

# Deziere

*Yo momma is a fat ho*



[Ideas](#)

[Notes](#)

[Appearance](#)

[\[Raskalia\]](#)

[No Thx](#)

[Pay](#)

[First](#)

[Repeat](#)

[Sex](#)

[Let Her](#)

[Tail Peg](#)

[Face Sit](#)

[Missionary](#)

[Small](#)

[Medium](#)

[Big](#)

[More!](#)

[Anal](#)

[Snuggle Trib](#)

[Hard!](#)

[Gentle Please](#)

[Snooze](#)

[Talk](#)

[First](#)

[If first action OR second action after meal](#)

[Second action after sex](#)

[Repeat](#)

[If first action OR second action after meal](#)

[Second action after sex](#)

[Off your chest](#)

[Effect ends](#)

[Meal](#)

[First action](#)

[Second action](#)

[Dessert](#)

[Ride on chair](#)

[Get licked](#)

[\[Her\]](#)

[Raskalia.](#)

[Deziere.](#)

[Buying Dizzy/Updated Brothel Dizzy](#)

[Updated Mistress blurb when selecting \[Raskalia\]](#)

[Pay](#)

[Talk](#)

[About me](#)

[About you](#)

[Her life](#)

[Bizzy](#)

[Paragon](#)

[Her mods](#)

[The future](#)

[Finish](#)

[Buy?](#)

[Accept](#)

[Insist](#)

[If PC on good terms with Paragon](#)

[No](#)

[If PC on neutral terms with Paragon](#)

[No](#)

[If PC on bad terms with Paragon](#)

[Pay](#)

[Fuck You](#)

[Play It Cool](#)

[Mutual Benefit](#)

[Next time PC returns to their ship](#)

[Paragon Taxi Rank Desc](#)

[Dizzy](#)

[Provisional Ship Dizzy](#)

[\[Dizzy\]](#)

[How are you?](#)

[Next time PC goes to \[156\]](#)

[If Cowtits Bizzy](#)

[If Flat Bizzy](#)

[If oh no oh god what did you do to Bizzy](#)

[Studio](#)

[Ship](#)

[Nursery](#)

[Ship Dizzy](#)

[Ship blurb](#)

[Intro blurb](#)

[Appearance](#)

[Meal](#)

[Meal here](#)

[Dessert](#)

[Get licked](#)

[Pack Lunch](#)

[Shift](#)

[Never Mind](#)

[Studio](#)

[Nursery](#)

[First](#)

[Repeat](#)

[Nursery Dizzy](#)

[\[Dizzy\]](#)

[Blurbs if PC has no kids](#)

[Blurbs if PC only has kids 0-2 years old](#)

[Blurbs if PC has kids 3+ years old](#)

[Appearance](#)

[Shift](#)

[Never Mind](#)

[Studio](#)

[Ship](#)

[Sex \(shared between Ship and Nursery\)](#)

[Ship intro](#)

[Nursery intro](#)

[Let Her](#)

[Tail Peg](#)

[Face Sit](#)

[Missionary](#)

[Small](#)

[Medium](#)

[Big](#)

[Anal](#)

[Snuggle Trib](#)

[Hard!](#)

[Gentle Please](#)

[Snooze](#)

[If Ship Dizzy](#)

[If Nursery Dizzy](#)

[Talk \(shared between Ship and Nursery\)](#)

[Yourself](#)

[Her](#)

[Her life](#)

[Bizzy](#)

[Paragon](#)

[Her mods](#)

[The future](#)

[Collar/D Collar \(shared across all versions\)](#)

[Taking it off](#)

[Putting it on](#)

[Studio Dizzy](#)

[Altered Intro Text \(shared\)](#)

[D Appearance](#)

[Her Mom](#)

[Dizzy at studio](#)

[!Dizzy at studio](#)

[Camshow](#)

[Cowtits Bizzy](#)

[Ginormous Bizzy](#)

[Flat Bizzy](#)

[\[Dizzy\]](#)

[Brand Dizzy](#)

[Appearance line](#)

[Meal?](#)

[Threesome](#)

[First](#)

[Repeat](#)

[Regular](#)

[Tentafuck](#)

[Cowtits Bizzy Feature Variant](#)

[First](#)

[Repeat](#)

**Ideas**

- She went into debt and became indentured to Carver in order to get Bizzy an education. Eventually Beth packed her off to Dhaal as part of her aggressive Paragon Inc expansion. She's working under an alias, so unless a player follows through Bizzy's talks they probably won't make the connection.
- Has a milfy, curvy body, F cup, slightly pendulous tits, chubby belly, pear-shaped ass, white Persian fur. Has been modified by Carver: Her tails are Zaika-like and sensitive, with which she can peg. Her pussy is light green to match her eyes and is nubby on the inside. It's also as big as you'd expect someone who's had three kids to have, and she is large insertion-centric.
- Dizzy's thing is that she's an escort in a fairly modern day kind of way: She's a good listener and also a cook, and can just act as your therapist if that's what you want. You're paying to be mothered (and then possibly fucked). Oedipussy.
- Antenna implant allows her to quickly download dietary information about her jons' race so she can make them something that won't kill them. It also gives her extra-sensory input that keeps her libido sky-high and a small innate awareness of what her customers will like. Go ahead and stroke 'em, it'll make her cum.
- Obviously the goal here is to buy her out and reunite her with her daughter. Possibly some interplay with how well you please Carver determining how hard it is to get her? Like if you complete the Paragon Inc. mission Beth just gives you her, if you ruin them it becomes much harder.

## Notes

- PC can choose to take *two* actions with Dizzy (eat, fuck, talk etc) before their time with her is up. All potential actions are marked.
- Once used, Dizzy has a cooldown of 6 hours before the PC can spend a night with her again.
- [diz.name] is set to **Raskalia** if the PC hasn't found out her real name, **Dizzy** if they have.

## Appearance

{Raskalia / Deziere d'Alysio, or Dizzy as she's known to her closest,} is a mature, 5'11" female kaithrit. She has full, white shoulder-length hair, out of which her triangular ears sprout. She keeps it pinned back in a neat bun with two short black sticks crossed through it. Closer up you

can see these are synthetic, attached to her scalp: Robotic implants, cosmetic antennae perhaps.

She has green cat's eyes accentuated by false black lashes, set in a round bonny face with full cheeks and lips, painted in dark, alluring rouge. She wears dark stockings and is dressed in a red, shoulder-strapped, low-cut dress-blouse that reaches down to her knees and paints over her jiggly curves. It is both alluring and practical, something that could feasibly be worn in the kitchen as well as the boudoir. It makes you feel thirsty and hungry all at once.

She has a thick, Rubenesque body, naturalistic with only her too perky boobs to suggest there are hints of gene-modification about her. They are slightly pendulous nonetheless, big, soft F-cup dumplings that fill out her cleavage and sit proudly atop her round, chubby belly. {Her plump nipples lie in small lakes of biscuit areola, several inches wide.} Her upper arms have that maternal wideness which speaks eloquently of both stamina and the soft squash of a glorious hug. She has a fat ass, a pear shape swelling out the material of her dress wonderfully atop her child-bearing thighs. You'd swear the whole galaxy holds its breath when she bends over to pick something up. The pushing available on that {must be truly delectable / is truly delectable, you know}.

She has two tails like most kaithrit, but they are synthetic replacements: smooth, black, fully prehensile with blunt, swollen tips. {Her pussy has been modified, too: Its innards are the same captivating emerald color of her eyes, and is studded with delightful, cock-milking nubs. It's a wide, plump, spacious thing with a Persian-like white puff of fur above it set within the acres of softness that are her thighs, a hole that seems to beg for a huge filling or a busy, patient tongue.}

All of this is animated by a brisk but cheery attitude which imposes itself with affectionate certitude. [diz.name] has a mellow voice rasped a bit by cigarette smoke - sticky fruit with an edge of experienced rudeness.

## [Raskalia]

//Appears in Paragon Brothel [Catalogue]

Tooltip: The marble green eyes of a chubby, chesty, white-furred kaithrit glitter out of the catalogue. The mature female smiles at you warmly and frankly when your finger pauses, as if the advertisement itself were welcoming you like a long-awaited lover at the door.

"Ahhhh. You're interested in Raskalia?" The zaika madam is in your ear as soon as you hover for longer than two seconds over a catalogue page. "What I say to clients is: If ever you feel worn down with Dhaal, if you think you've seen all this place has to offer, go see Raskalia. She'll

give you what you were looking for... maybe something you didn't know you were looking for. She nourishes."

On the page, the white-furred kaithrit relaxes on a leather sedan and smiles at you warmly, displaying her thick, rubenesque body to you in a silky red chemise, her dark, synthetic tails splayed over the backrest. When you gaze at her a hissing, bubbling sound emanates from the pad, growing louder the longer you look. Frying? Your stomach growls.

"All flesh and fruit is provided fresh by Paragon, in association with C.C.C.," murmurs the madam in your other ear. "Remember that when you are... partaking."

Raskalia commands a 10,000 price tag. {Are you going to pay it? / A bit beyond your reach.}

[Pay] [No Thx]

## **No Thx**

"Very well." With a flick of the madam's finger the kaithrit is dismissed. "Let's keep looking, shall we?"

//Display catalogue options

## **Pay**

### **First**

Dhaal is packed with whores, slaves and erotic performers of every stripe, so you do find yourself intrigued by what it is about this one which justifies the five figure price. You pay with your codex (thank goodness the U.G.C. has imposed itself on this world already so you are spared the hassle of loading chits).

"The choice of a connoisseur. Truly." The zaika madam sweeps her hand at the stairs, where a line of flashing green LEDs have lit up, leading up into the sultry gloom. "Follow those, and savor what you've bought."

The lights flee along the floor of the dimly-lit hallway upstairs, leading you to the closed door of the furthest room on the left. There's no handle, or button... it slides into the ceiling with a thunk. You are hit by the smell of spice. Is that... cumin? And paprika? And some other, less appetizing things that make your [pc.nose] twinge.

"I have a guest, I see!" a mellow, raspy voice rings out. "Come into the living room, sweetheart. Don't be shy. Let me get a good look at you."



The main room has the feel of a well-loved antiques place, covered in richly patterned carpets with a big darkwood table in the middle, lit with flickering, floating faux-candles. The buttery light of a cluttered kitchen spills through a doorway, and it's from there the voluptuous kaithrit steps{, taking off your [pc.upperGarment] and hanging it from a sturdy hatstand as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do}. As her catalogue picture made clear Raskalia is a big girl, dressed in a thin, form-hugging dress that paints over her jiggly, generous curves. Her white hair is done up in a bun, through which two chopsticks appear to be stuck.

"Well, look at you! What a perky, {handsome / pretty} young thing's come to visit me this time! Aren't I lucky!" she says with a big smile, touching your shoulder. Her emerald eyes go vacant for a moment. You hear a faint buzz. "A [pc.raceName]. {If kaithrit: Obviously. But you never can be sure with all the mods flying around these days, can you? / If human/zaika/ausar/kuitan: I see a lot of them coming through here, these days." She squeezes your shoulder. "I've gotten <b>very</b> good at looking after them. / Ifelse: How exciting! I haven't looked after one of those in a long time."}

She laughs, her stuffed bosom quaking. It's quite an infectious, bubbly laugh. The double tails swishing around her ankles, you notice, are synthetic, smooth, articulated and blunt-ended. How many implants does this kaithrit have?

"What's your name? [pc.name]? You know what I think a {growing / pregnant} [pc.boyGirl] on-the-go like you needs," she says, poking you gently in the [pc.belly], "is a good square meal. All that junk food you wolf down whilst you're tearing around, no, it's not good for you. Why don't you sit yourself down there and I'll make you something? Then we can do something else. Or maybe you'd just like to talk for a bit? I bet you've got all sorts of little things bothering you right now, you won't believe what a relief it is to tell someone else about them is. Or..."

Raskalia puts a hand on her hip and steps back a bit, red smile becoming more knowing.

"...maybe you want to unload another way. We'll do whatever you want, in whichever order, sweetheart."

[Appearance] [Sex] [Meal] [Talk]

## Repeat

You do, indeed, see the unique appeal of the plump kaithrit: On a world as fraught and filled with danger as Dhaal, [diz.name] offers pure comfort. You pay and follow the trail of cat's eyes to the door of her apartment. It snaps open as you approach, and just the wave of strange spices that hits you when you step through makes you internally relax.

“Who’s my guest today? It’s [pc.name]! Sweetpea! Lemme get a good look at you. Aww, those clowns outside have been treating you rough, haven’t they?” [diz.name] pouts, one hand on your shoulder, looking you up and down. “And <b>you</b> have been wearing yourself down to the bone,” she goes on disapprovingly, gently tweaking your cheek.

“You sit yourself down there. What would you like? A nice meal? A tumble? Or we can just talk. You do look quite peaky, dear.”

She’s always so hopeful you’ll let her cook you a meal.

[Appearance] [Sex] [Meal] [Talk]

//PC can choose to do two things with Dizzy before their time is up.

## Sex

[diz.name] takes you by the hand and gently pulls you into her boudoir. Here, the smell of her kitchen is masked by clarifying flowery perfume. The light is provided by plentiful faux-candles which float around the huge, circular bed - and the neon blare of the Gyre, through the wall-sized window opposite. Presumably the material is one-way, so you can take the vast city in whilst you’re getting your fuck on.

In the flickering light you watch the kaithrit sit down. The mattress creaks. With marble eyes fixed on your face she shucks off the straps of her dress, allowing the fullness of her dumpling breasts to spill outwards, revealing their pale-pink areola and the plump nubs that rise out of them. Her dark stockings are held up by black suspenders, a frilly line around her chubby waist, and her matching underwear is... split, in particular places. She doesn’t even have to take it off in order to do her job.

She draws you close, taking one of your hands and placing it on the soft roll of her belly, the other between the thick, peachy bounty of her thighs and the rustle of her underwear. There, you feel warm silk, trickling dampness on your fingers. {Are those nubs you feel? / You stroke her nubby innards, and a raspy sigh puffs into your ear.}

“Whatever you want, sweetheart,” she says lowly, fang biting her lip. Her synthetic tails coil around your [pc.feet]. “However you want it. Or do you want me to do the work? I know what a cute thing like you would <b>really</b> like...”

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib]

## Let Her

Tooltip: Take the leash off the cougar and put her in charge.

{First: You hesitate. The way she said that... it *would* be nice to let this matronly pro take charge of you, wouldn't it? A cougar getting her claws into a piece of veal like you.

"Yeah. You want me to, don't you?" [diz.name] says, smile widening. She takes hold of your [pc.arms] and draws you down into her warm, pillowy embrace, letting you see the real desire that gleams in her marble eyes. "You want me to make you feel so good. Don't be shy, there's no shame in it... unless you want there to be."}

{Repeat: You let your shy grin spell out what you'd like... which is to let her dictate what happens here. Teacher knows best.

"You want me in charge, do you?" [diz.name] coos, smirking knowingly. She takes hold of your [pc.arms] and draws you down into her warm, pillowy embrace, letting you see the real desire that gleams in her marble eyes. Oh yes, you made the right choice. "Of course you do, sweetheart. Control is such a burden, isn't it?"}

// ++Lust

[Next]

//Randomly select scene PC qualifies for from here. Weight them so PC always gets something different to the one they got last.

## Tail Peg

Something hard, limber and smooth worms its way between you, slithering up your [pc.belly] and [pc.chest]. Scratch that, two things. [diz.name] slides the bulbous ends of her dark grey synthetic tails into view, one swaddled in her generous cleavage, the other pressed into your armpit.

"Paragon put these on me. When they subcontracted me," she whispers. She boops your nose with one, actually saying 'boop' as she does it, before giggling. "I miss the fluff of my old tails sometimes. But these ones are a lot more fun, it's true. I'm gonna show you."

She rolls you onto your hands and [pc.knees] on the bed. You feel an intoxicating blend of nerves and excitement as she strokes your [pc.hips], and obey her when she tells to lower your back, presenting your [pc.ass].

"Eyes forward, class. Show off that {nice tight ass / lovely big bottom} you've got for teacher. You can't do that unless you bend all the way down, sweetpea. Oh, that's it." Claws needle your left buttocks, and you gasp slightly as she squeezes it. "Mrs. [diz.name] thinks you have a <i>lot</i> of potential. She's gonna be giving you plenty of attention..."

You hear the slimy sound of two robotic, prehensile tails being dipped in lubricant, and you brace yourself for what's obviously coming - in all its intensity and delicious filthiness. You feel the softness of her thighs swaddling your [pc.hips], her hands gently running down your flanks, gripping your [pc.chest]... and then oily hardness sliding slowly between the crack of your ass, leaving a trail of lubricant behind it.

If vagina: "Now then sweetheart - where do you want it?" She laughs, raspy and infectious. "Well whatever, I know where I'm gonna put it. It might be a lil tough for you at first, but you'll learn to love it, and when you do, I want you to sing it out for me to hear..." Another oily bulb lands upon your [pc.vagina], sliding over its entrance to swirl captivatingly over your [pc.clit]. "...if you do, I'll give it you there, as well. Only good [pc.boyGirl]s get it there, though. Good [pc.boyGirl]s sing loud for teacher."

If else: "You relax sweetheart, just relax," she hushes. Back and forth her prehensile tail moves, polishing your [pc.anus] with coating wetness. Her hands moves inwards, stroking your [pc.cock] teasingly. "Otherwise it's gonna be tough for you. If you trust me... I'm gonna make it so good for you."

Your fingers dig into the sheets as she opens your sphincter up, pushing the thick bulb of her tail into the tightness of your ass. It's a liquid, experienced movement that is nonetheless incredibly intense, a sensation that makes you reactively want to tighten up. But [diz.name] calmly entreats you to stay relaxed, and the softness of her tone and her hands and her thighs brushing against your own blankets your head, and yes it's so easy to relax with her, {male: groan /else: moan} softly as with a winning huff she spears a hefty amount of that synthetic tentacle of hers into your guts. The thick bulb dragging back along your colon does feel magical...

"Mmm," the chubby kaithrit purrs. She bends over you, spilling her breasts over your back, puffs her breath over your [pc.hairNoun]. "I can feel along these things, you know. Tech wizzy-pokery. Not as much as a cock I think, but..." She pushes a good six inches of robo-tail into your [pc.ass], firmly enough to make you gasp and tighten your grip on the linen again, and she giggles lustily. "...oh yeah. Enough for that to feel <b>really</b> good."

She reams you rhythmically, holding you firmly in place by the shoulder and flank, your upturned ass a holster for her naughty peripheral, filling you with insistent pressure and sensation, giving you plenty of time to consider the filthiness of it, getting pegged by your matronly whore. She plays up to it, clearly relishing every minute of it. Her plump flesh wobbles around your hindquarters.

//If cock:

“You like that?” she coos when she finds the bulge of your prostate, kneading at it insistently with her monstrously agile peripheral. Fuck... fuck! You {cumQ,lowHigh: drool / spray} [pc.cum] from your half-erect [pc.cocksLight], milked like a cow. “Yeah you do,” she giggles. “So lemme hear you say it. Lemme hear how good Mrs [diz.name] is making you feel...”

“Yeessss,” you manage hoarsely, and are rewarded with another luscious bump against your boy button. After that you stop caring - you whinge and bark like a bitch without restraint, sweaty putty in her hands.

“Being nice and loud for me. {On our first night, too},” she says lowly. The smooth tail glides outwards from your back passage, popping loose from your sphincter achingly. “Good [pc.boyGirl]!” She strokes your jaw, and you shiver with submissive delight. “So you’re gonna get a treat. Stay still now...”

You bite your lip as you feel a second smooth snake-like appendage poke its way between your [pc.thighs], oiled serpentine motion that ends when it lays itself against your [pc.cock]{ and [pc.balls]}. Over your raphe it rubs, teasing your dripping tool... and then, oh my, it curls itself right around it and *squeezes*, making you start and squeak. What deftness!

“I love working those little sounds out of my students,” [diz.name] whispers, as she tightens and loosens her robotic grip on you. Her soft weight pillows itself on your back and [pc.ass], a lovely, lush reminder of who’s doing this to you. “They do and say things they never would, outside my classroom... and we aren’t done yet, are we blossom? Not at all.”

