
Choice #1 - Classic Runeterra, Xayah (Heat)

Valentine's day. Something about it was absolutely dreadful to the vastayan girl, pushing back a washed out purple hood and letting a long sigh escape from her open mouth. She ached for something; a fire building on the charcoal left behind by an inferno that was not too long departed. Her smooth thighs rubbed together, teeth anxiously biting at her lower lip. Restlessness had begun to set in, gnawing away and prompting her to shift and fidget in her seat. Fingers curled around the edge of her seat, her other hand pushing through her fluffy red locks. There were eyes on her, the girl with a burning red face.

"Are you alright Xayah? You seem unwell," one of the members of her tribe spoke up. Her eyes widened, pupils contracting as she came back to her senses.

"Yes!" Xayah blurted out. She shot out of her seat. "I mean, no- I'm sorry," she apologized, her voice somewhat louder than intended. "I need to- Excuse me." There was no room to respond as she escaped the suffocating interior of her tent, making a beeline straight for the edge of the woods and slipping behind the first suitably large tree. Privacy, or at least what semblance of it she could attain in these parts, suitable enough to hike up her skirt.

"Dammit? Why now?" She softly whined, her bosom heaving in the confines of her claustrophobic cloak.. She was in a terrible, absolutely miserable heat.

Choice #2 - She finds underneath; a painfully throbbing hard-on. (Xayah will be futa.)

A stiff mass of flesh bending up against the inside of her skirt slowly slipped free as the fabric raised, an exhalation of relief escaping her plump lips. It throbbed out in the open, each little jump a desperate cry for attention as it ached sorely, pre-cum drooling from its cusp in generous strands and drizzling the grass in a pearly sheen. The cool air of the morning exterior felt nice against her warm skin, glancing briefly side to side before reaching down and grasping it firmly in hand. Her palm ran across the surface, running dainty fingers over every vein and bump along its shaft, caressing its underbelly gingerly.

"Fuck," she gasped. Her weight shifted back, propping herself up against the tree, idly toying with that fat length with eyes that were not quite present in the moment. Was it bigger this time? She pressed it against the side of her forearm, just as thick and nearly as long, two bloated balls adorning that wrist-thick hilt jostling slightly with each idle tug. "Again-nngh? Why now?" She whined, ears slightly drooping. She looked - and felt - absolutely pitiful, a state of fragile vulnerability she wasn't particularly familiar with or fond of feeling. It'd been just shy of a few hours since she'd last jerked off and she was already once more at her breaking point, primal

urges fighting a fierce battle with her rational brain and attempting to take over - filled with the uncontrollable urge to stuff the first set of breathing, walking holes she saw.

These dreadful heat cycles always started the same way - going to bed as normal and waking up with a raging erection, without warning, drenched in sweat and on the verge of ejaculating from the sensation of silk sliding over her sensitive prick. Her hand hardly cut it anymore - to cum, fine, but satisfaction was a different breed of beast - not when her internal clock screamed and begged with her that she begin rebuilding her tribe while she was still young enough to pump out litters of kids in a single afternoon.

Xayah gritted her teeth and removed a palm, slightly slick with sweat and seed. These cycles often last roughly a week, starting some time while she slept, so she had roughly 160 hours of hell to endure. Even now her shaft twitched with no present stimulation and ejected what was nearly a competent rope of cum by normal standards into the dirt below. She groaned and trembled. She had to make a decision.

Xayah is currently aroused (40%).

The horny meter is a mechanic that will add failure checks to polls as we go, and may even unlock new dialogue and poll options! Who knows what will happen at 100%?

Choice #3 - Suppress the urge - stuff it back in her skirt and return to camp.

<20% chance to fail>

War raged briefly in her thoughts, her heart racing from the knowledge that she could be caught at any moment. Jerking off here in the bushes would be utterly pitiful, even outright shameful if she were caught. Her particular circumstance was not well known among the settlement, if at all, and she preferred to keep it that way. With some hesitation she pushed down on the shaft, attempting to stuff it between her thighs, before realizing that was doomed from the start as it sprang back up, flinging pre-cum like a catapult. She groaned softly, internally wondering what she did to deserve this. One hand delicately took the shaft and pulled back until it was flat against her belly, tugging her skirt down until it came over the tip and unrolling it down her thighs until it concealed the full, throbbing mass.

Xayah made her way back to camp, bare shaft awkwardly rubbing against the inside of her shirt. She wondered if she could really make it - the settlement had grown quite large in the last year and she had a bit of a way to walk yet. Her matters weren't pressing, but her disappearance was suspicious to say the least. She didn't want to worry anyone, if only to avoid having them inquire any deeper.

<Success>

Still she endured, a testament to her willpower shining through, re-entering the grand tent at the center of camp. She didn't come this far just to lose to some base animal instinct. Several sets of eyes landed on her as she entered, a soft clamor following. Xayah took a chair at the long table in the center, several empty seats over from any of the others, and crossed her legs, hoping that her warm cheeks weren't too visibly flushed.

"Xayah? Are you alright?" A softer spoken Lhotlan girl spoke up, immediately swooping in to take the nearest seat possible. Xayah tensed up immediately, ears perking up. They made eye contact. The girl before her was **Ishtar**, a girl even shorter than she, one with a soft face and slightly droopy eyes. Long, wavy black hair with the faintest hue of blue settled over her shoulders, tresses framing her round, pale cheeks as they curled inward. Wide, dark eyes stared at Xayah, a deep concern visible behind their soulful glimmer, reaching out to gently touch her palm to Xayah's head. Xayah gently batted her away, clearing her throat.

"Ah-ahem, I'm fine," she reassured. She broke eye contact and let her eyes wander down over Ishtar's frame, seated so gingerly on the edge of her seat. She was a slender girl with just enough plump in all the right places, in particular those pillowy thighs of hers, Xayah's thoughts starting to wander as she fixated on that supple display of skin showcased by a wonderfully short skirt. Ishtar was a sweet girl who behaved just as gently as she looked, Xayah perversely beginning to wonder if she could...

"Is it... Because Rakan isn't here?" Ishtar asked with a slight pout. "I'm sure it's rough, being away from each other on Valentine's day and all." That snapped Xayah out of it, perking up and forcing an awkward laugh almost immediately. A few stray gazes were caught by this louder than intended outburst, but Xayah spread her hands and shook her head.

"No, no," she denied immediately. It was true that she did miss him, but he was the furthest thing from her mind at the time - given the more pressing matters she had at hand, in particular that which was pressing against the inside of her shirt. Rakan, and for that matter most of the men of the tribe, were out aiding a nearby village to begin rebuilding after a disaster had torn their homes asunder. They were laying the groundwork for future relations to open with a pivotal location not too far from their camp, which naturally meant resources and further reach. She couldn't be so selfish as to miss Rakan - though she had no doubts he was doing as much flirting as he was working.

"What's wrong, missin' yer loverboy?" Xayah found her field of view obstructed by an exposed midriff, a toned belly with a studded piercing. Another, more tomboyish, Lhotlan had approached, taking a seat at the edge of the table and looking down upon Xayah, one hand idly toying with a looped chain that dangled from her backwards slanted ears. She was **Farah**; a tanned, taller woman with wild, shoulder-length hair that was naturally a vibrant red, the underlayer a curious gradient from green to blue. Golden eyes with the same brilliant shine of the set of three gilded rings in her left ear peered mischievously down at Xayah, who could only defeatedly sigh.

"I said no," she grumbled, shifting her gaze away. Thoughts of licking the sweat from Farah's bare abs flashed through her head, an odd, utterly despicable - yet somehow arousing - train of thought that slowly drew a deeper blush to her cheeks. Why did they flock to her now? She had to think of an excuse.

Xayah is currently horny. (50%)

Choice #4 - [Horny] Space out and fantasize about both girls, one after another. And then both at once.

"I'm just... I... Uhm..." Xayah's eyes glazed over as both girls watched her expectantly. Had they always been so... Erotic? Her gaze trailed first over Ishtar's nice and plump lips, painted a glossy shade of black. Thoughts of how they tasted and how supple they would feel against her own crept into Xayah's thoughts, making her head fuzzy with a growing longing deep in the pit of her stomach. She always smelled so nice, too, and her skin was so soft when they hugged. The already prominent bulge underneath Xayah's cloak throbbed wildly. How had she never noticed these things? Her eyes dared to wander south, even in the face of being silently scrutinized.

Her gaze fell over Ishtar's shapely hips and the absolute territory beneath the hem of that dangerously short skirt. For a girl so petite she had such plump, pillowy thighs, a sea of pale flesh that looked as if Xayah's fingers could sink into them endlessly. She really was the perfect size to pick up and pin up the wall, something Xayah began to ache for, to wrap those smooth legs around her waist and to lock lips passionately. It would be no more challenging than hauling around a doll, Ishtar almost just as slender and picturesque. Of course, even more than that Xayah wanted to be smothered - to have her face buried in the girl's tight ass, to be smothered between those thighs. To be ridden while clutching those thighs for dear life while getting her hard cock stroked and milked, maybe to even have her aching dick graced by the touch of those wet lips. Once Ishtar was thoroughly exhausted then it would be her turn, naturally, and it would be all too easy for Xayah to lift the girl up and bounce that doughy ass off of her lap, to lift those legs and use the girl like a gracefully built toy.

The worst part was that Xayah confidently knew that Ishtar would let all of this happen, should she only ask; a prospect that strangely thrilled her to no end.

Her gaze shifted over to the other, spunkier girl. All of these thoughts were so rapidly flashing through her lust-addled mind, an eternity of horny passing in meager real time seconds. Where would she even start with Farah? The underboob of a loose, draped halter top was a good start, with an impressive bust that put most other girls in the tribe to shame. The faintest hint of tan lines were promised by the occasional flash of just barely too much skin, which she wanted to explore very much, but she was never fortunate enough to see more than just a teaser. To be blunt Xayah wanted to be jerked off by those tits more than she wanted to rebuild her tribe - and

that was a trade she'd make in a heartbeat. She wanted to pound herself into those bronzed jugs and be taken on a ride for dear life until she blew all over Farah's smug face.

Not that she expected to be allowed to top so easily, as Ishtar to Xayah was Xayah to Farah; a head shorter and significantly more fragile by comparison. Farah's body was lean and toned, ideal for physical labor and heavy lifting. It would be trivial for Farah to spread Xayah's legs apart and ride her until she was shooting blanks into the firm grip of those hot, pink walls. The amazon position came to mind, which made Xayah start to blush nervously and profusely. Would this be preferable to getting to dominate Farah and to reduce her to a moaning, feminine mess? Sometimes being a switch meant suffering through indecisiveness. Such an inability to choose a preferable outcome was further deepened when realizing that she was faced with two options; Ishtar or Farah?

Both of these trains of thoughts slowly began to merge onto one track, her feverish daydreaming deepening. There was more than enough of her to go around, she could probably handle two at once. To have both face and cock ridden wildly, to pin one while making out with the other. The idea of having one sucking her balls while the other toyed with her pulsating shaft, ready to blow all over them at any second. Her thighs grinded together, her dick twitching like mad underneath her skirt. Thoughts of being sandwiched between Ishtar's smaller bosom while sizing herself up against Farah's larger bust, but still being massaged by both grinding their chests up along Xayah's drooling length in tandem. Would they compete? Ishtar had never seemed like the type, but Farah certainly was. She wondered...

A world of lewd ideals shattered in an instant as she felt a tender hand touch her forehead. Xayah's eyes widened, as if waking up from a trance.

"Oh my gosh, you're burning up!" Ishtar remarked, frowning slightly. "I'm not taking no for an answer, we're getting you to bed." She grabbed Xayah by the wrist and tugged, to no avail as Xayah refused to budge. It was partially because of the raging tent underneath her cloak, less than it was a willingness to go.

"I- Uh..." She trailed off, searching for an excuse yet again. There was none that she could think of, and she knew that Ishtar wouldn't relent until she was in bed.

Xayah is currently desperately horny. (85%)

Choice #5 - Go with Ishtar - but fake a stomach ache and hunch over in a weird way.

The slender fingers of a girl far too small and delicate gripped Xayah's wrist tight, pulling her from her seat with relative ease. Xayah had to think fast, unable to competently refuse the offer, clutching a hand over her bulge and lurching forward with a violent groan.

“Ah-ah.... My stomach,” she grunted. Farah snickered - only to be quickly silenced by a glance from Ishtar. Ishtar reached out and began to gently rub Xayah’s shoulders, prompting her to tense up a bit before immediately relaxing. “I’ll be fine,” Xayah forced grin with gritted teeth, the struggle of enduring the touch of cloth sliding over her sensitive shaft able to be passed off as cramps and pains.

“Poor thing,” Ishtar pouted, taking Xayah by the arm and guiding her out of the tent. There was a mutual silence as they slowly trekked back towards Xayah’s private quarters, thoughts racing through Xayah’s head. How would Ishtar react if she revealed the real reason she was behaving like this? It was only natural to vastayans, a biological response to their more primal genetics, the basic urge to reproduce and breathe new life into the tribe. Something the Lhotlans so desperately needed. Her gaze trailed over towards the girl clutching her arm, slightly out in front, watching the way those hips swayed and hints of that ass peeked out from a fluttering skirt in the cool breeze of this gentle spring afternoon. Those child-bearing hips had such a delightful gait to them, frantic thoughts of mounting the unaware girl flashing through Xayah’s ill brain.

“I’ll be fine from here, really!” Xayah blurted out as they reached the front of Xayah’s tent. Ishtar firmly shook her head and entered first, still dragging Xayah along with relative ease. Oh boy. Xayah’s heart pounded in her throat, acknowledging that the truth would come out sooner or later.

“Come, come. Lay down,” Ishtar instructed. She came to sit at the edge of Xayah’s cot, peeling the blanket back and patting the sheet invitingly. “I don’t want you worrying about a thing, I’ll take care of you until you’re good as new!” Xayah stood awkwardly at the center of the room, both hands over her stomach in an exaggeratedly hunched over position. They locked eyes, sweat beading down Xayah’s red face.

Xayah is currently desperately horny. (90%)

Choice #6 - [Horny] Give in to primal instinct and pounce.

