

Raga of Matri
- *Tiny, Angry Powerhouse*

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Summary

Raga is a Rusher that sees herself as competition for the pc. While physically unassuming, she belongs to a race known as "[nyomi](#)," sapient extremophiles from a near-dead planet. Her tech is crap, but she's phenomenally strong and uses weaponry to complement her talents.

Short, flat, and sensitive about it, Raga's quick temper and competitive streak mean trouble for the pc, particularly when the pc ends up in direct competition with her.

Her default mood is Cranky, and her default weapon is a pylon-sized club, enhanced with a miniature inertial drive.

Fen mentioned Myrellion as a place to drop her, so she's there for the time being. Alternately, being a fellow Rusher, she could appear on any planet. (And if people like her, maybe she'll show up elsewhere, too!)

(In terms of tropes, you're looking at a flat-chested "tsundere" character, though the term "dandere" might be more accurate.)

--Beyond the initial encounter at the tavern, she's a combat-only encounter, with some sexing up. She's not particularly interested in a relationship with the pc, but will get down and dirty under certain conditions after combat.--

Character/Race Profile

Um ... I'm shit at numerical things:

Height: 4'10" (58 inches)

Skin: Gray-blue

Hair: White.

Horn: Red emerging from the center of her hair.

Breasts: None

Description from encounter:

With a clearer view of her, you realize that despite her height, the little alien is far from delicate. Her muscular, gray-skinned frame is just under five feet tall. The tip of a red horn protrudes from a wild thicket of white hair that trails down to her barely-notable breasts. She glares at you with three orange eyes, two in the usual configuration, the third staring balefully out from the center of her forehead. Her clothes are minimal--a strip of mesh covering her flat chest, and a copper-colored skirt around her boyish hips. Her legs end in bare feet, black, talon-like toenails clicking against the floor, matching the ones at the end of her fingers. The black haft of some long, metallic weapon extends from her back.

Combat: You're looking at an extremely powerful melee hitter (strong enough to knock out low-level shields) with poor accuracy. She's resistant to most energy attacks, the exception being that she takes normal damage from electricity, which also raises her lust. She should have a shitton of HP and physical resistance, but not particularly hard to hit. She, herself, wears no armor or functional shielding tech.

Sex-wise, you'd looking at a 5-foot, flat-chested girl with a chip on her shoulder. A-cups at most, and boyish hips and only a slight ass. Small vagina.

Likes short pc: 5ft and under.

Likes: small breasts

Likes small cocks

Likes: big asses

Hates: Small asses

Hates: Giant breasts

Codex

NYOMI

Unstoppable Extremophiles

(placeholder image for the time being. Not exactly what I'm going for, but close)

Name (Singular):Nyom

Sexes:Male and Female



Height: 5'0-8'4" (They are genetically capable of growing to massive heights, but their resource-poor planet often prevents access to nutrition at key stages of growth.)

Weight: 160-410 (see above notes on height)

Average Lifespan: 200 years

Fur/Scales/Feathers: n/a

Hair: Thick, bushy hair, usually in blends of red, blue, black, or white. On males, this hair often extends down to their shoulders and across their backs, occasionally appearing on their forearms and legs.

Eyes: Red or yellow sclera and black pupils. Two exist in general humanoid configuration, with a third located in the center of the forehead. In conditions of poor light, their eyes will often bioluminesce.

Wings: n/a

Features

Physique: Nyomi appear at first glance to be monstrous versions of humans. Close inspection does little to dispel that notion. As a rule, nyomi are built for strength, and some develop so much muscular tissue to the extent that it hunches them to near-deformation. Breast growth in females is minimal as nyomi do not retain much body

fat, usually ranging from an A- to a B-cup, but on rare occasions reaching a C-cup. This lack of body fat and muscle tissue density renders nyomi physically incapable of swimming.

Size range: Nyomi who have grown where food is readily available are often massive in stature, reaching over 8 feet in height with muscles upon muscles, while another nyom (particularly one from the dwindling population on Matri) might possess a stunted height and a leaner build.

Skin: Nyomi skin might be more accurately dubbed “hide,” as their tough exterior can weather extreme conditions, even providing some resistance to short-term exposure to radiation and vacuum. Skin color is generally an iron-gray with undertones of blue or red. Albinism is shockingly frequent among nyomi, and entirely-white nyomi are not uncommon.

Protrusions: Many nyomi sport sparse, “pebbly” plating on the surface of their skin, notably around the joints and their eyes. These plates range from palm-sized to the size of water droplets, often growing the smallest near the eyes. Near the hairline, these protrusions often grow into horns. Males will sport larger horns--bony spikes that may exceed a foot in length and usually appear in pairs. Females are generally restricted to a single, shorter horn, often protruding from the crown of their heads.

Claws: Nyomi naturally grow hooked talons, usually black in color, though yellow undertones often occur. These talons are somewhat less dense than their horns and other protrusions, but grow throughout their lives.

Teeth: Black, pointed teeth fill the mouths of nyomi, frequently emerging as protruding tusks if they are not frequently worn down. Like their claws, nyomi teeth grow throughout their lives and require constant wear lest they begin to grow into the jaw.

Vision: Despite their three eyed trinocular vision, nyomi eyesight is relatively poor. The bright, unshielded conditions of their homeworld made for conditions that are illuminated with what most species would consider too much light. As a result, comfortable lighting for most species is annoyingly dim for nyomi, and their eyes often glow in such situations. Due to difficulty seeing, most nyom Seekers shun ranged weapons, as they are genetically predisposed to being poor shots.

Faces: Generally humanoid, save for a central forehead eye and a concentration of tiny plates near the eyes. Horns above the eyes are frequent in males, and a single horn atop the head is typical of females. Dense, wiry hair is often left unkempt and can obscure many of these features.

Genitals: Females have human-looking vaginas, often a shade darker than the rest of their skin, with two clitori at the crest of their labias. Males possess human-looking

penises, swelling larger near the head, creating a "club" or "eggplant" shape to their genitals. Subdermal piercings are becoming more popular among younger males, with rows or repeated rings of studs down the shaft currently in vogue. Some rare males may possess two cocks--a natural genetic variance. Hermaphroditism among nyomi is rare, and most often results in nyomi of slim, almost-feminine male physiques with both sets of genitals.

Enviorns Typically Inhabited

Matri - Homeworld, a desolate iron ball in a collapsing binary system. The harsh conditions of this planet shaped the nyomi into sapient extremophiles, able to withstand brutal conditions.

Repun - a water-covered planet, and new (secondary) homeworld for the nyomi as they relocate. Water is rare on Matri, and impossible to traverse for the super-dense nyomi. Repun may yet prove to be even more inhospitable for the nyomi than Matri.

Seekers - Seekers--the nyomi title for space explorers--are held in high regard in nyomi society. Normally governed by a strict meritocracy, nyomi culture forgives the relative inaction of Seekers as they plan, plot, and map sections of space before setting off on a journey. Since contact with other space-faring species, the role of Seekers has split between those who explore and bring back potential resources for nyomi-kind, and those who negotiate with other species. A natural resistance to most environments means that a nyomi Seeker might be found at the edge of a volcano, scooping up handfuls of lava to test its mineral content, or in the depths of a poisonous thicket, chewing unconcernedly on toxic vines.

Reproduction

Scarcity has dominated all aspects of nyomi society--none moreso than reproduction. While male and female nyomi mate in a manner familiar to humans, conception is a far more difficult concept. A female nyomi must eat well for a period of no less than 14 days before her body releases the hormones necessary for estrus. From then on, she remains fertile so long as she continues consuming an amount of food exceeding her caloric expenditure. Gestation is surprisingly rapid--usually lasting no more than two months--after which the mother will lay a large, metallic egg. Nyomi develop for a period of a year within that egg before hatching. Newborn nyomi are usually able to walk in the space of several hours, though it usually takes upwards of 25 years to reach sexual maturity.

The biological restrictions on reproduction are further complicated by the societal aspect of reproducing. A child is seen as belonging to the species--and eggs are cared for as such--however, as the responsibility of caring for and raising a child is a community effort, the conception of a child is seen as a community decision. Small groups of nyomi will vote to decide whether one of their number should reproduce. Larger groups will wait for parliamentary approval.