You can’t help but gasp and moan, an undeniably lewd sound, as she pushes the bulb of her first tail past your [pc.anus], more aggressive and lusty this time, taking full advantage of how she’s opened you and moulded you in the shape of her tails. Warm, thick, writhing tail-cock fills your back passage as she masturbates you with augmented thrusts, flicks and squeezes of her second tail, a riotous combination of sensations that has [pc.cumNoun] oozing{ and spurting} freely out of your dilated [pc.cockHeads].

Oh Void, oh fuck, *she can make them vibrate, too.* {repeat: You always forget this ride can go up another filthy level.} Motorific shivers fill your groin, deep inside and encased around your [pc.cocks] and you let yourself go entirely, arching your back and crying out to the overwhelming sensation, pushing your [pc.hips] back into her, sluttily greedy for as much of the shuddering appendage inside of you as possible.

“Ooh yes that’s it, sing for me sweetheart, teacher wants you to give it your best,” giggles the kaithrit, one tail a busy, slippery serpent upon [pc.oneCock], the other mashing itself firmly into

your prostate. “Oh, you feel so good when you wriggle and writhe like that... say my name,” she whispers in your ear, claws needling your shoulders. “Say my name, when you cum. Go on.”

“[diz.name],” you whimper as it comes pouring out of you, a fountain of [pc.cumGem] jizz spurting all over the sheets, shot out of you in tribute to the whore’s excellent services. She sighs in response and works you firmly, one tail squeezing and rubbing your pulsating [pc.cocksLight] whilst the other pumps you from the other side, thrusting into your [pc.ass] at that juicy angle that makes your prostate spasm helplessly. You ejaculate almost painfully in response to it, sweat dripping down your face as you give back to her sensual tentacles, eager to work out every last drop for Miss. When her tail pops loose from your asshole, it feels like you came out your soul.

With professional grace [diz.name] wipes your aching cock and brow with tissue, and then firmly gathers you into her squishy embrace, laying lots of cooing kisses on your brow. With a kind of practical candour, she places one of your hands on the curve of her butt, and swaddles your head in her sweet-smelling bosom. This is, indeed, the best way of holding her.

// If else:

“You like that?” she coos, filling your back passage with her monstrously agile peripheral, making it writhe within you. You gasp at the intensity of it, [pc.eachVagina] twinging and moistening to the internal pressure being put upon it. “Yeah you do,” she giggles. “You love getting it up the bum. So lemme hear you say it. You aren’t getting anything more until I hear how good Mrs. [diz.name] is making you feel...”

“Yeessss,” you manage hoarsely, and she pushes herself in even further, making you feel the smooth, wiggling thickness all along your sphincter, stretching your [pc.belly]. You arch your back, push into it, flagrantly displaying your submissiveness.

“Very good!” the kaithrit coos happily, stroking your jaw, and you shiver with delight. “So obedient and... mmm... such a nice {tight / well-trained} ass you’ve got. So you’re gonna get a treat. Stay still now...”

You bite your lip as you feel a second smooth snake-like appendage poke its way between your [pc.thighs], oiled serpentine motion that lays itself against [pc.oneVagina]. It’s already moistened and widened, and your mouth opens as the bulb end rubs slowly over your labia and [pc.clit], smearing itself in [pc.femCum], testing your plumpness and the soaked silk within. Your mouth opens as she stretches your hole open with that wide, smooth tip... and can’t help the wanton moan which starts out of it as she fills you with it, warm hardness rubbing you all the way in. Ooh, the way it bends against your walls! The way it squeezes against the one wedged deep in your [pc.ass]!

"I love working those little sounds out of my students," [diz.name] whispers, robotic tails twisting this way and that, tirelessly stirring you. Her weight pillows itself on your back and butt, a lovely, soft reminder of who's doing this to you. "They do and say things they never would, outside my classroom... and we aren't done yet, are we blossom? Not at all."

You can't help but gasp and moan, an undeniably lewd sound, as she draws the bulb of her first tail back until it's stretching your [pc.anus] and then thrusts it powerfully back home, pegging you aggressively now, taking full advantage of how she's opened you and moulded you in the shape of her tails. She gives you both of them at the same time, warm, thick, writhing appendage swelling you full simultaneously, an incredibly intense sensation that has [pc.femcum] {isSquirter: dripping / squirting} out of your [pc.vagina] copiously.

Oh Void, oh fuck, <i>she can make them vibrate, too.</i> {repeat: You always forget this ride can go up another filthy level.} Motorific shivers fill your sex and you let yourself go entirely, arching your back and crying out to the feverish sensation, pushing your [pc.hips] back into her, sluttily greedy for as much of the shuddering appendages inside of you as possible.

"Ooh yes that's it, sing for me sweetheart, teacher wants you to give it your best," giggles the kaithrit, tails busy, slippery buzzing serpents. You whine as she draws the one in your [pc.vaginaNoun] to fondle your [pc.clit], all the while the other aggressively claims your ass, energetic motion carrying all the way up your frame. "Oh, you feel so good when you wriggle and writhe like that... say my name," she whispers in your ear, claws needling your shoulders. "Say my name, when you cum. Go on."

"[diz.name]," you whine as it overtakes you, a series of full body clenches blowing your mind away, turning your whole world into nothing but slutty ecstasy. She sighs in response and works you firmly, one tails slipping back into your gushing [pc.vaginaNoun] whilst the other relentlessly works your tail-hole, thrusting into your [pc.ass] at that juicy angle that rubs up against the one in your cunt. You orgasm almost painfully in response to it, sweat dripping down your face as you give back to her sensual tentacles, lost in the throes of bliss. When her tails finally slither free of your loosened holes, it feels like you came out your soul.

With professional grace [diz.name] firmly gathers you into her squishy embrace, laying lots of cooing kisses on your brow. With a kind of practical candour, she places one of your hands on the curve of her butt, and swaddles your head in her sweet-smelling bosom. This is, indeed, the best way of holding her.

#### If first event

"What would you like now, sweetheart?" she whispers. "If you want to sleep, go right ahead. If you'd like to talk now, that's fine... or maybe you could relax here while I make us dinner. Take your time."

[Snooze] [More!] [Talk] [Meal] [Leave]

### If second event

“You’ll need to leave soon, sweetpea,” she whispers, patting your cheek. You mumble grumpily between her tits, and her little laugh makes her jiggle around your nose. “Oh, I know. But you can always come back. {First: Now you know what I can do for you... I think you will, won’t you? / Repeat: } She giggles again slyly. “You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?”

You’re allowed another minute snuggling in her infinitely squishy clinch, then you catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

### **Face Sit**

[diz.name] takes your hand and draws it down her doughy body; over the hillock of her paunch and down, down, down, to even warmer, softer depths. Your fingers encounter slick wetness.

“You know what I think you want?” she whispers, neon colors from the window flashing over her placidly sly expression. Her fingers curl around yours, deftly leading you where she wants to take you, encouraging you to feel the steaming glossiness within... the regular bumps that run up the inside of her loose pussy. Augmented for maximum pleasure. “I think you want that. All over your face. You’re practically drooling, sugarpea.” A raspy giggle bubbles into the perfumed air. She draws you even closer into her squishy embrace. Synthetic tails coil around your [pc.leg]. “Say it. Say... you want to lick me.”

“Yeah,” you say breathlessly. You feel pleasantly overwhelmed by the older female’s carnality and confidence; the simple ease with which she’s taken control of the situation. {[pc.eachCockIsAre] standing on end, a fact you’re only vaguely aware of.} “I want that.”

“Say please.” One of her synthetic tails has transferred itself upward, {curling itself around your [pc.cockNoun]. / sliding along the line of your [pc.vagina], gently teasing you.} More like a tentacle than a tail, she - your lips open as she gently flicks at {your [pc.cockHead] / your [pc.clit]} - has a shiver-inducing amount of control over it. “Only good little [pc.boy]s get to taste a treat.”

“Please... miss.” This last little improvisation clearly pleases her, makes her giggle raspily again and stroke your [pc.hairNoun], and you feel an almost childish rush of elation.



“Oh... very well.” She slides out of your [pc.arms], lies you back in the warm imprint she leaves. {Your [pc.cock] points at the ceiling like a goofy thumbs up to what she’s doing.} You try and scramble up, already envisioning her lying back and letting you dive headlong into that wide, lush delta, but instead find yourself gently but firmly pressed back down, needle claws pricking your [pc.chest]. You gaze up at her fertility idol of a figure as she kneels over you, that kind round face far above the plump, ripe watermelons of her tits rested upon her squidgy belly, and there between her thick thighs her pussy, gently parted to reveal the glistening, emerald innards, the same color as her eyes. It’s when she ponderously turns herself around, raising her tails to display her huge, pear-shaped rump, that you fully understand her game.

Giddy heat races between your head and your {[pc.cocksLight] / [pc.vaginasLight]}. You’re able to take a single sharp breath before two great pale mounds of flesh descend, and your senses of sight, taste and smell are all buried under an avalanche of warm-smelling softness.

<b>Plomff.</b>

“Theerrre,” sighs [diz.name] happily. “Feels good to put that eager fresh face where it can do the most amount of good!”

She deliberately shifts her weight from buttock to buttock, squishing herself heavily down on you, pushing your face further between her hams, mushing the damp puffiness of her pussy against your [pc.lips]. You whistle breath through your nose, wedged between her buttocks.

“You like that, don’t you?” Her tone is coy and teasing. “Being my cushion? Aren’t you going to enjoy your treat? Oooh yes theerrre we go,” she sighs as you open your mouth and sample the overflowing cornucopia of sex being pressed down into it. “Plenty for you to enjoy there, isn’t there...”

You manage to get your arms wrapped around her thighs and start licking her with puppyish thirst, relishing being swaddled and squashed under such a delightful amount of matronly ass. The fact it’s denying you sight and movement makes it all the more exciting, being topped and used in the softest yet most definitive way imaginable. And her pussy... she’s a big girl. There’s so much for your [pc.tongue] to relish, so many slick, loose folds to trace, so many of those delightful nubs along her inner tract that make her shiver and wobble on top of you when you flick and lavish them. Her musk is a rich fruit with edges of salt and smoke, a liquid mirror of her voice.

{If long: It’s good you have a tongue that was made to go exploring in such a spacious cunt, reach deep inside her, fill her with spry, wriggling heat, make her gasp and coo and spread plentiful amounts of fragrant kitty excitement around your mouth.

“Ooh you are good at that,” she gasps. “I better have you down there for an extra long time...”}

// If cock:

Your own pleasure at getting your face sat on by such a big and florid individual creeps towards fever pitch when you feel a skilled, warm, oiled hand wrap itself around your [pc.oneCock]. She shifts her grip up and down your erection teasingly at first, exciting you into tonguing her more intently, finding her grape of a clit and circling it quickly; the better you do, the more your [pc.tongue] moves across the places she most desires, the firmer her slimy grip becomes, the more juice she puts into her wrist flicks.

Your [pc.cock] is burnished in oil, bulging with heat, and for a light-headed moment under her cargo freighter of an ass you feel like you're going to cum in a rush, giddy on her touch and soft, smothering weight... but the second you feel your {[pc.ballsNoun] / prostate} tightening up, the loving slip and smooth of her hand becomes a hard clench.

"Not so fast sugarpea, not so fast," [diz.name] softly chides. "Were you really going to cum all over teacher's hand without finishing your lesson? That's not what a good little [pc.boy] does. Why did she put you down there in the first place? That's it, busy little [pc.boy]... right there..."

You fill her wide pussy with the wriggling, energetic eel of your tongue, reaching into her over-ripe fruit as far as you can go, high on a blend of subby desire to please and a frantic wish for that oily, unseen hand to take you over the edge. [diz.name] sighs and then gasps with delight, the bed creaking beneath you as she begins to bounce on top of you, a great soft mountain of flesh riding on top of your [pc.tongue].

{aphro spit: You deliberately allow the special glands in your mouth to relax, a great pool of saliva swimming in aphro forming in your mouth, and then with gusto you slather it right across the overgrown garden of [diz.name]'s cunt. Your pheromones take a few moments to sink into her, but when they do, the reaction is everything you hoped for - a husky coo followed by an almost girlish squeal of excitement, and the great soft mound on top of your face excitedly shifting and rutting on your [pc.tongue], eager for more.

"Your mouth - oooohhhh!" the kaithrit cries. "I know that, there's a girl who works here whose drool is - oh right there sugarpea yes right there, you're making miss so proud of you right now!"}

It's when you spread your [pc.lips] over her protuberant clit and hum into it that you manage it, carry the experienced pro into a wet, slithery, moaning orgasm. Her twat melts all over your face, an unavoidable flanneling of fruity, milfy excitement that quite frankly feels good enough to keep pleasuring her with long, juicy laps the entire time.

"Woahhooh... ok. Whew!" she sighs happily, straight her back as if regaining her matronly decorum. "Good [pc.boy]. VERY good [pc.boy]. Let me show how teacher rewards her most obedient, thirstiest [pc.boy]s."

Still with her child-bearing rear parked directly on your head she uses both of her hands to masturbate you now, {hasBalls: one oily hand gently squeezing your [pc.balls] whilst the other flows up and down your fervid shaft. /hasKnotOrSheath: one oily hand circling your [pc.knotOrSheath] whilst the other flows up and down your fervid shaft.} It's like she's masterfully molding your lust out of the clay of your loins, and with your nose and mouth still slathered in her juices and squashed beneath her you can't hope to stand against it for very long.

You bark as you cum, a whiplash of pure ecstasy starting up your spine, but of course you can only move the bottom half of your body; your hands disappear deep into the plentiful softness of her thighs as yours lurch up off the bed, propelling {cumQ: squirts / jets} of [pc.cum] into the air that rain back down on your [pc.belly]. [diz.name]'s faintly mocking, raspy laugh is in your ears as she continues to firmly jerk you off, and the teasing sound coupled with being so rudely sat on only makes the orgasm better, a dizzy, heady, suffocating treat that seems to go on and on, your [pc.cockNoun] an eager, obedient servant in her experienced, knowing hands. {You've left a [pc.cumColor] tattoo of your own enjoyment across your torso by the time you're finally aching and soft in her grip. / You've completely caked yourself and the whore's pillowy front in [pc.cumVisc] [pc.cumColor] by the time you're finally aching and soft in her grip, proof of your own extreme excitement.

//Lust reset

// no Cock:

Your own pleasure at getting your face sat on by such a big and florid individual creeps towards fever pitch when you hear a faint buzz, and then something blunt, oiled and vibrating is pushed against your [pc.vaginaNoun]. She teases you with the dildo at first, opening your entrance with it and then shifting it back to your [pc.clit] just as you think she's going to slot it home, exciting you into tonguing her more intently, finding her own grape of a clit and circling it quickly. The better you do, the more your [pc.tongue] moves across the places she most desires, the more vigorously she applies the prosthetic, letting you feel the humming bumps along its length, making you shiver and drip [pc.girlCumNoun] in excitement.

Your [pc.vaginaNounSimple] melts and simmers, and for a light-headed moment under her cargo freighter of an ass you feel like you're going to cum in a rush, giddy on her touch and soft, smothering weight... but the second you feel your twat crimp up, the oiled, thick, bulbous pressure being used to stir you disappears.

"Not so fast sugarpea, not so fast," [diz.name] softly chides. "Were you really going to cum all over teacher's stick without finishing your lesson? That's not what a good little [pc.boy] does. Why did she put you down there in the first place? That's it, busy little [pc.boy]... right there..."

You fill her wide pussy with the wriggling, energetic eel of your tongue, reaching into her over-ripe fruit as far as you can go, high on a blend of subby desire to please and a frantic wish for that oily, unseen hand to take you over the edge. [diz.name] sighs and then gasps with delight, the bed creaking beneath you as she begins to bounce on top of you, a great soft mountain of flesh riding on top of your [pc.tongue].

{aphro spit: You deliberately allow the special glands in your mouth to relax, a great pool of saliva swimming in aphro forming in your mouth, and then with gusto you slather it right across the overgrown garden of [diz.name]'s cunt. Your pheromones take a few moments to sink into her, but when they do, the reaction is everything you hoped for - a husky coo followed by an almost girlish squeal of excitement, and the great soft mound on top of your face excitedly shifting and rutting on your [pc.tongue], eager for more.

"Your mouth - oooohhhh!" the kaithrit cries. "I know that, there's a girl who works here whose drool is - oh right there sugarpea yes right there, you're making miss so proud of you right now!"}

It's when you spread your [pc.lips] over her protuberant clit and hum into it that you manage it, carry the experienced pro into a wet, slithery, yowling orgasm. Her twat melts all over your face, an unavoidable flanneling of fruity, milfy excitement that quite frankly feels good enough to keep pleasuring her with long, juicy laps the entire time.

"Woahhooh... ok. Whew!" she sighs happily, straight her back as if regaining her matronly decorum. "Good [pc.boy]. VERY good [pc.boy]. Let me show how teacher rewards her most obedient, thirstiest [pc.boy]s."

Still with her child-bearing rear parked directly on your head she screws you with the buzzing dildo firmly now, dipping into that little spot an inch or so inside that makes you groan and spasm reactively, [pc.clit] bulging needily. It'd take a boy about a month to find that spot, but you bought a whore who knows exactly what she's doing, and with your nose and mouth still slathered in her juices and squashed beneath her you can't hope to stand against it for very long.

You whine as you cum, a whiplash of pure sensation starting up your spine, but of course you can only move the bottom half of your body; your hands disappear deep into the plentiful softness of her thighs as yours leap up off the bed, {spotting / soaking} the sheets with [pc.femcum]. [diz.name]'s faintly mocking, raspy laugh is in your ears as she continues to stir you, turning those devilish, throbbing bumps around and around in your [pc.vaginaNoun], and the teasing sound coupled with being so rudely sat on only makes the orgasm better, a dizzy, heady, suffocating treat that seems to go on and on, your muff an eager, obedient servant in her experienced, knowing hands.

[Next]

At last the squishy, pale blinders are raised from your eyes, and you can take a big, whooping breath. You watch that wide, pear-shaped rump pull away and sit itself down beside you regretfully, even in your achey, spongy state. You wouldn't mind disappearing into that again. Not at all.

"I'll let you back in there some time," says the plump{ hasCock, bigCumQ:, cum-spattered) kaithrit, smiling at you knowingly and stroking your [pc.hairNoun]. "I know how safe and simple the world is when all you've got to concentrate on is teacher's bottom. {If second event: But I'm afraid that's all we've got time for today."

You sigh, regretfully looking down at {your spent [pc.cockNoun] / your throbbing, parted [pc.vaginaNoun]}.

"You can always come back, dear!" You're pulled into a big, soft hug. "And I think you will, won't you?" she murmurs in your [pc.ear]. "Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they."

You're sent to her ensuite with a brisk pat on the behind, and after catching a quick shower you find herself outside her door. Yes, that was... enjoyable. You pick a snow-white pube out of your teeth.

//Lust reset

{If first event: But... we have time for something else."

She lies on her side beside you, eyes half-lidded and smiling, big, soft pussy cat.

"What would you like to do now? Some more loving? Maybe you'd like to have a nice little nap now, that's fine... or maybe you can relax here while I make us a meal."

[Snooze] [More!] [Talk] [Meal] [Leave]

## Missionary

Tooltip: Have some tried-and-true with your hired wife.

GO Tooltip: You need a not stupidly sized dick for this.

Requires: Cock that fits

// reminder to use penisRouter

You make your intentions known by pulling back and letting your [pc.cock] spring{ from your [pc.lowerUndergarment]}, already hot and stiff with anticipation. With a husky murmur [diz.name] lies back and opens her wide thighs, revealing the wet, plush lips of her sex, replete with a tuft of fluffy white fur. The innards are a gleaming green, the same fetching color as her eyes. Your [pc.cockNoun] throbs; there really is nothing quite like watching a whore dutifully spreading them for you.

You clamber on top of the kaithrit, revelling in her wonderful pillowy give. Everywhere you put your hands there seems to be another mound of soft erogenous flesh for you to fondle and push your fingers into, every bit of it seeming to cause her to coo, shift and rasp with giggles. With one hand, she places your grasp on the crest of her tit, encourages you to grope the springy tenderness there; with the other she takes hold of your cock and guides you in, spreading wet, silken squish around its tip.

## Small

“My little [pc.guyGirl],” she whispers fondly, stroking your cheek as you sink into her softness, swiftly bottoming out. You murmur as your {[pc.balls] / [pc.knot]} press against her taint. “Are you in?”

