

Humbra

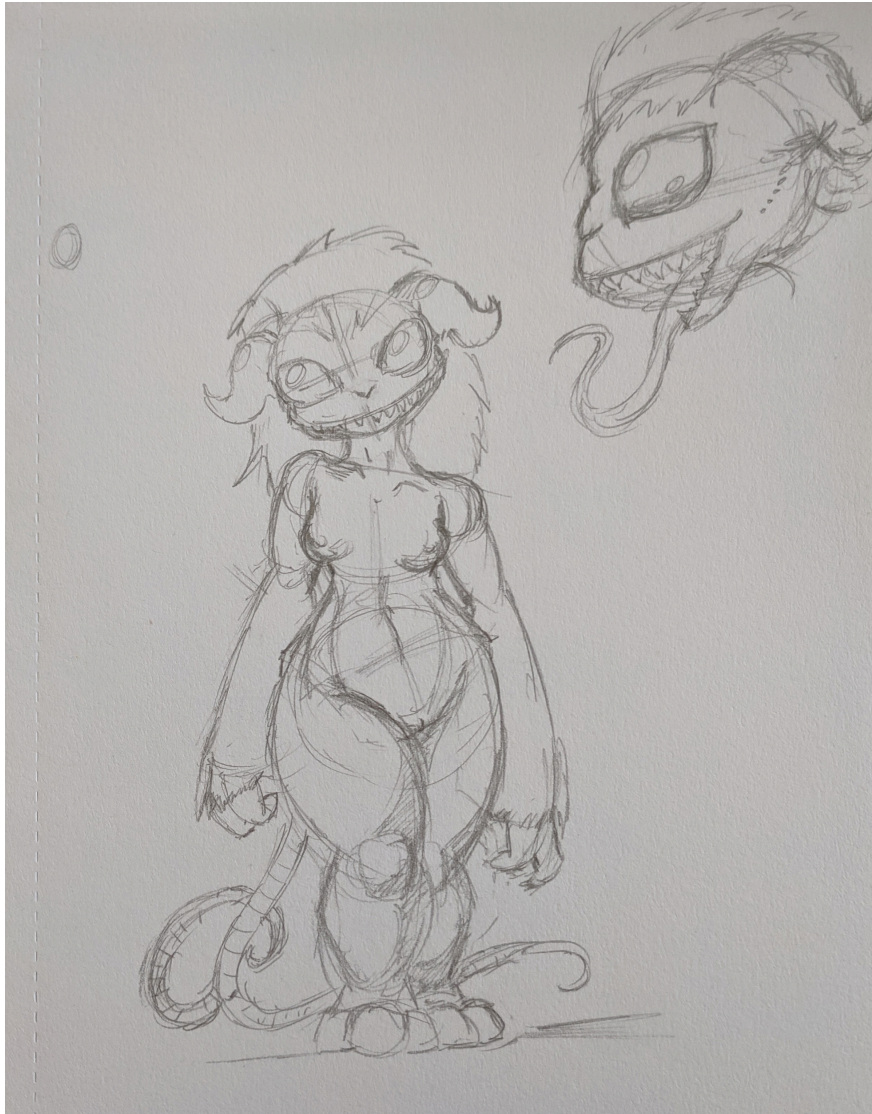
Deep Space Yetis

Personal Space Invaders - Encounter these artificial lifeforms dormant and floating in space. If you can capture them with a high enough skill score, their data can be accessed without waking them up. If you fail, though, option to blow it out the airlock or fuck it. Shaggy powerhouses.

Hormone monsters meets Alien.

UPDATED:

- **Vore** removed from concept and lore.
- **Name** updated to reflect change of lore.
 - "Humbra" is a portmanteau of "Humbaba," the ancient ogre from Mesopotamian myth and the astronomical "umbra" referring to shadows cast on objects in space



(Image sketched out by author prior to writing the encounter. Remove tails and maybe needs to be bulked up a bit more)

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Encounter

The stars sparkle on your view screen as you sink further and further into the depths of the nebula. It's almost meditative to watch the heavenly bodies float past you.

Your systems blare an alarm, shattering your reverie. Something is caught in the wake of the {pc.shipName}. Your fingers dance across the console as you try to get a read on the space oddity.