Sex for pleasure is difficult for nyomi. With their tough hide, they are barely receptive to any touches other than heavy impacts, making foreplay a frustrating prospect (though masochism is a frequent fetish among nyomi). Traditionally, any expenditure of energy that did not directly result in more food or resources was seen as bleakly inefficient.

However, an expanded galactic awareness has resulted in a broader range of experiences for curious nyomi, and various drugs, electrical stimulation devices, and direct-sensory manipulation is proving popular, particularly among younger nyomi.

History



Matri, the nyomi homeworld, is a desolate red-black ball swirling alone around a binary star system (Shelyak). The planet is rich in base metals, but relatively poor in other resources, its density contributing to surprisingly high gravity. Harsh winds tear through the thin air of the planet, and dust storms are frequent across its craggy surface. What little life the planet could support found refuge in the deep canyons of the planet. Even the network of crags and valleys provide poor shelter from the elements. Matri's thin atmosphere allows a great deal of radiation through, and what little rain there is usually contains corrosive and toxic elements.

Nyomi are the sole intelligent race on the planet, and one of the only two large species there--all other species ranging little bigger than an earth cat. The brutal reason for this extreme is simple consumption--the nyomi ate all other species to extinction. (The other large species is a carnivorous, whale-sized tunneling worm.)

Nyomi civilization advanced, hindered by the lack of resources on their planet, but driven by a very real apprehension that Matri could not long support them. As a result, nyomi technology is utilitarian, a reflection of nyomi sensibilities and a lack of resources. Much of it is laughably primitive by most space-faring standards--black-and-white LED screens, for example, dominate the display panels of most nyomi devices.

As the nyomi achieved space travel, explorers ventured blindly to the stars, in the hope that more sustainable planets existed. Their ships, little more than giant bullets, housing a single nyom and minimal life support, were fired at distant planets with the hope that they'd land somewhere sustainable.

Currently, the nyomi have set up a preliminary secondary homeworld on a small water-rich planet (Repun) in a nearby system (Yaga Beta). While the planet is not ideal, it has substantially more accessible resources than Matri and efforts are being made by the **Parliament of Masks** to relocate the population from Matri to Repun.

Explorers ("Seekers" in nyomi society) are held in high regard, as it is a position that has historically saved the species from various disasters. Even now, with the inaccessibility of Repun's resources, Seekers are seen as potential discoverers of better worlds or deliverers of new resources and tools.

Since making contact with other races and developing as a galactic species, nyomi have retained a somewhat insular community, driven strongly by intense cultural practices and genetic traits. Though physically imposing and boisterous in groups, a nyom on his own often loses his bluster and behaves and thinks more timidly. The sole exception to this are the Seekers, who must cope with long periods away from family and Home.

Other Notes

In Combat:

Nyomi are a contentious race, and a natural propensity towards brash actions means that they often engage in violence. Seekers, in particular, find that an initial demonstration of nyomi prowess often discourages further interference in their explorations.

Nyomi favor large, obsolete-looking "gravity weapons," which are nonetheless devastating in melee combat.

Woe upon the opponent who assumes that ranged assault will dispatch a nyom, however. With a hide naturally resistant to corrosive elements, radiation, and physical damage, nyomi often shrug off all but the most powerful attacks from guns and energy weapons.

Typical nyomi tactics include a headlong charge into the opponent with their weapon raised high in the air. Foes of nyomi are often advised to favor dodging to take advantage of a nyom's poor eyesight.

Weaponry:

"Gravity" Weapons. The propensity of metal on Matri means that the nyomi were never short on raw materials for weapons. The advent of space travel and the more recent availability of technology means a significant and dangerous advancement in a nyom's arsenal.

Nyomi weaponry appears as laughably basic archaic melee weapons--swords, massive clubs, and hammers. Composed of the super-dense metals of Matri, they are extremely durable and phenomenally heavy. This alone, combined with nyomi strength, would be a dangerous--if dated--level of violence.

The term "gravity weapon" is a misnomer, as miniature inertial drives (traditionally used in spaceship construction) are fitted into the hilts or heads of these weapons, usually regulated by a paired gyroscope. The end result is a weapon that accelerates faster and impacts harder than anything of its size and weight should. A typical nyom with a gravity weapon can physically tear through an unshielded ship's hull in a matter of minutes. In melee combat, a single blow from a nyom with a gravity weapon can strain the best of personal shields, and quite often overload them.

Scenes

Initial Scene

Available in Tavern after pc has visited the Deep Caverns

As you enter the DMZ's now-familiar tavern, your Codex beeps a garbled warning. Instinctively, you throw yourself to the side as a scaled humanoid flies outward through the doors. The spacer groans, face-down against the concrete, and you peer cautiously into the bar.

Two figures struggle in the center of the room, and the rest of the tavern patrons are in the process of scooting away from them. The larger figure--a surprisingly broad kui-tan male, holds a struggling, much-smaller figure up in the air. You blink in surprise--the kui tan towers over the bar, and the little, gray alien can't be more than five feet.

You could put a stop to it, or you could let things work out on their own.

Step in

Ignore

Ignore

You decide that their business is their business. You walk past the struggling figures and look around the bar. Behind you, you hear several sharp cracks, and wood splintering. When you glance over, you see that the little gray alien is standing victorious over an unconscious kui tan. Just like you thought--things worked out on their own.

Step in:

{Kind:

Why isn't anyone stopping this? You decide to take action and stride forward, ordering the burly kui-tan to stop picking on helpless people.

Just as the words leave your mouth, the smaller figure snaps its head back, a shock of white hair colliding into the kui-tan's face. The crunch of something breaking is immediately drowned out by a howl of pain from the kui-tan as he drops her.

The portly kui tan collapses to his knees, and the white-haired homunculus lands heavily on her bare feet and turns to glare at you. "You want some, too?"

{Mischievous:

"I'd say you should pick on someone your own size, but you'd need about ten more of her," you snark. You grin and ready another barb, just as the gray alien's elbow jabs backward into the kui-tan's chest.

You hear a distinct "crack," as the kui-tan gasps, dropping the white-haired girl to the floor. While she lands heavily on her bare feet, he hunches over, arms wrapped around his chest.

"You were saying?" she snarls at you.

{Hard:

You've seen enough. The kui tan might legitimately kill her if he's not careful. Whatever the little alien has done, she probably doesn't deserve that. "Leave her alone," you say, striding forward purposefully. "She obviously can't--"

You stop short as the little figure growls, flexing her arms wide. The surprised kui-tan loses his grip, dropping her to the floor. The girl lands with a pair of stomps - one planting her bare foot on the floor of the tavern, the other hammering down on the kui-tan's boot.

She spins, fists balled, glaring at you. "Can't what?" she demands.

}

//Merge

With a clearer view of her, you realize that despite her height, the little alien is far from delicate. Her muscular, gray-skinned frame is just under five feet tall. The tip of a red horn protrudes from a wild thicket of white hair that trails down to her b-cup breasts. She glares at you with three orange eyes, two in the usual configuration, the third staring balefully out from the center of her forehead. Her clothes are minimal--a strip of mesh covering her chest, and a copper-colored skirt around her slim hips. Her legs end in bare feet, black, talon-like toenails clicking against the floor, matching the ones at the end of her fingers. The black haft of some long, metallic weapon extends from her back.

Your codex beeps, identifying this volatile woman as a nyom, a resilient race from a distant, isolated planet.

"I can handle myself--got it?" she snaps, her three eyes glowing as she speaks.

"I'm Raga! And I'm a Rusher, the same as any of you! And I will fucking murder the next bitch that says otherwise," she proclaims, loud enough for the rest of the bar to hear.

She looks at you, standing alone in the doorway. "What's your problem, bright eyes?"

You take a look at the seething little alien in front of you. You could probably smooth things over by offering her a drink, but then again, she's not really your problem--walking away would be easy. If you really wanted to, you could probably taunt her a bit--she seems pretty sensitive about her size.

Can I buy you a drink? [Mollify]

Okay, then. [Ignore]

Tease her [Taunt]

{Drink? [Mollify]}

You attempt to mollify the angry creature, asking her why she's so upset, and offering to buy her a drink.

The bartender serves both you and Raga a drink without comment, looking relieved that that things seem to have calmed down.