You are, just about. Your [pc.cockNoun] is lost utterly in the oceanic green of the matronly kaithrit’s lush, well-travelled delta; the artificial nubs rub against your [pc.cock], stimulating you when you begin to saw into her, but it couldn’t be more obvious that she barely feels you. She simply watches you with that fond smile on her face as you pump yourself between her opened thighs, making her gloriously soft body shake and jiggle around you like you’re on top of a giant blancmange, your thrusting growing ever more fervid as your arousal takes hold.

You dimly realize that [diz.name] takes genuine pleasure from watching <i>you</i> take pleasure so the fact you’re not doing anything for her is... is fine. You’re her little [pc.guyGirl] (at least for the next hour or so), bouncing happily away on top of her, and you should lose yourself in it. Cheeks burning, you gasp and groan and clench your [pc.thighs] into her, letting her know how much you’re enjoying the steamy, bumpy slide of her inner silk over your sensitive [pc.cockNounSimple]; her full lips press against your brow, and she offers her breast to your lips.

You lick and chew on her plump nipple ravenously, tasting both salt and sweetness, and the tactility of the chubby whore overwhelms you, firing up your nerve ends. You grit your teeth, slap your {[pc.ballsNoun] / [pc.thighs]} into her seemingly endless pillowy give and cum hard, your [pc.ocksLight] pulsing deliriously.

“That’s it,” she coos, as if you were in the middle of producing a <i>very</i> impressive finger-painting. She squeezes her wide thighs around your waist, making you groan and shoot

out a particularly large wad of [pc.cum] into her. "You work it aaaaallll out. You give me everything you've got, my little [pc.guyGirl]..."

{Even your load is modest; nothing leaks out of [diz.name] when you're done, only the lewd [pc.cumGem] trail of spunk leading from your [pc.cockHead] when you finally slip out, throbbing with release. / She squeaks in slight surprise as you swiftly pack out her steaming tunnel with [pc.cumGem] spooage and it spurts out over her thighs. It's an almost painful experience shooting your prestigious load out of your thin cock, and your whole body trembles as you do it, pulsing again and again into the whore's pussy until [pc.cumFlavor] seed is oozing thickly down the sheets and you feel like a sweaty ragdoll.}

//Lust reset

## Medium

"Push yourself in, sweetheart... all the way in," she whispers. Her eyes are faintly luminous in the dark as you follow the instruction, relishing the resistant nubs which brush along your shaft. The kaithrit sighs as your {[pc.sack] / [pc.knotOrSheath]} presses into the sticky softness. "There we go. Isn't that nice?" She bites her lip as you slowly test her, dragging your [pc.cock] up and down her slick, bumpy fuck-tunnel. "Ooh, that's it. Take your time..."

She's a big girl, used to being ploughed by bigger than you every day; you doubt you can make her toes curl. Still, as you begin to pump between her opened thighs, making her gloriously soft body shake and jiggle around you like you're on top of a giant blancmange, you think you see real arousal begin to shine in those marble eyes, her fond smile replaced by a bitten lip and rosy cheeks. A faint buzz emanates from her hair.

"Yes, yes," she groans, thrusting her hips back into you, gloving her soaked pussy walls around your [pc.cock] ardently. "Like that, dear, like that. But... harder..."

Once again you're happy to follow the instruction of the squishy whore and give her the ploughing she really deserves, manically clapping your [pc.thighs] into her, delighting in her pillowy give and the steamy, bumpy slide of her inner silk. She arches her back, offering a breast to your lips; you avail yourself of it, licking and chewing on her plump nipple ravenously, tasting both salt and sweetness, slathering yourself in her tactility.

Finally you hook her beneath her knees, bending them backwards as you press a thick load of [pc.cum] into her deep{, knotting yourself into her loose hole so she <i>has</i> to take every last [pc.cumGem] drop}, losing yourself in the pulsing strokes.

"So feisty!" she cries at the ceiling. She squeezes her wide thighs around your waist, making you groan and shoot out a particularly large wad of [pc.cum] into her. "I love the young, fierce ones. Ooh yes, work it aaaaallll out. Give me everything you've got, my {guy / girl}..."

{Your load is modest, though; nothing leaks out of [diz.name] when you're done, only the lewd trail of [pc.cumNoun] leading from your [pc.cockHead] when you finally slip out, throbbing with release. / She moans with whorish delight as you swiftly pack out her steaming tunnel with [pc.cumNoun] and it spurts out over her thighs. It's truly wonderful to overflow on such a spacious cunt, prove your potency like that. Only when [pc.cumFlavor] seed is oozing thickly down the sheets do you finally cease, lie on top of her like a sweaty ragdoll on top of a bouncy castle.}

//Lust reset

## **Big**

"Oh my," she whispers, and a fresh surge of lust enters you as you hear the genuine delight in her raspy tones. "You're soooooo big!"

Yes you are, and it is an unspeakable pleasure to part her gleaming folds with your [pc.cock], fill this spacious, well-used whore up with inch after inch of piping hot cockmeat. The artificial nubs that line her pussy first brush and then *<i>press</i>* into your [pc.cockNoun], and a wondering, barking gasp is forced from your lungs as you keep plumbing her deeper, finding more and more space to fill out inside her. It's rare you find a lady who can take this much of you, and when you find her limit you hold there for just a minute, relishing just how fully your bitch breaker is gloved in slick, warm, stretched, bumpy kaithrit.

"My big [pc.boy]," she whispers again, excitement gleaming in her marble eyes, stroking the nape of your neck and your cheek. "Do you know how to use that thing? Show me."

It's undeniably a turn on that you might genuinely excite this older female who's seen it all before, and it is with gusto that you draw yourself back, delighting in the feeling of her plump, squashed nubs rubbing against your hard meat, and then thrust yourself back in; slowly at first, testing her limits, keeping your own ardor coasting

"Yes, yes," she groans, thrusting her hips back into you, gloving her soaked pussy walls around your [pc.cockNoun] ardently. "Like that, dear, like that. But... harder..."

You throw your [pc.hips] into it, making her gloriously soft body shake and jiggle around you like you're on top of a giant blancmange. She moans with joy, her instructions and little encouragements melting into nothing but cries of slutty joy as you stuff her, swelling her already thick abdomen with the glorious amount of pipe you're thrusting home into soaked, rumped milf twat. She makes a sound of pure abandon, eyes rolling up towards the ceiling, and you feel juice dripping down your [pc.knotBallsHilt]. Totally in charge now and heady with it, you lick and chew the plump nipples on her breasts, sinking your face deep into the pillowy flesh, slathering yourself in her tactility.



Finally you hook her beneath her knees, bending them backwards as you press a thick load of [pc.cum] into her deep{, knotting yourself into her loose hole so she has to take every last drop of it}, losing yourself in the pulsing strokes.

“Oh that’s it!” she cries at the ceiling. She squeezes her wide thighs around your waist, making you groan and shoot out a particularly large wad of [pc.cum] into her. “Give it me, my big strapping [pc.boy]! Use me with that lovely big thing, my {guy / girl}...”

{Your load is modest, though; nothing leaks out of [diz.name] when you’re done, only the lewd trail of [pc.cum] leading from your [pc.cock] when you finally slip out, throbbing with release. / She moans with whorish delight as you swiftly pack out her steaming tunnel with [pc.cum] and it spurts out over her thighs. It’s truly wonderful to overflow such a spacious cunt, prove your potency like that. Only when [pc.cumFlavor] seed is oozing thickly down the sheets do you finally cease, lie on top of her like a sweaty ragdoll on top of a bouncy castle.}

//Lust reset

[Next]

“Did you like that?” [diz.name] murmurs. You close your eyes as you feel her warm, rough hand drift between your [pc.thighs], clutch your [pc.cockNounSimple]... and then slowly but firmly drags her tight grip down. You groan lowly as a final [pc.cumVisc] discharge of jizz is milked out of you onto the sheets. “Yeah,” she giggles raspily. “I think you did.”

In a business-like manner, the matronly prostitute takes your hand and places it on her plump backside, puts your head between the warm, intimate-smelling swaddling of her boobs and draws you deep into her pillowy embrace. This is, indeed, the very best way of holding her, enough so that the stickiness oozing over your thigh is an afterthought. You feel so <i>safe.</i>

If first event

“What would you like now, sweetheart?” she whispers. “If you want to sleep, go right ahead. If you’d like to talk now, that’s fine... or maybe you could relax here while I make us dinner. Take your time.”

[Snooze] [More!] [Talk] [Meal] [Leave]

If second event

“You’ll need to leave soon, sweetpea,” she whispers, patting your cheek. You mumble grumpily between her tits, and her little laugh makes her jiggle around your nose. “Oh, I know. But you

can always come back. {First: Now you know what I can do for you... I think you will, won't you? / Repeat: } She giggles again slyly. "You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?"

You're allowed a couple more minutes snuggling in her infinitely squishy clinch, then you catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a cooling kiss on your brow. You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

## More!

Tooltip: You hired a whore, and you're getting your money's worth.

GO Tooltip: So soft and noodly...

//Requires priapism OR Libido >33%.

Your fires have hardly been quelled, and just being in the soft, experienced grasp of the kaithrit prostitute is making you think about all the other things you could do with her. She squeaks and then laughs as you tighten your grip on her, molding your hand into the warm jelly of her ass and squeezing the tender underside of her belly.

"Ooh, ok. You want more of this, sweetheart?" the pale kaithrit asks. Her knee slides between your [pc.thighs], rubbing back and forth over your groin. "Of course you do. So full of beans... what would you like?"

[Let Her] [Anal] [Missionary] [Snuggle Trib]

## Anal

Tooltip: Do her up the sizable fundament.

// **Tooltip2,noPeen**: <b>You don't have a proper dick.</b> No anal for you.

// **Tooltip3,tooBig**: You're packing too much heat. <b>You'll need a smaller penis for this one.</b>

// reminder to use penisRouter

//Requires not absurdly sized dick

{First: You've had eyes for only one thing since you were let into the whore's chambers. /

Repeat: You only ever have eyes for one thing once you're inside the whore's chambers.} It's kind of unavoidable: every time she turns away from you you are confronted to the great pear-shaped mass swelling out the seat of her red, form-fitting dress, restlessly shifting beneath

the thin material. The stockings the pro's legs are encased in are a cliché perhaps but they work: the animal within you desperately wants to see where they end, where the smooth nylon ends and the soft, pale flesh begins. You want to get your hands, and your [pc.cock], deep inside that big, fat ass.

"You want to do it the dirty way, sugarpea?" [diz.name] says the word in a saucy whisper, needle teeth gleaming knowingly. "Oh, the young, mucky pups always do. They're obsessed with it. When teacher turns back from the board... they all have to pick their eyes back up."

Lying on her side on the bed, the tubby kaithrit stretches her arms out. At first you think she's just displaying her body to you - her full, wide breasts, her pliant underbelly, all of it begging for the touch of your hand - but then you see she's reaching for her bedside table, cluttered with bottles and sex toys. She comes away with a bottle of clear fluid.

"Come here sweetheart," she murmurs, shifting now onto her knees. "If we're going to do it that way... if you think you're [pc.manWoman] enough to bend teacher over her desk and <b>bigger</b> her... make it so she can't sit down for the rest of the day... we're gonna have to get you ready."

You shift over to her on the bed{, happily discarding your [pc.lowerGarments] as you go}, letting your [pc.cocks] swing freely down. Your breath catches in your throat as, her pretty cat's eyes locked on you, [diz.name] opens her mouth and unloads a generous amount of lubricant inside. Cheeks bulging, she descends and, eyes still locked on you, takes firm hold of your [pc.cockNoun].

A few sweet strokes to get the blood really pumping, and then... you close your eyes and exhale slowly as the kaithrit whore dips forward and welcomes your member to a dark, silken, swirling world of warm liquid. You open your [pc.thighs], revelling in it as her rouged lips travel further and further down your shaft, finally enveloping the whole thing in her sticky mouth with a small yet definitive wet squelch. Warm, oily droplets trickle down your {[pc.ballsNoun] / [pc.knot]}.

Calm eyes locked on your face, she bobs up and down a little bit, tightens her full lips around the base of your shaft so she leaves a dark red ring... and then slides off, streamers of oil falling over your [pc.cock] like a dessert slathered in melted chocolate.

"There," she says, after she's taken a couple of breaths. She runs her finger up the underside of your hot, leaden dick, gleaming in the light with a lusty smile. "I'd call that ready, wouldn't you?" She turns on the bed and displays the great white expanse of her backside to you, synthetic tails raised, smiling at you over her shoulder. "Let's see if the big brave [pc.boy] can do the rest."

++Lust

[Next]

Lust thrumming through you, you take hold of her by the thick waist and nestle your oiled, extremely erect [pc.cockNoun] in the valley of her buttocks, each a couple of feet wide. For a few moments you just slide back and forth in there, glorying in its deepness and welcoming pliancy, her plumpness sandwiching your greasy length.

“C’mon,” [diz.name] laughs throatily. “Are you just going to play around back there or - ? Ooh.” She tenses up slightly, sudden resistance produced among the mountains of softness, as you draw yourself back and push your [pc.cockHead] against the pale spider of her asshole. The sensation trembles up your [pc.cockNoun], stirring your own dark lust, spurring you on. Your fingers disappear into her plump waist as you dip inwards, slowly but surely opening her up and sinking beyond the crush of her sphincter. You groan quietly as you feel that warm ring travel further up your oiled, burning flesh, gripping and stroking you so closely that when you draw yourself back pre is forced from the head. {If large: Fuck... she’s so spacious, so well-trained. You feel like you could just keep sinking more and more of your [pc.cock] into her, a bitch perfectly suited to taking a massive client like you.}

Lust coursing through you, you begin to make concerted love to that thick asshole, a black hole nestled deep within an entity who otherwise seems to be made of nothing but lush, indulgent give, making it your own. Your [pc.hips] push into pillowy fat whilst your [pc.cockNounSimple] drives into firm, obdurate clench; it’s a dizzying combination that has you lusting for it all the more, heated wolfishness overrunning you, driving you to drive the kaithrit prostitute into her sheets roughly.

She emits smoky little gasps as you ream her, tsunamis of motion running up her body from the clap of your thighs, head thrown back and hair bobbing. {First: The two black sticks crossed through her hair bun bobs before you. A perfect handlebar, surely. You reach forward and grasp them, give the smooth synthetic material a playful tug. The reaction isn’t quite what you anticipated.

“Oooohhh no, don’t touch those, sweetpea!” [diz.name] moans. She tightens up mightily around your mired [pc.cockNoun] and thrashes her replacement tails in your face, practically pawing at the bed as you hold the firmly anchored stylus cross. They’re... attached to the back of her head? “They’re veeerrry sensitive ooohh nooooo!”

This latest outburst comes when you stroke them from base to tip, fondling them experimentally. They’re grafted cybernetics of some kind, an antenna perhaps. Is this how Paragon controls her? They’re certainly a lot of fun to play with, even more fun to hold as you screw her ass, which you do now with aplomb, shaking her soft frame with whole-hearted thrusts of your [pc.hips], pushing deep into that delightful pillow as you fill the pale rubenesque’s head and skin with intense stimulation by pulling at her antenna. /

Repeat: The two black sticks crossed through her hair bun bob before you, and they're just... they're far too much of a temptation. You reach forward and grasp them, give the smooth synthetic material a playful tug, and you revel in the loud and immediate reaction it causes.

“Oooohhh no, not those, sweetpea!” [diz.name] moans. Your prick throbs as she tightens up mightily around your mired [pc.cockNoun] and thrashes her replacement tails in your face, practically pawing at the bed as you hold the firmly anchored stylus cross. Void, that's so good...how could you not? “They're veeerrry sensitive ooohh nooooo!”

You stroke the grafted cybernetics from base to tip, fondling them. It's such a quintessential Paragon addition, a combination of pragmatic, sadistic and slutty, and there's no doubt they're a lot of fun to play with. Even more fun to do so as you roughly screw her up the ass, which you do now with aplomb, shaking her soft frame with whole-hearted thrusts of your [pc.hips], pushing deep into that delightful pillow as you fill the pale rubenesque's head and skin with intense stimulation by pulling at her antennae.

She moans and squeals and writhes around your stiffness delightfully, superb feedback from pillaging her back passage so thoroughly, lust coursing up your length{ and reaching into your [pc.sack], swelling it with liquid heat}. Her emerald pussy gleams with liquid arousal.

“You love getting fucked in the ass, don't you teach?” you growl in a fuzzy, triangular ear. “You love selling your fat backside out to all the boys every lunchtime. Say it.”

“I - I love getting fucked by you, sweetpea...” You give her antennae an expertly judged little tug, and she moans with truly whorish delight, yowling out at the ceiling. “I love selling my ass! Oh I'm a dirty girl, give it me really good, my good [pc.boy], make me earn it!”

This feels slightly more like her fantasy than yours, but a good fantasy is a good fantasy, one that refines the animal lust coursing through you into something purer and harder hitting, tightening your muscles and sinew. You open your mouth as orgasm overtakes you, your [pc.nipples] {hardening / dribbling} with the force of it. You pull her head back, drive {a substantial amount of your huge cock / all of your [pc.cockNoun]} past the clench of her sphincter and orgasm hard, grunting and groaning like a wounded fool as you surge [pc.cum] into her.

{You feel like you cum buckets into her, emptying {yourself / your [pc.ballsNoun]} entirely into her warm, squirming depths, but when you do at last sag backwards, unsheathing your wilted [pc.cockNoun] from the wobbling hills of her bum, only the slightest trickle of [pc.cumColor] follows you out. She's an absolute cavern. / You hose spooge out of your over-excited dick into her, and for once you don't immediately empty out, start soaking the bedclothes, yourself, everything in a mile-wide radius; [diz.name] is a big girl with plenty to fill. She moans lewdly, tails swishing, as you pack her intestines out with [pc.cumFlavor] goodness, delivered with one passionate thrust after another, until at last you feel it sloshing around your throbbing

[pc.cockNoun], and at last you can part with her asshole and leave it oozing cum thickly, thoroughly satisfied with a job well done.}

You stroke her cybernetic hair-sticks as you let go of them, an action that draws a murmur somewhere between pleasure and exasperation from her.

First: "I told you not to grab those, and you did it anyway," she says, turning onto her side to gaze at you with an icy matronly disapproval somewhat damaged by her muddled hair and the rosiness of her cheeks. "That makes you a very bad [pc.boy], you know."

"I know," you reply, smiling sunnily back. Void, you feel so pleasantly emptied.

"Bad [pc.boyGirl]s get canings. Or spankings. But you have to pay extra for those," she sighs. "So - I'm just going to make you promise not to do that again. Alright?"

"I promise not to tug on your extra sensitive slut antenna ever again," you say, face shining with total disingenuity.

Repeat: "Ooh you are such a bad [pc.boy]," she scowls, turning on her side to pout at you. "You promised not to grab my antennae! What am I going to do with you?"

{Painslut: "Cane me, miss," you answer immediately.

"A punishment you'll enjoy is no punishment at all!" the kaithrit snaps, issuing you with a light slap to the cheek. Even that, just a taste, feels good. / If else: "I can't help being a bad [pc.boy]," you reply with a winning grin, "anymore than you can help having cybersluttery built into the back of your head."}

"You promise not to play with them again?" she says severely, trying to keep a smile off her face.

"I promise," you lie.

{merge}

"Good.{If first action:" [diz.name] rearranges her hair, a smile reappearing on her face. "Now then - we still have a bit of time, candy cane. What would you like? Some food? Wanna talk? Or would you like another tumble, maybe?"

[More!] [Snooze] [Meal] [Talk]

/ If second action: " [diz.name] rearranges her hair, an apologetic smile reappearing on her face. "I'm afraid that's all we've got time for, sweetcheeks. You'll come back though, won't you? {If repeat: " Her smile turns slightly crooked. "Of course you will." }

You catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. {If painslut: You wonder if you can talk to the madam about paying extra for that caning. / If else: You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.}

## Snuggle Trib

Tooltip: Get nice and comfy in all that squish, then see what she can do with those tails.

// **Tooltip,noPuss**: Tribbing is a distinctly pussy-on-pussy act. <b>You'll need one to do this.</b>

//Requires vagina

The overriding urge, taking in [diz.name]'s big soft body laid on its side before you, is to hug it. Her pot belly, huge full breasts and chubby, wide thighs seem to radiate warmth and welcomeness, enhanced by the gentle, patient smile of their owner. Eroticism almost as a form of comfort.