“Xayah?” Ishtar asked, watching her companion stare into space. Something was certainly off. A piercing set of hungry eyes scrutinized every inch of Ishtar’s figure. The situation provoked fantasies, their isolation and the sight of such a pretty girl seated on her very own bed offering no solace from the already snowballing effects of her expanding library of perverse fantasies. It felt like an internal meter of some sort was rapidly growing, filling to its capacity, counting up rapidly from an already ridiculously high value to the absolute limit. Steam burst from her ears, brain overheating alongside the duress of a siren blaring in her thoughts, flashing red lights behind her glazed over vision warning her of impending emergency.

Xayah has reached critical horny!! (100%)

Humanity began to melt away, and with it all traces of competent thought vanished. There was no hesitation in her sweeping motion forward, a yelp sounding out from underneath. The collision was soft, her face buried deep into the gentle embrace of two small yet perky mounds through Ishtar's baggy black shawl. Hands interlocked, fingers intertwining in the spaces between, Xayah pinning both wrists of her prey to the cot below, a bulge no longer concealed mashing up against the girl's bare legs and making itself plainly known.

"Xayah?" Ishtar softly called out in audible confusion, her body tense. She didn't resist, even as Xayah began to kiss and lick at her exposed neck, submissively laying calm under her attacker - only shifting weight around in search of a more comfortable way to situate herself. She awkwardly spread those plump thighs, gripping them against Xayah's waist, allowing that offensive hard-on to press up against her crotch through their clothes. "Can I... Ask what you're doing?" She sheepishly giggled, her reactions unsurprisingly reserved despite the suddenness of the moment. It was as Xayah predicted, something that simultaneously made her feel bad for taking advantage of... But also thrilled her to no end. Her head drew back, panting heated little breaths right in Ishtar's face, leaving behind the glisten of spit and faint red lipstick marks across that pale skin.

"Isn't it obvious?" She asked, taking one of Ishtar's hands firmly and guiding it between them. A gaze peered deep into Ishtar's dark eyes, but it wasn't the Xayah she'd known all this time - void of familiarity or remorse - unending lust swimming in seas of amber contained only by hazy black limbal rings. Pupils contracted and dilated wildly as if at odds with themselves, only to finally settle in a wildly expanded state as Ishtar's palm was placed against the cusp of her bulge. Xayah guided those slender fingers to begin caressing along the length of the swollen tent, teeth digging into her lower lip as she braced herself against the excitement. The feel of another, even through fabric, began to drive her even wilder - an dreadfully long-winded abstinence broken, the type that gnawed at her core and whittled away her sanity. It was overwhelming and boundlessly thrilling.

"I... Guess so," Ishtar agreed, supposing that it was quite obvious. The question of what Xayah was doing was redundant, they both knew this. "I guess I should ask what you're going to do with me, then?" A calmly proposed question left Xayah with a pause for thought, something she hadn't been doing up until this point. She stared down with a dumbfounded look, just as the wild animal she'd become, observing the features of a girl who showed not a trace of fear or discomfort in the face of looming threat to her well-being. She idly continued to run her hand along that throbbing tent, just as she'd been wordlessly prompted to do, expression mostly wide-eyed and mysteriously alluring, leading Xayah to break the trance just long enough to ponder exactly what she was doing - and what Ishtar was thinking.

Xayah has lost control!! (100%)

Choice #7 - Smother Ishtar's face until she's drunk on pheromones - make her worship every inch of that girl-dick.

Xayah placed a hand on Ishtar's cheek and pressed a thumb into the girl's mouth, running the thick tip slowly over those succulent black lips before pushing it inside inside - spreading open the girl's surprisingly pliable jaw and eyeing the supple, pink tongue that laid beneath pearly white teeth. The violently pounding heart in her breast skipped a beat, fingers squeezing around Ishtar's wrist, thoughts racing faster.

"Xayah..." Ishtar softly whined, her breath warm and damp against Xayah's fingers. Her rounded cheeks were a cherry red, the first bit of color visible on her otherwise pale face, that doe-eyed gaze of hers unwavering as she peered into the eyes of the beast that had pinned her down. Unguided she continued, toying with that aching bulge with palm flat against the tip through the stained fabric of Xayah's skirt. There was a slight occasional buck into her grip, thoughtless and jumpy, as if it were trying to break free from restraint.

"Hhh... I can't help it, I need this right now," Xayah responded, silencing those protests. Ishtar started to say something but was quickly met by Xayah's tongue being shoved between her lips, blindsiding the girl with a brief but passionate kiss. Her grip loosened, shifting hands down to grasp firmly onto those broad hips. The kiss broke as Xayah peeled away and, in an instant, Ishtar found herself lifted off of the bed with one mighty hoisting motion upward. It was a blur, being swung around with such overpowering force, finding herself at the end of her brief twirl with head dangling off the edge of the cot; her hair a bit messier and her chest beating a bit faster.

"Eep!" she'd cried out with the sudden one-eighty twirl, mentally fumbling to recover - but catching on quickly she realized she was gazing directly into that twitching bulge. Perfectly leveled at the appropriate height for humiliation, Ishtar swallowed hard. Xayah reached down to gently take the girl by the throat and pin her in place - a pointless effort as her prey idly lay still for the predator to do as she pleased, however - while her other hand hastily yanked up that skirt.

There was a gasp from below, Ishtar finding herself beneath Xayah's bare cock as it sprung free and slapped her right in the cheek. She winced, now faced with an impressively thick and desperately throbbing length laid flat across her perplexed visage. Xayah's hips squared up, burying Ishtar's nose deep into the hilt of her slightly sweaty shaft and against the cleft of her sack - obscuring the girl's view and leaving her to gaze deep into that pair of smooth, pale balls. They jostled slightly with the rocking motion of Xayah's scorching hot length sliding over her face, slippery with a generous coating of pre-cum and sweat, grinding itself into her soft skin. Ishtar swallowed hard, easily deducing by feel alone that Xayah was absolutely fucking massive in comparison to her petite frame; able to tell that behemoth was longer than her face, and that dense weight suggesting that it was no doubt far too thick to even dream of fitting it into her small mouth.

In spite of it all Ishtar was panting, with tongue slightly hanging from her parted lips. Her breath was heated, clouding around the shaft that made its perch over her face. Females didn't go into the same traditional heat cycles that males did (or in this peculiar case, Xayah), but they were responsive and receptive to them - to the scent of an alpha come to claim them, the scent Ishtar was drowning in. Enraged pheromones smothered her, choking out all other senses and invading her headspace, a compatible mate in heat making easy work of wearing down her composure.

"Hnn... Xayahhh..." She softly called out again, a repeat of her feeble little cries from before as she was unable to find the words, the pitch of her soft voice struggling to choose between concern and longing. That shaft slid back across her face and the tip pressed against her waiting lips, the swollen head drooling pre-cum onto a tongue enthusiastic to begin swadling its bulbous shape. Fingers curled into Ishtar's throat, Xayah bracing herself with a tighter grip, gentle smooches causing legs to tremble when paired with the lapping of a succulent tongue across the sensitive pink glans of that pulsating shaft. Xayah whined softly, any semblance of her own composure melting away, grasping her turgid length by its base and slowly stroking her slender fingers along its girth into that waiting mouth. A constant trickle of seed was milked out this way, which Ishtar happily polished off from the rounded cusp.

Xayah lifted and slapped her shaft off of those lips a few times, wet smacks of the tip bouncing off of that outstretched tongue. She had Ishtar exactly where she'd wanted her - and that mouth was just as receptive as she could dream of hoping.

Choice #8 - Xayah can't wait any longer, stretch that jaw around her girth and swab that throat balls-deep!

That meaty tip smacked itself off of Ishtar's waiting tongue one final time before it properly began to line itself up, Xayah gripping her shaft firmly by the hilt and wedging her impossibly thick girth into that open, receptive maw. Ishtar's eyes widened slightly, feeling her lips begin to get pushed in by the penetration of that jaw-stretching slab of girl-meat sliding along her tongue and prodding against her throat. Xayah pushed down on Ishtar's chin, tilting the girl's face back, giving herself a clear and straight path down the waiting throat laid out before her. Her thumb caressed the surface of Ishtar's neck, giving it a tender squeeze, while her other hand shifted forward to yank up the girl's cloak and reveal the perky, pale mounds underneath.

"Just open a little wider..." Xayah chuckled, almost as if it were all a sadistic joke, though her breathing was labored and reserved. Her hand ripped off that bra with ease and let Ishtar's chest ripple free, light pink teats with stiff little nubs giving Xayah pleasant eye candy as her hips began to pump forward. To her surprise she actually found a bit of tightness in Ishtar's clenched throat gave way, relaxing her muscles and giving over full control to her assailant, thighs patiently starting to grind together beneath that miniskirt of hers. It was as if she were just

waiting to be used, fidgeting with her hands in her lap, allowing that thick, meaty dick to start sliding down her throat with each methodical thrust forward. That tongue did its best in earnest to massage along the girth, but found it was ultimately too cramped to move much - if at all - while having the same space occupied by a fat cock far too big to fit in her tiny mouth. Unfortunately it seemed they would make it fit, against the odds, Xayah grunting with each purposeful stroke forward.

It was hard to maintain a facade of not being just a reckless beast, a twitching in Xayah's hips compelling her to start wildly hammering away until she stuffed that throat full of cock-flesh and drained her balls deep in that gut. This was far more pleasant, she reminded herself, the slow and steady pace allowing her to feel those soft and supple lips drag back and forth over every inch, pleasuring her twitching length thoroughly as they clung to her girth desperately. A soft sigh escaped, studying the sight of her vascular girth disappearing into those wonderfully plush cock-suckers, reaching forward to occupy her free hand by grabbing onto one of those palm-sized breasts and squeezing tight. Ishtar whined softly, a glance upward revealing that she had her skirt flipped up - knuckles deep in a glistening wet cunt - with thighs spread and panties tugged aside.

Xayah bit her lip, a powerful throb surging down her shaft, enthralled by the sight of the girl's arousal. Her hips began to move faster, sack starting to slap into wincing eyes below, audible little 'glks' present alongside the wet sounds of slurping and schlicking produced by that thick shaft plunging itself down that tight, sloppy throat. Spit began to leak from those glossy black lips, bubbles forming around that girth as it slid in and out so crudely, the skin around those cock-suckers shining with drool and streaking frothy ropes of drool across the shaft so eagerly continuing to jam its way into her tired jaw.

Ishtar's eyes began to slowly roll back, hesitantly raising one shaky hand to press fingers against Xayah's waist in a wordless attempt to convey her need to breathe. There was a give, to her surprise, the hips that had been drawing dangerously near her face drawing back until that shaft dislodged itself from her pursed lips and slapping carelessly across her cheeks. She could feel it quivering against her flesh, a constant trickle of seed telling of its inevitable climax, marked up in streaks of black lipstick leading to a solid ring of it just beyond the halfway mark of its full length - proof of Ishtar's submission to an alpha vastayan's dick. Xayah groaned and slapped one of Ishtar's breasts, drawing a sharp yelp from the girl as the flesh wobbled under that rude palm, before reaching to grip her length as it drooped under its own weight to perch against Ishtar's face.

"Such a sloppy little throat on you," Xayah teased with a gentle groan, fist gliding along the wet shaft and jerking it slowly. It hovered just over those glazed-over eyes, Ishtar whining and panting wildly. Coughing and sputtering in a fierce attempt to catch her breath, Xayah unable to feel remorse with how fast her head raced with thoughts of pure, unsatisfied lust for the girl before her. She needed more.

Choice #9 - No stopping now, back down that sloppy throat until she takes every. Last. Damn. Inch! Abuse that poor jaw!

The tip of her shaft jammed itself between those gasping lips once more, a muffled moan audible from beneath as that tongue moved to accommodate and eager to please lips sealed firmly around the girth. Ishtar began to nurse gently, both hands shoved between legs spread as wide as they could manage and moving furiously beneath the cover of an awkwardly bunched up skirt. Xayah leaned forward, still gripping her shaft firmly, hips starting to lower inch after inch of her length between those suckling lips.

“Nnfh... I need more of this fucking throat-pussy,” she huffed such crude words, eliciting a deeper shade of blush from Ishtar. “Relax your jaw, you’re taking it to the nuts this time.” A simple instruction, removing her grasp around the base to brace both hands against the cot. Her thighs parted, positioning herself in more of a V over Ishtar’s face, wiggling her hips a bit in preparation to properly mount and absolutely ruin the needy slut’s tight little throat.

There was a forceful buck downwards, an immediate and stifled grunt followed by that windpipe tensing around her girth - only to immediately relax, as per instruction. She was doing her best, Xayah taking advantage of this obedience and slamming down again. Deeper this time, just a few inches away from making the girl smooch the base. There was less time to adjust before a third thrust, then a fourth, fifth, and so on - Xayah working into a steady rhythm of powerful thrusts. Balls slapped off of Ishtar’s face, lips being smashed against that crotch ruthlessly, the tip visible in her bulging neck as it drew back before plunging deeper and disappearing beyond her collarbone again.

This was an odd form of mind-numbing bliss for the girl who had never had the chance to experiment in the bedroom before, so often reserved in her mannerisms and overlooked by those seeking mates, finding a compelling enjoyment in this. In getting her throat swabbed like she were some kind of toy for the fat-cocked Xayah - who was more than happy to furiously slam her hips into those tightly sealed wet lips with mindless repetition - and all she had to do was lay there and enjoy it, attempting to match the rhythm of Xayah’s hips with the fervent thrusting of her fingers into her dripping slit. The taste and scents were absolutely overwhelming, senses flooded by thoughts of sweat and sex. All she could do was focus on the feeling of having her throat stretched so thoroughly, the feel of being put in her place by an alpha, a constant reminder of her submission. Her body went stiff, back arching and toes curling, braced against the cot and thrusting hips into the air. She managed to climax from having her face fucked alone.

Ishtar has developed an oral fixation.