"Well, you bought me a drink, you got anything on your mind?" she asks you, as you both sit down at the bar. Before you can open your mouth, she holds up a finger. "Fair warning: hit on me, and your ass is grass."

[Species]

[Why so Angry?]

[You're a Rusher?]

[Hit on her]

[Done.]

[Species:

You ask her what she is, exactly.

She rolls her eyes, a fairly normal gesture made a bit odd by the circular third eye on her forehead. She gulps her drink, her small, sharp teeth clinking against the glass as a small trickle of liquid runs down her neck and over the thin mesh strip over her chest.

"I'm a nyom," she says. "Though ... I can see why I'm probably the first one you've run into," she says grudgingly. "There's not too many of us out exploring."

"I come from Matri, that's our homeworld, and it sucks ass--a lifeless ball of jack shit. We've since relocated to a different planet, Repun, which somehow sucks even more ass. So most of us work on the relocation effort to find a planet that sucks as little ass as possible."

You nod, sipping from your glass.

"It's just as well, we're fucking badasses," she says with a wide grin over the top of her glass. Her teeth are pitch black and pointed and seem to form short tusks protruding upwards when she smiles. "High gravity, shit atmosphere, fuck all to eat, we can handle whatever fuckery life throws at us. If we caught a break, we'd probably rule the galaxy."

[Angry?

You ask why she seems so angry, referencing specifically the brawl with the kui-tan.

"I've got a job to do. I'm out here, hurtling through darkness and danger for my species. The nyomi are crap with technology, so the handful of us that can cut it as Rushers are exploring so we can help our Home," she explains.

"I'm little because I went hungry a lot--happens to kids from Matri," she says. "Nyomi can get big. I mean REALLY big - IF we get enough to eat while we're kids. I didn't, but I'm still the best goddam Rusher in the universe!"

"So when jackholes like that," she growls, swinging her tankard at the kui-tan, now seated in the corner, "push me around just because I'm little, it fucking gets to me!"

[Rusher?

You ask her about being a Rusher.

"Hells yeah, I'm a Rusher!" she proclaims, taking a swig from her mug. "I'm the best goddam Rusher there is! I'm stronger than anyone else out there, and I can take a hit better than anyone else, all without fancy-pants tech!"

"I'm here to kick ass and take names!" she says. "Myrellion isn't some pinata of advanced tech, but I heard about some special crystals down in the depths that I could take home, and you can bet your ass </i>I'll<i> be the one to get it," she finishes, her chin pointed up at you.

[Hit on her

You throw a friendly flirt at Raga, despite her warning.

She doesn't respond for a moment, draining her glass instead, holding up a finger. You hear a cracking noise as she finishes, then sets it down.

"You bought me a drink, so I'll let that one slide," she says, crunching on something. Was there ice in her drink?

"But I think we're done here. I see you again, and I'm kicking your ass," she says coldly. Without another word, she hops down the bar stool, and stalks out of the tavern.

You glance down at Raga's glass on the bar counter. A jagged semicircle of glass is missing from its rim, just the size of Raga's smile.

{Ends encounter

[Leave

You politely take your leave of the short woman at the bar.

As you walk away, she calls out to you. "Don't think I didn't notice that you're a Rusher, too! Consider yourself competition!"

You blink, recalling her earlier tussle with the kui-tan and leave.

{Okay, then. [Ignore]}

You decide to let the little sapient's boasts go unremarked.

She whips her head around, glaring around the tavern, and, hearing no other comments, stomps out of the main doorway, grumbling to herself. }

{Tease her. [Taunt]}

You smirk at the pint-sized braggart, snarking, "Aren't you a little short to be a Rusher?"

{Reflexes lower than <22?>:

In retrospect, you knew what was coming. Hell, you expected it as you were saying it. Before you can blink, she's closed the space between herself and you, drawing out her weapon, a rod of dark metal that she slams into your chest.

[Physique lower than <25?>:She hits harder than any creature that size should be able to. There's a curious sensation of being carried off the ground, coupled with an impact to your chest that makes the tavern black out for a moment.

You come to in time to hit the ground on the other side of the street, having travelled a graceful arc out through the doors before colliding into the ground, and bouncing at least once.

By the time you catch your breath and stagger back into the Tavern, she's gone, leaving a few goggle-eyed patrons behind. [+20 Damage] [/end physique lower than 25]

[Physique greater than <24?>:She hits harder than any creature that size should be able to. You fold your arms in front of your chest just in time to catch the brunt of the blow. You manage to stay upright, but the cheap floor of the bar offers little to no purchase.

The impact carries you backward, rocketing you out of the front of the bar, several meters beyond the entrance. You grunt and dig your feet in, leaving a cloud of dirt and confused looking bystanders as you come to a stop.

You brush dust from your [pc.clothes] and walk back through the front doors. By the time you enter, though, Raga is gone. [end Physique greater than 24]

/Else Reflexes higher than <?>:

<You duck out of the way of her club just in time. The massive weapon whooshes over your head and smashes into the side of the bar. There's a curious moment as the sheer pressure of the impact smashes a semicircle of the wooden bar in against itself. The bar explodes into splinters, showering the patrons with alcohol and wood.

You stare at her, wary of the next attack, but she snorts at you, tosses a credit chip at the bartender and walks out.>

}
//Merge

Combat Encounter

Initial Encounter

As you make your way through the darkness of the Deep Caverns, you hear pebbles behind you scatter. You spin around and catch a glimpse of three circles of light charging forward at you from the gloom!

You leap backward and shout, and the thing pulls up short.

By the orange light of the creature's eyes, and the bioluminescence of the fungus clinging to the walls, you make out the form of Raga, the tiny, gray-skinned nyom from the Tavern. She's carrying her black metal club in both hands, raised high in the air. It looks like she was about to bring it down on your head.

She freezes, blinking at you, all three eyes flicking in the dark. "Oh, holy shit!" she remarks, lowering her rod. "You're the {pc.gender: guy/girl} from the bar! I thought you were some fucking monster. {if NOT Taunted or Hit On at the bar: Sorry! My eyes ain't so good in the dark!}"

She laughs, revealing a mouth full of black, pointed teeth. "Don't worry. I'm not here to fuck you up, unless ..." she peers blearily at you in the half-light. "Oh hey, did you hear the rumors about power crystals down here, too? Smart Rusher like, you--I bet you have! Well, fuck my ass, I do believe that makes you competition!" she finishes, hefting her black rod again.

It looks like you're in for a fight!

Repeat Encounter

{If pc won last fight:

<As you make your way through the darkness of the Deep Caverns, you hear pebbles behind you scatter. You spin around and catch a glimpse of three circles of light charging forward at you from the gloom!

You leap backward and shout, and the thing pulls up short.

By the orange light of the creature's eyes, and the bioluminescence of the fungus clinging to the walls, you make out the form of Raga, the tiny, gray-skinned nyom from earlier. She's carrying her black metal club in both hands, raised high in the air. It looks like she was about to bring it down on your head.

She freezes, blinking at you, all three eyes flicking in the dark. "Oh shit, dude! I'm sorry! It's you again! I cannot see shit down here."

As you relax, she gives her club a few experimental swings.

"I was thinking, though--you beat me last time, and I'd love to see if that was just a fluke or not," she says, holding her club at the ready. "If you win, though, I'll give you one of the crystals I've been smashing out of the walls."

You ask if there's any way to change her mind.

"Nah, I'm just really spoiling for a fight!" she says with a sharp-toothed grin.

It looks like she's dead-set on fighting you!

>

/Else pc lost:

<As you make your way through the darkness of the Deep Caverns, you hear pebbles behind you scatter. You spin around and catch a glimpse of three circles of light charging forward at you from the gloom!

You leap backward and shout, and the thing pulls up short.

By the orange light of the creature's eyes, and the bioluminescence of the fungus clinging to the walls, you make out the form of Raga, the tiny, gray-skinned nyom from before. She's carrying her black metal club in both hands, raised high in the air. It looks like she was about to bring it down on your head.

She freezes, blinking at you, all three eyes flicking in the dark. "Oh shit, dude! I'm sorry! It's you again! I seriously cannot see shit down here."

As you relax, she slings her club over her shoulders, her muscles flexing beneath the nylon mesh of her top. "Hey, sorry about last time," she says, glancing off to the side to avoid your gaze. "If you want, we can throw down again, though," she says, a little too hurriedly.