"Why don't you come in here, sweetpea?" she says, spreading her arm to you. The whore seems to have a preternatural ability to know what you're thinking. {If tugged antenna: You wonder if it has anything to do with her antenna.} "Let's get in nice and close together, hmm? Then maybe we can decide what we're gonna do."

You gladly shuck off your [pc.gear] and descend into the flowery-smelling bed with her, and oh my yes it <i>does</i> feel good to swaddle yourself in plentiful milf fat, feel her arms spread around your shoulders and then squeeze you into her seemingly endless give. You wind up with her boobs as muffs for your [pc.ears], a sight that makes her quake with bubbly laughter.

"Doesn't that feel good?" she murmurs, emerald eyes gazing placidly down at you. "All anyone does on this planet is rush, rush, rush. Nobody seems to have time for a hug... nobody seems to realize how important they are."

{Hugged Quaille: You're pretty sure you've met someone else who expressed something very similar. Someone very similarly shaped. You guess if you're built for hugs, you naturally view them as quite important.}

You embrace the pillow of a kaithrit back, internal parts of you relaxing... and then you feel something considerably more athletic, winding its way up your [pc.legNoun] and then squeezing

its way between you. It's vibrating gently, a fuzzy, pleasant sensation crawling up your inner thigh, growing into something more acute when it rests against the mound of your [pc.vagina].

"These tails are a lot of fun," [diz.name] whispers, holding you tightly as she traces the line of your [pc.vaginaNoun] with the blunt, synthetic appendage. "See what I can do... theeerrre." She giggles again as you tighten your grip on her, [pc.lipsChaste] opening as she pushes inside and with incredible alacrity bends it onto your [pc.clit], riding the smooth, vibrating tip over it. Your tunnel moistens and widens readily.

{If vagina > = 2: "Aaaaand..." You feel her second tail slowly sliding its way northwards. It's easy to guess what she's going to do with that one, but her pace remains patient, building the anticipation as it slithers across your inner [pc.skinFurScales] before at last pressing it against {your other / another} pussy, parting those folds with a vibrating tip, all the while the first one gently swabs the entrance to your [pc.vagina0]. Inhuman amounts of sensation begins to build through your loins. "Isn't it good how I come especially equipped for exotic young [pc.boyGirl]s like yourself?"}

The base of her tails bob as she swirls the shivering wand end{s} over [pc.eachVaginaSimple], holding you fast in her squishy embrace all the while. Arousal glows through you and you find yourself sighing, moving your [pc.thighs] to the buzzing stimulation, urging {oneVagina: it /else: them} to move further inside.

"Alright, sugarcube..." Her hand touches your ear{, if dog/cat: scratching behind it, intensifying the strange blend of relaxation and arousal currently taking hold of you}. "Would you like me to give it to you hard? Or nice and gentle, just like this."

[Hard!] [Gentle Please]

Hard!

"Give that to me hard," you groan, intense urge forcing the words from your lips.

"Mmm. You young [pc.boy]s... so full of energy," [diz.name] purrs. "Alright then... let's see if we can't wear you out."

You clutch her, hand disappearing into her boob as she shoves the tail-tip into your [pc.vagina0] and turns the vibrations way up, filling you with undulating, shivering smoothness. Oh <i>fuck</i> that's good. {> = 2 vaginas: It's joined a second later by its twin, spreading the entrance of your [pc.vagina1] to thrust itself upwards, twin penetrations that make your tender innards sing.} You arch your back as {it / they} easily fill{s} you up and then stir{s} you, the kaithrit's gentle coils and curls translating into seismic tremors within your [pc.pussiesLight]. Fuck... fuck!



You orgasm with a scream, carried off by the vibrations into ecstatic paroxysms, [pc.eachVaginaSimple] clenching up around [diz.name]'s synthetic fuck-tails, {dripping / gushing} [pc.femcum] down their lengths. She simply holds you tight in her arms, not allowing you to writhe away from her, a tenderly smug smile on her round face.

"Aren't you a tender thing?" she remarks casually. You are only able to gasp and pant as she pumps herself in and out of your soaked, spread hole, the fat end stretching you up and down. "The boys must love you... I've barely gotten started with you, and you're already a quivering wreck. Let's see what happens if I do this... and this..."

{If 1 vagina: As she vigorously tail-fucks you, you feel another snakey, synthetic presence slithering its way up your [pc.legNoun], feeling its way over your [pc.ass] with thirsty intent. Oh no... before you can protest it's between your buttocks and pressing itself against your asshole, not letting up until it opens before it and allows that second bulky tail-tip to burrow into your colon, more vibrations buzzing their way into your core.}

Getting stirred and fucked by two prehensile vibrators at the same time is an electrifying experience, particularly when your arms and face are stuffed with delicious pale softness, everywhere, it seems, jiggling into your tactile receptors. And Void... [diz.name] really does have an incredible amount of control over those tails of hers. They twist and turn inside of you, only letting up so that she can pull one of them out and tease your [pc.clit] instead, tender button brought to a throbbing clit-gasm by the devilish plain and circle of a soaked, shuddering tail-tip. The chubby kaithrit clearly enjoys fucking you with them, particularly as you begin dotting her neck and boobs with love bites and scratches, driven to set your teeth and nails into her flowery flesh by {double vaginal orgasm / getting your ass fucked whilst getting your clit teased}. You soak the sheets with [pc.girlCumNoun]{ and spot her front with [pc.milk] from your opened [pc.nipples]}.

"You're gonna cum for me one more time, aren't you?" she murmurs in your ear, once your throat has become hoarse from whining and screaming. Your eyes roll as her tentacles writhe within you, as unrelenting and wild as her tone is soft and calm. "Yeah, you are. You're gonna cum one last time whilst I turn you inside out, and you're gonna say my name as I do it..."

The waves in your [pc.eachVagina] grow larger and larger, and as they crash down once again you cannot not.

"[diz.name]!" you moan, thrusting your [pc.thighs] hard back into the tail reaming you, slathering it in another good coating of liquid excitement. "Oh <b>fuck</b> [diz.name] that's good!"

"Good [pc.boy]!" Her rouged lips press upon your brow as you ride her twin tails on another sensational orgasm. When they finally withdraw from your tenderized holes, you feel like a squeezed lemon. You sag in her grip sweaty and wheezing, [pc.chest] rising and falling against the watermelon-like mounds of her {pcHasBreasts: own} breasts. Void do you feel well fucked.

"My younger clients always go for the hard option first. They think it's a challenge." Her raspy tone is merry and teasing. "They usually choose gentle afterwards."

### **If first event**

"What would you like now, sweetheart?" she whispers. "If you want to sleep, go right ahead. If you'd like to talk now, that's fine... or maybe you could relax here while I make us dinner. Take your time."

[Snooze] [More!] [Talk] [Meal] [Leave]

### **If second event**

"You'll need to leave soon, sweetpea," she whispers, patting your cheek. You mumble grumpily between her tits, and her little laugh makes her jiggle around your nose. "Oh, I know. But you can always come back. {First: Now you know what I can do for you... I think you will, won't you? / Repeat: } She giggles again slyly. "You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?"

You're allowed a couple more minutes snuggling in her infinitely squishy clinch, then you catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

### Gentle Please

"Just... keep doing it like that," you answer, closing your eyes and losing yourself to the gentle, buzzing throb inundating [pc.eachVagina].

"{If did hard last time: Aww, did I go too rough with you last time? Well, ok." A soft hand strokes your cheek. "We'll do it nice and easy this time." / If else: {You just relax, sweetpea. You've had a long day." A big, soft thigh shifts against your own. "Let [diz.name] do the work.}"

{Her two tail ends are / Her tail end is} a buzzing sun, moving slowly over the surface of your sex, filling you with warming, glistening pleasure. You shift in her pillowy embrace, keeping your eyes closed, baking in the glorious, gentle stimulation which carries you slowly like a lover up the stairs towards orgasm. When it breaks it's like the sunrise, pleasure spreading and spreading through you until you feel those soft vibrations in your soul. You shift and groan softly in her grip, {beading / dripping} [pc.femcum] steadily over {both of her lazily twirling wands / her lazily twirling wand}, kept rested against your entrance{s} and [pc.eachClit]. When was the last time anyone went this gradual with you?

"Mmm." There's an undercurrent of real lust in [diz.name]'s low, smoke-harshened tones. "Isn't it nice to go slowly for once with someone? To just... lose yourself in it..."

She lifts her thigh over yours, wobbly but strong, winching your lower body closer in to her, so that she can press her own pussy against the tip of the tail she's using to stir your [pc.vagina0]. The plump lips of her cunt slide across yours, a distant kiss around a warm, throbbing core filling you both with glorious vibes. The need to actually kiss her arises naturally and so you do, forgetting whore-client etiquette for the moment to mash your lips with hers, feel her hot breath and twine your [pc.tongue] around her own - a thin, raspy organ - in a lovely little dance that mirrors the shift of your genitals below.

Your arousal builds again, and once again you close your eyes, wanting to savor every moment of the slow, slow build. It's even better now because [diz.name] shifts with you, irresistibly aroused herself by her own tail vibe shaking her over-sexed pussy up, and you feel her excitement slick and drip onto your [pc.thighs], her increasingly ragged breaths in your ears. You don't know if she cums herself because you take the suggestion and lose yourself entirely in it, the swell and push of your whore's cuddly flesh against your [pc.chestNoun] and [pc.legOrLegsNoun] as pulse after pulse of vaginal release washes through you, a melt that becomes a waterfall, motioned on endlessly by the relentless buzz of her toy tail{s}. {One pussy getting stirred into orgasm brings the other{s} with it, and you are treated to a prolonged double oh that is absolutely mindblowing, gasping and groaning at the ceiling as it goes on. You do feel like you've lost a few brain cells by the time you come down from it.} It's so gentle yet so euphoric you feel like you're naturally being carried into sleep.

### **If first event**

"You feeling drowsy, sweetpea?" murmurs the massive pillow you're wrapped around. The vibrations turn down to the faintest tremble. "That's ok. Why don't you have a doze? That's a nice idea. You look like you could use some sleep..."

[ZzZ...] [No]

ZzZ...

//Go to snooze

No

You shake your head vigorously and grin up at her feistily.

"That was good," you say, "but not good enough to knock me out."

"Well ok!" You are engulfed in bubbly laughter. Her tail{s} shift away from your soaked, gently throbbing twat{s}. "What would you like to do instead, then? Some more fun in here? Or maybe you'd like a meal. Or would you just like to talk?" She squeezes you tightly. "I'm all yours."

[More!] [Meal] [Talk]

### **If second event**

"You'll need to leave soon, sweetpea," she whispers, patting your cheek. You mumble grumpily between her tits, and her little laugh makes her jiggle around your nose. "Oh, I know. But you can always come back. {First: Now you know what I can do for you... I think you will, won't you? / Repeat: } She giggles again slyly. "You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?"

You're allowed a couple more minutes snuggling in her infinitely squishy clinch, then you catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

## **Snooze**

Tooltip: So sleepy...

It's so tempting after some vigorous sex, and now just lying here in bed in the endlessly pillowy embrace of [diz.name]... why don't you nod off for a little while? You can always, you can always do something else, something or another when you, umm...

"That's right," the kaithrit murmurs as your head nods against her chest. "You just relax, sweetheart. It's been a long day, hasn't it?"

You sink gratefully into the darkness between her boobs...

[Next]

//+4 hours, + Well Rested perk

...and emerge from it suddenly with a twitch and a snort. Your head is propped up on pillows, actual ones, not a kaithrit's large titty. Where did she go? You try and rise, immediately encounter difficulty. You look down at yourself and find with a certain amount of incredulity that you've been neatly tucked in.

“There’s my sleepyhead!” A bathrobed [diz.name] pokes her head around the door. She towels her hair, laughing at you fondly. “You really have been overdoing it recently, haven’t you? So easy to poop out!”

Did you really spend 10,000 credits on a whore just to take a long nap in her bed? You sink further beneath the sheets.

“Aww no, don’t be like that!” [diz.name] clucks at the expression you pull, lays a hand on your arm. “I always try and give my clients exactly what they need in here. And sometimes... sleep is very important for a young go-getter. No, it is. Listen, I’ve gotten Paragon to give you a small refund. It’s more important to me you want to come back, rather than feel you’ve been squeezed. Not in that way, anyway.” She giggles raspily.

You dress, and a few minutes later find yourself outside [diz.name]’s apartment with a kiss cooling on your forehead. That... didn’t go as you imagined in your head. Still, you have to admit: you do actually feel recharged and refreshed after that.

// 25% of fee paid back

## Talk

//This could potentially be used as a way for her to give actual advice for the quests on Dhaal.

First Tooltip: What, like talk talk? Is she a therapist?

Repeat: Pour out those parts of your heart that you’re willing to.

First

### If first action OR second action after meal

You frown, then shrug. You weren’t quite expecting to pay for a conversation, but she’s made it clear you can do other stuff later hasn’t she? And you have come to link making small talk to girls with having sex with them, for some reason. You sit yourself down at the table.

“So what’s your story?” you say. “Where do you come from?”

[diz.name] shakes her head kindly.

“You don’t have to do that, sweetpea,” she says, sitting down opposite. The chair creaks. “I’m a prostitute, and you hired me. There’s no need for small talk, or to pretend to be interested in my

life story. Tell me what's troubling you. This is a tough old world in a tough old galaxy - everyone's got something that's wearing them down. Tell me about it. Even if I can't help you, it'll feel good to get it off your chest."

Well, alright. Certainly your own life is tumultuous enough to warrant discussion. You tell [diz.name] about your mission - the insane quest your rich father gave you, that has sent you careening from one incredibly dangerous location on the frontier to the next.

The kaithrit's large green eyes widen, but she doesn't seem to doubt you, and coaxes your account on with questions. They have less to do with the exact details of your adventures and more how you felt at particular junctures - when you {defused that bomb on Tarkus in the nick of time / escaped Tarkus in the nick of time}, what you really thought about the incredibly fraught situation on Myrellion, when you saw the scale of the slavery operation on Zheng Shi. It actually does feel good to do that. Has anyone ever really asked your opinion about that kind of thing before? Or have you simply been nodding along to what <i>other</i> people thought about it? You feel inner parts of you relaxing, and what started as a stilted trickle becomes a flood, until your throat begins to ache.

"My," [diz.name] says, putting a cup of steamy Roshan tea in front of you. "You live a much more exciting life than most of my clients! But you survived all of it, {0-1 crew: all on your own for the most part. / ifelse: and gathered together a group of people who obviously care about you to share it with}. That makes you pretty special in my book."

The voluptuous kaithrit pats your hand as you sip the smokey, bracing tea.

"You aren't just your father's kit, you know that sweetheart? Maybe you were when you first began this quest of yours, but you've become your own thing during it - something your dad couldn't have really predicted. That's the joy of kids, you see yourself in 'em, and then you see 'em making entirely different choices to you. You just gotta launch 'em in what you think is the right direction, and then hope they fly..."

For a moment [diz.name]'s tone is thick and her eyes elsewhere; then the green marbles and smile are focused back on you.

"You should think less about how you're going to find his probes, and what you really want to do when you do finally get this inheritance. I doubt it's to become the CEO of a mining company!"

She laughs, bubbly raspiness.

"If you need any advice, about... this place, and the people who run it, come see me," she goes on in a slyer, more confidential tone. "This flat isn't bugged. I made it clear to Paragon I needed my clients to feel like they could be completely relaxed, if I was going to work properly. I know a

few things... and you'd be surprised how simple complicated problems can be, once you talk them out."

Yeah. That might not be such a bad idea. You take another sip of steaming stim, eyeing the curvy, older kaithrit.

If first action: "Now," she says, eyeballing you right back. "You have me for a little while yet. What else would you like to do?"

// +Off Your Chest buff for next 24 hours

[Sex] [Meal] [Leave]

If second action: "I'm afraid that's all we have time for," she says, patting your hand again. "But you can always come back. {First: Now you know what I can do for you... I think you will, won't you? / Repeat: } She giggles again slyly. "You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?"

A couple minutes later, you're outside the apartment with a parting, cooling kiss on your brow. {sexedHerDuringEvent: You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress. /else: You come to the slow realization that you just hired a hooker and didn't have sex with her. Is that... bad? Were you ripped off? You pat your belly, feeling both confused and weirdly content.}

## **Second action after sex**

Sure, you wouldn't mind a little pillow talk. It feels very good to do so in this exact position, and something about [diz.name]'s round-cheeked, kind face loosens your tongue.

"How did you get into this line of work, babe?" you ask. "You're good at it."

She shakes her head softly.

"You don't have to do that, sweetheart," she murmurs. "I'm a prostitute, and you hired me. There's no need for small talk, or to pretend to be interested in my life story. Tell me what's troubling you. This is a tough old world in a tough old galaxy - everyone's got something that's wearing them down. Rest your head - right there - and tell me about it. Even if I can't help you, it'll feel good to get it off your chest."

Well, alright. Certainly your own life is tumultuous enough to warrant discussion. You tell [diz.name] about your mission - the insane quest your rich father gave you, that has sent you careening from one incredibly dangerous location on the frontier to the next.

The kaithrit's large green eyes widen, but coaxes your account on with questions. They have less to do with the exact details of your adventures but how you felt at particular junctures - when you {defused that bomb on Tarkus in the nick of time / had to blow up Tarkus}, what you really thought about the incredibly fraught situation on Myrellion, when you saw the scale of the slavery operation on Xheng Shi. It actually does feel good to do that. Has anyone ever really asked your opinion about that kind of thing before? Or have you simply been nodding along to what <i>other</i> people thought about it? You feel inner parts of you relaxing, and what started as a stilted trickle becomes a flood. Your throat begins to ache.

"My," [diz.name] whispers. "You live a much more exciting life than most of my clients! But you survived all of it, {0-1 crew: all on your own for the most part. / ifelse: and gathered together a group of people who obviously care about you}. That makes you pretty special in my book."

Her toe claw scrapes gently up and down your [pc.leg].

"You aren't just your father's kit, you know that sweetheart? Maybe you were when you first began this quest of yours, but you've become your own thing over its course - become something more than what your dad imagined. That's the joy of kids, you see yourself in 'em, and then you see 'em making entirely different choices to you. You just gotta launch 'em in what you think is the right direction, and then hope they fly..."

For a moment [diz.name]'s tone is thick and her eyes elsewhere; then the green marbles and smile are focused back on you.

"You should think less about how you're going to find his probes, and what you really want to do when you do finally get this inheritance. I doubt it's to become the CEO of a mining company!"

She laughs, raspy bubbles.

"If you need any advice, about... this place, and the people who run it, come see me," she goes on in a slyer, more confidential tone. She squeezes you closely into her softness, warm salt and sweetness. "This flat isn't bugged. I made it clear I needed my clients to feel like they could be completely relaxed, if I was going to work properly. I know a few things... and you'd be surprised how simple complicated problems can be, once you talk them out."

Yeah. That might not be such a bad idea. You squeeze the curvy, older kaithrit back, eyeing her Rubenesque body.

"You'll need to leave soon, sweetheart," she whispers, patting your cheek. You mumble grumpily between her tits, and she smiles. "Oh, I know. But you can always come back. {First: Now you know what I can do for you... I think you will, won't you? / Repeat: } She giggles again slyly. "You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?"



You're allowed a couple more minutes snuggling in her infinitely squishy clinch, then you catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

## Repeat

### **If first action OR second action after meal**

"Yeah, I... would like to talk," you say hesitantly.

"Of course you do, sweetpea." [diz.name] rubs your hand. "With the life you lead, I'm surprised your head doesn't burst open most evenings!"

She bustles into the kitchen; a kettle is turned on.

"Now. How much closer are you to discovering your daddy's next probe? {If Anno on crew: How's that scientist pup of yours doing? / If Mitzi on crew: Has that poor gabilani castaway been getting herself all over you again? / If Eitan on crew: I hope that big furry brute you let on board your ship hasn't been throwing his weight around again. / If Sera on crew: Has that grumpy human of yours been getting up to her mischief again? / If Ardia on crew: Have you managed to convince that dzaan friend of yours to lose a little weight? / If Azra on crew: How's that suula friend of yours? I like her, you know, she takes good care of you. / If Kase on crew: How's that kaithrit boy of yours doing? I hope you're disciplining him, kaithrits boys need plenty of discipline. / If Shekka on crew: How's that little engineer whizz of yours doing? I'd love to meet her, she sounds adorable! //If multiple choose one at random}"

The plump kaithrit uses details of your last conversation to coax you out, surprising details you remember only mentioning in passing. But yeah, they do warrant expanding on, don't they? Who else asks you about this stuff?

