

“... Khora?” Valkyr peered in, leaning into the doorway.

“Yes, dear?” Khora didn’t look away from her nails. There was never anything wrong with them, but she liked checking up on them anyway. “*You’ve made up your mind, haven’t you?*”

“Yeah...” The timid girl stepped into the room, a few feet past the door. Her fingers fiddled and fidgeted irregularly, and she eyed the bed on the other side of the room. “*Let’s... let’s do it.*”

“*Alright.*” Khora slid her legs off the table, set them down, gripped the armrests of her chair and re-positioned herself, leaning back once more after.

The cat-girl by the door stared expectantly for a few seconds. “*Aren’t we going to, er...?*”

“*Hm?*” Khora turned away from her nails. “*Oh, no. I’ll show up. Don’t you worry.*”

Valkyr twitches a little as her systems turn on. Something isn’t right. Something feels horrible.

Her skin tingles, a painful sensation, a burning, horrible sensation, rippling through every fiber of her being. The room is bright. It isn’t a room, it’s a hall, but it could be a room. Blue lights force her to stop looking, after which electric shocks force her to start looking.

But there is nothing to see. She feels naked. She is naked, stripped by robotic claws and precise scalpels. Next to her, a Kubrow, but not. This one is made of metal. It bears the name: Zanuka. Her body tingles again at the thought. It’s a pleasant feeling, overwhelming the aches in her ankles and wrists. It came from somewhere no machine touched her. Wait...

Valkyr turns on her neuroptics, and her own legs greet her. Her body sways gently in the air, suspended and folded up by ropes attached to her own ceiling. The uncomfortable chill of her exposed groin forces a shiver out of her.

“*You’re so very cute like that, kitty.*” The voice sounds male- no, it’s not. It’s Khora’s. The lady-like warframe strokes gently at Valkyr’s thigh, eyeing what lies lower. “*So... vulnerable. So free for the taking.*” Khora positively blooms with anticipation in her words. She takes her sweet time walking around to finally look her plaything in the face, a twisted tilt of her head accompanied perfectly by the gigantic artificial cock standing proud and hard between her legs.

Valkyr writhes in her binds as Khora grabs one of the spikes on her Bastet helmet. She forces it to open, exposing Valkyr’s throat - where she promptly slides her prick onto. “*Do you feel that?*” she asks, rubbing herself back and forth. “*This is what is going to satisfy me. Treat it well.*” A

breathy whine slips out of the roped-up warframe as Khora pulls her up by the helmet, giving her a short, re-assuring glare before moving herself off her throat.

Khora swiftly re-positions herself, letting Valkyr hang as she strokes her robotic cock. *“Lube this up for me, dear.”* Valkyr gasps as Khora presses herself against her sex, slickening her fluid-swollen shaft with easy thrusts up and down. Her jet-black dick slowly but surely builds a faint orange glow comprised of nothing but the cat’s juices, a secretion that builds up along with the intensity of her needy, muffled moans and coos. Once she feels herself lubed-up enough, Khora lines herself up at Valkyr’s asshole, teasing the tip in to hold it there as she takes a firm hold of her supple hips.

She pushes in at last, spreading Valkyr wide and sudden to accommodate her unnatural girth. Much to Khora’s delight, her fucktoy’s tight, untrained rear end squeezes hard, sending the very first impulse to her very real parts - her legs shiver as the tiny device on her clit vibrates and shocks her. It almost knocks her out of beat, but she doesn’t stop forcing herself 10 inches deeper into her pseudo-unwilling partner.

Valkyr’s staggered breathing as she tries to relax mixes with a soft, pleased moan from her master when she puts their crotches together. Her length throbs gently within, a dollop of lube already leaking out her tip, and every pulse, twitch and squeeze of their snug groin-embrace stimulates both of them. One quivers with every shock directly aimed at her most sensitive spot, and another is given mere tingles, vague hints that her pleasure center is receiving attention through the thick wall that separates it and her less nerve-dense ass.

Slowly but surely, Khora starts up a respectable, if slow and gentle, pace in and out of Valkyr’s loosening ass. Raw electric bliss makes its way through her in sustained, consistent waves as she fucks her personal warframe onahole, sending electrical signals flying through both her linked devices and herself. Her disciplined thrusting doesn’t speed up or slow down, despite the distortion of her mechanical senses as her pussy overwhelms them all and practically rewrites her desires to seek more. *“Khora-”* Valkyr moans, barely holding her intensifying sounds of primal pleasure at bay. *“I need...”* Her hips buck into Khora’s cock, sliding her deeper into her ass, but her real desire is one thing only - she wants, nay, needs, something inside her pussy. Now.

But *“Khora, harder, please!”* is all that makes it out of her in strained, begging words. And her master obliges, wrapping her arms around her folded-up legs to get a plentiful amount of leverage. She pounds into Valkyr’s ass for a few more thrusts, savouring each inch of tight squeeze her hole gives her cock, before giving her vulnerable little kitty cat what she wants - a harder, rougher fuck.

Khora’s trembling hips start to move faster, pistonning steadily into their strap-on’s tight sheath. An excited, gasping moan from each follows every thud of their crotches meeting again, and the motion only gets easier as Khora’s thick cock begins to spurt short waves of slimy lube. The soft

sounds of their heated rush to orgasm devolve into loud, unrestrained cries of pleasure and shameless wet smacks, each pulse into Khora's clit pushing her closer to that magical edge.

Valkyr's master drags her tensed-up body onto her twitching cock, slamming them together with a cry of pleasure as a series of electrical signals explode outwards into her every limb and shoot her past that pleasure-threshold. They leave them weak, just to take a deathly tight grip of them again and force shouts of bliss out of her with nothing but extreme electrical pleasure a short while later. The strap-on inside Valkyr vibrates in waves before beginning to pulsate, shaking moans out of her and releasing its hot, sticky load all over her inner walls. Fake spunk covers everything past Khora's equally fake cock, and stays there as a warm gift when she pulls out with one last, surprised and satisfied sigh. Valkyr is left gaping wide for just a second before she closes up, and glistening fluids, orange and clear, stay and coat her ass as a sign of a good, proper fuck-sesh.

Weak with the afterglow of device-assisted climax, Khora slumps over her toy, straining the ropes holding her up. Her cheek rubs up against the soft skin of her leg, and her hand grabs a handful of hip and butt to caress and rub. She pants, as quickly as Valkyr at first, but regains her composure soon enough. The loving embrace, however - that stays. *“You did great, kitty.”*

With a gesture of her hand, she loosens precisely the ropes holding her legs together, just so she can poke her head through and look straight at Valkyr. *“Let’s do that again.”* She gives a sly chuckle, grabs her insatiable strap-on, and lines it up straight for Valk’s loose, glowing-orange fuckhole.

“But this time, dear, I’m doing it for you.”