Xayah’s hips did not slow as Ishtar trembled underneath, blocking out the more human traits of her mate to absolve herself of all possible mercy, continuing to wildly buck away and flooding the tent with the constant tempo meaty thuds and messy, wet slurping. She moved one hand to

grip Ishtar's chest tight, kneading the pale flesh under her paw with nails indenting the flesh, trying to occupy her thoughts with anything other than the building pleasure in her loins. It was becoming too much, that blissful tightness doing all it could to milk her dry. Her lips parted, tongue hanging free, starting to pant just like the animal in heat she was behaving like. A powerful spasm surged down her shaft, able to be felt deep in Ishtar's throat. She had to make one final decision, and rather quickly at that.

Choice #10 - Pull out and cover Ishtar's face and chest - mark her as territory properly with that scent, she's Xayah's now!

Quick, shallow breaths from above as Xayah reached her breaking point. She yanked her hips back, one hand coming to clutch the exposed base of her shaft tight, dragging back the tip from those firmly sealed cock-suckers and popping it free. Bridges of spit and drool made a mess of Ishtar's fair face, that spit shined shaft hovering just above painted black from the tip to the balls, Xayah starting to furiously jerk that throbbing mass of girl-meat as her bosom heaved and her body went rigid. Eyes twitched and rolled back as she felt a pair of rather accommodating lips begin to smooch and lick at her balls while she stroked to the finish - a hot rope of spunk jettisoned from the enlarged tip and splattering across Ishtar's chest. Xayah grunted, attempting to stifle moans that would no doubt be heard across the entire camp, gritting her teeth and bearing the tingles of pleasure shooting up her arched spine.

She took a step back, free hand moving to caress the side of Ishtar's face and holding it steady, as she deliberately took aim to shoot streaks of that pearly seed across those delicate features. Ishtar laid with mouth gaping and tongue outstretched to catch what haphazardly discharged cum she could - but it mostly landed anywhere but. Hair, cheeks, one unfortunately strung over her lashes. She whined softly, still thoughtlessly fingering herself as she was showered in hot, sticky cream, licking up what landed near her lips.

"Hahh..." Xayah softly gasped, admiring her handiwork by the end of it. Both tits and face were thoroughly glazed with a load that had been backed up since the early morning, which both wasn't particularly long and simultaneously far too long for a vastayan in such a deep heat. Her thumb gently stroked Ishtar's cheek, gazing deep into those lust-stricken eyes, before her hand suddenly recoiled. "I uh... I'm sorry," she awkwardly apologized. Ishtar nodded slightly, as if in understanding, though with a vacant look, starting to slowly lift her glistening fingers from her slit. It took a moment, the girl's legs and arms wobbly and head still spinning, but she managed to sit upright and start adjusting her clothes. At some point her face had turned a blazing red, settling for a face covered in cum as she quickly hurried out of the tent and left Xayah to her own devices.

Xayah sighed and sat down on her cot, mentally reassuring herself that Ishtar would be fine. It was a bit curious to think that she'd been in such a hurry to leave though, not even taking the time to clean up properly, as if a trance had abruptly broken and a sea of embarrassment had

crashed down onto her all at once. She made a mental note to go talk to her about it later and apologize, if nothing else, laying down on her bed and, in the blink of an eye, realizing she was hard as a rock again.

“Already...?” She grumbled, glaring down at the tent in her sheets through heavy eyelids. The bell ringing from the center of camp in the distance caught her attention - hand-delivering the slow realization that she’d just blacked out until the following morning. She’d passed out in a single moment and slept like a rock through the rest of the evening, shooting straight up in her bed and peeling away the blanket to find the mess still visibly painted - though now dry - across her shaft.

“Ugh... Dammit. I just got rid of this thing too. Fucker.”

Xayah is currently horny. (50%)

Choice #11 - Head to the communal hot springs and take a bath.

A long, weary sigh escaped her lips. Setting aside everything else, she realized she really needed a long, relaxing bath to melt away this built up tension that weighed too heavily on her tired shoulders. Xayah picked herself up and pulled on her cloak, shuffling out of her tent with an awkward half-boner between her legs once more, and made her way down to the baths.

It was quiet, thankfully, the beaten path through the woods offering a pleasant walk to clear her thoughts in itself. It came into view, just around the bend, gorgeous sparkling waters surrounded by rocks and gently swaying trees with leaves of pink and blue. Petals fluttered by as they delicately floated to the ground, serenity overtaking the girl whose thoughts were polluted by lust. She dropped her cloak and stripped, stark naked with dick bobbing about - attempting to calm that incessant blood flow mentally. She dipped a toe in, then a foot, slipping the rest of her curvy figure in shortly thereafter and wading out to the far end to cling to a large, flat rock that served as a natural sort of ledge. She rested arms and chin upon it, closing her eyes and focusing.

This was nice. Lewd ideas drifted away peacefully, replacing the droning in her head constantly begging to breed with nothing but the flow of rushing water. She felt herself go flaccid, shoulders finally allowed to droop as the burden of genetic obligation was lifted. If she wasn’t careful it was entirely possible she’d fall asleep, here and there, but the sound of splashing drew her attention. Ears rotated back, turning her head to catch an eyeful of a plump, pillowy figure sitting at the opposite edge - water no higher than her knees.

“Xayah! Didn’t expect to see you out here,” a sweet voice called out. Xayah’s eyes went wide, trapped like a deer in headlights, quick to ogle every inch of the woman’s body as she sat at a loss for words. Fat jugs the size of melons spilled out from a plain white micro-bikini, a sea of

porcelain flesh mashing together in a top that was a size too small, an open display of underboob and rippling flesh that made Xayah openly start to drool with a slack jaw. The figure of a goddess herself shackled to earth was on full display - from slender shoulders and a gorgeous collarbone down to wide, almost exaggerated, motherly hips with a matching thong wedged between those incredibly soft and inviting thighs squished together as they sat flat on the ledge. There was far too much plump and plush in all the exact right places for one vastayan to handle, but Xayah wanted to grope and squeeze every damned inch of it. It was the camp's certified MILF, Aisha, the one thing that threatened the already wobbly foundation of mental fortitude that Xayah had just managed to rebuild from the ground up.

"I- Uh- Uhh," Xayah stammered, fumbling over her words as she quickly shuffled through thoughts, nervous, heavy breathing through a slack jaw audible in her panic. Life began to stir beneath the surface of the water anew, pulsating to half-mast, opting to slip her body down until she was submerged up to her neck. "Hi!" she blurted out, avoiding eye contact at all cost, using both hands to push down on the back of her shaft in an attempt to suppress and hide her hard-on oh-so desperately.

"A lovely day, isn't it?" Aisha sweetly hummed, her voice melodic and sweet like honey. Her long, fluffy ears swayed in the breeze, not unlike Xayah's in their more pointed triangular shape, the same color as her long marigold hair that curled outward at the ends. She slid forward, dipping underneath the water almost entirely - before popping back up with a moderate wave, offering a view that existed as if purely to torment Xayah. Those large, jiggly mounds glistened with a sheen of water cascading over their oh-so pleasant curves, immediately stealing away Xayah's breath and decisively making her dick surge to a fully engorged erection between her clenched thighs.

"Yesss..." Xayah replied in a hushed tone, unable to pry her eyes away from those massive globes of flesh, one hand automatically idly toying with the sensitive tip of her length. She bit her lip, a quick glance up meeting the curious gaze of her bathing partner's gray eyes. "I mean, it's very nice today, yeah," she forced a laugh. A cheery, almost airheaded smile formed across Aisha's plum-colored lips, giving a slight and warm nod agreement.

"Have any plans for today?" She chimed happily, arms stretching high above and causing that bikini to threaten to snap and let those massive jugs bounce free. Xayah could only pray.

Xayah is currently down bad. (65%)

Choice #12 - "Meeting with Ishtar later. You?"

"Meeting with Ishtar later," Xayah calmed her nerves and choked out a properly poised response. "And you?" she bounced the ball back into Aisha's court, a quiet sigh escaping her

lips in relief. There was a sweet humming across the way, Xayah watching intently as Aisha caressed hands over her own forearms and had idly begun to wash herself with the springwater.

"Mmhmhmm... Oh not much, I suppose," she plainly remarked. One arm raised up, lifting those breasts in an alluring manner - not that they weren't already provoking fantasies without any effort on Aisha's part - and trailing fingers along the underside, over her cleanly shaven armpit and down the side of her bosom. It was an arousing display of bare flesh shining with the brilliant glow of a flawless complexion drenched wet, not that Aisha's body needed any help to be so dangerously erotic, Xayah unable to resist continuing to idly toy with herself underneath the calm surface of the spring. "Though... I can trust you, right? Something just between us girls?" She lifted those wide, gorgeous eyes and peered directly into Xayah's soul with an all too innocent expression.

"Uh... Sure," Xayah answered, her fidgeting ceasing for a moment. Ears twitched, enticed to listen intently, amber gaze scrutinizing Aisha's face frantically in search of some kind of clue - desperately curious about what the nature of this secret would be. The woman's cheeks grew red.

"I'm sure you feel it too but..." Aisha exhaled sharply, as if to build confidence. "This is the longest dry spell I've suffered through, with all the men gone..." She wistfully trailed off, placing her hands on her cheeks and massaging them slowly, her stare downcast into the surface of the springs. "Well, I'm sure you get the picture. I've been stuck in my tent all this time - this is the first chance I've gotten to get out and wash off all this disgusting sweat." A happy little smile formed as she continued washing, her face still glowing a bit, closing her eyes as she ran hands over both breasts.

"Oh no, I can't... Imagine..." Xayah blanked out, her head racing with thoughts. Was she being fucked with? Aisha must have been fucking with her. This had to have been a prank, glancing down at the murky water. There was a faint outline of her form beneath the water that faded with the ripple of the surface as their bodies shifted about and disturbed its peace. There was no way Aisha saw, unless her vision was that keen. Maybe she'd caught the sight before Xayah had even gotten into the bath? Had she intercepted Ishtar the night before and heard everything? This was definitely some cruel, unusual little joke being played on her. Karma for taking advantage of Ishtar's willingness to help.

Yet that naive, innocent expression paired with the cruel and almost malicious movement of those hands gliding across those massive, pillowy jugs - paired with the thought of Aisha frantically fingerbanging herself in bed, sweaty and desperate for companionship - it was almost too much. She whined under her breath, wildly pulsating underneath the water, toes curling and fingers clenching her girth tight. There was no choice but to remove her hands altogether before she managed to push herself to the brink, somehow, resting them idly against her collarbone and sinking her entire body a few inches deeper down. She stared intensely at the woman as she bathed.

"Mmh?" Aisha sweetly sang, opening one eye. "Well, it's something that only seems to get worse as years go by. I'm sure you feel it too, just maybe not as desperately. It's just in our nature, I suppose, all of us deal with it, though maybe some more than others. My body seems to think that these are my prime years for having kids, though I'd certainly like to wait a little longer..." She mused aloud with a playful titter. "No harm in having fun now and again, though! But... Unfortunately the sweethearts that usually come by won't be home for a few weeks yet... Hmm..." She huffed, pouting a bit. "I'm sure they feel the same, but the charmers they are - they probably won't have any issue finding a quick romp among the human women." She was obviously a bit frustrated, her tone souring a bit, even her movements became more aggressive; fingers indenting the flesh as she thoughtlessly had begun to full-on fondle her own chest, palms running along the underside of those mounds and hoisting them up. Xayah's eyelids fluttered slightly, praying the gods just take her now before she does something embarrassing.

Unfortunately, if they were watching it was most likely with borderline sadistic anticipation.

Xayah is down horrendous, the most despicably down she's ever been. (85%)

Choice #13 - [Horny] "I could help with that, you know." Stand up out of the water and flash her with that massive hard-on in its full glory. <25% Fail>.

"I could help you with that, you know," she blurted out. Fog overtook Xayah's thoughts, drowning out rationale in favor of impulsiveness. A gentle little lip bite as she glanced down at the surface of the water, still idly stroking her length underneath, before bracing her legs and pushing up against the ledge with one arm. She slowly began to rise, water parting around her bosom as she dramatically lifted herself up to just her midriff. Aisha peeked at Xayah out of just one eye again.

"Help with what?" She asked, not quite following. There was a pause for thought, Xayah contemplating whether or not this was the most sane idea she'd ever had. It most certainly wasn't, not by a long shot, and even still she found herself steeling her anxious nerves and pulling herself up. Aisha gasped, clasping both hands over her mouth, Xayah's swollen shaft on full display, jutting straight out and drooping under its own weight. "Oh... Oh." Aisha stammered, unable to pry her eyes away from that throbbing length. There was a certain expectation for something awful to come, however, as Aisha sat petrified.

<Success>

"You... Certainly are equipped for that, huh?" She nervously laughed - a sort of excited nervousness, identifiable in her tone, through gritted teeth and a sharp inhale, almost guilty in a way, but by no means disappointed or disgusted. Her hands slipped down, clutching them together within her cleavage, hoisting that chest with forearms as if to properly present it in turn.

"In fact you're rather b... Big, hmm?" She had begun to softly pant, bosom rising and falling rapidly.

"Is it really that big?" Xayah asked, deciding to make idle chit chat to occupy them as she slowly waded forward. She took the shaft in hand, deciding to openly stroke and pump as she approached, swaying and teasing it side to side a bit - flaunting its size and thickness. It seemed to work, Aisha unable to pry her eyes away even for a moment. There was a little nod, the woman having her breath stolen for a second.

"Geeze... Bigger than any of the men in the tribe," Aisha shyly giggled, her cheeks an adorably modest hue of red. "I wouldn't have expected you to... Oh gosh, oookay-" She recoiled a bit as Xayah came to firmly plant herself right in Aisha's face, that meaty hard-on twitching right in her face. She shielded herself with her hands on instinct, but quickly lowered them as curiosity overtook her. "...It's even... Bigger up close. Oh gosh-" she softly fumbled over her words, Xayah silently continuing to work the shaft right over her chest. "And the scent..." She mumbled under her breath, even more embarrassed to confess aloud, unable to finish the thought.

"I can leave if you want," Xayah offered, not quite to the point of imposing her lust onto others. There was a moment's silence before Aisha shook her head slowly, placing two slender hands against either of Xayah's outer thighs and gripping them gently.