Once you contextualise this as a therapy session the awkwardness of paying a whore to just listen to you fades. [diz.name] is a very good listener, and once she pierces the dam of your mind with some kind, sharp questions a flood of anxieties and frustrations comes pouring out. She encourages and affirms actions that you lay out in front of her; she leads you away from other matters you wanted to discuss, and later you realize she was gently discouraging you from other actions you were considering taking. Inner parts of you relax; your throat starts to ache. Smoky Roshan tea helps.

"How are we feeling?" she smiles, squeezing you into a squishy hug. "Better? Good. You've got a lot on your plate, but you've also got a good head on your shoulders. You've just got to remember how to use it, sometimes."

She giggles raspily and releases you.

If first action: “Now. You have me for a little while yet. What else would you like to do?”

// +Off Your Chest buff for next 24 hours

[Sex] [Meal] [Leave]

If second action: “I’m afraid that’s all we have time for. But you can always come back.” She giggles again slyly. “You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?”

A couple minutes later, you’re outside the apartment with a parting, cooling kiss on your brow. You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress. {It doesn’t matter that you didn’t actually have sex, does it? Sex is very easy to find on Dhaal. Companionship, less so.}

// +Off Your Chest buff for next 24 hours

## **Second action after sex**

Sure, you wouldn’t mind a little pillow talk. It feels very good to do so in this exact position, and something about [diz.name]’s round-cheeked, kind face loosens your tongue.

“Of course you would, sweetpea.” [diz.name] strokes your cheek as she murmurs quietly to you. “With the life you lead, I’m surprised your head doesn’t burst open most evenings! Now. How much closer are you to discovering your daddy’s next probe? {If Anno on crew: How’s that scientist pup of yours doing? / If Mitzi on crew: Has that poor gabilani castaway been getting herself all over you again? / If Eitan on crew: I hope that big furry brute you let on board your ship hasn’t been throwing his weight around again. / If Sera on crew: Has that grumpy human of yours been getting up to her mischief again? / If Ardia on crew: Have you managed to convince that dzaan friend of yours to lose a little weight? / If Azra on crew: How’s that suula friend of yours? I like her, you know, she takes good care of you. / If Kase on crew: How’s that kaithrit boy of yours doing? I hope you’re disciplining him, kaithrits boys need plenty of discipline. / If Shekka on crew: How’s that little engineer whizz of yours doing? I’d love to meet her, she sounds adorable! //If multiple choose one at random}”

The plump kaithrit uses details of your last conversation to coax you out, surprising details you remember only mentioning in passing. But yeah, they do warrant expanding on, don’t they? Who else asks you about this stuff?

You’re beginning to wonder if you’ll ever be able to take a therapy session again without it being in the arms of a whore you just fucked, because Void does it feel right and warm and good.

[diz.name] is a very good listener, and once she pierces the dam of your mind with some kind, sharp questions a flood of anxieties and frustrations comes pouring out. She encourages and affirms actions that you lay out in front of her; she leads you away from other matters you wanted to discuss, and later you realize she was gently discouraging you from other actions you were considering taking. Inner parts of you relax; your throat starts to ache.

“How are we feeling?” she whispers, squeezing you tightly. “Better? Good. You’ve got a lot on your plate, but you’ve also got a good head on your shoulders. You’ve just got to remember how to use it, sometimes.”

You squeeze the curvy, older kaithrit back, eyeing her Rubenesque body. Your lust stirs.

“You’ll need to leave soon, sweetheart,” she whispers, patting your cheek. You mumble grumpily between her tits, and she smiles. “Oh, I know. But you can always come back.” She giggles again slyly. “You always come back. Nobody does it quite like [diz.name], do they?”

You’re allowed a couple more minutes snuggling in her infinitely squishy clinch, then you catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. You feel as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

## Off your chest

Text: You feel relaxed and unwound, imbued with a clarity of purpose.

Duration: 24 hours.

Effect: +10% Intelligence, +15% resistance to Psionic and Tease based lust attacks.

### Effect ends

The pressures of captaincy and the stress of constant culture shock are once again eating away at you. Wouldn’t it be nice to unload your problems on some soft motherly someone? And unload some other things, perhaps.

## Meal

Tooltip: Let the kaithrit cook something up for you.

### **First action**

Alright then, why not? It has been a while since you had a homemade meal.

“You sit yourself there,” beams [diz.name], patting a place set at the wooden table. “And I’ll...” her face goes vacant - you hear the faint buzzing again - and then she beams. “Yes! I know just the thing.”

The plump kaithrit bustles into her kitchen and is soon producing a medley of clanging pans, busy knife chops, huffing steam, joined then by the undeniable, mouthwatering hiss of frying. The slightly unpleasant smells that twinged your nostrils earlier are drowned by ones you find appetizing and savory. As she works she throws conversation through to you; light questions about your day, the state of your ship, what you intend to see and do on Dhaal. Wholesome sound, scent, warmth and light spills through the door, and deep, vague memories of contentment and belonging touch you.

“There we go,” [diz.name] says maybe half an hour later, setting a stacked plate before you. “{If human: Spaghetti bolognese! A human delicacy. / If kaithrit/cat-morph: apricot sole in mint and human milk soup. I’ve always wanted to try this recipe out on a kaithrit! / If ausar/huskar/dog-morph: peanut-sauteed gruzon kidneys. An ausar delicacy! / If zaika: Grilled firendish with human’s milk curd. Zaika go crazy for this! / If alien: Iridescent ratatouille! I had to make some guesses, because of your, um, unique physique. But I’m sure you’ll like it! / If myr/zil/nyrea/bothrioc: Sweet- fried Hauâ Mai leaf curry! Perfect for a hungry young bug-[pc.boyGirl]! / If else: My patented neutron stroganoff! Try and guess the ingredients.}”

{Human: The sauce is rich, the pasta is firm, the mushrooms and meat are tender. You aren’t quite sure what the latter is, but the whole of it is enjoyable enough for you to not really care. / K/cat morph: It’s an odd blend of flavours, tart fish and creamy soup. And yet... something about it really makes your taste buds zing, your stomach cry out for more. You find yourself gobbling it down. / A/dog morph: Man, you can’t get this anywhere outside Ausaril. Gruzon trade is heavily restricted. And yet... it tastes exactly as it should. Your ginger nibbles are swiftly replaced by greedy bites. One, this is satisfying. / Curdling milk dulls the effect of it on your zaika physique, mildly stimulating you instead of sending you batshit. You spear it with strips of the rich, duck-like firendish. / It looks unappetizing, but as you tuck in you find yourself enjoying it despite the occasionally strange blend of flavors and textures. It has that innately satisfying quality of something that’s giving you nutrients you’ve been starved of. The heaped plate is quickly polished. / There is something like lemon and something like garlic in the blue-and-yellow leaves and yes, you find that something about them makes your mouth water{, your antennae waggle excitedly}. You consume the curry greedily. / She doesn’t have access to a neutron star - and you’re not quite sure what her main ingredient is, chewy and jerky-like - but after eating some of the stroganoff you have to admit it’s pretty good. Creamy, full of flavor and very satisfying. You begin devouring it.}

[diz.name] sits across from you, smiling to herself contentedly as she watches you inhale her nutrient-and-calorie rich home cooking.

“Oh no, sweetheart,” she says, when you ask if she wants any, patting her plump stomach with a guilty chuckle. “I’ve got to watch my waistline. I’m happy just watching you enjoy it. You need feeding up.”

The impression creeps over you that the motherly kaithrit enjoys feeding you. Like, a lot. Her wide thighs shift together; when you steal a look up from the plate, you see a bitten lip and wide, gleaming eyes. The odd combination of contented fullness and exhibitionism warms your [pc.skin]. You wipe your greasy lips with a napkin and grin back at your cook whore, slightly embarrassed. You feel like a stuffed piglet.

“Did you enjoy that?” [diz.name] asks huskily, dilated pupils drifting up your body. “Yeah, you did... I can tell.” Her claw dimples into the pale softness of her bosom. “What would you like to do now, sweetcheeks?”

// +HP and Energy to max, +5 wideness

[Dessert] [Sex] [Talk]

## Second action

Yeah, actually. You are feeling pretty damn hungry after that. [diz.name] beams when you say you’d like some food.

“Alright then sweetheart! {If from talk: You just wait there and I’ll...” her face goes vacant - you hear the faint buzzing again - and then it lights up again. “Yes! I know just the thing.” / If from sex: You make yourself comfortable in the living room. I’ll just... her face goes vacant - you hear the faint buzzing again - and then it lights up again. “Yes! I know just the thing.”}

The plump kaithrit bustles into her kitchen and is soon producing a medley of clanging pans, busy knife chops, huffing steam and then the undeniable, mouthwater hiss of frying. The slightly unpleasant smells that twinged your nostrils earlier are drowned by ones that are appetizing and savory. As she works she throws conversation through to you; light questions about your day, the state of your ship, what you intend to see and do on Dhaal. Wholesome sound, scent, warmth and light spills through the door, triggering deep, vague memories of contentment and belonging.

“There we go,” [diz.name] says maybe half an hour later, setting a stacked plate before you. “{If human: Spaghetti bolognese! A human delicacy. / If kaithrit/cat-morph: apricot sole in mint and human milk soup. I’ve always wanted to try this recipe out on a kaithrit! / If ausar/huskar/dog-morph: peanut-sauteed gruzon kidneys. An ausar delicacy! / If zaika: Grilled firendish with human’s milk curd. Zaika go crazy for this! / If alien: Iridescent ratatouille! I had to make some guesses, because of your, um, unique physique. But I’m sure you’ll like it! / If

myr/zil/nyrea/bothrioc: Sweet- fried Hauâ Mai leaf curry! Perfect for a hungry young bug {girl / boy}! / If else: My patented neutron stroganoff! Try and guess the ingredients.}"

{Human: The sauce is rich, the pasta is firm, the mushrooms and meat are tender. You aren't <i>quite</i> sure what the latter is, but the whole of it is enjoyable enough for you to not really care. / K/cat morph: It's an odd blend of flavours, tart fish and creamy soup. And yet... something about it really makes your taste buds zing, your stomach cry out for more. You find yourself gobbling it down. / A/dog morph: Man, you can't find this <i>anywhere</i> outside Ausaril. Gruzon trade is heavily restricted. And yet... it tastes exactly as it should. Your ginger nibbles are replaced by greedy bites. One, this is satisfying. / Curdling milk dulls the effect of it on your zaika physique, instead mildly stimulating you as you spear it with strips of the rich, duck-like firendish. / It looks unappetizing, but as you tuck in you find yourself enjoying it despite the occasionally strange blend of flavors and textures. It has that innately satisfying quality of something that's giving you nutrients you've been starved of. The heaped plate is quickly polished. / There is something like lemon and something like garlic in the blue-and-yellow leaves and yes, you find that something about them makes your mouth water{, your antennae waggle excitedly}. You consume the curry greedily. / She doesn't have access to a neutron star - and you're not quite sure what her main ingredient is, chewy and jerky-like - but after eating some of the stroganoff you have to admit it's pretty good. Creamy, full of flavor and very satisfying. You begin devouring it.}

[diz.name] sits across from you, smiling to herself contentedly as she watches you inhale her nutrient-and-calorie rich home cooking.

"Oh no, sweetheart," she says, when you ask if she wants any, patting her plump stomach with a guilty chuckle. "I've got to watch my waistline. I'm happy just watching you enjoy it. You need feeding up."

The impression creeps over you that the motherly kaithrit <i>does</i> enjoy feeding you. Like, a lot. Her wide thighs shift together; when you steal a look up from the plate, you see a bitten lip and wide, gleaming eyes. The odd combination of contented fullness and being on exhibition warms your [pc.skin]. You wipe your greasy lips with a napkin and grin back at your whore cook, slightly embarrassed. You're a piggie.

"You enjoyed that, didn't you?" [diz.name] says huskily, dilated pupils drifting up your body. "Yeah, you did... I can tell. I did, too." She pats your [pc.hand]. "Your time is up, honey. I've gotta clean up."

Aww. You could do with a lie down, or zombify in front of Exquark after that. Reluctantly you get to your [pc.footOrFeet].

"You're gonna come back, aren't you?" [diz.name] slips into your ear{, as she fetches you your [pc.upperOverGarment] and / as} you make your way to the door. "I do worry about all my

clients not eating well on this world. Regular Dhaal food - it's filled with additives. Not good ones. You take good care of yourself, ok?"

She deposits you outside her apartment with a firm pat on the [pc.ass]. You stifle a burp, and wonder logily what to do next.

// +HP and Energy to max, +5 wideness

## Dessert

Tooltip: You've definitely got your eyes on something sweet.

Select at random based on PC's equipment

### Ride on chair

Leaning back in your chair and opening your [pc.thighs] a little, eyeing her generous curves like she's eyeing you, you tell her that, actually, you're fancying some dessert.

"Are you?" she responds softly. "Well... I'll have to see what I've got in my cupboard. Or... maybe you can take a look in there yourself."

[pc.OneCock] is already tumescent, giddy on the blood rush of rich food and sex, and it gains even more form as [diz.name] wraps her arms around your neck and clammers onto your lap, the softness of her great ass piling down on your [pc.legOrLegs]. The delicious sound of her skirt shifting up her hams fills your ears; she takes hold of your hand and sinks it down, down, down, to pliant depths and secret caves. Oh my, she's soaked; sinking your digits into her squishy, bumpy inner cunt slathers them in catgirl lubricant.

You finger her for a little while, curling within her nubby silk sleeve, feasting on the fire you put into her round face.

"You are greedy," she breathes. When she wriggles her paunch pushes into your [pc.belly] and the chair squeaks. "My greedy piggy... ooh... if you want more, why don't you..." She pushes her broad breasts from their housing, offering that plentiful cream flesh to you, and you seize upon it with the greed she's coaxed out of you, lapping and nibbling on the plump rise of a pale nipple as you continue to wiggle your fingers deep in the wetlands of her cunt. The whimper and purr you draw from her this time is truly wonderful.

She pulls your [pc.cock] out, a few strokes of her warm hand enough to draw it to full mast. Then she sits down on it, wraps her broad thighs around your waist, and rides you briskly. You lean back on the chair, transported by the feeling of her augmented, nubby tunnel squishing and

jerking around your fevered meat - so soft and voluminous, yet supple and kneading, the bumps rubbing intently and thirstily up your shaft. All deep in this marshmallow of a kaithrit, her wonderful soft curves jiggling all around you, her fat ass bouncing up and down on your [pc.thighs], screwing you with unfakeable passion.

“{If big dick: Such a pig,” she groans. “Making me slave away in the kitchen and then fucking me... with your giant <b>cock</b>...” Oh yeah, she likes that. You revel in it, opening your hips and arching your back so she gets plenty of that thick dick of yours, filling out her spacious purse and letting her work herself into a feverish lather whilst you bite and suckle ravenously on her lovely, plump nipples, filling your mouth with their scent. That sudden gasp and tighten, that meow and rising quiver of her soft flesh... }

{If else: You like that, baby?” she breathes, jouncing on top of you, wide green eyes gazing at you knowingly. You find it hard to respond; belly packed and now lost in the whore’s wonderful, jiggling, kneading softness, you are lost, panting with delight. That squish around your [pc.cockNoun]... you’re hardly touching her sides, but the way her nubs brush up and down your burning hard flesh sends pulses of delight up your spine. You bite and suckle ravenously on her lovely, plump nipples, filling your mouth with their scent, lost entirely in a gluttonous dream of plump white flesh.}

You muscles quake and you go off like a rocket, painting her squishy, bumpy walls with [pc.cum], head thrown back and groaning with delight as she bounces away on top of you, working out every last drop{ from your clenching [pc.balls]} with one flob of her gigantic ass after another. Sugar rushes through your engorged veins, and when you are finally spent and left panting sagged on the chair, you feel satisfied in every way it’s carnally possible to be.

“You’re going to have to leave soon, sweetheart,” she whispers in your ear. Disappointment curdles your glorious post-coital haze. All you want to do right now is zombify in front of an Exquark nature doc.

“Oh, I know,” the kaithrit giggles, stroking your cheek and [pc.hairNoun] fondly. “But you can always come back. Dessert is always being served at [diz.name]’s.”

You’re allowed a couple more minutes snuggling in her infinitely squishy clinch, then you catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. You are ultimately left as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

## **Get licked**

Leaning back in your chair and opening your [pc.thighs] a little, eyeing her generous curves like she’s eyeing you, you tell her that actually, you’re fancying some dessert.



“You’re still hungry, sweetpea?” she responds softly. The light pink flannel of her tongue crests her lip. “Well... I’ll have to check the cupboard. See if there’s anything in there to your taste.”

She cracks the straps of her dress, and then descends under the table like a particularly fetching whale. Her pudgy but deft fingers{ slide up your [pc.lowerGarments], loosening clasps, undoing buttons. / slide their way up your already naked hips.} The {moistness / always dripping wetness} of your [pc.vagina] is bared to the air... and then to the hot, roiling breath of the whore.

Kaithrit tongues are flat and rough, maybe lacking the wonderful tentacular heft and squirm of other being’s mouth appendages, but making up for that with the inertia, the <i>drag</i>. [diz.name] is clearly experienced at where this is best applied. You sigh and then groan with sheer delight as she coaxes your [pc.clit0] out of its hood, making it bulge with little suckles and pulls, and then lets the lash of her tongue loose on it, gently flicking it back and forth with skillful alacrity {If more than one clit: She even finds the other at the opposite end, laughing with delight as she repeats the trick, sending inhuman amounts of pleasure pulsating through your crotch by lapping at first one then other, finger busy on the unattended.}

If cock: She curls her hand around your [pc.cock] as she pleasures your [pc.vaginaNoun], shifting her grip up and down, coaxing it into full, hot erection. Sweet, hermaphroditic ecstasy.

If !cock but 1 < pussies: “Look at all these,” she says with a little laugh, pulling away to gaze at [pc.eachVagina]. “I have a hard enough time looking after just one! It would drive me a little crazy if I had two of these and... someone tickled both at the same time...”

The anticipation almost kills you, and when it comes <i>fuck</i> it’s good. She sinks two fingers into your [pc.vagina0] whilst the hot, wet rasp of her tongue flickers and laps over your [pc.vagina1], a molten furnace of pleasure which only glows more molten, making you dig your nails into the chair arms and moan lewdly with sheerest delight.}

{merge}

You are gluttoned on good food and now being treated to lavish oral, the cook on her knees with her chubby arms wrapped around your [pc.hips] and head buried between them, ate and now eaten. It’s luxuriant, decadent, and you feel the blood rush through your veins as [diz.name] reaches her deft, rough tongue deeper and deeper into your [pc.vagina]. You clench your teeth and hiss through your nose as you crest the hill, your quim melting like a sundae under a heat lamp, [pc.femcum] {dripping / gushing} over the kaithrit milf’s busy mouth and fingers. As rich and sugary a dessert as it’s possible to imagine. When she finally withdraws, {mouth / face} glazed with [pc.femcumFlavor] juices, you’re left sagged on the chair, grinning with mouth ajar like an idiot. She giggles at the sight.

"You like that, sweetpea? I think you might have overindulged a little. A little walk will help..." she sighs as she clammers to her feet. "...and you're going to have to take that soon. Our time is up."

Disappointment curdles your glorious post-coital haze. All you want to do right now is zombify in front of a Exquark nature doc.

"Oh, I know," the kaithrit says, patting your hand fondly as she takes your empty plate. "But you can always come back. Dessert is always being served at [diz.name]'s..."

You catch a quick shower in her en-suite, dress, and head back out of the apartment with a kiss on your brow cooling. You are ultimately left as content as any businessperson might after spending an evening with their mistress.

// +HP and Energy to max, +5 wideness

## Dizzy Part 2

### [Her]

//After the PC has used [Talk] once, when used again it offers two choices: [You] and [Her]. [You] proceeds to the normal scene.

