stalling. You ask her if she wants to have sex with you or not? Because it feels like she won't stop interrupting you no matter what. "I do! I do want sex! I just..." she looks ashamedly down at her loins. "I've never had anyone put me in this situation before. Always locked myself away in my room with a toy or two when in heat, turned down flirtations... this is, well, I'm nervous. I do want you, but..." she wriggles her toes, then takes a deep breath and looks you in the eye. "No more second-guessing; I want this, and I want you to want me. Take me... please?" Her confident tone fades away into a nervous plea.

You caress her cheek, there is no need to be nervous. You are frustrated because you want her and if she wants you she shouldn't be stalling. You promise to make her first time memorable. "I don't think you'll have much trouble there," she mumbles, then giggles nervously.

}

You align yourself with her once more, look at her face, meeting her nervous eyes. She holds your gaze for several long moments, then nods in assent. Slowly you nestle your cock between her soft folds and begin pushing in. The laquine is tight, hot and wet. The pleasure you feel drives electric pulses along your shaft, coursing down your dick and spreading along your body. She gasps and moans, visibly shuddering at the unfamiliar sensations of being filled like this. You stop once you reach a barrier inside her, looking at her through your pleasure addled expression, asking for permission to finally deflower her.

Permission evidently isn't needed; the next thing you know, those long, powerful legs have wrapped themselves around the small of your back and, squeezing you tightly, are forcibly pulling you deeper inside of her. Her maidenhead is torn, and you are thrust up to the hilt inside Ana's virgin pussy. "Ohhhoowww!" She gasps, pain and pleasure mingled in her tone, biting her lip to distract herself from the pain of her virginity being taken. "Mmm... {Name}? Gimme- Gimme a minute or two, please? Just to get used to this - to you?" She pleads, sliding against you and shuddering as she adjusts to being spread inside. You stroke her sides and move to kiss her, attempting to get her to relax to make the process less painful. She accepts the kiss, hands gently stroking along your sides, legs holding you pinned against her, cock throbbing against your belly.

Finally, she lets out a sigh of relief. "Alright now... I think we're good, you can start up again

now," she tells you. As if for emphasis, her legs squeeze you a little tighter and then release, before she slowly grinds herself against you. You take your cue and begin pulling out... with some difficulty. Ana's legs and her cunt are grasping you in a way that won't let you move too far back before you are forced back inside her. As a result each impact of your hips colliding together sends ripples of pleasure along the both of you and as you steadily increase your pace, the room is filled with the loud squelching of sex.

"Oh... gods," she groans, grinding herself against you, legs squeezing you like she doesn't want to ever let you go, her once-virginal cunt wringing around you with exquisite tightness despite the copious lubricants it's sloshing over your {cock}. "This... feels... so good!" She growls, cock jabbing into your belly, latex stretching as it fills with precum, fingers scraping over your back in pleasure. She moans and whimpers as you thrust inside of her, then nips you gently on the side of the neck as you try to withdraw. "Fill me up! Don't stop!" She pleads mindlessly, lost in the throes of lust.

If she keeps tightening up like that you won't last long. Of course... considering the way she's looking at you, you don't think she wants you to. A few more pumps a few more moans are all you can muster, before your resistance falters and you enter her as deep as you can manage. With a final groan, you let yourself go and blow your load inside the laquine.

{Normal or Less Cum: Your load is swallowed easily inside her greedy depths and she moans plaintively. "More?" She asks, then she looks ashamed of herself and shakes her head. "No, good!" She babbles, too caught up in her own mounting lust to form a more coherent apology.}

{Moderate Cum: Your greater-than-average load floods into her hot, wet depths, adding inches to her waistline even despite the latex prison around your cock. She smiles dreamily and shudders appreciatively, enjoying the sensation of being flooded with your jizz, even if it won't be staying inside of her.}

{High Cum: Ana's belly begins to swell and bulge as you cum inside of her, and she moans like an eager whore. You can feel the condom swelling fatter and fatter as it plumps up inside her like a balloon, and her cunt seems eager to wring every drop out of you that it can.}