"No, I suppose you'll do... Juuust fine," she chimed, glancing up to make eye contact with Xayah's deeply hungry gaze. "I owe you an apology anyway, I guessed wrong. You've been struggling even more than I have, hm? I mean, look how... Absolutely... Pent-up you look. And I've really just been... Sitting here in this tight little bikini... Teasing you, not knowing a thing, this whole time... I'm such an awful person," she remarked with a bit of a playful inflection. She exhaled, her breath warm against the sensitive length, the woman seeking any excuse she could to lend a hand to Xayah - as if she really needed one. There was some semblance of composure to her and her words, but her body language was telling - the way she fidgeted and scooted forward suggested a certain impatience, gripping and massaging Xayah's legs as she awaited some kind of response.

It doesn't even need to be said at this point. (100%)

Choice #14 - [Flirty] "That's right, it's your fault. I'm gonna take all this stress out on that fat ass. Bend over the ledge, there."

"That's right," Xayah nodded slowly. Her jerking ceased, grasping the shaft by its base and holding it firm as it loomed over Aisha's face. "It's your fault, and now look how fucking hard it is." She gave it a little stroke, watching Aisha's eyes dilate as she observed it at an intimate distance. "You need to be punished for it. Don't you agree?" It was an odd sort of role for Xayah

to fulfill, not entirely accustomed to domineering others - but her heart skipped a beat as she watched Aisha begin to fervently nod her head in agreement.

"Yesss... I mean- Yes, I suppose so... I didn't mean to, but I guess this is the only way to make things right, hm?" Wide, pleading eyes stared back at Xayah - who froze in response, Aisha's melodic voice proving to be awfully deceptive for how quickly she'd just signed herself into submission. "There's no other way, after all," she sighed, a bit performatively, but even now she'd inched close enough to mash her chest up against Xayah's legs.

"Good," Xayah remarked with a smirk. Confidence surged, her hard-on throbbing more fiercely than ever. "If you want to dress like a slut, I'll treat you like one. All this pent up stress is getting taken out on that fat ass of yours. Bend over the ledge for me." An usually aggressive statement escaped her lips, fueled by her desperate need to breed the woman before her, giving her pause for consideration as to whether she'd gone too far.

"Oh gosh..." Aisha moaned softly under her breath in response - just barely audible. "I'm gonna be forced to... Oh nooo- how have I gotten myself into this situation, now?" It was something of a surprise to Xayah, she'd managed to hide it so well before; but it had begun to overflow now, a little too visibly eager in the way she flipped over and presented herself. She pushed her ass all the way out, water beading down her flesh, hardly much of anything covering it in the way of her bikini bottom as the cloth of it wedged itself deep between her massive cheeks.

"You know exactly how," Xayah chuckled, taking a step forward burying her shaft along the cleft of those massive mounds of ass-meat. She could feel those broad, motherly hips swaying side to side, pressing back into her eagerly, a proper tease. Xayah reached down and gripped the woman by the waist, fingers taking confident purchase of as much skin as they could and digging in tight, pulling back more until her dick was pressed flat against her own stomach. Aisha took the hint and began to roll her hips, up and down, starting to work Xayah's cock with those firm, eager strokes of her cheeks.

"It's so fucking big..." Aisha whined softly, bracing herself against the rock underneath. "I can't believe it... That massive, throbbing cock is going to... You're going to pin me down and nn- use me like a toy and ravage my body... Gonna... Nnn- use me to jerk off with and cover me in your cum like a cheap slut. Probably collar me after and take me back to your place and nn- chain me to your bed, making me suck and worship you for hours and hours... Claim my body as an object to use and degrade... Even then you'll probably say it isn't enough and it's all my fault as you keep fucking me raw... Oh godsss- That thing is gonna fucking destroy me... I'll never be able to think straight again. Hours of... Sweaty, rough sex, I won't be able to walk after either, nn... Hahh, be gentle..." Xayah arched her brow as she listened to Aisha's heavy panting turn into quiet rambling, just above a whisper, seemingly talking to herself. There was some reconsideration of Xayah's choices, but in truth none of what she had overheard sounded terrible by any means - though it may have just been all the blood flow to her erection talking.

At any rate, she had a prime piece of ass sandwiching her dick and it would've been a waste of an opportunity to express concern now.

Choice #15 - Stick it in her pussy, deep and raw - breed her properly!

Xayah leaned back and took a handful of that plump ass in her hand, fingers digging in harshly and spreading those cheeks apart. Her other hand came down and hooked under that thong-adjacent bikini and tugged, a bit of a yelp escaping from before her as she wedgied the poor woman, before pulling it aside to reveal those glistening, pink lips.

"Ahn... So rude," Aisha cooed, leaning further in and pushing her rear up higher. It was a perfectly convenient position for Xayah to grip her shaft in hand and guide it to prod against that tight cunt, which waited with eager anticipation for her arrival, grasping at that doughy ass harshly to keep those thick mounds spread nice and wide. Hips wiggled, inviting her to take the plunge and claim her apology proper, teasing back against that bulbous head and letting it grind along the woman's perverted slit. Xayah abstained just a little longer, choosing instead to stroke herself against it, the occasional little upwards swing of the shaft producing an audible, wet smack of that turgid flesh striking that soft, malleable flesh. Aisha began to whine impatiently, spreading legs further apart, wordlessly begging to be taken.

"Fine, if that's what you want," Xayah chuckled, delivering a quick little smack to one of those cheeks that oh-so pleasantly wobbled under her palm as she did, taking up the invitation and beginning to guide her dick forward. The tip parted those lips around its dense girth, stretching walls around inch after inch as she slid into that embrace, finding herself buried well beyond halfway to the hilt before pausing. "How's it feel? This deep inside of you?" She taunted, both hands moving to possessively clutch and paw at those two mounds of creamy flesh, taking the opportunity to idly roll her hips and stir that shaft around inside those delightfully snug walls.

"It's so... Big..." Aisha thoughtlessly panted, glancing over her shoulders and peering intently back at her own ass, her cheeks burning a bright red. Saying she looked feverish would've been an understatement, her desperation written plainly across her face, restlessly starting to bounce her hips back and kick-starting Xayah's job for her.

"Do you need it that bad?" Xayah asked, getting a bit cocky as she smacked the woman's supple skin again. Aisha gasped and nodded obediently, the jolt of stinging pain causing her cunt to clench tighter around that throbbing length. Xayah's hands caressed up and took firm hold of Aisha's waist instead, deciding to finally oblige, and her pelvis started to barrel into that waiting landing pad. It didn't take particularly much effort to bottom out, smashing her crotch furiously into those orbs of ass-meat and causing them to violently bounce with each strike, but it was definitely worth noting just how damned tight of a fit it really was - working slowly at stretching that slit out to a more comfortable fit, each buck forward earning just a little bit more give.

"I- gods yes, I need you to fucking **use** me," Aisha nodded, tongue stretched out from parted lips as she openly moaned and gasped with each new thrust smashing against her cervix. It almost seemed as if it was too much for her, clutching at the rock underneath her with whatever strength remained in her slender arms, bouncing hips back desperately into each furious pound of Xayah's waist into her from behind, far too enthusiastic about this - but the haze of lust in her cloudy eyes and that all too lewd expression said it all, a sort of brutal honesty about her arousal that only served to make Xayah's own desires to utterly own this woman deepen.

Choice #16 - No sense in not obliging - slam that ass until she's sore and begging for more.

Xayah reached out and grabbed a firm hold of Aisha by either of her wrists, giving each a harsh yank back as her hips powerfully slammed forward once more. A loud clap of a firm pelvis off of plush cheeks echoed, quickly followed by another - and then more - as a steady, speedy rhythm formed. Xayah had begun to jackhammer herself into the woman's thick ass, those perfectly heart-shaped mounds wobbling violently under her heavy pounding, shallow thrusts resulting in no respite for the constantly whining woman underneath.

"Fine, you asked. I'll fucking use you like the slut you are," Xayah growled, indulging in this sort of persona that had been suggested for her, selfishly shoving her dick to the hilt with purposeful bucks of her powerful hips. "Eager little whore bends over on command after being flashed by a fat cock, begging to get knocked up. Why should I treat you like anything less than a breeding sow with udders like those?" Xayah panted, the only response mustered being a sharp moan. Xayah brought Aisha's wrists together to constrain them, freeing up a hand to reach around and grasp at the flesh of those coveted cow-tits spilling out from under Aisha's pinned torso.

"Yes! I'm sorryyy!" Aisha gasped. She threw her hips back, her body responding positively despite being subdued and violated. "My body is - nng - yours! Please!" A high pitched outcry like that was sure to reach the camp as Aisha's moaning intensified, mind being bended by the bliss of an alpha shaft plowing deep into her tightly-gripping walls, thoughts warped by the sensation of having her insides stretched and rearranged so thoroughly as Xayah's waist mashed against her reddening cheeks. She'd be sore and raw by the end and all she could do was beg for more, little yelps of 'more!' and 'fuck me!' escaping pursed lips and a clenched jaw constantly.

"Gh- Fucking whore," Xayah scolded, bringing her palm crashing down on that massive ass and striking her palm off of that sea of rippling flesh. "I bet you spread your legs for everyone in the village ballsy enough to grab these cheeks of yours, hm?" She grunted, reaching out and taking a tuft of those long, golden locks. There was little resistance to a harsh tug back, Aisha's head tilted upward with a pathetically gaping mouth letting her tongue dangle freely - chin seeped with drool and eyes rolled back. "Say it," Xayah growled, tightening her grip and pulling back.

“Yes!” Aisha gasped, those hot, pink walls of hers starting to tighten and flex around that shaft. She was on the brink, slipping deeper into her lust-fogged thoughts, body writhing and limbs trembling feverishly. “Anyone! I’m just a fucking whore! Hhh- Please don’t stop!” She whimpered, eyes fluttering shut. Xayah had no intentions of stopping, after all why would she when she was so close to breaking the poor thing laid underneath her, hips continuing to slam down relentlessly with the stamina of a young, athletic girl fueled by a fierce motivation to deepen the already visible cracks in Aisha’s mind.

Even now she could feel those hips before her start to twist and fidget, that already tight cunt clamping down around her twitching girth oh-so desperately as Aisha’s moans became more pitched. Her entire body began to quake, each thrust sending a spasm up her arched spine, several long, intense moments of unrestrained vibrating before her body went mostly limp - though still twitching beneath each powerful buck of her mate continuing to restlessly pound into her from behind.

Choice #17 - Take control while she’s recovering - flip her onto her back and mating press her!

Xayah’s hands took firm hold of that slender waist and, with surprisingly fierce strength, hoisted Aisha up and flipped her over. There was little resistance, mostly in the form of a gasp and a little leg kick, the body of a woman with shattered willpower no more trivial to reposition than a blow-up doll, Aisha oh-so-easily pinned and subdued. Xayah positioned herself nice and deep between those plump thighs, legs squeezing at her flanks weakly, unable to help but fawn over the sight of those massive jugs hanging asymmetrically from their carelessly half-off bikini top. Erect, pink teats were fully visible, inviting one hand to catch the sensitive little nub between forefinger and thumb and give it a tug, those large, creamy mounds bouncing with each violent thrust into that tight cunt from below.

“Ahn! Th-that’s... Ooh goodness...” Aisha whined, her teeth digging into her lower lip as she had her chest assault. There was no restraint to Xayah’s actions, totally indulging in the body so eagerly offered to her, taking each of those breasts in either hand and kneading them with a harsh grip. Nails bit into skin, grubby palms grasping as much as she possibly could, fingertips indenting the doughy flesh as those mounds were toyed with. A little swat struck down, triggering a yelp and a ripple of skin, the contact of outstretched digits to stinging flesh causing Aisha to tighten up and loudly huff.

“You’re drooling, you fucking slut,” Xayah chuckled, a confident glare peering into glazed over eyes. Aisha was no more than a brainless fuck-sleeve by now, a slave to primal instinct, mindlessly happy to service the thick cock of a vastayan bull. Xayah was happy to indulge, legs lifting up onto the same rock Aisha was pinned to and spreading to slide thighs into the crook of those bent knees. Chests mashed together as she climbed on top, faces hovering just inches apart, reaching down to grasp those broad hips and yank up - that huge ass now hovering a few

inches off of the ground - securely trapping and pinning the pillow-bodied MILF beneath her. "If you want it that bad I'll give it to you, then," Xayah remarked, hips starting to piston down into that waiting slit. Aisha began to moan, her breath warm, right in Xayah's face.

"It'shh... Shoo deep..." Aisha mindlessly panted, tongue outstretched. Xayah's head dipped close and caught it in her own mouth, their lips locking, and intertwining it with her own. She began to slam down faster, shallow but speedy thrusts drilling deep and hard into the entrance to that waiting womb. They moaned in unison, eyes fluttering shut, the wet sounds of slurping audible just underneath the pounding of flesh smacking into those jiggling cheeks from above. It was a perverse scene witnessed only by one set of curious eyes peeking out from the bushes leading back to the village - gone unnoticed by the pair of gleeful sluts mating like there was no tomorrow.

"I'm-nngh," Xayah grunted as she broke the kiss, a bridge of drool connecting her tongue to the sweet, delicious lips of her mate. "I'm gonnggha cum in this whore pussy of yours anhh- Knock you up!" She struggled to get the words out, a moan or some other vocalization of her building pleasure rumbling out from her throat with each thrust. Her words were stiff, unused to being so vocally dominant - but even repeating the same rudimentary insults seemed to continue to deepen Aisha's lust, those walls gripping tighter as the promise of a fully stuffed womb was announced. Legs wrapped around Xayah's waist, offering no alternative to a cream-stuffed MILF, shaft already starting to twitch and spasm in those girth-hugging walls.