Tooltip: Try and get the prostitute to talk about herself for once.

"I actually do want to talk about you this time," you say. "Not just small talk."

"That's sweet dear, but no." [diz.name]'s tone is {cool and firm / as cool and firm as the form pressed against yours is warm and soft}. "You don't need to know who I am or how I got here. I'm whatever you need me to be for these couple of hours, that's all." There's a quiet buzz from the back of her head, and her tone turns honeyed. "Now why don't you tell me what you've been up to since we last saw each other? You lead such a packed life."

If PC hasn't gotten Bizzy's last talk scene: Oh well. You tried. And yeah actually, a lot *has* been going on. [diz.name] smiles brightly as you begin to regale her with tales from your recent history.

//Go to standard talk scene

If PC has: "As a matter of fact," you say, looking her in her green marble eyes, "I <b>do</b> know who you are. And how you got here."

"Really?" Her tone remains cool. "What's my name, sugarpea?"

[Deziere.] [Raskalia.]

### **Raskalia.**

Tooltip: Let her remain what she's calling herself.

"Raskalia," you mutter, letting your gaze drop.

"That's right. Raskalia. Who you need me to be." She squeezes your hand; a quiet buzzing sound comes from somewhere. "Now let's stop being silly and talk about you now, ok dumpling? That's a much more important subject."

The kaithrit's tone is brisk and lightly tinged with relief. You guess, if you want to broach the subject of who you think she really is, you'll have to build up to it again. For now she's Raskalia, an enjoyable treat that you've bought yourself. With a sigh, you begin to tell her about your day.

//Goes to standard talk scene

### **Deziere.**

Tooltip: This might be painful.

"Deziere," you say, continuing to look her dead in the eye. "Deziere d'Alysio. Your daughter sent me looking for you. She's worried sick."

As confident as you are looking at those familiar features, this remains a shot in the dark. The Milky Way is a large place; there's probably a lot of white-furred, green-eyed kaithrit sex slaves of a certain age out there. This particular one's reaction, however, tells you that you've hit the mark. Her pupils turn to slits and her synthetic tails lash; {she starts away from you in the bed as if stung, grabs the sheet to her. / she shoots up from the table as if stung.} Two white fingers press into white hair, trail slowly down a pale cheek, then fall away.

"Oh. Oh my." Deziere takes a big, shuddering breath. "Do you mind if I have a cigarette?"

//+30 mins

[Next]

In the kitchen there is a door styled to look like a cupboard, which leads onto a dimly lit corridor that adjoins all of the brothel's rooms on this floor. Here the lavish artifice of the establishment falls away into racks of costumes, cluttered dressing tables, half-finished meals and overflowing ashtrays. Hard light posters and an automated PA issue soft but regular reminders to return to your room five minutes before your status is greenlit, that obedience and enthusiasm ensure avoiding demerits, and to ask your line manager about the affordable pleasure patch scheme.

Deziere puts a finger to your lips and quickly and silently leads you through to a fire escape, plucking an access card out of her bosom to open it. Judging by the number of cigarette butts out here this metal balcony is a favourite amongst the employees, and why not: there's a cool breeze almost free of artificial scent, and a fantastic view of the Gyre below.

"Paragon bugs the prep area," she says, lighting a cigarette. "But we should be able to talk here for a little while."

Bluish smoke billows from the chubby, robed kaithrit's nose and lips, whipped away on the wind. She still talks the same way she always has to you, but her voice has lost the saccharine frosting it has when she's coaxing you to let her feed or fuck you.

"I suppose I always knew she'd come looking," she says, gazing into the distance. "Nothing could ever get in the way of that girl, growing up." She turns to look at you, her voice becoming thick. "How is Elizienne?"

Elizienne? Oh Void.

"No no Ms. d'Alysiso, not that one," you say. "Bizzy. Bizzy sent me."

"Bezeneria? But - she should be enjoying herself on that nature documentary shoot she told me about, not running around after me." Worry has now edged into her raspy voice. She grasps your arm, hard. "Are you from the studio? Is my little Bizzy alright?"

Oof. Ok, here goes.

"No, Ms. d'Alysiso. Or I guess I am from the studio. Kinda." You cough. "Bizzy, uh... ran into difficulties. She reached out to me, and I... helped her."

You roughly outline how you came to own Bizzy, and the porn studio you built together. {Kind/Misc: Deziere has probably seen it all over the course of her 'career', but you still feel a sense of obligation to spare her the more lurid details. / Hard: Deziere has probably seen it all over the course of her 'career', and so you do her the courtesy of not sparing the more lurid details.} Nevertheless, the kaithrit's face is situated with the pedestrians far below by the time

you've finished. She lights another cigarette the second she's done with the first and just leans on the guardrail for a while, staring into the neon-lit distance.

"I never worried about the other two, you know," she says at last, in a low tone. "Lizzy is made of plasteel and Zed always knew exactly what he was going to do. Bizzy, she was my youngest... oh, she was so naive. She didn't understand how the galaxy really works. All I ever wanted for her was to be spared the life I had... to not wind up a washed up whore owned by some predatory creep." A mascara-blackened tear spills down her cheek, and she sniffs wetly. "Oh, my little Bizzy. I told you what would happen. I- I never should've let you chase that rainbow."

Kind: "You've got it all wrong, Ms d'Alysio," you say, squeezing her hand. "It's not like your situation at all. Bizzy is a massive success! Millions of people adore her. I never forced her to do anything, she led the whole thing. She's living out her dreams at [pc.pornName], I promise you."

Misc: "Oh c'mon now, there's no need for that," you say, squeezing her hand. "I'm not some sneering slavedriver, you already know that. Bizzy's doing exactly what she wants to do, and she's a massive success at it! You won't <b>believe</b> her engagement figures. She led the whole enterprise, I'm just along for the, uh, ride."

Hard: Trust me when I say this d'Alysio, it could be a lot worse," you say, leaning over the guardrail with her. "It isn't like the situation you've landed in at all. Your little girl is a hell of a talented performer and director, galaxy-renowned. She makes this 'predatory creep' a lot of quality material, and for that reason I let her do exactly as she pleases. Cages don't come more gilded."

Bimbo: "Oh noooo, don't cry Mrs d'Alysio!" You leap forward and squeeze her to you tightly. "Bizzy's doing like so well, don't you see? She's so happy and sexy and oh One you won't believe how many people tune in to her shows! Wow if only I got that many followers on the extranet... she's so like famous and stuff! It's not like being made to work at this place at all."

Brute/Amazon: "Why are you crying?" It's a genuine puzzlement to you. You put your arm around her. "Bizzy's doing what she wants to do. She's very good at it. Makes lots of money, famous. Very happy. If I make you my bitch I make you happy, I don't rest until that is. No need for tears."

{merge}

"She's happy?" Deziere wipes away her tear and looks at you with the eyes of someone who's been told a lot of things, over the years. "You're not just saying that? Or - because you've done stuff to her head."

No! You need her mind to come up with all the creatively slutty things that make her show a success, hasn't she been paying attention? You assure her, again, that her daughter is where she wants to be.

"You don't seem like such a bad person, sweetpea." The chubby kaithrit dabs at her nose with a slip of silk. "But I won't believe it until I see her.{Masc/femboy: Guys lie, when it's the easiest thing to do. Sorry, but it's true," she says, turning her face away when you open your mouth. "And the nicer looking they are, the likelier it is they will. Silly young Dizzy learned that the hard way.}" She squeezes your arm again, her eyes that extra level of plaintiveness that only felines can achieve. "Let me see her. You can do that, right? You're [pc.name] Steele, dashing about the frontier every day like it's nothing. Bring her here, just for an hour, that's all I ask. Or... "

She laughs awkwardly and dismisses the thought with a flick of a cigarette butt.

"No, I wouldn't ask that, that's too much. But please, let me ask her how she's doing and have her answer to my face."

Her wet eyes catch the glow of a green light turning on behind you.

"I'm being greenlit dear, we've been out here too long. Quickly now." She pauses for just a moment at the fire escape, a little smile breaking out on her face. "It's very sweet you calling me Ms. d'Alysio, but just call me Dizzy, ok dear? Unless you want to when I'm on top."

[Next]

// +1 hour

You're left outside her apartment door with a hasty kiss cooling on your cheek and your mind turning over. {If MegaBizzy: Even if it were technically possible to get Bizzy to Dhaal - with a crane and an industrial grade freighter hold, perhaps - you really don't think it's a good idea letting the milk-crazies and corporate psychos on this planet anywhere near her. It's practically begging for her to be abducted. / If else: Technically it would be easy to get Bizzy to Dhaal. But the thought of bringing your prize kitty cat here gives you such bad vibes. What would you do if she got {silly: catnapped// disappeared} on the way to the Playground? It doesn't bear thinking about.} You also think the overseers of this tightly controlled brothel will have something to say about you uniting one of their sex slaves with her daughter. Something to say, actions to take. The more you think about it, the dicier it seems.

If the mountain won't go to the One... your mind casts back to what Deziere almost said but didn't. There isn't anything on Dhaal that can't be bought, if you have the money. Is there anyone here you can talk to about purchasing the contract of one of their whores? So you can take them wherever you please.

You descend the stairs back to the Playground's ground floor, brow furrowed.

//Return to brothel main menu. Dizzy identity set to 1. Add [Buy?] option to Raskalia blurb.

## Buying Dizzy/Updated Brothel Dizzy

### Updated Mistress blurb when selecting [Raskalia]

"You're a big fan of hers, aren't you?"

You shoot a sharp look at the zaika mistress hovering over you, but her knowing smirk gives nothing away.

"Well, Raskalia is where she always is, waiting for you... for now. Comfort, nourishment and pleasure rolled into one is to be grasped whenever it is offered in my view, because who knows what tomorrow may bring? Remember as ever that all flesh and fruit is provided fresh by Paragon, in association with C.C.C." Her voice descends to a husky murmur. "They have the customer in mind, always."

'Raskalia' commands a 10,000 price tag. {Are you going to pay it? / A bit beyond your reach.}

[Pay] [No Thx] [Buy?]

//No Thx as before

### Pay

You really do want to see Dizzy again. You pay and follow the trail of cat's eyes to the door of her apartment. It snaps open as you approach, and just the wave of strange spices that hits you when you step through makes you internally relax.

"Who's my guest today? [pc.name]! Sweetpea! Oh, it's wonderful to see you again."

The pudgy kaithrit does genuinely seem happy to see you.{ She takes your [pc.upperOuterGarment] and hangs it up before leading you to the table in her warmly lit apartment. / She leads you to the table in her warmly lit apartment with a familiar hand on your shoulder.}

"Why are you here? Have you brought Bizzy?" She can't help the raw hope grating her carefully pleasant tones. "Or just looking for a good meal and a screw? There's no need to be shy dear, I'm yours for the next couple of hours."

[Appearance] [Sex] [Meal] [Talk]

//All proceed exactly as before except for [Talk]

## Talk

//FAO coder: Pls find any reference to 'Corio' in Bizzy's existing content and replaced with 'Zed'.

"What kind of talking are we talking, sugarsnap?" asks Dizzy with a small laugh. "Would you like to talk about how things are going for you? Or..." Her expression becomes slightly fixed. "Do you want to talk business?"

[About me] [About you]

## About me

"I just want to talk about how things are going, if that's alright," you say.

"Of course!" She sounds relieved. {Hard Intelligence check: It probably is a relief to listen to your problems rather than dwell on her own.} "With the life you lead, I'm surprised your head doesn't burst open most evenings!"

She bustles into the kitchen; a kettle is turned on.

//standard repeat talk scene procs as normal from here

## About you

"I want to know more about you," you say.

"Alright," the older kaithrit sighs. "Ask away, honeysuckle. But even though we aren't doing something fun or useful, you're going to get charged all the same."

[Her life] [Bizzy] [Paragon] [Her mods] [The future] [Finish]

## Her life

Tooltip: You already know most of this from Bizzy, but you could get her perspective on it.



"What was I like when I was young?" A ghost of a smile appears on her round face, and she turns slightly in her chair to present the wide, form-dominating swell of her bosom to you. "Why, am I not good-looking enough for you now, cuddlebum? Did you want Dizzy when she could leap through parties and turn every head in the room? When her smile was fresh and she could touch her heels by bending over backwards?"

"{Kind: I've got Bizzy for that," you grin, ogling her generous curves. "You're good as you are." / Misc/Hard: "Mmm, well maybe," you grin, ogling her generous curves. "What I'm seeing now is a hell of a consolation prize."}

Dizzy's smile fades as her mind turns back. There's a faint buzzing sound from the back of her head, and her expression grows calmer.

"I guess I was pretty similar to you, sweetpea," she says. "All I wanted when I was growing up was to get out into the galaxy and have as much fun as I possibly could. Except I didn't come from anything special. My parents more or less kicked me out when I hit adulthood. So when things got... serious... I didn't have anywhere to turn. No big space station nursery for Dizzy to put her kits in, and go back to bumming around the funnest parts of space."

She doesn't say it with much bitterness; just a vague, misty sadness.

"I could've dumped Zeddy with one of the corporations, you can do that if you're from Rosha and a few other kaithrit colonies. But I remembered what it felt like to be unwanted. I <b>never</b> wanted a kit of mine to feel that way," she says, tigerishness breaking through the misty melancholy. "So I settled on Gaerys, where they were advertising for workers. Not fun work, not high-paying work, but steady work, which is what you need when you're raising one on your own."

"How did Lizzy and Bizzy come about?" you ask. She laughs awkwardly and sighs, twiddling a claw on the tabletop.

"Dizzy was still pretty silly back then, honeybuns. But when someone as well paid as a Pyrite dock manager takes you as his girl, well, you start to dream, don't you? Maybe life won't always be as hard and dirty as it is on a hydro planet. And so maybe you ignore the warning signs, and what your friends are telling you, because that dream is too good to wake up from. I went into work one morning belly over my waistband with Bizzy and he was just... gone. I found out later his term on Gaerys had finished. He'd never meant to stick around, even after getting me pregnant twice."

She twists her needle claw back and forth on the table for a while.

"And that's why I don't believe you about Bezeneria. Not until I see her." She gives you that sad, vague smile. "Sorry blossom. Life's knocked too many lessons into me."

### Bizzy

Tooltip: Ask her about her youngest.

"Oh, little Bezeneria. What a sweet thing she was when she was young. Never squawled like Zed did, never climbed onto the top of the shelves and sulked like Lizzy did." Dizzy's smile is wide and nostalgic. "She'd do anything her big brother and sister told her to. I had to stop her jumping into a turbine intake once. My word did Lizzy catch a spanking that time. I used to take her out to the river delta, where the marshlands are, and I think that's where she was at her happiest, chasing about with her net and toy camera. When the mists rose you got so many rainbows..."

"What was she like when she got older?"

"Ants in her pants. They all did." Dizzy laughs raspily, then sighs. "Who wouldn't? Gaerys isn't a place for a young person, unless they're looking to disappear. Zed enlisted with the Confederate navy as soon as he was old enough and Lizzy, top marks in her class, got a good starter position with Pyrite. She wanted to track down her dad. Bezeneria though... she always had her head in the clouds. All those posters of extranet stars and celebrities, doing photo shoots of all her friends... she didn't understand you don't get to live that kind of life if you start where she did. And there's so many people out there waiting to take what little you have for thinking that you can."

She chuckles a little again.

"She didn't even have... you know." She makes round gestures in front of her. "The bigger you are as a female kaithrit, the more attractive. She wouldn't even be able to make it as a gold digger, or a model. I worried about her so much."

"But you paid for her AV degree anyway."

"Yes, I did. With the bit of money I had saved, and the - loan. Carver type companies have fronts on every dead-end world like Gaerys, they know they're full of poor suckers. I knew what it meant." Her jaw is firm, but her tone is pleading. "But you'd do the same thing, wouldn't you? I - my life was over by then, who cares what happens to this fat old bagpuss, but I could at least give my girl her dream. Just once, I wanted her to catch the rainbow."

<i>Whirr</i> goes the back of her head. She sighs again, long and heavy.

"I guess there was still a little of silly, young Dizzy in me then. I should've made her stay and work. She would've learned better that way. But - I think she would've stopped being the Bizzy I loved so much then. The color would've washed out."

### Paragon

Tooltip: Ask how she wound up on Dhaal.

"So Carver indentured you after you couldn't pay back the loan?" you say. "What was that like?"

"I knew what was going to happen sweetpea, it wasn't much of a shock." Dizzy tucks a strand of white hair behind a triangular ear and smiles wryly. "I'd already done plenty of that type of work by then. Making the credits to raise three kids on your own isn't a joke. It was the reason they were happy to take me on, despite my age. They put me in one of their orbital casinos, and honestly dear it was just a relief to get off Gaerys. There's only so many shades of grey you can take."

"And I knew what I had to do." She rearranges a stocking and snaps it with business-like emphasis. "Make friends with the other girls and boys who still have their minds, they're the only ones who are going to look out for you. Endear yourself to the clients, so you become a favorite. Say no to the pleasure patches and stims, as tempting as they are. I got on fine, to begin with anyway. Really, the actual job - I liked it." She shrugs her shoulders and smiles. "It's more fun than being a space docker, let me tell you! I bring a little joy into people's lives, there's nothing wrong with that is there?"

"To begin with?" you ask gingerly.

"Well... even if you're disciplined and a good earner, once a company like Carver's has you, they keep you." Twiddle twiddle, goes the claw on the table. "You gotta take boob-firming mods, or we're transferring you to one of the really sleazy places. You gotta take anti-agathics, otherwise we'll be knocking your price way down. The cost of those mods go on top of what you're already paying back, with interest. You never leave, not until you're completely used up or ready to be put into a fluid farm. I knew all that when I went to them, as I said. It was worth it, cherryblossom. {You'd know if you were a parent. / You're a parent, you understand right?}"

"I did fight pretty hard not to be sent out here, though." Just a trace of harsh bitterness in the pearly melancholy. "Paragon don't allow indentured to communicate off-world, they don't even want where they're being sent to be known. And - talking with Bizzy from time to time was so important to me. But Carver wanted some of her best assets with Paragon to stake her claim here, ones that she thought could bring back clientele again and again, and how much do you think she cares that the asset in question doesn't like it?"

The rubenesque kaithrit shrugs at you, again with that wry, galaxy-weary smile.

"So when I got angry about it they stuck an antenna in the back of my head that keeps me calm, took my tails away and shipped me out here anyway. And here I am, precious. That's the story of Dizzy the fat dumb whore who failed every step of the way. Have you heard enough now?"

Her fingers are flat and spread on the table, and she looks at you unsmiling. She really doesn't want to talk any further.

//-1 nice point if PC chooses another talk topic after this one, +1 if Finish

### Her mods

Tooltip: How modded up is she?

"Tell me about your mods," you say. "Did Paragon give you all of them?"

"No, Carver gave me a couple, back before she subcontracted me." She cups the vast, dumpling-like swells of her breasts, lifts them up a bit, and then lets them fall. Though tides of plump flesh ripple mesmerically across them, they retain a perkiness that suggests silicone. But they are entirely real, a joy to sink your hand into.

"Aren't they nice?" she beams. "Memory Gland is heaven-sent for older girls like me. And I was given a round of anti-agathics, so I will look like this for a good twenty years yet." Her smile turns sadder. "Which is just as well, because I will be paying them off with my ass for about half that length of time. Freezing time isn't cheap."

"Carver prefers gene mods... and Paragon prefers synthetics I guess," you supply, gazing down at her tails. She brings the two dark grey appendages snaking upwards, deftly twirls their smooth heft around each other into a helix.

"They're cutting edge apparently. Supposed to show off how skillful and sexy their implants can be. I do miss my old tails sometimes, but the fluff can be so annoying to comb and these are a lot of fun, I have to admit. I can get up to all sorts with them."

You reach out and, when she doesn't pull them away, stroke one of them, reaching your grip around its warm, smooth heft, observing the pleasure in the kaithrit's emerald's eyes and the scratchy purr which starts up in the back of her throat.