You raise an eyebrow, asking her why she'd want to go out of her way to fight you.

"Oh shut up," she snaps. "You're a good sparring partner. That's all," she delivers the last two words with a little more volume than necessary. "But ... I dunno ... if you win, you could maybe ... do stuff with me ... you know--if you wanted," she says, blushing purple.

It's an interesting offer. Do you want to spar with the nyom and possibly get some sex out of it, or do you turn her down?

Turn her down
Accept her Challenge

Turn her down
You politely decline, explaining to Raga that you'd rather not fight her.

"Oh, well fine," she huffs, frowning at you. "I didn't wanna fight you either." She spins on her heel, muttering to herself as she stalks off into the darkness. Her stomping foot swings into a small stalagmite, destroying it.

It looks like she might have been a little sore about your response.
[Counts as a loss for the pc.]

Accept her challenge

You accept the nyom's challenge.

Raga's face lights up and she gives her club a few experimental swings. "Aw, yeah! It's time for some FUN!"

>

}

//Merge

Fight Text

You're fighting Raga, a nyom rusher!

She holds a black, studded-metal club that is about as thick as her own body. a faint humming noise can be heard emanating from the rod. As you stare at each other, her three orange eyes boring holes into you, the sound of her clawed feet grinding against the ground fills the silence when you're not clashing.

AI

Raga is a bruiser with no real finesse. She's not well-versed in sex and lacks subtlety. As a result, her only attack is to charge in and hit the pc as hard as she can with a melee attack. Her accuracy should be fairly low, which reflects her poor eyesight. This should balance her hefty damage output. ***UPDATED per recommendation from Sav.*** Nice and simple. ^_^

- Raga starts with a basic melee attack
- She follows this with her Ground Pound attack, spamming it until it lands.
- She engages in basic melee attacks until the pc's shields are down, before switching to her Wallbanger attack.
- If the pc's shields are down and the pc uses tease attacks or special weapons (goovolver, lust ray, etc), Raga uses Ring My Bell immediately following.

Special Attacks:

{Wallbanger:

If pc.shields are down, Raga slams the pc back against the wall, dealing double damage. Minimal damage if the player dodges, as her club explodes stone shards from the wall

Hit:

"Time to rock and roll!" she yells gleefully. Raga slings her club across her shoulders, then pivots, spinning on her heels, her club swinging off her shoulder into both hands, aiming for your chest. In the frozen moment before it hits, you hear a faint hum from the black, studded metal. It slams into your side, the impact knocking you against the wall, smacking your whole body into hard stone. "And it's a twofer!" she snarks triumphantly.

Miss:

"Time to rock and roll!" she yells gleefully. Raga slings her club across her shoulders, then pivots, spinning on her heels, her club swinging off her shoulder into both hands, aiming for your chest. You twist out of the way, hearing the hum of servos inside the black metal before it crashes into the wall, showering stone shrapnel everywhere, too plentiful to dodge. You wince as slivers of stone cut your {pc.skin}.

{Ground pound:

Raga shatters the ground below the pc's feet, initiating a knockdown attack and reducing the player's ability to dodge for the rest of the fight.

Hit: "Grah! Hold still, dammit!" she shouts. Raga raises her club high and brings it down in a crushing blow in front of you. You step nimbly back, realizing that her target was the ground. The stone floor at your feet ripples like a wave before fracturing into jagged gravel. You slip on the rough terrain, falling prone.

Miss: "Grah! Hold still, dammit!" she shouts. Raga raises her club high and brings it down in a crushing blow in front of you. You sidestep far out of the way, feeling relief as the ground shatters into jagged gravel under her strike. The stone floor at your feet is still perfectly solid.

{Ring My Bell:

Raga headbutts the pc's head, aiming not to kill but to stun; a hit stuns the player and reduces Raga's accuracy for a round.

Hit

"{Random dialogue: Oh, fuck you! / Cut it out, dammit! / Dammit! Fight fair! / Stop it, you jackass!}" she snaps. She plants her club in the stone floor, then leaps upward. She arcs toward your face, and her small hands reach forward to grab you by {pc.clothes: the front of your pc.clothes() pc.nude: your shoulders}. All three of her eyes close as she smashes her head against yours. For a second, everything is pain, and you stagger back, trying to clear your head. Raga lands in a crouch, feeling for her club. She blinks hazily. It looks like her headbutt took its toll on her. "Uuuurgh ..." she groans.

Miss

"{Random dialogue: Oh, fuck you! / Cut it out, dammit! / Dammit! Fight fair! / Stop it, you jackass!}" she snaps. She plants her club in the stone floor, then leaps upward. She arcs toward your face, and her small hands reach forward to grab you by {pc.clothes: the front of your pc.clothes() pc.nude: your shoulders}. You sidestep, and she collides into a stalagmite next to you. She stumbles back, shaking gravel and dust from her hair. "Fuck fuck fuck!" she snarls.

Raga's Basic Melee Attack

"{Random dialogue: Here I come! / You're gonna feel [i]this[i] in the morning! / See if you can dodge THIS! / Get ready for the pain! / Raga is ready! / Can you smell what Raga's cooking?}" she yells gleefully.} Raga charges forward with surprising speed, swinging her pillar of a club like a bat, orange eyes glowing hellishly in the dark.

{Hits: Her club hits you far harder than anything should be able to. <Shields are up: You actually hear a crackling sound as your shields strain to absorb this much damage at once.>

/Misses: Her swing goes wide, and she blinks, confused. It looks like her eyesight isn't actually all that good.}.

// Player takes a significant amount of damage. If the shield bonus is <40, it overloads completely and shuts down for the rest of the fight.

<Your shield generator lets out a frantic beeping. The normally-invisible field around you lights up as a blue hexagonal grid, portions of it disappearing in large swathes. "Shields overloaded. Resetting ... resetting resetting ... ," hums your Codex. >

Raga is Hit with ranged (Damage and energy Resistance)

You land a direct hit on Raga, but it barely seems to slow her down.

{Kinetic ranged: The projectile barely scratches her gray hide.

{Energy (not electric): The beam spatters across her gray hide like water on a hot frying pan. "Were you not paying attention when I told you about nyom?" she asks, exasperated.

{Energy (Electric): The charge connects and ripples across her gray hide, giving her a bit of pause and, unless you're mistaken, a tremble to her thighs. {Lust+20

Raga is Hit with Melee (Damage resistance)

"Hah! You're weaker than I thought!" she taunts. Your blow collides into her hide, doing far less damage than you were expecting. It looks like she wasn't just bragging about how tough her species is.

Raga is Hit with Tease(+50% lust gain, but there's a ½ chance she just won't see it.)

Hit: Raga blinks at you, all three eyes flickering in the dark as her whole body trembles.

"Wh-what was that?"

Miss: Raga doesn't respond to your advances. It looks like she's having a hard time seeing in the gloom of the Deep Caverns.

Raga is Hit with Lust weapon (+50% lust gain, but there's a 25% chance her hide resists it.)

Hit: Raga blinks at you, all three eyes flickering in the dark as her whole body trembles.

"Wh-what was that?"

No effect: Raga blinks, giving her body a shake. It looks like her thick skin resisted the attack.

Scenes

pc Loss Scene [Raga's lust <76]

The last strike from Raga's club collides into your side, slamming you into the wall. The force of the impact knocks the air out of your lungs and throws the cave into complete darkness.

When you come to, Raga's sitting on a low boulder, peering into the depths of the cave. Was she looking out for you?

She glances down, seeing you staring at her. "Oh good, you're awake! Sorry about that--I didn't mean to knock you out completely." She stands up, reaching down to offer you a hand and help you up.

"I figured the least I could do was keep an eye out for you," she says, pointing to her third eye with a grin. "Now that you're awake, though, I'm gonna head out. Better luck next time, bro," she chuckles, giving you a slightly-too-hard punch on the shoulder.

She disappears into the darkness of the Deep Caverns, and you feel something clatter against your {pc.foot}. It looks like she left you something.

pc loses no Credits. pc gains a Crush Crystal.

pc Loss Scene [Raga's lust >75]

The last strike from Raga's club collides into your side, slamming you into the wall. The force of the impact knocks the air out of your lungs and throws the cave into complete darkness.