There was a final buck accompanied by one more groan, hot, sticky spunk flooding that already cramped slit and pumping deep into that eagerly waiting cervix. Aisha threw her head back, fingers clawing at the stone surface underneath, her back arching forward and grinding her crotch against the root of Xayah's deeply-wedged dick. Xayah latched her lips onto that exposed neck, nipping and suckling on it to distract from the mind-warping bliss of her twitching cock as it emptied what felt like damn-near a gallon of seed into Aisha's guts. It was over in seconds, but their heads were suspended in clouds of ecstasy for what seemed like eternity as they embraced each other tight. A couple of sighs finally escaped and their holds on one another loosened, Xayah peeling back and sliding her softening shaft from those cum-dripping folds. She definitely had to admire her handiwork, though as her eyes trailed up she realized that Aisha was still... Not totally present, sweat-dripping bosom heaving as she sighed and moaned with hands caressing mindlessly over soft stomach, vacant eyes suggesting she was still deeply immersed in the headfog of her lust.

Xayah is satisfied. (15%)

Choice #18 - Cock-slap her a couple times, maybe huffing Xayah's balls will work like smelling salts!

There was no telling what lead to the thoughts that currently began to ruminate in Xayah's head - in particular, as she tiptoed around to the other side of the rock to where Aisha's head dangled off the ledge, the sole intent to perch her fat, sweaty cock over the woman's face. So she did, taking half-drooping shaft in hand and carelessly smacking and smothering it over those red cheeks. A tongue met the underbelly, flattening itself against that mast of cock-flesh and lapping at the sticky coating diligently, an automatic response of a woman too far gone. Xayah tensed up, feeling a second wind surge to her crotch. She shook her head, taking a step back. Could she, though? Slowly did her fingers begin to stroke and tug at the length, contemplating the vulnerability of the woman with such an inviting, heaving bust and wonderfully succulent lips with a beckoning tongue.

She took a step forward, allowing herself to be tempted into the very idea of a second round - only for a hand to grab her by the back of her cloak and yank, hard. She was dragged by her heels into the treeline with ease, the might of an unidentified force carrying her through the brush and into the shadows. Aisha's vacant expression barely seemed to notice, eyes peacefully fluttering shut to take a well-deserved nap under the midday sun with a rather content and lazy smile stupidly painted across her face.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Xayah grumbled, tearing away from the grip that had so easily hauled her off. She whipped around and faced a pair of golden eyes glaring deep into her own, black brows furrowed fiercely, a mess of wild, red hair giving Farah an all too displeased look. There was no chance to respond - she lunged forward and shoved Xayah up against the tree, pinning her to its broad trunk by the arms and all too casually hoisted her off the ground to her own eye level. Xayah's legs dangled uselessly, her cock still as stiff as the wood she found herself pinned to, no attempt made at resisting her pseudo-arrest. "Oh... Farah," she awkwardly forced a laugh, a dumb, toothy smile flashing her sharp canines. "Ahah, what are... What's up?" She modestly asked, glancing anxiously down to the space between them at her dick which - to her assumed detriment - just wouldn't go down.

"I could ask you the same," Farah frowned, her impressive grip tightened around Xayah's biceps. Lifting her another inch off the ground reinforced Farah's control in the situation, Xayah's face twisting into an expression not unlike a disobedient dog realizing its mistake. "Do you always go around havin' yer way with unconscious girls in the woods and cummin' inside them?" Farah's mouth twisted into an oddly smug sort of grin, cocking one brow as she pressed the question.

"N-... What, no?" Xayah stammered, spreading her hands defensively. "It wasn't like that at all- she- and she-" She struggled to find the right words. Aisha definitely hadn't necessarily asked for it - she had, in fact, kind of imposed her will on the woman. There was a mere suggestion of consent, followed by whatever happens when two vastayans in heat find themselves half-naked and in intimate contact. "I-... She, uh..."

There was a struggle to find an explanation that would paint her in a preferable light - especially when the most incriminating evidence there was wouldn't stop throbbing in Farah's direction.

Choice #19 - [Bold] "And what if I do? Jealous, are you? You don't have to feel left out, I have energy to spare. You kind of interrupted."

"Well..." Xayah exhaled through her nose. Her nerves steadily relaxed, letting her tense shoulders drop. "And what if I do?" She popped a question with a shit-eating grin, back to her old self. It was just Farah, there was no harm to be done here, she could take a joke. "Did you catch my technique? Are you jealous? Maybe you wanted some of me for yourself and decided to play at sparing her." Farah's aggressive scowl twisted into an expression more of... Well, it was undetermined whether she was confused or disgusted. "C'mon, you don't have to feel left out. You're hot as fuck too, you know, and I have energy to spare. I mean, look at what you interrupted." Xayah's gaze trailed down, and Farah's soon followed - both of them setting their sights onto that thick, throbbing shaft between them, now prodding against Farah's exposed tummy and twitching against her abs.

"Is this a fuckin' joke?" Farah tightened her grip again, shoving Xayah even further up the tree. She let out a gasp, cloak threatening to rip under the tension of calloused fingers carelessly tugging and yanking her around. "I have half a mind to- to..." She trailed off, a flicker of doubt behind her amber eyes. "Well, ion' know what, but gods dammit!" Another yank, slamming Xayah back into the tree. Her head bumped the solid trunk and vision began to blur, darkness fading in from the corners of her field of view. "Eh?" A little, confused grunt rang in Xayah's ears as Farah realized her mistake, aggression fading. Xayah's vision flickered out and her eyelids twitched shut.

"Ah... Shit."

Light flooded in as eyes snapped open once more. She stared at the roof of a tent she didn't recognize, tucked into bedding that wasn't hers, and was clad in a loose shirt that was far too big to suit her average frame. A headache buzzed in the back of her head, sitting upright and reaching back to tenderly massage it. There was no blood, no evidence of injury, just the persisting, dull sting of impact and a few bandages wrapped for good measure.

"Xayah?" A familiar mess of black hair and dark eyes peered over from across the way. Ishtar sat with legs crossed and a bagel in one hand, scrawling something down on some parchment with the other. Everything was set aside quickly in favor of rushing to Xayah's bedside, leaning over the cot to reach out and place the back of her wrist to the injured's head.

"I'm fine... I think," Xayah sighed, gently pushing back that delicate hand. Ishtar took a seat at the edge of the bed, placing a hand on the outline of Xayah's calf above the blanket. "What uh... What happened to me?" She avoided eye contact, the knowledge of her guilt overbearing. There was no denying that she got exactly what she'd deserved.

"Well... Farah insists that you were being mind controlled by enemy forces," Ishtar slowly began to explain. There was a visible attempt at maintaining a serious, professional facade, but even under years of practicing this posture as a nurse, cracks of amusement began to form at the corners of her black lips. "But... I had a discussion with her and explained your..." An awkward pause, Xayah knowing all too well what she meant to say, eyes trailing down to the bulge visible under the sheets even now. "...Condition and impulsiveness." Xayah found some humor in these delicate words. "She was still convinced, but eventually Aisha came around and waved off her concerns. She wound up going for a walk and said she'd be back to apologize... Eventually, I suppose," Ishtar gently laughed, patting Xayah's leg.

"How long was I out?" Xayah popped a question that made Ishtar's lips curl into a little frown. She sighed, soothingly stroking a thumb across the patient's blanket.

"About a day. It's the morning after she found you. She really did a number on you," Ishtar remarked, a concerned sigh giving way to a giggle of relief. Xayah tensed up a bit, acknowledging two things; the first being that she'd survived another day of this dreadful war on her biology, and the other being that she was once more trapped in the cycle of cum, collapse, wake, repeat. Even now she could feel a tent slowly start to pitch beneath the sheets of the medical cot, seeming to realize in its own consciousness that it was time for its morning workout.

Xayah should be ashamed. (65%)

Choice #20 - [Joking] "I don't suppose the nurse wants to help me with that condition again, does she?" A wink and a wiggle of the hips.

"I don't suppose the nurse wants to help me with that condition again, does she?" Xayah proceeded to ask, a less than subtle wink and a shake of her hips flaunting that growing tent in the sheets. Ishtar frowned, but still reached out to pat Xayah on the head. There was a pause, an unexpected response from the nurse, those gentle fingers caressing down to the side of her face and stroking her cheek.

"Cute," Ishtar giggled, covering her mouth with the tips of her fingers. "Though... I'm sure you're serious, aren't you?" She asked, gaze trailing down Xayah's covered body to stare directly at the throbbing mass beneath the sheets. There seemed to be a long pause for thought, drawn out over the span of just a few seconds, something flickering behind the sparkle in those dark eyes of hers that whispered something sinful. She flicked her gaze to the corner of her eyes, scanning the entrance to the tent, and then back again. Was she really considering it?

"Only as serious as you want me to be," Xayah softly laughed, realizing that she honestly did want it. Ishtar licked her lips thoughtlessly, driven only by the primal instinct that they shared, running her hand down her patient's chest and letting it linger just above that tent. Fingers

danced as they inched further south, dragging them in tediously slow fashion up the shaft and prodding them against the very tip of that massive polearm.

"Farah could be back at any moment, you know," Ishtar remarked. "It won't be very long at all, now..." By now her cheeks were a violent shade of red, bosom heaving. Memories of two days again were flooding back rapidly, goosebumps running down her arms. Xayah had to wonder if she really had such a potent effect on the girl - or if this was just something latent within Ishtar that had been uncovered at long last. "If she caught us doing something like that she'd... Oh gosh..." She trailed off, thighs shifting against one another. She pulled her hands back to her lap and folded them together, as if to prevent herself from doing something impulsive. The trance had broken, averting her eyes to anywhere else in the room but the cot she sat on - namely the door.

Cock-blocked again, it seemed, Xayah forcing a chuckle to hide her disappointment. She would respect that decision, naturally, but it most certainly didn't help douse the flames that had already sparked inside of her. That tent at her crotch only seemed to swell larger, and she desperately wanted it to go down before Farah returned.

Xayah has been blue balled. (80%)

Choice #21 - [Horny] "What's the worst that could happen?" Xayah knows she'll get what she wants if she asserts herself - Ishtar will give it up.

"What's the worst that could happen?" Xayah asked, placing a hand over Ishtar's and stroking a thumb over the back of her palm. "We're both adults here, why are you afraid of her?" She asked, a gentle chuckle, fingers curling around that delicate wrist and gently tugging her back into something of a half embrace. The reality was, as Ishtar fell forward into Xayah's lap, that bulge was now mashing against the nurse's chest, letting her feel the intensity of its throbs and the aching stiffness of its shaft. Her face grew redder yet.

"Well... I mean-" she stammered, searching for an answer. "I don't suppose there's any... Any reason we couldn't, either..." She pursed her lips, anxiously pushing her tongue against the inside of her mouth and bulging the cheek, redirecting her gaze down at Xayah's crotch. Weight shifted, adjusting herself to sit up on her hip, creating enough of a gap between herself and that massive tent to look down upon it with visible fascination. "Just... We have to make it fast, okay?" She asked, shooting a glance back up at a rather smug Xayah - who nodded quickly.

Not a single beat was skipped as Ishtar tugged off that sheet and pulled back Xayah's trousers, letting that fat trunk of girl-meat flop all too casually out. Pre-cum bubbled at its helm, drooling down the sides of that wrist-thick shaft and leaking onto the smooth sack that adorned its root, a generous trickle produced in Xayah's boundless arousal. The light in her dark eyes flickered, an unsteady hand reaching to grasp that oversized dick by its base and starting to slowly stroke.

Her soft palm easily glided across the length with the aid of sticky lubrication, skin rolling back and forth over the glans with each firm tug, fingers unable to curl around the full girth of a cock as long as her adorably petite forearm. She drew her other hand back and pushed bangs out of her face before allowing her head to dip forward, planting a gentle smooch on the tip with soft black lips, tongue jutting out from an open maw and dragging and swirling itself around the bulbous shape before her. Xayah's legs quivered, passively clutching at the sheets, her heart trembling just the same as she observed just how sweet Ishtar managed to look while doing something so lewd.

Those supple lips wrapped around the entirety of the crown of that shaft next, still lapping at the drooling cusp in a showcase of some oral prowess. One eye gently shut, the other maintaining extended eye contact with Xayah - who gazed back stupidly with parted lips and a heaving chest, rising and falling with each gentle moan. Ishtar's head began to bob in rhythm with these grunts, which increased in volume as Xayah felt those cock-suckers drag along her shaft and that tongue began to work her shaft from below, sensitive prick swallowed by the warmth, wet sensation of a tight throat stretching itself to accommodate her girth.

"You're better at this than I would've thought," Xayah confessed, reaching down to cup the side of Ishtar's head and stroking fingers through those luscious, black locks. She drew her lips back, letting that tip pop from her tightly sealed mouth, tongue outstretched from an open jaw and letting that swollen head lay flat against it. She stroked the shaft quick and firm, her panting hot against the wet tip, gentle little 'schlicks' audible.

"Ahn..." Ishtar moaned, adjusting her lower half and shifting a bit further up the bed. "Really?" She popped the question with large, hopeful eyes. Her ears then twitched, Xayah not able to fit in a response before she scrambled off the bed. "Ah, someone's coming!" A yelp escaped her lips before she could clasp a hand over her mouth, frantically searching the room for a hiding place - ultimately choosing to dive underneath the raised, metal frame of the cot Xayah laid on and letting the sheet drape over the side.

Xayah, in this moment of panic and confusion, didn't have the chance to do anything but stare, slack-jawed, as Farah returned to the tent - and froze, eyes going wide, as she looked upon the girl she'd knocked out cold the day prior.

Doesn't get much hornier than this. (100%)

Choice #22 - Call out Ishtar and clarify that she totally wasn't just jerking off by herself in the medical tent - at the cost of Ishtar's innocence.

"It wasn't... I was just..." Xayah tripped over her words frantically. Farah studied the situation with a clenched jaw and gritted teeth, masking her underlying frustration though it visibly flickered in her amber eyes. There was a palpable tension in the air, Xayah unable to predict

what was going through Farah's head, and their gazes locked in a wordless exchange. After several excruciatingly long, tense seconds trickled by, a sigh escaped Farah's lips.

"Really, now?" She let out a weary chuckle. "What kind of pervert are ya'? Sittin' here jerking off, prolly hopin' the nurse walks in so you can jump her, huh?" Farah's lips curled, flashing those shark-like fangs of hers. She took a step forward, boots thudding against the solid ground, cracking her knuckles and grinding her teeth. Xayah shrank back against the wall of the tent, spreading her hands.