{Very High Cum: "Oh, yes, that's so good! You should have been a laquine!" She babbles and laughs maniacally as your inhuman ejaculate surges inside her, rapidly inflating the condom trapping it from her womb and distending her midriff into a ripe, pregnant-looking belly that you can feel pressing against you.}

{Extreme Cum: Words fail her, lost in a shuddering squeal of orgasmic delight as you cum and cum and cum inside of her, stretching her rounder and bigger with every surge of jizz out of your cock. "Give it to me - I can take it!" She laughs, crazed with lustful greed as she swells beyond 'expectant mother' into 'overdue with triplets' territory, moaning in equal parts bliss and

disappointment when you finally stop at that point.}

Ana's legs tighten around you, her ballooning condom suddenly grows bigger as you watch her orgasm. You groan in pain as her legs threaten to crush your waist and her pussy grips you so tightly that you feel like she might cut the blood circulation. Her muscles contract in an attempt to milk you of every single drop of cum you can muster, and it doesn't take long before you feel a wet splash on your nethers. For a moment you are filled with bliss at the heavenly feel of Ana's cock-sleeve gripping you so tightly, then she releases you and you fall down on top of her, head nestled between her furry orbs. You feel wetness run down your {legs} {and for a moment believe it must be your pussy, squeezing out its juices after your orgasm, but in actuality} it's Ana's femcum. Her copious fluids travelling down your lower body as she continues to periodically squirt at you and squeeze your dick. All you can do is groan. She nearly killed you with her squeezing legs and pussy...

Ana sighs hugely, ears waving idly atop her head as if to dispel some of her body-heat. "By all the gods of Lapinae's past, that was something else. No wonder all the other girls back home were so mad about losing their virginity..." she mumbles, more to herself than to you, idly stroking your head with soft, gentle touches.

Dazed after your mind-shattering orgasm and your near death experience, you begin pulling out of the laquine's steaming honeypot, and dragging the {huge} bubble of cum you've created inside Ana's womb out through her well-used pussy. She moans loudly, cock throbbing, as the filled condom is slowly pulled from inside of her. "That's good; I'm not ready to be a bearer yet," she mumbles.

{PC has Very High Cum or >: You are impressed the condom did not rupture and still sits snugly on your shaft, despite your volume. This brand is really something else...}

"J-just tie it up and leave it in the corner, I'll get rid of it later," Anastasia tells you, waving a hand negligently, clearly too blissed out to care overmuch what you do or don't do about it. You do as she asks and note that she seems to be holding a basketball-sized, cum-filled condom of her own, before carelessly throwing it to the side. The condom does not break, and instead stays exactly where it hit the ground.

"So, are you ready for round two?" Anastasia asks, drawing your attention back to her. She holds your gaze for a few moments, then bursts out laughing. "Just kidding! A girl doesn't lose her virginity every day; I want to savor this - you were really something special, {name}." She tells you sincerely. {if Libido>=40 or Min Lust>=30: You can't help but feel a bit disappointed there isn't more.} {else: You sigh in relief, you don't think you could take another go at her right now.} You smile and let her know that you are glad she liked it. You decide to ask her what's her take on sex now.

"Well, I liked it... a lot," she says with a confident smirk. "Of course, I'm not going to turn into

some horny bunny out of one of those sex-vids we export offworld; however if you asked me, let's say that I would be much more inclined to say yes this time," she continues with an amused tone.

That's good. You'll make sure to ask her again, many times. She never loses her confident smirk, rolling her eyes at your claim, but her body language makes it clear that she doesn't mind your claim in the slightest. Maybe you two should try a few fetishes. "Fetishes?" She asks, curiously. Yes, stuff like bondage, denial, role-play. "Okay, slow down right there, this is rushing things!" The alien futa blurts in shock. You can't suppress a chuckle, you're just messing with her. You'll stick to regular sex for now, until she's ready to try other stuff. "You have a twisted sense of humor, {name}," is all she says, sticking her tongue out in chastisement.

{If Bella Lover:

"My sister is going to have a field day with this," she mutters to herself. "She'll never let me live it down that her {boyfriend} got me into bed."