You wake up to an odd sound. Heavy breathing fills the cavern around you--short, frantic breaths, and a wet, slicking sound.

You open your eyes, staring up at the stone ceiling above you. Something under your head cushions it--it feels like a satchel of some kind. The sounds are coming from your left. You turn your head to see Raga, sitting on the floor a couple of feet away from you.

She's facing you, her legs spread wide, as she fingers herself. Her eyes are closed, and her voice spills from her lips in soft whimpers, "Hnn! Ahhh! [pc.name] ..." she mutters. With her knees propped up, you can see the blue-black of her pussy, spread wide and dripping her fluids onto

the stone floor. One hand spreads her dusky lips, while the other plays with two nubs at the top of her midnight folds, bringing further whimpers of pleasure to her lips.

As you watch her, a faint light spreads through the dark, as her third eye opens from the middle of her forehead. It stares at you, glowing rosy pink, heavy lidded as you watch. Raga shows no indication that she's seen you, save for softly biting her lower lip as she speeds up.

Her heels dig into the floor, her toes curling and carving gouges in the stone, her whole body tensing. She switches gears, reaching under one of her toned thighs to plunge two fingers into herself as the other rubs rapidly up and down against the top of her dripping cunt.

"[pc.name], [pc.name] ..." she whimpers. Her whole body tenses as she curls in on herself, her heavy gasping stopping for a moment, before erupting into a high-pitched squeal of pleasure that echoes through the cave system. A spatter of pussy juices sprays out from between her thighs, hissing against the stone floor, raising chemical smoke from it.

She slows her movements, her heavy breathing calming. After a few minutes, her lower eyes flutter open, and you watch them gradually focus. She stares at you for a few moments, slowly working through her post-orgasmic haze.

When she finally realizes that your eyes are open as well, she blinks. A look of horror spreads across her face as she processes the scene.

"IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!" she finally yelps.

Before you can issue any sort of response, Raga leaps to her feet. She grabs her clothes, satchel, and weapon in a whirlwind of panic and dashes down the cave.

"Gah! Dammit!" There's a crashing noise, and you sit up in time to see her collide into a massive stalagmite, stagger back, and continue running into the darkness.

You blink after the disappearing nyom and look down at your feet. All of your gear is untouched, and it looks like Raga left something in her hurry to leave.

pc loses no Credits. pc gains a Crush Crystal.

pc Win Scenes

{Player wins damage:

Raga stumbles backward to the cavern floor with an audible grunt. Her club goes flying through the air, burying itself halfway into the cave wall. Raga groans, clearly still conscious, but it looks like the fight's gone out of her.

"Oh man, I *felt* that!" she says, rubbing the back of her head. "I'm not sure you appreciate how hard it is to *do* that to a nyom." She winces, looking pained, but there's a note of mischief in her voice. "Sorry about jumping you like that. I kinda figured I'd see how {first time combat: good you were, myself / else: much you've improved}. What are rivals for, after all?"

"But hey, you won {First time win: - this time -} so fair's fair. What can I do ya for?" she says. "I've got a trinket or two I could part with--and a weakling like you probably needs all the help they can get," she says, opening a simple satchel at her side. "Or," she adds, looking off to the side, "we could get a little physical another way." It's a little hard to spot through her thicket of wild, white hair, but it looks like there's a slight darkening to her gray cheeks.

/Else Player wins lust

Raga drops to the rocky cave floor with a crunch of gravel. It doesn't appear to hurt her, and her muscular thighs are shivering on their own. Her club tumbles to the floor, crushing a nearby stone. She looks incredibly dazed, and her hands have already disappeared beneath her loincloth.

"Wh-wha ... what was th-that?" she manages to stammer out. "Who even fights ... like ... that?" she ends, confused. She brings her sticky fingers up to her face, a blue fluid trailing from them. Dazed, she touches them to her lips, sucking experimentally on them. She closes her eyes slowly, sighing softly as she slurps her wetness from her hand.

It's a minute or two before she blinks, realizing that you're still here, and she quickly whips her fingers out of her mouth and coughs embarrassedly. "Oh. Oh! Um ... fuck. Fuck! Sorry about that," she says, her gray cheeks slowly pinkening. "Well, uh, you won, I guess? I mean, I ain't going anywhere for a while," she turns an even deeper shade of maroon, "unless you'd like to stay and help out?"

"I mean, not that you have to," she adds, looking fixedly at some point in the darkness to the side of you. "I'm not begging or anything."

}

//Merge for wins

So what do you wanna do with Raga?

[Sex]

[Gear]

[Leave]

Sex

[Vaginal: if pc has a cock: You tell Raga that you'd like to fuck her.]

[Blow: If pc has a cock: You suggest that Raga give you a victory blowjob]

[Eat her out: You eat out Raga.]

[Get eaten: If pc has a pussy. You order Raga to lick your pussy.]

Raga Vaginal

//Requirement: pc has cock[possible size limitations]

You inform Raga that you'd like a good fucking as your reward.

She blushes a deep, almost-purple color, and you watch, amused, as it spreads down from her cheeks to the top of her chest wrap. "Seriously?" she asks. "I'm not even that ... I mean ... I'm sure you're used to girls that have, er ..." she makes a cupping motion at her flat chest, indicating a cup size on the far side of J.

You inform her that it's not her chest you'll be using.

"Oh, well, yeah," she says, all three of her glowing eyes blinking rapidly. "I mean, I guess that checks out. In that case, yeah, we could totally do that. My arms are a little worn out, though, from the fight--I'm gonna need your help getting my gear off."

You agree to her terms as she approaches you, turning her slim, muscular back to you.

Her wild tangle of white hair is easily twice the size of her head, and runs halfway down her back. Despite its unruliness, it's feather-soft as you push it to the side. A speckling of dark gray pebbles across her shoulders appears to be a natural part of her skin. Your fingers alight on the thin piece mesh comprising her chest band.

{First time: //Else start at Merge

You comment on the softness of her hair in comparison to the relative toughness of the rest of her.

"Protection," she explains. "Matri's got a shit atmosphere. It lets all kinds of radiation through and traps zero heat. Ultrafine hair and dark skin helps us to not - you know - die."

You remember something from your lessons as a child about an earth species with a comparable adaptation. As you undo the hook clasps holding her chest band in place, the image of Raga as a tiny polar bear flashes through your mind. The idea is preposterously appropriate, and you can't help but laugh.

"H-hey! Are - are you [i]laughing[/i] at me?" snaps Raga, spinning around, one hand holding her clothes in place, the other grabbing you by the front of your [pc.clothes]. It looks like her arms weren't as tired as she originally claimed.

You're about to let her in on the joke when you spot the tears glistening in the corners of her eyes. The nyom isn't as thick-skinned as she lets on.

You explain that she wasn't the butt of the joke, and your chuckle was from a childhood memory.

She looks at you suspiciously, and lets go of your [pc.clothes]

}

//Merge

Unfastened, her band falls to the cave floor, and with a quick tug of a thick nylon cord, her loincloth falls away. Her short, slim body is uniformly gray, with toned muscles clearly defined from her slightly-broad shoulders to the almost nonexistent curve of her hips. If it wasn't for the slightly puffy nipples and the smooth mound between her legs, she'd look more male than female.

In the dim light of caverns, you catch sight of a glint of light between her thighs, a faint blue wetness tracing downward from her pussy halfway to her knees. She's obviously aroused, but in spite of all of her brashness, she looks too shy to make the first move. In fact, given the way her eyes are fixed on the ground, and the awkwardly 'sexy' pose she's assuming, you're guessing that she's not really used to this sort of thing.

You slide forward, holding your hand low, cupping it to her warm, wet mound. At your touch, she shivers and leans into your caress. She looks up shyly at you through her thicket of snowy hair, the glow of her eyes subtly changing hue, shifting from candle flame orange to a more subdued, rosy pink. She bites her lip with sharp, black teeth and reaches for your other [pc.arm], guiding it up to her flat chest.

You note the surprisingly marshmallow softness of her dark nipple under your fingertip and squeeze it lightly. She moans into you, the pussy trembling against your palm, her whole body shaking as she presses herself against you.