A heart-pounding moment later, the scans produce results. The good news is that it's nothing overtly hostile, but your scanners identify it as a humbra. {First time: A warning from your databanks across your HUD, notifying you of the potential danger present. You catch "immense strength," and "treasure troves of data" as a torrent of information scrolls past. Interacting with this thing could be dangerous, but potentially lucrative.}

It's finally in viewing range and you bring it up on screen. The codex identifies it as a humanoid, but right now, it's an overlarge ball of red-black fur, approximately 5 in diameter. If you squint, you can just make out the fetal position the creature's curled in, but that's about it.

It would be dangerous to bring it aboard, but there's a wealth of data to be harvested from the creature if you could keep it inert. {if mechanics<5="Unfortunately, you're not entirely sure how to do that. You'd almost certainly wake the thing up." else="You're pretty sure you could manage that, though there's always a chance that the creature might wake up at some point during the data hack."}

Bring it aboard {gray out if mechanics<5}
Shake it loose

Shake it loose

There's no telling what that thing might do if it wakes up near your ship. You sigh and tap a minor adjustment into your ship's navigation. Your ship swerves imperceptibly, and you watch the curled form disappear from the screen.

Bring it aboard

It's the work of a few moments to deploy the vacuum scoop and maneuver the gigantic furball into the airlock. {Booksmarts>4 "You review the specs on the humbra, then punch in a few alterations to the airlock, making sure to keep the climate as cold as possible to keep the beast from waking up." ELSE= "You make your way down to the airlock, and open the door, only to find that the beast is already awake!" begin Awake}

When you get down to the airlock, you can see frost forming on the interior of the window. You open the door with a woosh, feeling the intense burst of cold even through your suit.

In the corner of the airlock sits a huge dark shape. The curled form of the humbra is ominously still, sublimated mist pouring off of its dark fur. Even hunched over, the monster's {random: masculine/feminine, set Yara.male or Yara.fem} bulk is at least 6 feet high. You'll have to move fast if you want that data. Sooner or later, the ambient heat from your ship's life support is going to rouse the creature from its slumber.

Work Fast {hurry and hack the beast}
Wake Up {deliberately wake the beast up}

Work fast

You can feel your fingers already stiffening in the cold. You bounce up and down a few times to get your blood flowing {pc.chest>B feeling your {pc.chest} jiggle with you}. Grabbing a basic dongle from a wall panel, you approach the humbra. Your headset feeds you procedural data as your fingers sink into the thick, red-black fur behind its glossy black horns.

It's short work to plug the dongle in, but the interface that pops up is bizarre and, unsurprisingly, alien. This creature is a biological robot, with an incomprehensible UI. It's going to take some careful work to navigate through its databanks.

{Booksmarts*10=percentage of chance of success. Ie: booksmarts of 7 = 70% chance of success.

Success

It takes some work, and you swear the interface changes {i}as{/i} you use it, but you manage to download a sizable chunk of data from the humbra's "UTU" databank.

Just in time, too! Your headset blares an alert that the creature's on the verge of waking up. You quickly unplug the dongle and dash out the airlock just as the creature's glossy black eyes open. With a sigh of relief, you hit the airlock button, flushing the hairy beast out into the depths of space.

You recieved {booksmarts*10} Data. {-5 Nerve}

Fail:

You struggle to make sense of the UTU UI. It's completely unintuitive, seeming to change {i}as{/i} you use it. You try your best, tapping through several random options.

On the last tap, headset flashes a frantic alert, just as the humbra's black eyes snap open.

{Go to Awake}

Wake Up

You decide that you'd like to study the humbra "up close," so to speak. You input commands into the thermostat, rapidly heating up the room, watching the creature twitch into consciousness, its glossy-black eyes opening.

Awake

The beast is on you in a flash, its massive bulk pouncing down upon your tiny frame. Thick, bestial fingers grab you by the shoulders, and powerful, shaggy arms pin you down to the ground. Massive thighs straddle your {pc.hips}, holding them in place. {Yara.male="Something the size of an arm grinds against your {pc.groin} and you gulp in surprise." // Yara.fem="A pair of curvaceous breasts, small on the creature's frame, but melon-sized to you, brush against your {pc.chest}."}

{IF eloquence>6="You've got the space of a heartbeat to convince this thing to not to do something rash--it looks like it'd be able to smash its way out of your ship if it wanted to. You'd better talk fast.", ELSE= go to Swallowed}

Offer an alternative {"Convince the creature to fuck you instead" gray out if eloquence<6}
Breakout {"Let the humbra smash its way out."}

Offer an alternative

"Wait!" you yelp.