"No, no! Ishtar was... It wasn't- She's already here!" Xayah stammered, grasping desperately for the sheet and yanking it back to reveal the underside of the bed. There was a pause, Farah stopping on a dime, both of them watching as that head of black hair poked out from underneath and slowly crawled to her knees. Ishtar climbed up, clutching her arm in a rather reserved manner, shame visible in her downward gaze with cheeks as red as cherries. She cast a brief glance at Xayah, silently asking either "now what?" or "why?" - to either of these questions Xayah had no real answer. She hadn't thought this through, though it served as a sufficient distraction to avoid another head injury.

"...Hm," Farah sighed, letting her hands fall to her sides and placing them on her hips. She was disarmed, for now, pursing her lips in brief thought. "...I didn't wanna believe it, though I 'spose the lipstick and spit on yer dick didn't get there on its own," she replied calmly, shifting to cross arms under her bust and frowning. Ishtar flinched, glimpsing at the evidence that painted Xayah's still-throbbing shaft, prompting a loud snort from Farah. "What, thought I was stoopid and wouldn't notice or somethin'?" She chortled, alleviating some of the weight on all of their shoulders.

"I was just... Uhm..." Ishtar softly searched for an excuse, with a face as red as cherry and fingers fidgeting restlessly. "I just wanted to help, it's my job, and all," she explained, though in truth to nobody in particular, hardly above a whisper. Farah slowly approached, reaching a hand out to Ishtar - and slapped her on the back, hard, far harder than expected by the petite girl who had the wind knocked out of her.

"Nobody's accusin' anyone of anythin'," Farah reassured her. "Well, not you, anyway," was quickly amended, glaring out of the corner of her eye at Xayah. Ishtar seemed to ease up a bit, a little sigh escaping her lips and letting shoulders droop back to a more natural posture. Farah tilted her head down to make direct eye contact with her far shorter companion, patting her on the head and prompting some annoyed whining.

Xayah watched the entire exchange with head clouded by perverted curiosity, wondering how hard it would be to get them to make out, but remained silent as she observed the way they interacted.

"On the other hand..." Farah glanced Xayah's way, her expression intensifying. "Takin' advantage of such a sweetheart's kindness, are ya'?" She put a boot up on the edge of the bed,

lurching forward and grabbing Xayah by the collar of her cloak. Ishtar frantically reached out and grabbed Farah by the forearm, attempting to pry her away, rather uselessly.

Choice #23 - "No! She definitely consented, right? Tell her!"

"Hey- Hey! No, nonono," Xayah spread her hands, frantic to avoid another potential assault. At the very least she was already in the medical tent, so if there was anywhere to get her lights decked out then here wouldn't be a bad choice. "She wanted it too! Total consent, right? Tell her!" She was quick to try and shift focus onto a more disarming target, one that certainly wouldn't have been in any danger of getting clocked square in the jaw, both Farah and herself glancing Ishtar's way - who continued to tug at the iron grip on Xayah's collar.

"Yes!" Ishtar blurted out. Farah seemed to take this into consideration, but ultimately loosened her fist, a sigh escaping her lips. "Well, I mean, it was Xayah's idea, but-" Ishtar added, a bit more sheepishly. Farah immediately tightened her grip again with renewed vigor, yanking Xayah's face incredibly close to hers. "No, no, I was kidding! Farah, I don't need you to protect me - really! It's Xayah! Not some perverted old man!" She reasoned. There was a long pause, Xayah left wondering if she might yet get her lights knocked out at any moment.

"...Fine," Farah reluctantly exhaled. It was as if all aggression left her body, dropping Xayah back onto the cot and standing up. "When yer right, yer right," she agreed, shaking her head. "Bit easy to get carried away, an' I'm sorry about what happened yesterday. 'Ave yet to talk to Aisha about all this, too, but I guess bein' horny ain't a crime." She reached out her hand, Xayah recoiling back, finding its place atop Xayah's head, gently patting her right between the ears. She sighed, relieved, though the intimate contact only reminded her that half the blood in her body felt like it was rushing straight to her still-erect dick. "Though I wonder if it should be," she chuckled, taking notice at a similar moment. The elephant in the room had once more surfaced - though maybe she was closer to being hung like a horse instead - and Xayah briefly considered how to address it, nerves gradually returning as both rested their eyes on her.

"What? You look like you're expecting me to put on a show," Xayah chuckled. There was a bit of a mumble and a shrug from Farah, Ishtar remaining totally still as she gazed on. It seemed nobody knew how to disengage from the situation now, nor how to push through and resolve it.

Choice #24 - [Horny] "Well, if you're gonna stand around staring you both could at least come help me out instead."

"Don't just stand around staring, the least you both could do is come lend a hand," Xayah blurted out, not entirely of her own volition. She wound up peeling the sheet back the rest of the way from her legs, freeing up a generous amount of real estate between spread thighs. Her

massive, throbbing length remained on full display in its gloriously erect state, pulsating wildly at the mere thought of getting just one - if not both - of the girls in the tent to come and put their mouths to work on her shaft. She gripped it loosely in her dominant hand, leaning back on her other elbow, starting to casually stroke it from base to tip while maintaining flirtatious eye contact with especially Farah.

"You..." Farah tensed up, fingers curling into a fist. A smile cracked upon her stern expression, before a howl of laughter finally shattered her crumbling facade. "You've got some balls, don't ya?" She chortled, stepping forward and smacking Xayah on the back - hard. Xayah lurched forward, the wind briefly knocked out of her lungs, but quickly recomposed herself and joined in on the laughter. Ishtar stared at the both of them, confused entirely.

"Guess so," Xayah nodded, a deep exhale calming her nerves. She twisted her body and let her legs hang off the edge of the cot, now properly sitting and exposing herself directly to the both of them. "Wanna see how they taste?" She attempted again, thinking that line to be quite smooth, legs hitched apart and a gentle fist still jerking her dick eagerly. Farah's laughter died down, clearing her throat, as she realized Xayah wasn't kidding.

"...You've really lost your mind, eh?" she forced a stiff little chuckle. Xayah shook her head in response, a plain look across her face suggesting that she was as serious as could be. Farah scratched the back of her neck, a red as deep as her hair offering color to her cheeks in a first ever display of bashfulness. Her gaze followed Xayah's fist intently, assessing the situation. It was true that, even beneath her hardened shell, she too was a female vastayan, meaning she was no less susceptible to the pheromones of a compatible mate than any other girl in the camp.

"If it makes you feel any better you could think of this as a form of apology," Xayah suggested. The grip of her index and thumb pausing at the base of her shaft and teasingly swaying it side to side. While Farah averted eye contact, Ishtar was visibly all the more entranced. The petite, black-haired girl approached, sinking to her knees and rubbing a hand across Xayah's inner thigh. Farah's gaze immediately snapped back to the sight of obedient indecency, watching as Ishtar began to run a tongue across the surface of Xayah's sack, jaw dropping in disbelief at the illusion of innocence Ishtar had maintained being shattered before her very eyes. A gentle moan escaped those black lips as they caressed those heavy, pale balls, kissing and lapping her way up to the shaft. Xayah released her grip and let it perch across Ishtar's face, that hot shaft pulsating eagerly against her skin, allowing her to indulge - smothering herself under its pleasant weight, immersing herself in the scent of musk, sex, and sweat, no longer willing to deny her instincts.

There was a silence beneath the layer of panting and whining that overtook Xayah and Farah, before Farah ultimately took another few steps forward and paused right at Ishtar's side. She slowly sank down, getting a much more intimate look at the way Ishtar bathed that oversized dick with her eager little tongue.

“...Just this once,” she finally consented, scooting in a little closer. She watched Xayah patiently, as if expecting some sort of command.

Choice #25 - "Might be fun if you kissed Ishtar a little, to warm your lips up, hm?"

“Well?” Xayah asked, expectantly. Farah seemed to recoil just a bit, doubt flickering behind her wide gaze. From this distance it was easy to notice that she really did have beautiful eyes, though narrow and unfocused as they may be. “Might be fun if you and Ishtar kissed a little, just to warm up your lips a bit, hm?” Xayah casually suggested. There was a pause, Farah’s jaw practically dropping - before she was entirely blindsided by Ishtar, who took Farah’s face in her hands and locked their lips eagerly. Farah raised her hands defensively, placing them on Ishtar’s shoulders, but visibly seemed unsure of where to go from there.

A moan escaped the mashing of lips, narrow gaps between their mouths formed occasionally and showed flashes of Ishtar’s tongue shoved into Farah’s mouth, the smaller girl pressing up intensely on the larger tomboy and entirely dominating the situation. Fingers roamed across Farah’s body, eventually snagging the bottom of her shirt and starting to slowly roll it up and off of those large, perky mounds, unhesitatingly taking control and stripping away those feeble bits of cloth. Farah found herself with chest on full display, decorated by strikingly pale lines of skin chiseled out of her bronzed tan in the shape of a long since removed bikini, down to exposing the golden barbell nipple piercings that not a soul in the camp had known about until this particular moment.

Ishtar was all too keen to grapple with that exposed flesh, cupping each mound in her hand and eagerly clutching as much as her dainty palms would allow, fingers digging in and gripping greedy handfuls, unrelenting in her assault of Farah’s body. By now she’d climbed up into the larger woman’s lap, straddling it with spread thighs, moaning and panting softly into the embrace of their lips. Xayah could only watch on in surprised amusement, unable to keep her hand off of her dick, slowly jerking to the sight of their passionate lip-locking with cock aimed straight at their display. Gentle huffs escaped her lips, thoroughly enjoying their show. The sound of soft, wet schlicking drew attention, Ishtar glancing at Xayah out of the corner of her eyes, prompting them to stop. The kiss broke, spit bridging their glossy lips.

“Hahh... Mmn...” Ishtar pulled herself away, moaning gently, redirecting her own attention to the shaft next to her face. With her she pulled Farah in closer, shoving the back of her head square into the underside of that pulsating shaft. Xayah peeled her hand away and idly watched, trusting that she would get her turn if she was only patient. Farah sat up, adjusting her hunched forward posture, shoving her large chest against the base of that shaft and aligning her mouth with that drooling, swollen helm, her cloudy gaze still dubious about proceeding in spite of the way her nostrils flared and drank deep of that scent. She’d been snagged, it was only a matter of reeling her in now - something Ishtar was more than happy to help with. “C’mon, it’s not that bad...” Ishtar sighed, head dipping forward again.

Once more their lips engaged in a struggle that really had no losers, this time sandwiching the bulbous head of Xayah's dick between their mouths. Farah's eyes widened, Ishtar gripping the back of her head firmly with an intense focus on their task at hand, but ultimately she began to succumb; her eyes fluttering shut and her entire body leaning into their deep smooch. Both girls nursed eagerly on that pre-cum drooling crown, tongues cradling its rounded shape and massaging those blissfully sensitive glans, Ishtar gripping the meaty girth by its root and starting to jerk it slowly while Farah idly rested hands against Xayah's thigh.

It was an enjoyable sight, to be certain.

Choice #26 - Allow them to proceed naturally, Ishtar can most certainly handle things from here.

Xayah was content to lean back and watch, finding that it was unnecessary to push the situation along at her own pace as Ishtar was conducting both herself and Farah masterfully. Their lips so happily mashed against one another without rest, Farah requiring a little extra motivation in the form of a hand on the back of her head pulling her in deeper - thought she was ultimately deprived of the soft sensation of Ishtar's own mouth as Ishtar pulled away and instead used that guiding hand to shove forward. Farah found the glans of Xayah's dick shoved into her mouth, bulging out her cheek from inside, tongue nervously swadling its bulbous shape and exploring its spongy resistance to her prodding.

"Go on then," Ishtar moaned softly, glistening lips covered in spit. She began to guide Farah's head up and down, uncaring for the subtle signs of discomfort from having her jaw stretched wide by that thick girth, moving in rhythm with the pumps of her fist along the shaft. The helm of that massive bitch-breaker lodged itself square in Farah's throat, inching deeper with each tug and shove of Ishtar's hand. Wet little gags and groans escaped Farah's lips, rumbling down the shaft, as her firmly sealed lips dragged across the surface of that meaty length. Ishtar shoved her torso comfortably up against Farah's arm, continuing to egg her on with a soothing little cooing right in the tomboy's ear. "Good girl..." she whispered, goosebumps trailing up Farah's arms. She squirmed, lacking tolerance to this sort of intimate stimulation, shooting a glance up at Xayah with a softened gaze.

"Nngh..." Xayah groaned, a powerful throb shooting through her cock. To see Farah so vulnerable was oddly endearing, and frankly she needed more of it. She reached down and silently took over for Ishtar, who lowered her own hand in understanding, taking a gentle grip of those neon red locks and starting to guide those lips deeper down her length. She was able to take it well over halfway, wet little slurps and licks of her tongue lacking confidence as she allowed her face to be used in such a vulgar manner, but Xayah desperately wanted to see her take it to the hilt. A bit of force went into her nudging, sinking deeper yet into that tightly gripping throat, but Farah showed some resistance to Xayah's keenness to shove herself balls-deep.

They were at a silent impasse, but Xayah was more than happy to continue utilizing that throat to stroke as much of her dick as she could cram onto Farah's windpipe.

Ishtar obediently had dipped her head low as she watched on with envy glimmering in her innocent eyes, cradling those full, heavy balls in her delightfully soft palm and smothering the surface with kisses and licks of her greedy tongue. She worshiped them intently, coated in a thin layer of lipstick and saliva, only fueling Xayah's growing urge to shove Farah's face down - hard - and use her mouth lip a sloppy onahole.

Would she though? Could she? Did she really have the heart for that, looking down upon Farah's pleading gaze - all too innocently begging she take it nice and slow for her inexperienced sake? She didn't seem dissatisfied, only unsure of herself, those supple lips of hers still gripping the shaft tight and tongue subserviently massaging the girth within.

Choice #27 - Pull out, Xayah needs more than a couple of slutty mouths. Get them up on the bed!