{pc. Clothes: You weren't expecting this level of sensitivity from the tiny bruiser, but it's hard to say no when her arms are slipping behind you, shakily undoing your [pc.gear].

{If pc hasbreasts < C: As your [pc.breasts] come free, she leans forward to lick one, taking your [pc.nipple] into her mouth, sucking lightly on it. Her tongue is a little rough, like a fine grade of sandpaper, and she uses it only lightly, tracing a circle around one nipple and the other, in turn. }

{If pc hasbreasts > B: As your [pc.breasts] come free, she frowns, looking down at her own flat chest, and humphs. She leans forward to lick one, taking your [pc.nipple] into her mouth, sucking lightly on it. Her tongue is a little rough, like a fine grade of sandpaper, and she uses it only lightly, tracing a circle around one nipple and the other, in turn. }}

{pc.nude: You weren't expecting this level of sensitivity from the tiny bruiser, but it's hard to say no when her hands are at your side, slowly tracing her claws up them, sending tickling waves of pleasure through your body.}}

She's panting now, rocking back and forth with her eyes half-closed, and it takes you a moment to realize that she's masturbating against your hand. You smile down at the huffing little nyom and very gradually slide a finger into her. Her eyes widen in response and she huffs faster, riding your hand. Her blue fluids are practically dripping down around your fingers now and you gently guide her back against the cavern wall.

You're concerned at first about the rock on her exposed skin until she smiles drunkenly at you, wriggling from side to side to scratch her back against the raw stone. She growls in satisfaction, making it clear that friction is not a concern for her. You grin, glad for that, then grasp her wrists, pinning her up against the stone. Her juices smear bright blue on one wrist, and both flex softly and meekly against your grasp. Given the violence she's capable of dishing it out, you're sure she could break free at any point, but it seems she likes the implied restraint.

Her hips buck forward challengingly against your [pc.cock] as she coos, "C'mon already! You got lucky enough to beat me this time - better enjoy yourself while it lasts." It looks like she's regained some of her bravado.

"Y'know, unless you're too -" you cut off her next taunt, muffling her with a deep, hungry kiss. Her dark lips and tongue are as strong as the rest of her and meet yours. She turns even the kiss into a competition, her tongue wrestling back.

Your mouth starts to immediately heat up. Something about her mouth--or maybe her saliva, is incredibly warm to the touch!

She actually seems to be getting the upper hand until you begin grinding your [pc.cockbiggest] against her dripping pussy. The quaking moan she exhales into your mouth heralds a shiver that runs through her whole tiny frame. She's suddenly heavier in your hands, and you feel her abs flex against your [pc.hips] as her legs swing up and wrap around your body, her heels resting against your [pc.butt].

You feel a wet warmth against the head of your [pc.biggestcock]. You break the kiss to look down, seeing that Raga is holding herself just above your shaft. When you look back up, she's giving you the cheekiest grin imaginable. "Well? Come and get it, rival," she snarks.

You reflexively buck forward, and she squeezes her thighs around you, pushing back, keeping you from reaching her blue-dripping cunt. "C'mon, bro - you gotta do better than that," she says, sticking her tongue out at you.

An idea crosses your mind - you still have her arms up against the wall. You drop them lower, hoping to catch her unawares. Before you can get into her, she tugs up against your grip, bracing her shoulders and back against the wall. "Gonna have to be faster than tha-" she begins, but you cut her off. With her back holding her there, she's lost mobility, and you push forward, towards her and the wall.

"Oh, yeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaahh ..." she growls, her three eyes crossing a bit, as you sink into her tight snatch. You let out a few noises of your own. You can tell that Raga's muscles aren't just skin deep. She's tightening and gripping you from the inside as you slide into her.

It should be awkward as hell - Raga's nearly horizontal in mid-air, held aloft by only your grip on her wrists and her thighs around your waist. But you're feeling next to no weight from the dense little powderkeg. A sprinkling of gravel on your hands turns your attention upwards, where Raga's turned her wrists back, and her black talons have dug into the dark stone. Mystery solved--she's holding herself in place with her disproportionate strength.

"What're you waiting for? Heat Death?" she taunts, pulling your attention back to her lithe body. She's not straining, but the action of holding herself in midair is making her muscles flex in interesting ways.

{If pc cock larger than 12 inches:

In fact, there's even an interesting new one just in the center of her belly. You push in slightly, and see it move - is that ...you? You push a bit more, and feel yourself rubbing taut against her, the pressure of her muscles pushing back against you from the inside.

"Oh wow ..." you hear Raga purr, and glance up. She's looking down at the bulge, licking her dark lips with her charcoal tongue. She looks up, meeting you eyes.

"Yeah, more of that, please!"

}

You let go of her wrists and slide your hands down her slim body. Her talons easily hold her in place as you run your thumbs down her black nipples, drawing out a trembling shudder from the little nyom. Her trembling continues as you run them down her hips, and finish with a slow, steady pump of your hips. As your cock slides in and out of her, she lets out a satisfied moan.

"Mmmmm, there we go," she says, her eyes glowing a rosy red in the dim cavern. She shifts her hips as you pump in and out of her. Her inner walls grip and hug your cock along every inch, making her feel wonderfully tight.

You begin to speed up, and she arches her back to and fro in time to your pumping, letting out small animalistic groans with each downstroke, and light whimpers with every pullback. Her blue pussy juices have a mint-like effect, and outside of her vagina, your dick feels cool in the cavern air. Inside her depths, though, she's delightfully hot and wet.

She's watching you, her eyes slightly crossed, glowing a pinkish red through her tangle of white hair. Her whole body is rippling in a steady rhythm as you pump in and out of her. She's panting, and her thighs are squeezing almost painfully tight around your [pc.hips].

"Almosssst there," she hisses. "C'mon - don't let me down!" It's a challenge and a plea at the same time, and you're a bit glad for it. Between her tightness and the hot/cold of her juices, you're nearly there yourself.

You double your time, pumping in and out of the little nyom, and she bucks back and forth, her rhythm getting more than a little sloppy. "Mmmmore! More! Faster!" she growls, as you slam in and out of her tight pussy. "Almost ... almost!"

You slam into her one last time, [firing a small jet of cum deep inside the gray bruiser/unloading a thick jet of cum deep inside the tiny woman/flooding the gray bruiser with so much cum that it spurts out between her thighs]. At the same time, she lets out a roar like a jungle cat, much too large a sound for such a tiny creature. Her whole body - and you think the cavern itself - quakes. You hear a sharp crack from the wall as her handholds give way. You quickly grab her, taking her dense weight in your arms as she finishes her orgasm, riding your spurting cock, her arms draping loosely over your shoulders.

As you fire your last jet of cum into her oozing slit, she gurgles in your arms, her head slumped against your shoulder. You give her a light shake to make sure she's alright, and she draws her head back, blinking blearily. "Mbuh ..." she mumbles.

She initially appears totally out of it, but after a moment or two, the glow in her eyes slowly shifts from pink back to orange. She makes a sneezing sound, her hair fluffing out to an even more impossible degree, and shakes her head, her eyes focusing on you.

"Oh man ... that was fucking intense. Seriously," she says, patting your shoulder, indicating that she'd like you to let her down. You lift her up, and you catch a glimpse of a spaced-out wide grin on her face as your dick slides out of her body.

You place her on the ground, where she wobbles and leans against the wall. "Wooooooo, that was ... heh, I mean ... heh, well done, dude," she drawls, giving you a playful (but still too hard) punch on the shoulder.

"I'm sure you've got things to see and people to do. Don't let me stop you," she says, waving you off. "Oh, but I can give you some of these, if you like--that was a fucking that was worth it," she says. She reaches down into her pack and tosses you a small, blue gem.

"They're crush crystals. I've been pounding them out of walls. You can crush it to boost your shields for a bit. A squishy like you probably needs it," she explains.

You catch it and grin, bidding the nyom a farewell.

[Gain Crush Crystal]

Raga Blow

//Requirement: pc has cock[possible size limitations]

You point to your already-swelling hard-on, and raise your eyebrows suggestively at her.

"You mean you want me to ... with my ..." she asks, pointing to her lips.

You nod in confirmation and she rolls her eyes. "Well, alright, but it'd better be clean. I eat with this mouth, you know," she says, huffily.