She'll be telling her sister? Won't Bella be mad at her if she does that? At this, she giggles. "Maybe she'll be a bit mad or have a small tantrum that I had to pick her {boy}friend for my first time. She's really taken to you, you know? But in general I don't think she'll be angry. You see this is type of arrangement is kinda normal in Lapinae. Triads of lovers, though the triads don't usually include siblings." She shrugs. "So, I guess we're going to be a bit unusual in that regard." She smiles at you.

Ana starts chuckling. You look at her in curiosity. "Oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking how good it feel to pay my sister back." Pay her back? What for? "For calling me a virgin." She winks at you.

}

{else:

She sighs softly and shakes her head. "Bella will have a field day; here I am, always telling her about the importance of not sleeping with the customers - we're mercenaries, not whores - and now I've broken the rule even she was unwilling to break. She's going to gloat like mad." Ana sighs.

So, does she regret breaking her creed? "Regret? Why would I feel regret? My sister teases me all the time if she gets the chance, it's just harmless sister-stuff," Ana replies with a smile. "Besides, I finally lost my virginity, and it was, all in all, a lot better than I thought it might be. I regret nothing. As far as I'm concerned this is worth any amount of teasing Bella can come up with."

}

You casually get up and off her bed, stretching to remove the kinks on your muscles. Ana just watches you. You retrieve your [clothes] and dress yourself up. Looking at Ana, you notice

she's still naked and observing you. She twitches and ear and smiles as if daring you to say something, but doesn't speak herself, content to just watch. You give her a parting slap on the butt and excuse yourself. A lewd moan escapes her mouth in response to your spank and her cock starts to swell again, before she realises what she's just done and covers her mouth, visibly embarrassed by what escaped it. You chuckle at her reaction.

Before you can walk out the door, though, Ana suddenly speaks up from behind you. "Just clearing things, but we're still friends, right? I mean, we're both clear on what this was - just two friends who enjoy fucking each other for fun. We're not going out or lovers or anything like that, okay?" You can agree to that. "Good, I already broke my number one rule, no need to further complicate things, right?" If that's what she thinks, sure. "Great. Thanks." You excuse yourself again and close the door behind you.

}

{PC-Cunt:

You tell her that you intend to take her stallionhood for a ride. "S-Sure... that sounds fun." She forces a nervous smile.

You run your hands along her thighs, spreading them a bit so you can have total access to her shaft. She giggles shyly and makes sure you have total access. Before your eyes her horse-like girl-cock begins sliding free of its furry sheath, a gray-black color that makes it quite unmistakable. It slides out to its full 12 inches of length and then stands there before you. "So... uh, what do you think?" Ana nervously asks you. "I'm not the biggest bunny from my hometown," she apologises. You smile and let her know that from your angle, she's big enough. She smiles with pride and pleasure at that flattering comment.

You kiss Ana, pushing her back towards her bed while you enjoy her shaft throbbing between the two of you, eager for what's to come. When you reach the edge of her bed you break the kiss and give her a push with a finger. She grins back at you as she flops backward onto her bed in response, wriggling a little to make herself comfortable, legs spread and dick pointing towards the ceiling, fully erect in her eagerness. You climb on the bed, straddling her cock, running your {pussy} along the length of her shaft all the way to its flat tip. With a teasing smirk

you slide right off her shaft, just as she's about to buck against you. She looks up at you and pouts in disappointment, but makes no verbal protest; it's clear that here and now, you are in control of what happens, and she's going to trust you with that.

You slide your way down her body, letting her shaft nestle between your thighs as you lay down on top of the virgin laquine. You take one of her perky mounds in hand give it a kiss, right on nipple. She giggles at that. "Charmer," she tells you approvingly. Smiling at her reaction you decide to gently take her nipple back into your mouth as you reach towards her other one, intent on pinching and twisting it. The laquine squeals at your touch on her other nipple, wriggling underneath you, but not so violently as to throw you off. Indeed, from the way precum is starting to drip from the shaft under you, it's turning her on quite effectively.

You continue with your foreplay, not once giving her any indication that you are about to stop playing with her breasts or teasing her equine endowment with your {pussy}. She lets out a moan of pleasure-tinged frustration. "Oh, come on, are you ever going to let me put it in? I mean, this is nice and all, but my sister would have rolled you flat on your back and jammed it in to the hilt by now!" She complains. You immediately stop short in your tracks and looks down at her in disapproval. She flinches at the look in your eyes, "...sorry", she mutters in embarrassment. You pat her on her head and tell her that if she wants this so much, she'd better ask you properly. Her ears twitch with intrigue and she gives you a confused look, clearly not entirely certain she understands what you're insinuating.