The humbra cocks its head to the side, its glossy-black eyes studying you. Its fingers flex, reminding you of your perilous position as a lubricant-like saliva drools down, spattering hotly against your body.

Remembering what your codex said about genetic samples, you try to convince the creature to harvest your DNA through fucking in exchange for not damaging your ship.

{Eloquence*10=percentage of success. i.e. Eloquence of 7 equals 70% chance of success.}

Fail

You raise some excellent points, but they fall on deaf ears. The creature's blinks impassively, growling and flinging you to the side. {Go to Breakout}

Success

The creature huffs, its hot breath all but condensing on your face.

"Acceptable," it growls. You blink--you'd forgotten that they could talk.

Anal Fucksleeve

{Player has dick, no pussy, Humbra.male}

Without a word, the creature rises up, stooping even in the cavernous airlock. It's pawlike hands scoop you up, wrapping around your {pc.hips} and hoisting you effortlessly into the air. You glance down, helpless in the humbra's grasp, looking down at it's stiffening member. The blue-black organ is massive and pulsing along its turgid length. You gulp nervously, your {pc.cock} stiffening despite (or perhaps because of) the fear rippling through your body.

You yelp as the beast swings you up, bringing your {pc.ass} to its mouth. You wriggle as you feels its hot breath against you, moaning at the first touch of its broad tongue against your {pc.anus}. Your {pc.thighs} tremble at the warmth and heavy wetness of the humbra's saliva slathered across your lower half. It slurps across your {pc.ass} and over your {pc.cock} making you whimper piteously.

That seems to be it as far as foreplay goes with the creature, though. Seemingly satisfied with the brief lubrication, it positions you over its massive member, grinding its tip against your {pc.anus} before slowly shoving you down.

You groan as, inch by inch, you're filled with monster dick. You swear you're seeing fireworks as your {pc.anus} stretches wider and wider as the head of its dick pushes into you. Your fingers grasp the creature's shaggy forearms as the humbra pushes deeper and deeper. You gulp air, panting as you take its dick all the way to your core. You're not sure how long the creature takes

to pull you down: you lose yourself in the feeling of taking more and more of that massive dick. Your own {pc.dick} is painfully hard, and already dripping {pc.cum}. Eventually, though, you feel thick, shaggy fur against your {pc.thighs}, and massive balls against your {pc.ass} realizing that the monster has hilted against you. You twitch, trying to do more than hiccup tiny whimpers of pleasure.

Grunting in satisfaction, the creature grins, then tightens its grip around your waist, lifting you up, its dick sliding back out of you. You squeal in shock at the sudden emptiness. It feels like you're being pulled inside out, your whole body quaking as the beast draws you back along its full length. It takes less than a minute to go from feeling stuffed full to achingly empty, and you shiver as you realize that you want the fullness back. Luckily, the humbra is more than willing to oblige.

The brute pulls you all the way up, the head of its glistening dick still anchored in you, before driving you back down. You squeal in pleasure, your whole body trembling as you're suddenly, overwhelmingly full of dick once more. The creature gives you no time to adjust before pulling you back up. Clearly, your pleasure isn't the point here--you're just a fucksleeve for the space ogre.

It slides you up and down the length of its massive cock, grunting and bathing you in its hot breath. Helpless in its grip, you can't do much more than wiggle and moan as it uses you to pleasure himself, pounding your {pc.ass} against its monstrous hips, reducing you to a limp, whimpering fuckdoll in its grasp.

You think you cum at some point, but you really can't tell. You're completely lost in the sensation of being the humbra's personal fucksleeve. Your {pc.cock} twitches frantically with each grinding shift against your {pc.anus}, bouncing piteously as he thrusts you up and down. At some point, you convulse, and a spattering warmth sprinkles your belly, but it's inconsequential to the rough fucking that you're taking.