She drops to her knees, and you hear gravel crunch. You wince for a second before you remember how resilient Raga is. Actually, given her strength and general toughness, you're starting to think that this might be a--

"Not getting cold feet are ya?" she smirks, looking up at you from under her thicket of white, wiry hair.

You shake your head and she grins, revealing a mouthful of black, metallic teeth. Her canines are so pronounced, it even looks like she has fangs. What have you gotten yourself into?

You steel yourself as she opens her mouth wide, and very delicately traces the tip of her tongue against the head of your [pc.cock]. It's rough to the touch, and you wince reflexively, but find the fine grain of it more stimulating than painful.

You shudder, involuntarily letting out a low moan. Raga's tongue is cool to the touch, but her saliva is almost uncomfortably hot. You glance down, watching the nyom delicately lap at your shaft, almost catlike in the motions of her head. She bobs back and forth, a cool rasp of her tongue here, followed by a burst of heat, just as she licks a new spot. You start quaking, not sure if you can hold yourself up with all of this going on. She's alternating hot and cold in random locations, kaleidoscoping the sensations spiraling up your body.

She pulls back, glancing up at you, noticing your moan and shaking body.

"You okay up there, bro?" she says, tilting her head up, concern in all three of her eyes. "Alkaline saliva. Reacts with water, oils, and produces some neat effects on you carbon-based folks."

You use the impromptu chemistry lesson to catch your breath and steady yourself against the wall behind you.

"Nyom eat everything--not just organics. Metal, too, and for that you need--"

You interrupt her diatribe by grabbing the red horn atop her head and pulling her mouth back toward your cock. It actually makes a convenient handhold as she quickly opens her mouth wide to take your [pc.cock] down her gullet. As you watch her depththroat your cock, she meets your eyes and glares. She raises one hand to flip you a rude gesture, but nevertheless continues to blow you.

It's incredibly hot in Raga's mouth, with her chemical saliva swirling around your dick, but her tongue and lips are like ice. She sucks messily, drooling her caustic saliva down

{ pc has balls: your shaft, and you shudder as you feel hot rivulets running tracks down your [pc.balls].

/Else pc has vag, but no balls: to your mound, burning hot against your pussy, making you gasp in sweet agony.}

You spend several minutes with Raga sucking sloppily on your cock, swirling hot and cold around it in a luxurious conflagration. You keep your hand on her horn, guiding her head like a joystick to service the various angles you prefer. You're nearing climax, and your breath comes quicker, and she responds, starting to bob her head faster and faster. You can hear her huffing out through her nose as the tip of your [pc.cock] pushes against the coolness of her throat.

The burning heat, the icy cold--you're feeling it through your whole body, sweating and shivering as you and Raga pant in time. And finally, you cum. You bury your hands in her hair and pull the little nyom in tight against your hips. You spurt your load into the chaos of her mouth, letting out a moan of pleasure.

You hear a similar moan from Raga as she grinds her own face against your cock, burying her nose at the base of your shaft. Through her hair, you catch a glimpse of her cheeks sucking in as she swallows your seed.

As you lean back against the cave wall with a sigh, she pulls back off your cock with a smack of her lips.

{pc normal cum:

"Izzat ... zinc? Did you just spooze zinc?" she asks, smacking her mouth open and closed. She opens her mouth and touches her tongue, examining her finger after. She looks up at you, all of her eyes wide. "That's ... I mean, hey if you don't want it, I'm always happy to have a mouthful of [i]that[/i]."

"Kinda sweet, but not bad otherwise," she adds.

/Else pc honey cum:

"Oh ... gross!" She makes a face as if she'd just bitten into a lemon. "That was like ... [i]all[/i] sugars. Bleh! Who even ... I mean ... who would," she sticks her tongue out and makes a gagging noise.

She looks up at you, smirking. "No offense, of course."

}

//Merge

"Either way," she says, standing up and brushing herself off, "that was a fun little diversion. I'm all rested up and good to go now. You look a little worn out, though." She tosses you a small, glittering object.

"For your troubles," she says with a wink of her top eye.

[i]Wait,[/i] you think to yourself as she walks off into the darkness of the tunnels, [i]I thought [b]I[/b] won.[/i]

[Gain Crush Crystal.]

Eat out Raga

You tell the little bruiser that you'd like her on top of you.

A wide, sharp-toothed grin spreads across her face, made all the more eerie by the brightening glow of her three eyes.

"Now [i]that's[i] what [i]I'm[i] talking about..." she growls hungrily.

Her taloned hand runs up the front of your [pc.gear] and she quirks an eyebrow at you. You immediately take the hint and begin removing your [pc.gear]. She does the same, delicately removing her mesh halter and her loincloth, kicking them aside as you stand before her bare body, equally nude.

"Well then, down you go, dude. Why don't you help me warm up?" she growls. As you drop to your knees, you feel her small, but powerful hands on your head, guiding you to her mound.

You extend your tongue, laying a long, luxurious lick up her smooth snatch, and you feel her body shiver against you.

"Oh, fuck yeah ..." she purrs, her fingers digging into your [pc.hair]. Your own hands mirror hers, sliding around to grasp the slight curve of her ass, feeling her muscles ripple as she begins to grind her pussy against your mouth.

Despite the rest of her toned and rugged body, she's deliciously soft down here. her warm slit begins to ooze something hot against your tongue. Almost uncomfortably warm, her juices begin to spill over your lips as you lick them greedily. She's slightly sweet and a little chemical, like alcohol, and you wonder, fleetingly, if your adjusted biology can handle hers.

Overhead, a sweet moan escapes her lips, much more delicate than her usual brusque tones, and you begin to lap at her in earnest. She shudders under your gentle attention, her fingers running through your [pc.hair] as you continue to bathe her mound with your tongue. When your tongue pushes against her, slipping into her sex, you're caught off guard by the coolness of her labia. Her fluids are searing hot, but her body's barely warmer than a cold drink.

Not that it matters.

You lap and slurp, teasing her and coaxing out soft moans and high pitched squeaks. Eventually, you find a duo of small bumps, one next to the other, inside her. You make an educated guess to their analogues, and immediately flick them with your tongue.

She gasps, her body spasming electrically stiff, and lets out a shuddering groan. "Oh fuck! Oh FUUUUUUUUCK!" A portion of the cave lights up as her three eyes glow like spotlights, illuminating the cavern. You've found your prize and continue to flick those two nubs, alternating back and forth. She's quaking above you, groaning and thrashing, grinding her hips against your face.

You push a finger inside her tight entrance and feel her muscles clamp down, nearly crushing your digit. Between that and your teasing of her twin clits, she doesn't last very long. She lets out a long, low howl that shakes the cave around you, as she tenses once more, even tighter than before--her muscles clamping down so tight that your slippery finger squirts free of her slit, and finally, she cums.

Her juices spurt against your mouth and chin, a hot syrup cascading down your skin as she climaxes loudly, her petite body thrashing. Her hands slam into the wall behind you, raining down gravel as her powerful hips grind firmly against your face. Her fluids all but sizzle against you, chemically hot, leaving no burns, as she rides out wave after wave of orgasm.

To your credit, you deal with the bruisingly-hard pounding from Raga's cool hips, her heated cum splashing everywhere. You close your eyes instinctively, and grasp her taut butt, digging your fingers in.

Eventually, she finishes, panting and gasping, turning from you and sliding down the wall into a sitting position. She sits there for a few minutes as you, too, compose yourself. Her fluids are still leaking, pooling silvery-blue in the dim lampglow from her eyes.

"Holy fucking shit, dude," she says at last. "I mean ... fucking damn! Where did you learn all that?" she moans, her flat chest rising and falling as she runs her black-clawed fingers through her thicket of hair.

You smile and clean yourself off as best you can, slipping your gear back on and finding, to your amusement, that Raga's fluids have mostly effervesced by now. That's handy! You run your fingers over your [Masculine/feminine/angled] jaw, and wince. It looks like she actually pounded you enough to injure you.

"Oh shit--sorry about that," she says. You look down and see her wincing as she looks up at your injured jaw. "I guess I got carried away," she says with an embarrassed grin. She leans over and rummages through her pack. "Here you go, dude," she chirps, tossing you a silver bottle and a small chip.