It hadn't taken long before lips managed to kiss Xayah's crotch, those supple cock-suckers mashing against the base of her shaft and smacking balls off of that drool-coated chin. She grunted with each tug of fiery red locks and buck of her hips upward, Farah's eyes alternating between widening and squinting as she endured the eb and flow of getting her throat stretched and hair pulled. There was a point where her brows furrowed, hints of furious surge of emotion, but such a fierce expression quickly lightened to something far more obedient. Her tongue worked Xayah's dick as eagerly as it could, unable to resist the pheromones that drowned her senses and corrupted her thoughts. They were simply too compatible.

Xayah drew back, tugging the tuft of hair in her hand and dragging those lips back to the glans of her swollen shaft. They released Xayah's shaft hastily, a gasp and desperate panting warm against the slick length before Farah's outstretched tongue, eager to catch a well-deserved breath. Ishtar glanced up, such usually innocent eyes making sultry eye contact, Xayah nodding her head to the side.

"I think we should take this a bit further, hm?" Xayah suggested playfully, testing the waters for their reaction, patting the sheets next to her. Ishtar released the balls plugging her mouth with a gentle moan, leaving them coated in black lipstick markings and a trail of drool, eager to climb to her feet and crawl up onto the cot. Farah remained dazed, left to fend for herself with that fat, slippery cock resting square across her face, her head swimming in a lust-drunk daze as the smell smothered her senses and her mouth reeled from the curiously salty - yet enjoyable - taste that still lingered on her tongue. "It's kind of cute seeing her like this, honestly..." Xayah playfully cooed. This seemed to snap Farah back to her senses, however briefly, shooting a quick glare Xayah's way, though such a burst of emotion was again short-lived as her

expression softened. Her cheeks grew pink, eye contact broken almost immediately after, quietly climbing to her feet and joining Ishtar up on the bed.

"Who gets first...?" Quietly whined Ishtar, leaning into Xayah's arm and reaching down to grasp and stroke that slick length. Xayah took a moment before gently nudging away that tender handjob, reluctant as she was to do so, pulling her legs back up onto the bed and laying herself flat across the mattress. Her cock stood straight up, pulsating eagerly in its immense and insatiable state, bulbous crown still drooling a constant, inviting trickle of seed down its thick girth. Ishtar watched, hyper fixated even, while Farah sat with arms crossed over her large bosom.

"Well..." Xayah trailed off. Both options were tempting; Ishtar, to reward such eager obedience and her patience, or Farah, who getting a reaction out of would've been rewarding enough alone to see. The feel of a soft, light body tenderly riding versus a firm, muscled physique gripping tight was a tough competition - borderline unfair. The only thing Xayah knew for certain was this: she wanted whichever she didn't choose to sit on her fucking face in the meantime.

Choice #28 - Ishtar should ride, obviously!

"C'mon," Xayah gripped her shaft firmly and began slowly stroking it as she nodded her head towards Ishtar. Ishtar's face lit up, subtly, not skipping a beat in climbing up onto her knees and crawling to position herself over Xayah's lap. Fingers hooked into the hem of her skirt and pulled it up, a grand reveal of tight, pink lips already eagerly glistening, offering the revelation that she hadn't been wearing panties this entire time. In spite of her earlier protesting it was plain to see that she was prepared for this from the start, as soon as Xayah had been brought to the medical tent - or perhaps Xayah was just full of herself. In either case, it was hot as hell. Ishtar lowered those slender hips down, tight slit sliding against that bulbous helm, hard-on mashing against the tightest of entrances with an eager throb. Xayah kept it steady, aligned with that waiting hole, reaching out with her spare hand to grab the girl by the waist and helping slowly guide her down.

"Hahh... It's sho big..." Ishtar whined as the tip penetrated, her tongue outstretched, such a perverted expression shattering any illusion of innocence that may have yet still remained, if any at all could have hoped to linger. Her body lurched forward, toes curling in her black slippers, restlessly shifting her hips as she adjusted to the thick girth stretching her clenched walls. Xayah removed her hand and reached to grasp Ishtar by her slender waist, helping her to lower herself all the way to the hilt - their crotches meeting, balls resting against those thick, doughy cheeks from below - Ishtar stirring that aching shaft around inside her tight cunt.

Xayah leaned her head back and stole a glimpse of Farah, who sat perfectly still, watching intensely with wide eyes and a slight dig of her front teeth into her lower lip, fingers digging into the white sheets underneath her folded legs and idly fidgeting with them. Her gaze trailed the

sight of those tight lips spreading around that meaty shaft, hips starting to lift and drop back down, audible slaps of flesh as Ishtar put her whole weight into bouncing her pleasantly soft ass into Xayah's lap. She moaned with each stroke of her crotch along that shaft, her entire being invested into riding that throbbing length, the tip kissing her cervix each time she impaled herself onto that mass of swollen cock-flesh.

"C'mere," Xayah repeated, this time gesturing at Farah. Farah shot her a questionable look, but reluctantly crawled forward, coming to hover hips over Xayah's face. She needed no further explaining, nor did she need the motivation, undoing her shorts and sliding both trousers and panties down around her knees. They were discarded casually, revealing a tight slit that was most likely wetter than she'd like to admit, unhesitating in lowering that perfectly molded, peach-shaped ass down onto Xayah's face, acting almost without regard as to if this was an invitation to do so. Absolutely perfect - Xayah was eager to dig in, reaching up and wrapping arms around those spread arms as if clinging for dear life. Fingers gripped those firm, thick thighs, face happily smothered beneath those large cheeks - practically being suffocated right from the get-go.

Farah's back arched, hips squirming impatiently, passively allowing Xayah to do as she pleased. It was plain as day that she was unused to this sort of attention, her body reacting to every touch and tug in such a sensitive way. She was restless, moans escaping her lips at a slower tempo than the more high pitched gasps and whining from the girl who sat directly across from her, Farah working her hips side to side and burying Xayah's face deeper into her backside. This was bliss, as far as Xayah was concerned.

Choice #29 - Spank her, dig in deep! Harder!

Xayah lifted a palm and brought it back down - hard - on Farah's ass. Soft fingers struck that sea of firm tanned flesh harshly, a loud clap of an open palm off of rippling flesh, tips of firmly clutching digits digging into supple skin and taking greedy purchase of those wonderfully molded cheeks. Farah yelped, throwing back her head and pushing her ass out further, hips grinding down against Xayah's eager mouth as her tongue curiously explored those wet nether lips - seated just at the heart of a patch of pale flesh unkissed by the sun. Nails bit into skin, Xayah unable to get quite enough, gripping tight and hard as she held onto Farah with desperation. Her cock throbbed, hard, Ishtar unrelenting atop her throne on the other side of Xayah's waist.

"Gh... C-calm down, there," Farah grumbled through gritted teeth, eyelids occasionally twitching. She steeled her nerves, calming herself with steady breathing, but the impatience in her body language suggested that Xayah had quite the impact on her crumbling composure. Xayah's face dug in deep, another smack right atop the first stinging red handprint producing another far too feminine squeal from the tomboy, unrelenting in her assault as she utterly immersed herself in this sort of embrace between them.

"Hhh... The face you're making..." Ishtar giggled through her panting, hips long since bucking wildly. She dropped her pale cheeks back into Xayah's lap, a constant slapping of her body bouncing atop that rigid length, taking a moment's rest as she paused to comment on Farah's struggling expression. "It's really cute..." She cooed. Ishtar rotated her hips, stirring that aching shaft inside of her clenched walls. She wasn't the most experienced in this, her technique a bit stiff, but there was hardly much complaining to be done when her actions were backed by such enthusiasm. She began again, energetic little jumps, bracing hands against Xayah's midriff as she used all the strength in her petite and nimble frame to stroke that behemoth of a girl-cock. Her entire body went into each motion, especially a little wiggle of the hips and an arch of her back forward as her pelvis slid back down. Farah, with nothing else to fixate on, watched curiously.

"Nn... You're telling me," Farah groaned, watching the shamelessly indulgent way Ishtar's face had twisted since she'd begun; tongue slightly outstretched from black lips, eyes half-lidded, her hair somehow a bit of a frazzled mess. She looked wild and undignified, no better than the animals in the woods surrounding their encampment that her primal instinct so echoed, but so happy to indulge in these base desires. Ishtar paid the comment no mind, continuing to mindlessly jerk Xayah's hard-on with each pump of her tight folds massaging that throbbing girth.

Farah had to wonder if such a thing could really feel so good, and if she would behave the same. It was true that even now the scent of sex lingered and perverted her thoughts, the heavy scent of pheromones that polluted the cramped tent, invading her flared nostrils and causing something deep within her to tingle. She was soaked, unsatisfied by the meager presence of a tongue haphazardly digging into her slit - Xayah hardly focused on the task at hand of pleasuring Farah, but rather merely enjoying herself. It was a satisfactory job, but it was plain as day she pined for something more. Something that Ishtar was currently getting.

"Fwah..." Xayah panted as she broke the kiss, warm breaths right in Farah's crotch. Deep red lipstick marked those glistening lips, a trail of drool seeping back onto Xayah's outstretched tongue. "Someone seems more than ready to get on top, hm?" she taunted. Farah froze, refusing to comment any further, but failed to refuse. Ishtar took her cue to grind her hips to a halt, lingering on Xayah's lap for a moment with a shuddering sigh, before slowly lifting herself from that massive insertion - now soaked in their shared juices. This did little to break Farah's cryptic silence, merely gazing on with bated breath and wide eyes at that aching shaft - no doubt ready to blow at any moment.

"Or maybe..." Xayah trailed off in thought as she pulled herself out from under Farah, who fell back on her ass. Maybe a different position would suit someone so modest and reserved.

Choice #30 - Flip her over, face-down and ass-up - and more spanking, teach her to like it rough!

Xayah crawled forward on all fours, coming to hover just over Farah, their noses just barely grazing as she dipped her head forward and asserted her presence. Their eyes locked, the smug and confident gaze of an alpha driven by her selfish desires meeting the unsteady and unsure stare of a girl marked to be mated, Xayah sliding her hands over Farah's broad hips and firmly squeezing them. Farah shifted, her legs spread against Xayah's flanks, adjusting herself to the touch of that throbbing shaft pressing right up against her slit.

"I could just come over here, if you're nervous," Xayah chuckled, her voice low and soft. Farah's wide-eyed gaze averted itself and passively allowed Xayah to do as she pleased. Hands slipped deeper, grasping at that bare ass with possessive fingers digging eagerly into a pleasantly filling handful of flesh. Their lips met, however briefly, Xayah imposing herself onto her unnerved mate without caution. Farah was disarmed enough by such a tender act as to allow Xayah to clutch her by the waist and all too casually guide her to flip over, face-down and ass-up, that pale shaft now laying smack dab between those gloriously heart-shaped cheeks that laid prone before it. Xayah straddled Farah's thighs, wedging her cock deeper between those mounds and starting to slowly rock her hips, wasting no opportunity to idly stroke herself while continuing to toy with the tomboy.

Her crotch smacked off of those wobbling, two-toned cheeks, nestling itself firmly and deeply. The tip jutted out, perched along the small of Farah's back, the shaft utterly smothered in those wonderfully firm globes of ass-meat. Xayah leaned forward, hips raising at an angle, and pinned Farah squarely against the cot with one hand grasping her by the shoulder. Xayah's other hand reached for her shaft, gripping it by the hilt, and began to guide it to prod against that vacant slit. Farah's body reacted willingly up, pushing out her ass - properly presenting it to be mounted and defiled. Xayah wouldn't waste the invitation, slamming her hips down. There was a sharp moan, cheeks clapping against the firm thrust of Xayah's pelvis slamming down into them, the creak of the metal bed frame underneath following the rhythmic pounding of a desperate dom seeking to utterly use the hole she'd so long desired to stretch and use.

"Fuck- you're tight," Xayah grunted, both hands gripping Farah by the bicep. Farah moaned uselessly, her gaze narrow and her body trembling beneath each pump of Xayah's hips. She was being pushed to her limit by Xayah's fat girth already, walls clenched tight around that shaft as it plunged deep and cheeks tensing to brace themselves for another harsh smack of flesh against flesh. She reached out and clutched at the sheets, parted lips whining incessantly with drool seeping down her chin. Her defeat was decisive and immediate, a contrast to Ishtar's more gradual shift from confusion and addiction, though Farah no doubt was weakened by inexperience and foreplay.

Ishtar's gaze followed intently every buck of Xayah's hips, watching her crash down into those cheeks, seated passively on her knees with longing sighs and a hand buried between her plump

thighs. She watched Xayah's sack slam into rippling thighs and Farah's bare soles scrunch as toes curled with each smack of skin, almost entirely envious, a gentle gasp of her own escaping each time that shaft disappeared entirely between those tight, pink lips - then a far sharper whine as she watched Xayah draw back a hand and deliver a hard, punishing swat to one of those flawless cheeks. Farah's own whimper was far more intense, entire body lunging forward, muffled by the pillow she gratefully was able to bury her face into.

"Some punishments in order for earlier - agree?" Xayah playfully remarked - delivering another, not quite as harsh, smack to follow the first, before reaching forward and taking Farah firmly by the wrists. She lifted herself and yanked back, hard, drilling that fat cock of hers even deeper yet into those wonderfully tight, hot walls that so eagerly massaged her shaft with each stroke. She had every intention of using Farah's body as the sex-toy she desired it to be, the only fair compensation she could envision for getting her lights clocked out earlier, and such a fit physique was built to handle a bit of stress-testing, as far as she was concerned. She began to pound in harder, audible clapping restlessly flooding the tent without a second's rest between each, her hips furiously moving. She let Farah's arm fall to the side briefly, a third - and far less gentle - swat of those reddening cheeks following.

"I'm... Gonna breaaak..." Farah whined, her pitch fluctuating unsteadily, struggling to force out the words with tongue outstretched and her body quivering from the sensation of a fat, raw shaft scraping her walls so violently. Xayah had to wonder if she was going too hard on the poor girl.

Choice #31 - Keep going! Unrelenting, deep, primal fucking!