As the beast nears its own climax, its breathing quickens, its brutish use of your body becoming more and more frantic, slamming you up and down as a bone-shaking growl builds in its throat. Finally, it jams you down against the hilt of its dick, its dick

convulsing deep inside you. Your own squeal of mind-broken pleasure is drowned out by the humbra's wall-shaking roar.

Cum floods your inside, making your {pc.belly} swell. You cry out in debauched bliss as it pumps you full of hot, thick semen. You giggle in delight as it spurts out of your {pc.anus} around the creature's dick. The creature continues thrusting you up and down until it empties itself inside you, leaving you full-to-bursting with its monstrous seed.

Eventually, the creature finishes, its thrusts slowing, a massive sigh billowing out from its fanged maw. When it finally pulls you off, you whimper wordlessly as a river of hot cum pours out from your gaping hole.

The humbra lifts your limp body up, inspecting the spatter of your cum critically, then slurps it off the front of your body. The warmth of the creature's tongue against your spent body makes you twitch helplessly.

"Pathetic," the creature grunts. It walks you outside of the airlock and into the hall, standing you up against the wall. You're far too spent, however, and immediately sink to the floor, your legs wantonly spread and your ruined hole oozing the monster's cum.

It gives you a last look, then huffs dismissively, walking into the airlock and securing the doors behind it. It taps the control panel, and the blast doors shift open, launching the humbra back out into space. {silly: "You swear that you hear the creature roar "YEET!" as it tumbles into the depths of space."}

Humbra Rides Player

{Player has dick, Humbra.fem}

The humbra looms over you for a brief second, then grunts, shoving you with its massive forearms. Caught off-guard, you stumble to the metal floor of the airlock. The beast grins, planting one hand down across your {pc.chest}, effortlessly pinning you. You yelp and struggle against the weight as the alien brute ignores you, its broad face running down your {pc.chest} and then across your {pc.belly}. You wiggle, nervous about the creature's intentions, unable to do anything as the beast opens its wide jaws, a wide, blue-black tongue snaking out from its mouth, to lap

experimentally at your {pc.cock}. You shudder at the sudden warmth in the cold air of the airlock, your {pc.cock} stiffening at the stimulation.

"Acceptable," the creature rumbles. Before you can ask what that means, the humbra shifts its weight, and its breath briefly whooshes out of your chest. It straddles you, its black-furred thighs on either side of your {pc.hips}. The bulk of the creature looms over you, and you feel the heat of its slick slit sliding against your {pc.cock}.

The humbra looks down at you, its obsidian eyes glinting in the light from the shipboard panels. A toothy grin spreads across its face as it flexes its powerful thighs and lowers itself down onto your painfully stiff {pc.cock}. You gasp in pleasure as the monster's blue-black folds engulf your {pc.dick}. As it sinks down on you, inch by inch, the humbra seems to purr - a low, rumbling sound of satisfaction.

You gulp as the creature begins to move faster, its relatively small breasts bouncing slightly as it rides you. You moan, unable to do anything but lie back as the beast dominates you, using your {pc.cock} like a toy, sliding up your length, then grinding a bit at the bottom of each downstroke.

The humbra grunts as it bounces up and down on you, its breath hot against you as it leans forward, filling up your entire field of view as it fucks your helpless form at its own pace. You whimper as the beast speeds up, its monstrous form rocking rapidly atop your smaller frame. The creature leers down at you, watching your expression as you writhe, seeming intent on making you cum.

It's working, too. You buck your hips frantically, barely able to budge them under the humbra's bulk, feeling your climax building. You desperately need to cum, but the humbra's slick walls are so tight around your {pc.cock} that you just <i>can't</i>. You whimper, clutching frantically at the monster's dark fur, trying to communicate your need.

The creature grins toothily at your distress, watching your panic grow. Finally, with you at the verge of tears, it slams down against you, the impact of its crotch against your {pc.hips} driving the breath out of you. You're cumming before you even realize it, a

mixture of ecstasy and relief flooding through you as you pump your {pc.cum} into the monster.

It grumbles in approval, keeping its hot, slick vagina pressed against you, grinding back and forth as it clenches and unclenches, milking the {pc.cum} out of you. You jerk against the humbra's grip, riding out your climax, until the beast drains you dry.