"This crystal will help boost up your shield, and these credits are for your troubles. It's not because I like you--I just want to make sure you're in tip top condition the next time I fight you," she explains, a faint purple tinge to her cheeks, hopping up and donning her minimal clothes. You notice that the fluids on her seem to have evaporated as well. "Catch ya later!" she says, waving back at you as she hefts her club and wanders off into the darkness.

[You gain Crush Crystal+ credits + minor damage]

Raga Eats Out

//Requirement: pc has vag

You inform the nyom that she'll be eating out your pussy.

All three of her eyes blink incredulously. "That's ... not really my thing," she says, running a taloned hand back through her thick hair. "I mean, I was thinking ... well ... I'm not sure what I was thinking, but not that. I mean, is there anything else you'd want?" she asks, her cheeks darkening a bit.

You shake your head and Raga looks a bit troubled. You give the gray-skinned girl the time she needs, wondering a little how long you'll have to wait.

She claps her hands suddenly, the startling sound echoing through the caverns. "Y'know what? Yeah--I'm gonna do it! You beat me fair and square, and I'm gonna keep my word. Plus," she adds, "I haven't done it in a while--it might be fun to give it a shot."

Now it's your turn to have second thoughts, but before you say anything, she's on the stone floor of the cavern at your knees. You think for a moment how uncomfortable that must be, but, glancing down, you notice a spiderweb of cracks radiating out from beneath her legs. It looks like the floor took more damage than she did.

"Sorry--I just don't do this a lot, so I'm not super confident," she says, undoing your [pc.gear]. "But I'll be damned if I don't give it my best shot!"

You appreciate the enthusiasm, but you're a little worried about the pretty forceful way she's removing your garments. When you comment on this, she frowns at you.

"Okay, then, lie back on the ground, and if it gets odd for you, you just say so, and we'll stop," she says, gesturing to a clear spot on the cavern floor. You lay down, the rough stone against your back as Raga strips down, the mesh top falling away from her nonexistent breasts, and her loincloth tossed to the side.

The floor's not entirely comfortable, and you're not sure you like the thought of your hips bouncing against it, but Raga has her own plans. She grabs your ankles, lifting your hips up into the air, then takes a seat, cross-legged beneath you. It takes you a moment to make sense of what just happened, as you recall her immense strength, but by that point, she's already arranged your [pc.legs] around her sides [if pc.tail: , along with your tail].

Now, your [pc.ass] is resting comfortably on Raga's crossed legs. The black talons of her hands trace up your thighs, to your sides. "Hands, please," she requests. Bemused, you give her first one hand, then the other, pushing yourself up off the cave floor. Her hands grip your arms tightly, holding you up. No part of you touches the floor--rather, your ass rests in her lap, while her prodigious strength holds you up.

"Comfy?" she asks, and surprisingly, you are. She's carrying all of your weight, and the final sensation is something like being in a hammock.

You nod and she smiles. "Matri's not the most hospitable planet. We have to learn to make do in odd places and positions sometimes. I figured your skin was kinda soft, so I wanted to get you off the ground."

You voice your appreciation and she grins, her pointed, black teeth gleaming in the dim light of her eyes. "Well, don't thank me just yet ..." she purrs.

You're about to ask her what she means when she dips her head down. You hadn't realized what the difference in Raga's stature would mean in this position, but her face is effectively on-level with your pussy. With her hands holding you up, she's got only her face and tongue to work with, but she seems to be doing well.

You shiver as first her feathery hair trails up your [pc.pussy], followed by her nose along your slit, trailed behind by a sweep of her broad tongue, brushing over your whole mound. Her saliva-slick tongue is initially cool to the touch, but then heats up rapidly against your lips.

You gasp, your fingers digging into the thick skin of her forearms.

"Nyom saliva," she says with a smirk, her three eyes meeting yours. "Dissolves metals, but generally safe for organics. Feels good, doesn't it?"

You're barely able to squeak out a "Yes," before she returns to your pussy. In the wake of her tongue it's now almost uncomfortably hot--a heat that feels half like an ache. She purses her lips, planting small, quick kisses up and down your lips, tiny stars of sensation that burst with icy coldness, then flare into blossoms of fiery heat.

You let out a small cry of pleasure as she chuckles. "Not quite what you had in mind, huh, bro?" she says, planting another conflagrant kiss.

You can barely voice a breathy sigh before she begins lapping at you, long upward strokes against your cunt, a paint brush sweep of cold, followed by a swirl of heat as her tongue leaves. You squeal, thrashing a bit, but she's got your arms tight, keeping you in place.

"Doing okay?" she asks, looking up at you with a concerned expression.

"Keep going!" you gasp and she bobs her head back down between your legs to oblige.

You lose track of time as she bathes your pussy with her tongue. You swim in sensations of swirling cold and blazing heat, her lips and tongue working atop and within your folds. Despite her earlier trepidation, she seems to know exactly what she's doing, and your body trembles and writhes against her, your [pc.legs] tightening around her chest, her arms holding your increasingly-rubbery arms in place.

Finally, you feel it coming, a rising tide of pleasure and begin to grind your pussy against Raga's face. The thicket-haired nyom lets out a small grunt, her tongue shifting to flick against your [pc.clit], over and over, and over again. You let out a barely audible squeak of pleasure at this and pant faster and faster.

Raga is slurping away at you, and your crotch is a storm of hot and cold, ecstasy building and building until finally, you cum.

You squeal your pleasure as you climax against the little nyom, her face buried in your pussy. And still she licks, and flicks, and teases, stretching out your orgasm into delicious lengths. Another orgasm breaks in the wake of this one, and still Raga won't stop. You gasp for respite, but you can't form the words. As your third orgasm crashes down around you, you surrender to the bliss, riding wave after wave of pleasure.

You're not sure when you blacked out, but you must have. Because the next thing you know, you're waking up. As you blink your way into consciousness, you catch sight of Raga sitting on a broken stalagmite above you, squinting into the darkness. Did she wait for you to wake up?

You groan softly, aching sitting up, feeling more than a few kinks in your back from lying on the stone floor.

"Hey, there you are," she says with a cocky grin. "Mornin' sunshine!" She reaches down to grab your arms and pulls you up.

"I figured it'd be a dick move if I fucked your brains out and then just let you sleep it off alone in the dark. So I decided to stick around until you got up," she says, rummaging through her pack.

You thank her, then painfully get to your feet, slowly putting your [pc.gear] back on.

"Yeahhh, you're gonna need this until you get tougher," she says, handing you a small blue gem and a credit chip. "I've been smashing these crush crystals out of the walls down here. It'll boost your shields until you can get back to town and treat yourself to a massage or something--on me," she says brightly before sauntering off into the darkness.

[Gain Crush Crystal + Credits]

Gear

With the nyom incapacitated, you take the opportunity to go through her gear. You rummage through her pack, finding a small, blue gem, and some credits.

You glance at the black haft of her warhammer and attempt to pick it up.

[If Physique > 30: You managed to heft the hammer up from the ground. The weapon is easily taller than Raga herself, and it's impossibly heavy--much more than it should be. You give it an experimental swing through the air and hear a whine of turbines in the head of the hammer. Suddenly, the hammer pulls forward with more momentum than before, almost jerking you from your feet. You get the feeling that what this hammer might lack in accuracy, it'll more than make up for in brute strength.]

[If Physique < 30: You attempt to heft the weapon from the ground, but are unable to even budge it. After a few more tries, you decide to leave it where it is.]

You pocket the blue gem and continue on through the caverns.

Leave

You decide to simply not engage the little gray-skinned creature any more than you already have, and continue on your way through the caverns.

Item: Crush Crystal

This small blue gem is the size of a walnut. It's covered in hexagonal facets. Looked at directly, each facet is as clear as water, but reflects a blue shimmer in the light. Hammered out of the cavern walls of Myrellion, it can boost your shields for a short time.

Use: You crush the small gem in your hand, and it crumbles like a snack chip. A burst of blue energy erupts from it, crackling over your fingers. You feel no pain as it arcs out around you. Your shield glows blue for a moment and your Codex beeps at you.

"A sustainable overcharge has been integrated into your shield generator," it chirps. "Your shields are currently functioning in excess of 100% capacity."

[+10 boost to shields, +5% Kinetic resistance, for 1 hour.]