"Good, break faster," was the first reply that escaped Xayah's mouth, not even thinking to utter such a confidently aggressive little quip before setting in harder. She leaned all the way in, bosom mashing against Farah's back, wrapping one arm around the girl's neck while the other slipped underneath to fondle that large, pillowy chest. Their legs intertwined, Xayah's ankles underneath Farah's knees, keeping the larger tomboy helplessly trapped beneath an entanglement of flesh. Xayah's hips began to move more harshly, less technique and more brute force, hips slamming violently into those cheeks without regard for the constant pitched moaning escaping the mate trapped underneath. Thwapthwapthwap - Xayah was unrelenting, desperately sinking herself quick and deep into that tight slit.

"Hahh?!" Farah whined, eyes rolling back. Her body spasmed, walls clenching, ultimately succumbing to the brutal slamming of that swollen shaft ramming into her cervix. It fueled Xayah, her motivation deepened by positive responses drawn out by rough handling of a figure built to endure it, her thrusting growing shallow but the ferocity behind her motions only deepening. She pumped forward with the intent to shatter Farah's thoughts, no longer seeking just to breed.

“Gonna - hn - make you my - gh - fucking slut,” Xayah grunted, tightening the chokehold of her arm around Farah’s chin. Farah grunted, reaching up to feebly clasp fingers around Xayah’s slender forearm and resting her grip there. She was in no danger, Xayah far more focused on exerting herself strictly below the belt, only threatened by the promise of being ruined for all future mates by the thick girl-dick of a bird so desperately seeking release.

Which would come sooner than she might’ve thought, already Xayah laboring to steady her breathing as her body moved purely on instinct. There was a tempo she didn’t dare to break, naturally such a rhythm consuming her thoughts as she concentrated at keeping it up. Even as she felt herself drawing closer to her climax she found that she was all too entirely fixating on the thought of blowing that load nice and deep in those clenched walls, to flood Farah’s womb until seed gushed out around her girth and bloated the tomboy’s insides. Farah could feel it coming, the way that shaft throbbed so intensely and could be felt to swell even larger. It was inevitable, insatiable bucks of hips into her cheeks from above prompting the eventual first spasm of many. Xayah threw her head back and howled in bliss, a non stop barrage of her pelvis slamming down producing ropes of spunk that flowed out in thick globs.

“Insiide... Hhh- nooo,” Farah panted, her mouth left stupidly gaping in shock as she felt herself filled with a pleasant, creamy warmth. Drool seeped down her chin, canines visible from behind her plump lips as her jaw stayed dropped in shock. Eyes rolled back, legs quivered, her body pressing back into Xayah’s. It was undeniable that every fiber of her being wanted to be knocked up desperately, to produce a vastayan child to further the tribe, melting down her individuality and molding her thoughts into that of a maternal woman keen to be bred with children. She rolled her hips and sighed happily, Xayah drawing back and letting seed splash onto the cot below.

Ishtar watched with something more than just desperate longing, her teeth grinding into the collar of her gown as she pulled on it with her clenched jaw, body arched entirely back as she furiously slammed fingers knuckle deep into her wet slit. Xayah’s effect on the girl was residual, and only intensified as Xayah turned her head and made eye contact. She practically crumpled under her own weight, dropping back onto her ass and sitting with spread legs. Such an innocent gaze invited Xayah to come take a turn on her, to give her the same treatment, but Farah had somehow mustered the energy to sit up and loosely grab Xayah by the arm.

The two girls were at odds now, each seemingly equally desperate to secure Xayah’s legacy as their own..

Choice #32 - Ishtar's had her fun - give Farah a round 2 to really drive it home that she's Xayah's now!

Xayah, brain still fueled by the same lust that clouded her better judgment, ripped the limp Farah from her puddle of sweat and got her up onto her knees - turning her around to face

Ishtar. Their gazes met, Farah's glazed over eyes staring blankly into the ravenous eyes of the girl adjacent, but this brief moment of contact was disrupted by Xayah taking Farah by the wrists and yanking back - accompanying a decisively forward thrust. Cheeks clapped back against Xayah's hips, that hard shaft once more plunging into those well-bred walls and starting to furiously slam away. Each buck forward was met with a backwards tug on those limp arms, Farah unable to maintain her posture and letting her torso drop forward. She met Ishtar, face planting in the girl's bosom, no strength remaining in her toned body as she was used without pause by the camp's apparent last remaining breeding stud.

Each stroke forward of Xayah's hips slammed balls deep into that wet slit, drawing a feeble moan from the tomboy - who let herself be muffled by the bare flesh of Ishtar's petite chest - Ishtar strangely mirroring these whines and gasps of pleasure with growing momentum. She reached up and cradled Farah's head, jealous as she watched that thick cock disappear between those tanned cheeks just beyond the arched back of the girl that had once more gotten in the way of her and a satisfying finish. Xayah took pleasure in that distant longing, stirring and working her hips in a way that she knew would rile up Ishtar - who was already back to quietly fingering her slit in a fit of envious perversion. Xayah began to slam harder, Farah's moans ringing out wildly as she was long since lost to her own pleasure, the striking of flesh overtaking whimpers that were gentle by comparison. She was insatiable today, presented by two willing girls with compatible scents that drove her to desperately try to further her vastayan bloodline, overheated by repressing it for too long.

"Louder!" Xayah grunted, releasing one of Farah's arms to grab a tuft of vibrant red hair and yanking her head back. Farah looked to the ceiling with a slack jaw, crying out in bliss to the roof as if the walls of the medical tent weren't entirely too thin to block out such shameless expression of euphoria. It didn't matter, she was Xayah's bitch now, far too deep in the pits of pleasure from having her cunt stretched and her cervix bashed into by such a fat fucking cock, warping her mind from the bliss of getting her walls scraped so harshly and her ass struck by furious pounding. There was no hesitation in her mind as Ishtar leaned in and locked lips, silencing her echoing cries with a deep kiss - their tongues intertwining and passionately exchanging moans. Ishtar clutched Farah's head in both hands, gripping her cheeks with slender thumbs, present enough at least to know that they'd raise some questions if even one person overheard them from the next tent over.

Not that Xayah hardly cared, drilling deep and hard with energy that seemed endless even as signs of her exertion began to show; sweat beading down her own bouncing bosom as it heaved with each labored pant. She wasn't on the verge of climax, but exhaustion had slowly crept up on her. It was inevitable, even as she surpassed her limits through the pilot light lit by her own arousal, the power and speed she had been imprinting herself into Farah with gradually being exchanged for shallow, forceful thrusting. This was pleasurable too, in a different sort of way, Farah's fierce moans being replaced with trembling down her entire body. Her already weakened limbs struggling to maintain any proper support, held aloft only on the aid of Ishtar's loving hands and Xayah's cruel gripping and pulling.

Choice #33 - Annnd swap - Ishtar rides, Farah finally gets a deserved break!

Xayah jerked her hips back, thick shaft dislodging itself from Farah's clenched slit and jabbing awkwardly between the two firm cheeks that had been cushioning each strike of Xayah's pelvis. Farah crumbled forward as Xayah's harsh grip released and allowed her to rest at least, face planting into Ishtar's thighs and weakly clutching at the girl's waist for support. She rolled onto her back, after a brief rest, bosom heaving as she panted and whimpered in residual bliss, giving Xayah the space she needed to crawl forward and grab at Ishtar's waist. The petite vastayan was easily pulled forward, onto Xayah's lap, that pulsating shaft pressed flat against her stomach, nestled comfortably between them. Xayah pulled her back, comfortably aligning their bodies together sprawled out on the cot, lifting those broad hips to prod the tip of her aching length into Ishtar's cunt.

"Ss... So sudden..." Ishtar cooed, not entirely displeased. She wiggled her ass a bit, sliding her slit against that swollen tip and lowering herself down without hesitation. Penetration was easy enough, though it required a firm guiding hand sinking greedy fingers into both cheeks to push down her hips and shove nice and deep into those girth-gripping walls. Ishtar moaned out, starting to move her body automatically, lifting and dropping down onto that shaft until the base kissed her lower lips and balls pressed against the cleft of her doughy cheeks. She moved with increasing enthusiasm, showing little to no grace in her blunt motions, only seeking the pleasure of getting her walls stretched and the heat that Xayah's swollen length radiated filling her from the bottom up. They were using each other, though Xayah decidedly remained the victor as she laid back and allowed Ishtar to ride recklessly - those wobbling cheeks clapping down into Xayah's lap as Ishtar bounced her little heart out. Her harsh grips kneaded those mounds of porcelain pale ass-meat eagerly, encouraging harder and faster movements.

Ishtar naturally obliged. She was insatiable, having been edged along for all of the last dozen minutes. She needed this more than air, this was far more than just a body's natural response to a compatible mate. Something inside of her had snapped, whether it had been the last time she'd encountered Xayah or this very instance was entirely undetermined, she worked her hips fervently, whining and gasping far more than what could've possibly been considered appropriate. It was almost as if someone else entirely was riding Xayah's cock, her face so feverish and her body moving so excitedly, possessed by some spirit of fertility seeking so desperately to be thoroughly bred.

Xayah would, in turn, oblige as well, tightening her grip on those cheeks and starting to buck her own hips upward. Ishtar found herself locked firmly in place by the intense grapple of Xayah's wonderfully soft palms as hips slammed into her from beneath - the base of that shaft kissing her crotch again and again, lifting several inches off of the cot as she worked herself effortlessly into those tightly clenched folds. Ishtar howled, sinking fingers into Xayah's biceps with nails biting at flesh as she held on for dear life, burying her face into her mate's neck and starting to lick and nip at it restlessly. She'd been reduced to a feral, brainless creature seeking the

satisfaction of her carnal urges - the demonstrable effect of Xayah's cock mind-warping as Ishtar was reduced to her very base form. She clenched tight, entire body quivering as a climax shot through her trembling frame, unable to endure much with such weak willpower.

Xayah raised a hand and slapped that rippling ass, causing her to yelp and clench tight. She didn't seem like she intended to budge an inch from this position.

<Cum check (50%) failed>

Though Xayah's head remained in the clouds, the urge to finish did not find her yet. She could continue.

Choice #34 - Flip Ishtar onto her back! More! Deeper, harder, rougher! Break her, she's teetering already!

Xayah grasped at Ishtar's hips and pivoted upwards, Ishtar losing whatever remaining control over the situation she had left and landing square on her back - Xayah surmounting her mate with practiced ease and shoving herself comfortably between those plump thighs. Ishtar squirmed, reaching out for her partner; who caught her hands and clasped their fingers together, pinning slender wrists back into the sheets. Xayah's hips pushed forward, spreading those smooth legs against her flanks and pressing into the petite girl. She was locked into place, hips starting to pump furiously. The bed creaked underneath, a methodical and rhythmic motion that slowly shook Farah awake in time to witness the helpless dark-haired vastayan getting slammed into from above. It was a front row seat to the sight of that swollen sack plowing hard and deep into that waiting slit, lips spread around that thick base as it bottomed out inside of those folds again and again.

"Oh fuck-" Ishtar whined, reserved moans escaping her supple lips. There was no reprieve, Xayah furiously mashing her hips down into those tight folds. She was struggling to hold on at this point, each twitch of her shaft producing another glob of spunk from that swollen tip, wildly pulsating from the pleasure induced by each stroke into the tight grip of hot, slick walls. She found the pleasure to be far too great, buckling down and setting into Ishtar with the ravenous might of a starved beast. Furious pounding of flesh striking flesh, thumping audible from well beyond the walls of the tent, Xayah dipping her head forward to nip and bite at Ishtar's neck in a last ditch effort to redirect her attention to mindless busywork.

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It proved to be far too much. She howled, moans stifled by the skin between her lips, continuing to mindlessly slam away until spunk poured out from the helm of her trembling shaft. Her body convulsed, arching her back and pressing chest to chest with Ishtar, legs quivering and toes curling. She lifted Ishtar's ass a few inches off of the cot, fingers clutching at whatever they

could sink their greedy claws into as she continued to pump her hips with such tremendous fervor and might. Thick ropes flooded those pink walls, painting Ishtar's insides a pearly white, stuffing the girl's womb after such a long period of yearning to one day carry Xayah's offspring. Xayah couldn't rest, she had to be certain Ishtar was knocked up. Her motions became more stiff, but remained just as violent and desperate as before, struggling to maintain her momentum as her mind blanked out from pure bliss. There could be no rest, even as sweat beaded down her curvaceous frame, she hurriedly continued to pound herself in Ishtar until a permanent imprint had been etched into those girth-clutching walls - until the girl had remolded to the shape of Xayah's cock.

It was inevitable that her hips dredged back, that thick shaft plopping free from those overstuffed walls and allowing seed to pour out in a rather crude manner, Xayah gasping for air as she flopped onto her back and laid head in Farah's lap. She sighed, she heaved, bosom rapidly rising and falling as she regained composure steadily.

Something within her had subsided. She felt strangely at peace, as if her body acknowledged that she'd secured her bloodline in not one but, rather, three vastayans from her tribe. Ishtar curled up on her chest, clutching her arm gently, rubbing her belly idly. Farah reached down and began to idly play with Xayah's plum red hair. Gentle peace unlike Xayah had ever known in a life guided by strife and war overtook her thoughts. Somehow she knew that things would turn out alright, in this moment.

Too bad she didn't get to fuck that MILF some more, though.

Xayah is satisfied. (0%)

Fin

Calling it here! A bit unceremonious and abrupt. Sorry - unfortunately I think this is a suitable stopping point and this has enough sex interwoven into its 22,000 words as a test run of a CYOA that I believe this was more than sufficient! I also am starting to get a bit bored of the premise due to how I established it (again, it was meant to be a bit of a test run in all fairness, and it served that purpose beautifully) which makes motivation difficult as well.

Refer back to Patreon polls and posts within the next few days to see what happens next! I'll be picking up a new CYOA shortly, this time for a much longer term with new game mechanics planned out! Your feedback will mean and help guide the process a lot, consider leaving a comment on upcoming posts asking for your opinions!! Thanks for sticking it out and reading!

<https://www.patreon.com/posts/v-day-cyoa-final-64888929>