When you finally thump your head back down, the monster snorts, rising up off your body in an easy motion, its tight pussy letting none of your genetic material escape. You think it came, too - there's definitely a splash of wetness against your {pc.hips} and {pc.belly}, but you're far too exhausted to give it any more thought.

The humbra plants one paw-like foot on your spent body, and gives you a shove, sliding you across the floor and out into the hallway. Without looking back, it thuds a fist against the airlock release, jettisoning itself into space.

Doggystyle

{Player has vag, Humbra.male}

Without a word, the creature rears up, stooping in the cavernous airlock. Its massive hands scoop under you and flip you over effortlessly. You land flat on your belly, the breath whooshing out of you as you feel its bestial paws grasp your {pc.hips}, lifting them up.

You yelp and then shudder as you feel a hot, wet tongue lick at your {pc.vagina}. It's easily a foot wide and slurps its way into your nooks and crannies, achingly warm and rippling against your inner thighs. It's so wrong, but it feels so good that if it weren't for the humbra's grip on you, you'd collapse back to the floor of the airlock.

You risk a glance back at the shaggy hulk. It's licking its lips, and several beads of light flash across its glossy-black eyes. "Sufficient," it growls. You tremble, not sure what the humbra means by that. Is it planning on eating you or something?

The thought is immediately banished as you feel a pressure against your {pc.vagina}. You gulp half in fear and half in

anticipation. The size of the member grinding against your slit is several inches wide, and you groan as the beast begins to shove it in.

You shift, your eyes widening as the humbra's shaft pushes into you. Inch by inch, it grinds up against the walls of your inner passage, drawing breathless squeaks from you. It's so big you feel like it's splitting you apart. The sensation is beyond fullness - it feels like your whole body is just a sleeve around the monster's massive cock.

You lose focus, unable to think about anything but the massive dick shoving its way inside you. By the time the humbra bottoms out, its alien organ buried inside you, your cheek is pressed against the floor, your tongue lolling out as you gasp for air.

The creature's thick forearms thud against the floor on either side of your head, surrounding you with its bestial presence. Pinned against the ground by its huge rod, its furred hips against your {pc.ass}, there's no way to escape, and you're not sure you want to.

When the monster finally pulls back, you groan in protest. It feels like you're being emptied out as, inch by inch, the dick slithers from your painfully-stretched {pc.vagina}. You groan as you feel every vein, ridge, and pulse of the creature's dick on its way out. Soon, though, it's withdrawn its length, leaving just its head in your {pc.vagina}.

You whimper, subconsciously begging for more, unable to bear the vast empty sensation the beast's withdrawal has left you with. The only answer you're given is a low grunt from the humbra as it suddenly thrusts back into you. You squeal in pleasure, overwhelmed by the pleasure of being filled to the brim with dick.

There's no art or grace to the humbra's rough fucking. It shoves all the way into you, its heavy breath and shaggy body smothering around you, then shoves back, the thickness of its tool all but lifting you off the ground as it withdraws. The massive beast is rutting you, and thrust by delicious thrust, you can feel yourself sinking into depravity.

The humbra is clearly unconcerned with your pleasure; it pounds in and out of you, grunting and panting as each thrust slaps your {pc.chest} against the floor. You can't help it: you're staring to groan in time to the beast's rough fucking. Your body quakes beneath the creature, and you start to push back up in time to the monster's thrusts downward, finding the rhythm to fucking in your pinned position.

You're not sure how long you're there, your face pressed against cold steel, fists clenched against the floor, as you squeal in pleasure with every rough thrust of the creature riding you. You're pretty sure you've been drooling for some time, if the puddle under your cheek is any indicator - not that it matters. You're far too sunk into the ecstatic degradation to care.

The realization of your impending orgasm slowly drifts to the front of your mind. You're going to cum. You can feel it rising like a shivering tide through your being. Your thighs quiver even through the brutal pounding from the humbra. You rock back mindlessly against the brute, fueling the building heat. When your body finally erupts into pleasure, you shriek in delight. You clench your thighs and your {pc.vagina}, riding the wave of ecstasy.

Your frantic rocking and added tightness appear to have done the trick for the humbra as well. A rumbling growl in its chest answers your delirious mumbling as it doubles down on its savage rutting, driving you down into the floor and to greater heights of depravity. When it does cum, it howls, shaking the room around you, its massive hands grabbing you by your {pc.hips} slamming your {pc.ass} against its hips and burying its dick in your {pc.vagina}. You let out a low, quavering moan as it pumps a flood of hot cum into you.