You cross your arms and wait for her next move, enjoying yourself as she squirms unsure if what to do. Ana is really cute when she's lost like that. "P-please, {name}, can I put it in?" She begs you, fluttering her eyes at you in a clumsy attempt to look seductive. "You're so {beautiful}, and my cock's so hard... I wanna be inside you, please, let me come inside you?" She laments. You roll your eyes. You may have to teach her how to ask properly some other time, but for the moment you decide to cut her some slack. You align her shaft with your {pussy} and slowly let gravity do the work.

"Ohhh, yes!" She moans fervently as your {cunt} envelops her drooling shaft. "Oh, you feel so good, {name}!" She swears, already starting to buck her hips, eager to get as deep inside you as she can, and do so as quickly as she can. You reach behind to grab her balls, not intending to cause her any pain, but stopping her on her tracks. "Wha?" She asks dumbly, though from the throbbing in her balls in your palm, she's enjoying the touch despite the confusion of your actions. You explain that you don't want her to pop too soon, this is her first time, so she should enjoy it properly. "Oh... That's, that's thoughtful of you, {name}; thank you," she replies, eyes and ears alike lowered in an embarrassed reaction. Slowly you raise and let gravity pull you back down on her shaft, steadily setting the pace. She moans and gasps softly beneath you, but tries her best to remain still, letting the expert show her how it's done. You take her hands in yours and put them on your {hips}. She starts to hold your hips, softly at first, letting you continue bouncing up and down on her as she waits your confirmation that you want her to start moving herself.

You lean over her, supporting yourself on her shoulders and smiling languidly at the nervous laquaine. She smiles in delighted realisation and starts to buck back, slowly at first, biting her lip in a mixture of pleasure, nervousness and concentration, slowly building pace and confidence alike as a scolding fails to materialise. You let yourself fall lower on top of her, and before you know it you bump noses with Ana. You touch your lips to hers and look deeply into her eyes, waiting for her to take the hint. Newcomer to this she may be, but she's not stupid; she looks right back into your eyes and kisses you tenderly on the lips. You take advantage of her initiative to make take the kiss up a notch and invade her mouth with your {tongue}. So surprised is she by her actions that you have complete control, your tongue dominating her mouth with ease; even when she hesitantly tries to wrestle your tongue with hers, you easily

pin it down and keep it entwined with yours. She moans softly into your mouth, hips still absently sliding up and down as she drags her swollen-headed foot-long shaft through the depths of your {cunt}, lost in her own blissful world under your ministrations.

You break the kiss with a smile, caressing her cheek as she pants in lust. She stares at you rapturously, still humping you on auto-pilot. You put a hand on her thigh, stopping her hips in place, then move your hand to her balls, caressing her full orbs carefully. She groans, hollow and hoarse with longing, her balls almost audibly churning under your hand, so close is she to cumming. You lean close to her ears and whisper a simple word, a command. "Cum." She shudders violently under you, held in place by your grasping hands around her balls, arching her back so much she almost leaves the bed, an almost whinney-like scream of climax ripping through the air as her cock bulges and then explodes into your depths. You scream in pleasure as you feel the laquine's seed shoot up your birth canal. The copious jets of cum barely contained by her condom. "Oh, oh, oh godsss!" She hisses, clutching you like a teddy bear as she fires gush after gush inside of you; your belly is starting to bulge and she's still cumming...

Her throbbing shaft, the growing bubble of cum that's forming inside your womb, forcing your cervix apart as it inflates you is just too much for you to bear. With a groan, you hug the laquine just as tightly as she hugs you. Pressing yourself as close to her as your ever expanding belly will allow you to as your pussy grips her cock, still pumping that delicious load into you. Juices flood your inner walls as you reach your climax. {Your own {cock} shooting ropes of {cumType} between the two of you.