"And the... sticks?" you say, turning your gaze up to her head. The two four inch long synthetic twigs crossed together beneath her hair bun appear to be a decorative tie at first glance, but up close you can see they're actually fused to her scalp{If PC has done anal: ...or if you happen to have given them a good tug in the heat of things.}

"They're, um... antenna, sugarsnap. Connected to my spinal cord. They do a few things." She laughs self-consciously, shifting in her seat. "They identify the species of my clients right away and download dietary information, so I'm never in danger of poisoning anyone. I just look at someone and woosh, my head's just filled with food suggestions and warnings! **Very** useful if you like cooking as much as me. They're also, um... sensitive. More so than my tails. Paragon love giving their employees extra erogenous zones I guess, they certainly do a good job keeping ol' Dizzy's engine turning over, no matter how many clients she's seen to in a day." She twirls her hair embarrassedly.

"Do they do anything else?" you say. {If done [Paragon]: "You said something about keeping you sedate."}

"They... make the bad feelings go away," she says at last. She gathers her formidable self up and suddenly frowns at you furiously. There's a familiar buzzing sound, and the frown melts away into placidity. "I used to get very sad when I... thought about things, and sometimes very angry. Now, when I feel those emotions building up inside me, I feel the hum, and then they dissipate. I can still remember everything, but it's like a... sea, great and grey, instead of a geyser, rising up."

"How do you feel about that?"

"How would I be able to tell?" She gives you that wry, world-weary smile. "I... think I don't mind it? I like being able to stay calm and collected, it helps a lot with my job, and... feeling sexy and smart is good. But I don't like Paragon being inside my head. I don't like that they control even how I feel about how they own me." The plump kaithrit touches one of the blunt little antennae, and murmurs as sensation sweeps down her neck. "But we all have to play with the hand we got dealt don't we, sunbeam? There are boys and girls working in this place who've gotten their brains swirled around way, way worse than me."

### The future

//GO until the PC has used every other talk option.

Tooltip: Does she have any plans? Dreams?

GO Tooltip: Ask her about everything else before asking this.

"Where do you see yourself in the future?" you ask.

"Sweetpea, don't ask me that." the kaithrit laughs raspily, her bosom quivering, eyes turned away from you. "I've told you everything there is to know about me, you know I don't have a future. I'll be working here until I can't anymore, and then I'll be thrown on a trash heap. When I

lose myself in the job, just focus on making people happy, and having fun myself... that's when I'm at my happiest."

"Don't say that," you say. "You must have a dream of something beyond this."

"You're so young and sweet." She smiles at you sadly. "I learned not to hope for anything for myself a long time ago, and that way I've never been disappointed. Dreams were for young, silly Dizzy. She's gone now."

"But if you're asking what she dreamt of..." She sighs, slit pupils dilating a bit. "...She liked making food, she always did, and maybe she thought about being a professional cook one day. Or being a teacher, looking after little ones, maybe she thought she'd be good at that. She even looked at getting a qualification, before Lizzy came along." Her needle claw has left a lot of interesting little patterns on the tabletop. "That was all a very long time ago. Think about your own future [pc.name], not mine."

### Finish

Tooltip: Finish up finding out about her.

You've heard enough of Dizzy's story that you can bear for now.

### **If second action**

"I'm sorry that we have to finish our session together like this." There's that world-weary smile again. "Maybe next time we can just do something nice together instead, what do you say sugarpea?"

You definitely don't feel quite as happy as you usually do when you're standing back outside of Dizzy's door a couple of minutes hence.

### **If first action**

"Good." Dizzy looks very relieved. "Now why don't we think about you for a change? We've still got plenty of time to fit something good in, sugarpea."

Pun presumably intended.

[Sex] [Meal] [Talk]

## **Buy?**

Tooltip: You aren't interested in seeing Dizzy, you're interested in buying her outright. Who do you have to talk to to make that happen?

"Yeah, I am a big fan of hers," you reply, returning the madam's gaze levelly. "In fact, I want to buy her contract. How much?"

"I'm afraid that's not possible." The zaika's tone is the practiced, professional commiseration of someone who's fielded this question a number of times before. "C.C.C. happily extends the experiences here for you to revel in, but it must be understood that they are for anyone wishing to spend their hard-earned credits on - as difficult as that might be to accept when you're in heaven's embrace."

Her tail touches your leg sympathetically.

"I know just the thing that will chase your regret away. Why don't we turn the page?"

[Insist] [Accept]

## **Accept**

Tooltip: Accept that you can't buy Dizzy for now.

This might be a little more difficult {than it appeared on the surface / than it was acquiring Reaha}. You accept what the madam's told you with a resigned grimace, and return to the catalogue.

## **Insist**

//GO if PC hasn't attended party.

Tooltip: You aren't giving up that easily. Does this two bit pimp know who you are?

GO Tooltip: You get the distinct impression you don't have the necessary clout to do this.

"No." You pointedly press your hand down on Dizzy's page when she tries to swipe it away, and hold her stare. "I'm {Silly: Karen / Ifelse: [pc.name] Steele}, heir to the Steele Tech zaibatsu, and I'm not leaving until I talk with whoever tenders this kaithrit's contract. I suggest you get on the line with your manager, and tell them who's here."

The zaika madam finally looks flustered.

"I - just one moment."

You wait by the stairwells whilst the dark, wispy robed creature steps back into the brothel's neon-smear'd gloom, touching a hand to a pointed ear. When she returns it's with pursed lips and a jerk of the head towards one of the lifts.

"Peer Schraesta will see you now, Captain Steele."

[Next]

You ascend silently in the glass capsule, the decadent glitter of the brothel laid before your [pc.footOrFeet], a bird's eye view of a lecherous funfair. Then it disappears, the elevator bearing you up, up, beyond the whores' own floors, to the clean sanctity of the executive level.

## If PC on good terms with Paragon

"Captain Steele! I'm Peer Schraesta. {If not met: What a pleasure and an honor it is to finally have you to myself. / If met: What a delight it is to see you again."}

The pale-haired, blue-robed zaika behind the big darkwood desk in the spacious office you're shown into rises to touch your hand, a smile on her elegantly snobby features. The office is floored in the same dark-blue durasteel as the ground level is - a reminder, perhaps, of what pays for all of this - but otherwise couldn't be more different. A richly decorated carpet lies along it, fragrant, manicured pot plants are set in each corner, and the walls have shelves neatly lined with glossy folios, pads and chits. Behind Schraesta's desk two banners book end a window with a view of the balmy clouds outside: One with Paragon's emblem, the other with Carver's.

{Not met: "We met at the party, do you remember? Perhaps not!" Schraesta says, laughing flutily at your slightly panicked expression. "You were being pulled from one end of the room to the other that night, poor thing. But yes, I'm the Peer in charge of this establishment - amongst others. Please, have a seat. / If met: "We are becoming the fastest of friends, aren't we [pc.name]?" she says, with a slightly manic gleam in her artificial eye. "You've made the running of this business far smoother - and so allowed me to chase my more my preferred activities."}

She has a telescoping flatscreen bend itself towards her with a flick of her finger.

"Now then, my underlings tell me you're interested in purchasing one of my working girls," Schraesta says, pursing her lips at a picture and documentation of Dizzy. "I must tell you: under most circumstances, this would be out of the question. We are looking to greatly expand our operations here, not sell off assets. But you and Steele Tech have been a great friend to Paragon, and the flow of fresh flesh into our pens is plentiful. Couple that with the fact this asset is getting on in age..."

She taps her desk pensively, then turns a smile to you.



"We'd be willing to settle this account for 750,000 credits."

[Pay It] [No]

## No

"We can't go any lower than that I'm afraid, [pc.name]." Schraesta smiles apologetically. "An asset with that amount of modification and experience is robbery at that price, really. Feel free to come back again if you change your mind - or if some other piece of business interests you."

You step out of her office and head back down to the brothel floor.

## If PC on neutral terms with Paragon

"Captain Steele! I'm Peer Schraesta. It's a pleasure to see you again."

The pale-haired, blue-robed zaika behind the big darkwood desk in the spacious office you're shown into rises to touch your hand, a smile on her elegantly snobby features. The office is floored in the same dark-blue durasteel as the ground level is - a reminder, perhaps, of what pays for all of this - but otherwise couldn't be more different. A richly decorated carpet lies along it, fragrant, manicured pot plants are set in each corner, and the walls have shelves neatly lined with glossy folios, pads and chits. Behind Schraesta's desk two banners book end a window with a view of the balmy clouds outside: One with Paragon's emblem, the other with Carver's.

{Not met: "We met at the party, do you remember? Perhaps not!" Schraesta says, laughing flutily at your slightly panicked expression. "You were being pulled from one end of the room to the other that night, poor thing. But yes, I'm the Peer in charge of this establishment - amongst others. Please, have a seat. / If met: "We seem to run into each other quite a bit, don't we?" she says, quirkng her eyebrow at you. "Even though you and your zaibatsu's real feelings about us remain unknown. What an enigma you are."}

She has a telescoping flatscreen bend itself towards her with a flick of her finger.

"Now then, my underlings tell me you're interested in purchasing one of my working girls," Schraesta says, pursing her lips at a picture and documentation of Dizzy. "I must tell you: under most circumstances, this would be out of the question. We are looking to greatly expand our operations here, not sell our assets off. But we do not wish to anger Steele Tech at this time, not with a potentially profitable relationship in the balance. It also hasn't escaped my notice that this asset is getting on in age. With that in mind..."

She taps her desk pensively, then turns a smile to you.

"We'd be willing to settle for two million credits for her."

[Pay It] [No]

**No**

"That's too much."

"That's too bad."

Schraesta is silent for a few moments, tail clasp wagging gently.

"Perhaps..." she says at last in an artlessly mannered tone, "...perhaps if Steele Tech's relationship with Paragon was just a little closer. If we felt that our interests intertwined? Then, maybe, I could persuade Bethany that it would be beneficial to let an asset go to you more cheaply. Until then, I'm afraid, the price is what it is."

She waves Dizzy's file away.

"Feel free to drop by if there's any other business you wish to discuss, Captain Steele."

You step out of her office and head back down to the brothel floor.

## If PC on bad terms with Paragon

"Captain Steele! I must say, this comes as something of a surprise."

The pale-haired, blue-robed zaika behind the big darkwood desk in the spacious office you're shown into doesn't rise, simply gestures at the chair in front of her desk, a cool smile on her elegantly snobby features. The office is floored in the same dark-blue durasteel as the ground level is - a reminder, perhaps, of what pays for all of this - but otherwise couldn't be more different. A richly decorated carpet lies along it, fragrant, manicured pot plants are set in each corner, and it has shelves lined with glossy folios, pads and chits. Behind Schraesta's desk two banners book end a window with a view of the balmy clouds outside: One with Paragon's emblem, the other with Carver's.

{Not met: "We met at the party, do you remember? Perhaps not!" Schraesta says, smirking at your slightly panicked expression. "You were being pulled from one end of the room to the other that night, I remember. But yes, I'm the Peer in charge of this establishment - amongst others." / If met: "Had enough of trying to ruin our business yet?" Schraesta inquires, arching an eyebrow

at you. "It won't work, you know. The zaibatsu you've allied yourself with shall crack at the first sign of pressure, pressure that's already being exerted. You have chosen your friends poorly."}

She has a telescoping flatscreen bend itself towards her with a flick of her finger.

"Now, my underlings tell me you're interested in purchasing one of my working girls," Schaestra says, pursing her lips at a picture and documentation of Dizzy. "This is obviously out of the question. We are looking to greatly expand our operations here, not sell off assets. We are not in the business of handing them to our enemies, moreover."

She smiles at you thinly.

"Perhaps, if you seek to mend some bridges, we can talk this over again. Paragon is always ready to forgive a Peer who's made a couple of poor choices... if they have the resourcefulness to survive the consequences, anyway."

There's the rustling and clink of heavy duty gear behind you. You don't need to turn around to know that security has stepped into the room.

"Please show Captain Steele back to the elevator, girls. Thank you."

[Next]

You don't have a choice - you can hardly fight your way back out of this entire building, not without permanently blacklisting yourself on this planet. You shrug the hands of the security detail away and head back down to the brothel floor. If you're going to bust Dizzy out of here you're going to have to improve your relations with Paragon - or think of something else.

## Pay

Tooltip: Pay {750,000 / 2,000,000} credits to purchase Dizzy.

With the casual flourish worthy of a bigshot mining magnate, you produce your codex and prep your account for a large transfer. Schraesta tips the flat screen to you, where a green tick sits below Deziere d'Alysio's personal file and a long string of legalese. After a slight pause, you press your finger onto the tick. **You now own Dizzy.**

"The asset will be sent securely to your spacecraft - she'll be waiting for you there. Now, will you satisfy my curiosity, Captain Steele?" The expensively garbed zaika bends the screen back to her and fixes a pair of slightly bemused artificial eyes on you. "There are far sprightlier and more intriguing assets available here - and you could have bought them for far cheaper at source. Instead you've come up here to pay over the odds for this overweight, ageing alien. Why?"

[Fuck You] [Play It Cool] [Mutual Benefit]

### Fuck You

Tooltip: Tell her what you really think about this operation.

// -2 Paragon, +4 Kind points

"Fuck you, and fuck this whole place." Schraesta's ears stand on end and her eyes widen, but she sits in stunned silence as you go on. "What you and that disgusting piece of trash you call Carver did to Dizzy turns my stomach, and I know that behind every door in this place there's a story just like it. I have to get her back to her family, which is just as well, because right now I want to grind this business beneath my boot, starting with you and this office. You can tell both of your bosses I said that."

Without another word you sweep from the Peer's office and head back down to the ground floor. Saying that felt better than any orgasm you could've paid for here.

### Play It Cool

Tooltip: She neither needs nor deserves to know the reason.

"That's my own business," you reply, maintaining a neutral expression. "I have my reasons for wanting her, and they led me to negotiating this deal with you. I'm glad we didn't come to blows over it, and that you believe it was good business."

"I - of course, Captain Steele!" Schraesta says, slightly flustered. "I respect your professionalism, and your desire for confidentiality. Any time, I'm sure..."

"Good day."

You rise from your seat, sweep from her office to the elevator and head back down to the ground floor, thoughts already turning to the chubby package being delivered to the [pc.shipName].

### Mutual Benefit

Tooltip: You did this because it's in every party's interests, right?

// +2 Paragon, -4 Kind points

"You seem surprised, Peer. It made perfect sense to me," you say, leaning back in your chair with an air of casual largesse. "I needed an experienced asset at my own operation. You had an older pro on your books weighing you down. And, if it was a pricy deal... that's alright, isn't it? Steele Tech and Paragon are practically partners at this point." You give her a wink. "I think giving you a small cash injection is a good investment for the future."

"Of course, Captain Steele! Suits you!" Schraesta is all smiles. "Practically partners... yes, it all makes perfect sense, of course. Isn't it wonderful when interests align and business runs as smoothly as this? Please, whenever you're in the area or indulging downstairs, please come up. There's plenty of other matters we could turn our attention to."

You grip her hand and then return to the elevator. You gaze down at the hedonistic carnival as you descend back into it. You could build something similar one day for yourself, if you set your will to it.

//Dizzy removed from the brothel catalogue.

## Next time PC returns to their ship

### **Paragon Taxi Rank Desc**

//Add addendum after PC has bought Dizzy. GO [Ship] until PC has used [Dizzy]

The taxi stand itself is little more than a concrete rectangle divided by two smallish, six-inch thick windows with cheap speaker grates in the center. It's plenty busy thanks to the Rush and the appallingly bad customer service being dispensed from the other side. Nearby automated kiosks offer you the choice to flag down a taxi instead of waiting in smoggy, customer service hell with the rest of the taxi depot's needier clientele.

There's not much else to look at in the middle of the vast, recently constructed landing pad aside from a rotating cast of inaccessible ships. Not much worth breathing here either, unless you're looking to add smog to your list of acceptable inhalants.

Your vessel lies north. {There is a rather worried-looking white-furred kaithrit with dark grey tails and a silver collar huddled in a Paragon-branded overcoat stood near the boarding ramp. You should talk to her before you leave.}

GO Ship Tooltip: You can't leave Dizzy here, come on.

Dizzy

"You. Sweetpea."

The chubby kaithrit takes a sharp step towards you, raises her hand and then halts, eyes wide, her usually soft expression tight with emotion. She looks unsure what to say or do.

"They - they put this collar on me and told me my contract had been bought, but they wouldn't say by who," Dizzy says, grip digging into the Paragon rainproof thrown over her shoulders. "I did think - but usually when that happens it's by big shot pirates or execs for private collections, and so - but it's you." She stares at you plaintively. "Why?"

You weren't willing to bring Bizzy to this snakepit of a planet to see her, so you're doing the next best thing: you're bringing *her* to see Bizzy. Buying her out was a necessity in order to fulfill your promise.

Dizzy starts to cry, inky mascara crawling silently down her round cheeks. She fumbles around in her chemise and dabs at the damage with a crumpled up tissue.

"The antenna was supposed to stop these sorts of dreams," she mumbles, turning her wet marble eyes up to the pink-tinted Dhaal sky. "They're worse than anything else."

"It's not a dream. Look." You step into her and give her a firm hug, pressing yourself into the pillowy give. "Doesn't that feel real? You're my employee now. And if there's one thing I can promise, I'm not Beth Carver."

After a moment she squeezes you back, nestles her face in your shoulder and sobs a couple of times.

"I'm sorry," she sniffs, breaking away to brush at her rapidly-dissolving make-up again. "It's - this is just the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me."

"C'mon," you smile at her, nodding at the boarding ramp. "Let's get you onboard."

**Dizzy will remain on your ship until the next time you visit Bizzy.**

## **Provisional Ship Dizzy**

//Provisional Dizzy doesn't take up a crew slot, and you can do basically nothing with her until you've been to Bizzy and decided where to put her.

[Dizzy]

Your chubby feline milf is down in the cargo hold. {This is unfortunately a matter of necessity; with all your crew stations filled, you've nowhere else to put her. / You could offer her something more comfortable, but in her gentle but indomitable way she's refused until she's seen her daughter.} It's only until you get her to Tavros, anyway.

She spends most of her time huddled over a holopad, filling herself in on what she missed whilst under Paragon's info blackout. Her ears perk up and she puts the device down when you approach, though.

[How are you?] [Leave]

## How are you?

Tooltip: Ask how she's doing.

"A bit better, sugarsnap, thank you," Dizzy smiles in response. "{I got myself some tea. /yammysCrew: That sweet green-haired cook of yours made me some tea.}" Her ear turns towards the expanse of the hold. "{I didn't imagine a bigshot adventurer like you would be travelling around in something so small! I expect you're trying to keep a low profile, aren't you? / I never expected to be travelling around in something quite so grand! You certainly travel in style, don't you?}"

One of her tails brushes your [pc.foot].

"Let me know when we get to this Tavros place, won't you?" The kaithrit holds your gaze with her pretty feline eyes. "I know where to go from there."

## Next time PC goes to [156]

### If Cowtits Bizzy

"This is where she lives?" Dizzy says, flats clicking unsteadily as she steps from the apartment block's grav lift.

"See for yourself." You knock on 156's door loudly. "Bizzy! I've got a surprise for you."

"Hey [pc.mister] Steele, come to ch- ?"

All of the color in Bizzy's cheeks, as well as her hardwon vampiness, runs right out of her at the sight of the person stood next to you. For a moment you're confronted with a picture of Bizzy the

very first time you saw her, giant tits aside: A skittish white-haired kitten, in complete disbelief of what has landed upon her doorstep.

"M- mom?" she squeaks in a tiny voice.

"Bezeneria, you've - grown!" Dizzy's eyes are agog as she takes her daughter in. She opens her arms. "My little girl. Come here."

Bizzy flies into that extremely squishy embrace. There are buckets of tears, this time from Bizzy; her mom does a lot of patting, shushing and 'it's alright dear'ing. You decide it's better to leave them to it. There's a pot of Roshan tea with your name on it in the kitchenette.

//+1 hour

[Next]

"...and this is where we do all the sound engineering."

"My word!" Dizzy coos admiringly as she takes in the editing suite. "And you need all these bells and whistles to turn out one of those smutty dance shows of yours, do you?"

"If you want to stay ahead of the game you do," Bizzy mumbles, cheeks burning. Enough time has now passed for her to become extremely embarrassed by the fact her mother knows what she does for a living. The younger pussycat leans against the door, staring at the floor. "Mom, I'm - I'm sorry I lied to you about how I was doing. I - I hated myself that you sold yourself out just so I could become nothing."

"Bizzy, come here." Once again Bizzy is pulled into the all-healing pillowy hug. "All I ever wanted was for you to be happy, doing what you wanted to do. And you've done that. And - look at all this!"