You feel your muscles give out as your climax overwhelms you and your limbs go limp. The humbra drives deeper and deeper into you, painting your insides with its bestial seed as you mindlessly writhe in pleasure beneath it. You can feel your belly swell, gurgling full of the creature's bestial fluids. It overflows your {pc.vagina} running hot and thick down your {pc.thigh}s.

When the humbra finishes with you, you're an absolute mess. When it finally pulls you off, you whimper wordlessly as a river of hot cum pours out from your gaping hole. You twitch wordlessly,

as the monster unceremoniously shoves you out of the airlock. It snorts, giving you an unimpressed look. With a grunt, it slaps its fist against the release button. The external doors grind open, and the beast launches out into space.

The humbra lifts your limp body up, inspecting the spatter of your cum critically, then slurps it off the front of your body. The warmth of the creature's tongue against your spent body makes you twitch helplessly.

"Pathetic," the creature grunts. It walks you outside of the airlock and into the hall, standing you up against the wall. You're far too spent, however, and immediately sink to the floor, your legs wantonly spread and your ruined hole oozing the monster's cum.

It gives you a last look, then huffs dismissively, walking into the airlock and securing the doors behind it. It taps the control panel, and the blast doors shift open, launching the humbra back out into space. {silly: "You swear that you hear the creature roar "YEET!" as it tumbles into the depths of space."}

Monsterlingus

{Player no dick, Humbra.fem}

The creature rears up, it's hunched form looming over you. You yelp in fear as it grabs you around the waist, lifting you up effortlessly. You feel the creature's warm breath huff against your frame as it inspects you, turning you this way and that.

It holds you up to its head, its mouth pressed between your legs. You whimper in slight protest as it effortlessly pushes your legs aside, planting its wide maw against your {pc.vagina}. You gasp as its wide tongue tastes at your slit, sending a shudder of pleasure through your helpless body.

The creature's grunt of approval rumbles through your whole body. You help as you tilt forward, facing the floor with your {PC.ass} in the air, briefly afraid that you might fall headfirst. You're held tight, though, the humbra's hands holding fast around your midsection and {pc.hips}. The monster grips you tight, extending its tongue for a long, luxurious lick at your {pc.vagina}.

You groan as the beast's hot saliva oozes across your {pc.vagina} and {pc.ass}. Its wide tongue flexes over you, sneaking into every crevice leaving your legs trembling. You bite your lip, overwhelmed by the sensations, your {pc.thighs} clamping around the humbra's broad snout.

For its part, the monster ignores you, holding you upside down like some kind of living ice cream cone and slurping away at your {pc.vagina}, lapping up your {pc.femcum}. You shudder in pleasure as you hang helpless in the creature's grip. Over and over, the beast's tongue caresses your quivering {pc.vagina}.

All of the humbra's attention seems focused on making you cum, and it's succeeding. There's an aching shiver building in your core, a glow of pleasure radiating out through your body. Every strong, wet stroke from the monster's tongue coaxes another quivering whimper from your lips.

You're feeling light-headed, less from your upside-down position, and more from the helpless pleasure of being used by the humbra. As if sensing the tremors of desire running through you, the monster redoubles its efforts, noisily slurping at your {pc.vagina}, its tongue stroking across your delicate curve faster and faster.

As you near orgasm, the monster growls, the bone-shaking rumble against your {pc.vagina} just enough to send you over the edge. You squeal breathlessly, pleasure exploding through your body, reverberating from your core all the way to your fingertips. With a grunt, the humbra presses its lips to your {pc.vagina} as you cum hard, gushing your {pc.femcum} across its waiting tongue. Your limbs dangle, exhausted, as it holds you there, panting and sucking at your {pc.vagina}, slurping up your juices.

When it's done, the humbra gently, but unceremoniously plops your body onto the floor, just outside the airlock. It wipes its mouth with the back of its hand and shuffles back into the airlock. Giving you one last look and a disdainful sniff, it slaps its bestial paw against the control panel, sealing the airlock and opening the bay doors, launching itself into the void.