She gasps one more time, lets out a hollow groan, and shudders as one last belly-stuffing bulge works its way up her shaft to gush into your jizz-crammed womb. With a moan she falls back limply onto her bed, shaft sinking into slackness inside your {cunt}. You go limp yourself, no longer capable of standing. You just lay down on top of the laquine, held up by your bloated belly. She reaches up and cuddles you as best she can, a huge goofy grin on her face. "That... was incredible! Oh, {name}, I didn't know it could feel so good - you were just wonderful!" She cries in delight, actual tears of joy glinting in her eyes. You can only reply with a groan, you feel like someone put a hose inside you and turned the valve all the way. "A-are you alright? I'm sorry, I didn't think - I just assumed you'd be stretchy, like one of the girls back home would have been," she asks, apologetic and clearly concerned about you.

You reply that you are fine, just very full. She lets out a heaving sigh of relief. "Oh, thank goodness... if it's any consolation, I think you look very sexy all puffed out like that, and you feel really nice to cuddle, too. You're all soft and squishy," she grins, hugging you for emphasis. You glare at her and ask when she's going to finally pull out and let some of the pressure out. "Oops! Okay, one moment, let me just..." She starts to wriggle underneath you, until finally her cock pops free of you. The lack of a gushing sensation reminds you that she's wearing a condom, and she looks sheepish. "Okay, this'll be a little tricky... now, you just lay back, and I'll try and pull this out..." She puts word to deed, slowly tugging the

basketball-sized bulge of condom out of your pussy, letting your belly sink back to its usual flatness.

You pat your, now restored, belly and sigh in relief. Then look at Ana, wondering how she's feeling after her first time. She's staring at you adoration, completely blissed out; looks like this is one virgin whose first time lived up to her expectations and then some. She's completely zoned out, still basking in her personal afterglow. You lean in and give her a short peck on the lips. She snaps back to reality with a startled eep, staring at you wide-eyed as you release her lips before smiling dopily. She then shakes her head, pulling off her condom and tying it up in a business-like fashion before tossing it aside, then looking straight at you.

"So, are you ready for round two?" Anastasia asks, drawing your attention back to her. She holds your gaze for a few moments, then bursts out laughing. "Just kidding! A girl doesn't lose her virginity every day; I want to savor this - you were really something special, {name}." She tells you sincerely. {if Libido>=40 or Min Lust>=30: You can't help but feel a bit disappointed there isn't more.} {else: You sigh in relief, you don't think you could take another go at her right now.} You smile and let her know that you are glad she liked it. You decide to ask her what's her take on sex now.

"Well, I liked it... a lot," she says with a confident smirk. "Of course, I'm not going to turn into some horny bunny out of one of those sex-vids we export offworld; however if you asked me, let's say that I would be much more inclined to say yes this time," she continues with an amused tone.

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{else:

She sighs softly and shakes her head. "Bella will have a field day; here I am, always telling her about the importance of not sleeping with the customers - we're mercenaries, not whores - and now I've broken the rule even she was unwilling to break. She's going to gloat like mad." Ana sighs.

So, does she regret breaking her creed? "Regret? Why would I feel regret? My sister teases me all the time if she gets the chance, it's just harmless sister-stuff," Ana replies with a smile. "Besides, I finally lost my virginity, and it was, all in all, a lot better than I thought it might be. I regret nothing. As far as I'm concerned this is worth any amount of teasing Bella can come up with."

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You casually get up and off her bed, stretching to remove the kinks on your muscles. Ana just watches you. You retrieve your [clothes] and dress yourself up. Looking at Ana, you notice she's still naked and observing you. She twitches and ear and smiles as if daring you to say something, but doesn't speak herself, content to just watch. You give her a parting slap on the butt and excuse yourself. A lewd moan escapes her mouth in response to your spank and her cock starts to swell again, before she realises what she's just done and covers her mouth, visibly embarrassed by what escaped it. You chuckle at her reaction.

Before you can walk out the door, though, Ana suddenly speaks up from behind you. "Just clearing things, but we're still friends, right? I mean, we're both clear on what this was - just two friends who enjoy fucking each other for fun. We're not going out or lovers or anything like that, okay?" You can agree to that. "Good, I already broke my number one rule, no need to further complicate things, right?" If that's what she thinks, sure. "Great. Thanks." You excuse yourself again and close the door behind you.

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