You stare blankly after it, too worn out to do anything but sit in a puddle of shame and beast cum until you recover.
{-25 nerve}

Breakout

It's no good! The humbra rears up and tosses you to the side. You skid across the steel floor, coming to a jarring halt outside of the airlock. The furious creature growls, turning its attention to the bay doors, stomping towards them.

Dazed by the impact, you struggle to catch your breath as the beast works its claws into the shutters. It roars, muscles visibly rippling under its shaggy fur coat. Alarms blare to life, flooding the airlock and the hallway with red, flashing light. The door to the airlock slams shut just as you hear a sinister hissing from the bay doors.

You gape in disbelief as the humbra forces the bay doors open with sheer brute strength. A short, shrill whistle announces the loss of atmosphere in the airlock. Metal twists under its grip, and you can hear the hull of the {shipname} shuddering. You realize how extremely lucky you were that the beast vented its frustration on the ship rather than on you.

With the bay doors wrenched several feet open, the humbra finally releases its deathgrip on the tortured metal. Soundlessly, it flings itself into the void, leaving you with your heart pounding and staring in shaking awe at the damage to your ship.

{-30 Nerve, -10 Hull Damage}

Codex - Humbra

Biological computers seeded through the galaxy by an unknown and long-gone species, the humbra drift for millennia at a time. They are awakened by heat and/or the proximity of other life forms. Upon finding uncategorized life forms, the humbra gather genetic readings from them via fucking. Already-categorized life forms, however, are largely ignored by the beasts, who react with indifference to most circumstances, save for violent reactions to containment.

The humbra's means of distribution throughout the galaxy are unknown, though they appear in densest concentration within the Cloud, leaving many to suspect that their ancient creators may have once dwelt within it. Upon archiving biological data on a planet, a humbra will leave the planet if possible, and if not, will enter a state of hibernation, waiting for planetary destruction in order to be released back into space.

The humbra appear biological, standing roughly 8 feet in height, and covered in dense, red-black fur. Their fur is finer and shorter on their faces, exposing glossy-black eyes, twisted horns, and extraordinarily-wide mouth. Their toothed maws are capable of unhinging wide enough to engulf creatures their size or smaller. Their upper bodies bear powerful forearms, and their thickset physique reveals a uniform strength throughout their frames. Ultra dense and incredibly strong, humbra are fearful combatants, and many civilizations have found it easier to simply accede to the humbra's bizarre nature than to oppose them.

Despite their similarity to natural life and their biological makeup, the humbra are artificial organisms with several traits that reveal this. Their "horns" are, in fact, a type of antennae, connecting them to shared repository of genetic data, useless to the humbra themselves, but presumably serving the ultimate goal of their creators. Additionally, a pair of ports, located just behind their horns, can be used to obtain limited access to their archived data.

While their original purpose is long since lost, they have proven to be a nuisance to space-farers, especially explorers in the Cloud, where the humbra are at their densest. Extremely susceptible to gravitational pull, they can become caught in the wake of passing ships. An unwary traveller can inadvertently bring them aboard a space station, often with destructive results.

Though capable of communication, humbra are uninterested in anything unrelated to their archival mission. Conversations with humbra are generally fruitless, and often dangerous, unless an ill-advised traveller seeks to be roughly fucked. However, some records exist of humbra claiming to serve the "UTU." Most scholars believe this is a reference to their collective databank, though others suspect that the term refers to the humbra's long-gone creators.

While humbra are sexually dimorphic, the actual differentiation between the two sexes is minimal, confined mostly to reproductive organs that mirror terrain genitals, and appear to serve similar purposes. Humbra use "it" pronouns to refer to each other, though this is likely more due to an awareness of their artificial nature, than to any inherent sense of self or gender.

Many xenobiologists find unconscious humbra to be treasure troves of data, accessing their ports and downloading as much information from their UTU archive as possible before the creatures awaken. Such attempts must be made quickly and/or outside of confined spaces. Humbra respond poorly to containment of any kind, likely an aspect of their wandering purpose. Most attempts to contain, cage, or restrain humbra result in massive levels of structural damage. In extreme situations, some researchers have managed to bargain with an infuriated humbra, convincing it to prioritize its genetic-collection prerogative over its reaction to being contained.