She indicates the plush studio, filled with cutting edge recording gear and endless opportunities for pleasure.

"You're not nothing dear, don't ever say that. [pc.name] could not stop talking about what a success you are, how much [pc.he] prizes you, and I can see that now for myself. I'm proud of you. You caught that rainbow."

"Th- thanks mom," Bizzy says, palming away another tear. "I'm - I'm so glad you're alright."

"What are you going to do now?" she asks, after they've broken their embrace.



"I have to speak with Ellizienne and Zed," Dizzy replies. "After that - well, it's entirely up to [pc.name] isn't it?"

They both turn slightly reddened, adoring green eyes to you.

"You've saved my family twice over, sugarpea," Dizzy says, laying her hand on your [pc.legOrLegs]. "And you have my contract. Whatever you want me to do, I will do it. You know my, um, skillset. All you have to do is say."

"Oh noooo..." Bizzy groans and buries her head into arms as something occurs to her. "[pc.mister] Steele, you didn't... not with my mom?!"

{You let the big grin you turn to her answer that. She howls with embarrassment. / As point of fact you didn't - it turns out experienced courtesans offer more than just sex - but you tease her anyway with a big grin. She howls with embarrassment.}

"Really dear, you're going to act prudish about this now?" Dizzy says calmly, examining her claws. "Young people can be so strange."

You do need to think what you're going to do with Dizzy now. You could leave her here to look after Bizzy, and perhaps participate in her shows. No doubt a mother-and-daughter team as attractive as this would be popular. <b>You</b> would certainly be a fan of it. There might be something more wholesome you could turn her hand to, though... she's certainly a good cook, for instance. {If used [The Future] talk option: And didn't she say she dreamed of being a teacher once? You have an entire Nursery{ filled with fast-growing children} that could use one of those.}

You can put her somewhere for now and change your mind later.

[Studio] [Ship] [Nursery]

## If Flat Bizzy

"This is where she lives?" Dizzy says, flats clicking unsteadily as she steps from the apartment block's grav lift.

"See for yourself." You knock on 156's door loudly. "Bizzy! I've got a surprise for you."

"Hey [pc.mister] Steele, come to ch- ?"

All of the color in Bizzy's cheeks, as well as her hardwon vampiness, runs right out of her at the sight of the person stood next to you. For a moment, you're confronted with a picture of Bizzy

the very first time you saw her: A skittish, waifish white-haired kitten, in complete disbelief of what has landed upon her doorstep.

"M- mom?" she squeaks in a tiny voice.

"Bezeneria, you've not changed at all!" Dizzy's eyes are shining as she takes her daughter in. She opens her arms. "My little girl. Come here."

Bizzy flies into that extremely squishy embrace. There are buckets of tears, this time from Bizzy; her mom does a lot of patting, shushing and 'it's alright dear'ing. You decide it's better to leave them to it. There's a pot of Roshan tea with your name on it in the kitchenette.

//+1 hour

[Next]

"...and this is where we do all the sound engineering."

"My word!" Dizzy coos admiringly as she takes in the editing suite. "And you need all these bells and whistles to turn out one of those smutty dance shows of yours, do you?"

"If you want to stay ahead of the game you do," Bizzy mumbles, cheeks burning. Enough time has now passed for her to become extremely embarrassed by the fact her mother knows what she does for a living. The younger pussycat leans against the door, staring at the floor. "Mom, I'm - I'm sorry I lied to you about how I was doing. I - I hated myself that you sold yourself out just so I could become nothing."

"Bizzy, come here." Once again Bizzy is pulled into the all-curing pillowy hug. "All I ever wanted was for you to be happy, doing what you wanted to do," Dizzy says, in her mellow, raspy tones. "And you've done that. And - look at all this!"

She indicates the plush studio, filled with cutting edge recording gear and endless opportunities for pleasure.

"You're not nothing dear, don't ever say that. [pc.name] could not stop talking about what a success you are, how much [pc.he] prizes you, and I can see that now for myself. I'm proud of you. You caught that rainbow."

"Th- thanks mom," Bizzy says, palming away another tear. "I'm - I'm so glad you're alright."

"What are you going to do now?" she asks, after they've broken their embrace.

"I have to speak with Ellizienne and Zed," Dizzy replies. "After that - well, it's entirely up to [pc.name] isn't it?"

They both turn slightly reddened, adoring green eyes to you.

"You've saved my family twice over, sugarpea," Dizzy says, laying her hand on your [pc.legsOrLeg]. "And you have my contract. Whatever you want me to do, I will do it. You know my, ah, skillset. All you have to do is say."

"Oh noooo..." Bizzy groans and buries her head into arms as something occurs to her. "[pc.mister] Steele, you didn't... not with my mom?!"

{You let the big grin you turn to her answer that. She howls with embarrassment. / As point of fact you didn't - as it turns out experienced courtesans offer more than mere sex - but you tease her anyway with a big grin. She howls with embarrassment.}

"Really dear, you're going to act prudish about this now?" Dizzy says calmly, examining her claws. "Young people can be so strange."

You do need to think what you're going to do with Dizzy now. You could leave her here to look after Bizzy, and perhaps participate in her shows. No doubt a mother-and-daughter team as attractive as this would be popular. <b>You</b> would certainly be a fan of it. There might be something more wholesome you could turn her hand to, though... she's certainly a good cook, for instance. {If used [The Future] talk option: And didn't she say she dreamed of being a teacher once? You have an entire Nursery{ filled with fast-growing children} that could use one of those.}

You can put her somewhere for now and change your mind later.

[Studio] [Ship] [Nursery]

If oh no oh god what did you do to Bizzy

"This is where she lives?" Dizzy says, flats clicking unsteadily as she steps from the apartment block's grav lift.

"See for yourself." You knock on 156's door loudly. "Naida! Let us in. I've got a surprise for Bizzy."

"Of course, [pc.mister] Steele," the VI responds, opening the door for you. You head for the bedroom. "I shall let Bizzy know she has two guests."

"Hey [pc.mister] Steele, come to ch- ?"

All of the color in Bizzy's cheeks, as well as her hardwon vampiness, runs right out of her at the sight of the person stood next to you. For a moment, you're confronted with a picture of Bizzy the very first time you saw her, colossal tits aside: A skittish white-haired kitten, in complete disbelief of what has landed upon her doorstep.

"M- mom?" she squeaks in a tiny voice.

"Bezeneria, you've - grown!" Dizzy's eyes are agog, and her face is whiter than usual as she takes her daughter in. "I wasn't quite expecting - " She interrupts herself by stepping forward and opening her arms. "My little girl. Come here."

Bizzy dives into that extremely squishy embrace. There are buckets of tears, this time from Bizzy; her mom does a lot of patting, shushing and 'it's alright dear'ing. You decide it's better to leave them to it. There's a pot of Roshan tea with your name on it in the kitchenette.

//+1 hour

[Next]

"...and with Naida's help, I can do all the sound engineering from here."

"My word!" Dizzy coos admiringly as the VI telescopes out her skillful limbs from the ceiling. "And you need all these bells and whistles to turn out one of those smutty shows of yours, do you?"

"If you want to stay ahead of the game you do," Bizzy mumbles, cheeks burning. Enough time has now passed for her to become extremely embarrassed by the fact her mother knows what she does for a living. The younger pussycat stares down her endless cleavage. "Mom, I'm - I'm sorry I lied to you about how I was doing. I - I hated myself that you sold yourself out just so I could become nothing."

"Bizzy, come here." Once again Bizzy is leaned into the all-curing pillowy hug. "All I ever wanted was for you to be happy, doing what you wanted to do," Dizzy says, in her mellow, raspy tones. "And... whilst what you've had done to your body is going to take some getting used to... it's not forever. And - look at all this!"

She indicates the plush studio, filled with cutting edge recording gear and endless opportunities for pleasure.

"You're not nothing dear, don't ever say that. [pc.name] could not stop talking about what a success you are, how much [pc.he] prizes you, and I can see that now for myself. I'm proud of you. You caught that rainbow."

"Th- thanks mom," Bizzy says, wiping away another tear. "I'm - I'm so glad you're alright."

"What are you going to do now?" she asks, after they've broken their embrace.

"I have to speak to Ellizienne and Zed," Dizzy replies. "After that - well, it's entirely up to [pc.name] isn't it?"

They both turn slightly reddened, adoring green eyes to you.

"You've saved my family twice over, sugarpea," Dizzy says, laying her hand on your [pc.legOrLegs]. "And you have my contract. Whatever you want me to do, I will do it. You know my, hmm, skillset. Just say the word."

"Oh noooo..." Bizzy groans and buries her head into arms as something occurs to her. "[pc.mister] Steele, you didn't... not with my mom?!"

{You let the big grin you turn to her answer that. She howls with embarrassment. / As point of fact you didn't - as it turns out experienced courtesans offer more than simply sex - but you tease her anyway with a big grin. She howls with embarrassment.}

"Really dear, you're going to act prudish about this now?" Dizzy says calmly, examining her claws. "Young people can be so strange."

You do need to think what you're going to do with Dizzy now. You could leave her here to look after Bizzy, and perhaps participate in her shows. No doubt a mother-and-daughter team as attractive as this would be popular. <b>You</b> would certainly be a fan of it. There might be something more wholesome you could turn her hand to, though... she's certainly a good cook, for instance. {If used [The Future] talk option: And didn't she say she dreamed of being a teacher once? You have an entire Nursery{ filled with fast-growing children} that could use one of those.}

You can put her somewhere for now and change your mind later.

[Studio] [Ship] [Nursery]

## Studio

Tooltip: Leave her here with Bizzy at [pc.pornName].

//PC receives -2 Kind points the first time they choose this option.

You say you're going to leave her here for now. Bizzy needs help with the day-to-day running of [pc.pornName] - and, you make clear with a devilish grin, you think Dizzy has the experience and assets to improve Bizzy's Business itself.

"You - you really are going to make me work with my mom," Bizzy mumbles, burning red face still half-buried in her arms. "This is so fucking embarrassing."

"Language, young lady!" Dizzy tuts. "I don't want to hear those kind of words unless the cameras are rolling." The older kaithrit turns a radiant smile to you. "What [pc.name] Steele wants, [pc.he] gets. I'll stay here, and pitch in once I've learned my way around. [pc.He] must pop in from time to time, so I can make sure [pc.he]'s eating properly... and so we can properly thank [pc.him] for everything [pc.he]'s done for our family. Your viewers would probably like that, right?"

"<b>Mom!</b>"

Dizzy laughs to herself softly. She does seem genuinely happy to be here, performing the timeless motherly role of looking after and remorselessly embarrassing her child. She follows you to the door, where she gives you an extra squeeze hug.

"You truly are my angel, [pc.name], and I don't think I'll ever be able to truly thank you," she says. She kisses you full on the lips. "Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it. I mean that."

//Dizzy set to Studio

## Ship

//Requires a) crewslot available AND b) Yammi not currently onboard.

Tooltip: Employ Dizzy as your galley cook.

GO Tooltip: You need to have space on your crew available, and to not be currently employing a different cook.

Your stomach waxes nostalgic as the memory of {those incredibly satisfying meals Dizzy used to make for you on Dhaal / those pungent, enticing spices that used to hit you when you opened Dizzy's door} floats through it. Wouldn't it be nice to have that onboard your ship? And be able to bend that fat ass over a kitchen counter whenever the fancy took you? Various parts of your body agree that yes, that would be a fine thing indeed.

"You want me to be your ship's cook?" says Dizzy, an almost disbelieving smile spreading across her face. "Really? Oh sweetpea, that would be perfect! As long as we stopped in at Tavros from time to time, so I can visit Bizzy and pick up fresh stock."

She picks herself up and brushes herself down in a business-like manner.

"I need to visit the markets on this space station, see if I can find some reliable suppliers. Bizzy... you do everything [pc.name] tells you to do, ok? We owe [pc.him] everything. I'll be back as often as I can to make sure you're looking after yourself."

"Yes mom. Ok mom," Bizzy answers, watching Deziere march purposefully from the room. Her tone is meek, but her tails are arched all the way up. You get the impression this arrangement suits Bizzy just fine - she will get to see Dizzy from time to time, but the matriarch also won't be in her hair.

For her part, Dizzy gives you an extra squeeze hug before departing for Tavros's lower reaches.

"You truly are my angel, [pc.name], and I don't think I'll ever be able to truly thank you." She kisses you full on the lips. "Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it. I mean that."

//Dizzy set to Ship

## Nursery

Tooltip: Place Dizzy at your nursery, acting as a kindergarten teacher.

//PC receives +5 Kind points the first time they choose this option.

Wouldn't it be nice to fulfill the old pussycat's dream? {If 20+ kids: And you have a nursery overflowing with fast-growing, rambunctious kids. You doubt {your staff / Briget} would object to more help. / If else: And you doubt {your staff / Briget} would object to more help.} You ask her how she would feel about a teacher's placement.

"I - I don't know, sugarpea." Dizzy is flustered, frowning at you as if you might be pulling her leg. "I don't have the qualifications to do that." She flushes with real pleasure, touching her hair. "Of course I'd be happy to try, I could train on the job, and - I can download information straight into my head, if I've got it set up right - "

Exactly! They didn't intend it, but when Paragon installed that antenna of hers they were turning her into a perfect candidate for a teaching role. You'll make sure {the staff there / Briget} gives her plenty of time to get up to speed.

"Ohh," sniffs Dizzy, eyes moistening. She fumbles for her tissue again. "I'm sorry [pc.name], but this - it's too much."

"Oh mom, just go for it," Bizzy chivvies. "If you stand there bawling the whole time [pc.mister] Steele is going to wind up putting you in a loony bin that [pc.he] also probably has here instead. It'll be great - Tavros has everything you need, you'll be close by..."

"Alright. Yes, yes I'll do it, I'll try, of course I will!"

Dizzy practically dances to the door with you, and outside gives you an extra-squeezy hug.

"You truly are my angel, [pc.name], and I don't think I'll ever be able to truly thank you." She kisses you full on the lips. "You won't regret giving me this opportunity, I promise you."

//Dizzy set to Nursery

## Ship Dizzy

### Ship blurb

Dressed in a Steele Tech-branded apron, Dizzy is bustling away in the ship's {ship small: kitchen. Though your crew is small the chubby kaithrit keeps herself busy: Small trays of snacks keep appearing in the communal area. /ship large: galley. You have a large {crew / roster of potential crew} with a long list of dietary requirements, and the chubby kaithrit is hard at work in there over steaming pots, heaped chopping boards and glowing ovens.} {If Yammi on board: Yammi has her own workspace. The two cooks chat pleasantly as they bustle about the kitchen.}

### Intro blurb

"Why hello there sweetpea! What are you doing down here in the kitchen?"

Dizzy turns the heat down on a couple of things, unbuttons her apron and pulls out a seat by the table for you.

"No snacking," she chides when she sees your gaze linger on the heaped piles of ingredients on the counter. "You'll ruin your appetite for {If 23:00-09:45: breakfast. / If 09:46-13:29: lunch. / If 13:30-19:29: dinner. If 19:30-22:59: dessert.}"

[Appearance] [Talk] [Sex] [Meal] [Collar] [Leave]



## Appearance

Deziere d'Alysio, or Dizzy as she's known to her closest, is a mature, 5'11" female kaithrit. She has full, white shoulder-length hair, out of which her triangular ears sprout. She keeps it pinned back in a neat bun with two short black sticks crossed through it. Closer up you can see these are synthetic, attached to her scalp: Robotic implants, antennae.

She has green cat's eyes accentuated by false black lashes, set in a round bonny face with full cheeks and lips, painted in dark, alluring rouge. {She wears a slim silver collar, a memento of her time with Paragon and a mark of her indenturehood.} On your ship she wears a regulation skin-tight Steele Tech suit, gleaming black with yellow highlights encasing her generous curves right up to the neck and down to a set of chunky heels. Whilst at work she further wears a black-and-yellow apron over it, held out in front of her like a mast by her tits.

Dizzy has a thick, Rubenesque body, naturalistic with only her too perky boobs to suggest there are hints of gene-modification about her. They are slightly pendulous nonetheless, big, soft F-cup dumplings that fill out her cleavage and sit proudly atop her round, chubby belly. {Her plump nipples lie in small lakes of biscuit areola, several inches wide.} Her upper arms have that maternal wideness which speaks eloquently of both stamina and the soft squash of a glorious hug. She has a fat ass, a pear shape swelling out the material of her suit wonderfully atop her child-bearing thighs. You'd swear the whole galaxy holds its breath when she bends over to pick something up. The pushing available on that {must be truly delectable / is truly delectable, you know}.

She has two tails like most kaithrit, but they are synthetic replacements: smooth, black, fully prehensile with blunt, swollen tips. {Her pussy has been modified, too: Its innards are the same captivating emerald color of her eyes, and is studded with delightful, cock-milking nubs. It's a wide, plump, spacious thing with a Persian-like white puff of fur above it set within the acres of softness that are her thighs, a hole that seems to beg for a huge filling or a busy, patient tongue.}

All of this is animated by a brisk but cheery attitude which imposes itself with affectionate certitude. [diz.name] has a mellow voice rasped a bit by cigarette smoke - sticky fruit with an edge of experienced rudeness.

## Meal

Yeah, actually. You are feeling pretty damn hungry. [diz.name] beams when you say you're after some food.

"I'm going to serve up {breakfast / lunch / dinner / dessert} very soon," she says. "Or - I know what a busy little bee you are. Would you like me to pack something up for you?"

[Meal here] [Pack lunch]

## **Meal here**

Tooltip: Have a sitdown meal, prepared by your chef.

The plump kaithrit bustles back to the counters and continues her preparations, producing a medley of clanging pans, busy knife chops, huffing steam followed by the undeniable, mouthwater hiss of frying. Wholesome sound, scent and warmth and light, triggering deep, vague memories of contentment and belonging.

{As she works more of your crew join you {in the canteen / at the table}, drawn by the smell and the pits in their stomachs. It's a good time to check on how they're getting on; they're more open here, where they can see their captain sitting at the same table and filling [pc.his] face the same as they do. A convivial buzz animates the room, particularly once Dizzy starts setting heaped, steaming plates in front of every person, each slightly different from the last. It must be such a headache preparing something with everyone's preferences and anatomies kept in mind, but she somehow manages it. Glory be to that antenna Paragon stuck into her.}

"There we go," she says, setting your plate before you. "{If human: Spaghetti bolognese! A human delicacy. / If kaithrit/cat-morph: apricot sole in mint and human milk soup. I've always wanted to try this recipe out on a kaithrit! / If ausar/huskar/dog-morph: peanut-sauteed gruzon kidneys. An ausar delicacy! / If zaika: Grilled firendish with human's milk curd. Zaika go crazy for this! / If alien: Iridescent ratatouille! I had to make some guesses, because of your, um, unique physique. But I'm sure you'll like it! / If myr/zil/nyrea/bothrioc: Sweet- fried Hauâ Mai leaf curry! Perfect for a hungry young bug {girl / boy}! / If else: My patented neutron stroganoff! Try and guess the ingredients.}"

{Human: The sauce is rich, the pasta is firm, the mushrooms and meat are tender. You aren't <i>quite</i> sure what the latter is, but the whole of it is enjoyable enough for you to not really care. / K/cat morph: It's an odd blend of flavours, tart fish and creamy soup. And yet... something about it really makes your taste buds zing, your stomach cry out for more. You find yourself gobbling it down. / A/dog morph: Man, you can't find this <i>anywhere</i> outside Ausaril. Gruzon trade is heavily restricted. And yet... it tastes exactly as it should. Your ginger nibbles are replaced by greedy bites. One, this is satisfying. / Curdling milk dulls the effect of it on your zaika physique, instead mildly stimulating you as you spear it with strips of the rich, duck-like firendish. / It looks unappetizing, but as you tuck in you find yourself enjoying it despite the occasionally strange blend of flavors and textures. It has that innately satisfying quality of something that's giving you nutrients you've been starved of. The heaped plate is quickly polished. / There is something like lemon and something like garlic in the blue-and-yellow

leaves and yes, you find that something about them makes your mouth water{, your antennae waggle excitedly}. You consume the curry greedily. / She doesn't have access to a neutron star - and you're not quite sure what her main ingredient is, chewy and jerky-like - but after eating some of the stroganoff you have to admit it's pretty good. Creamy, full of flavor and very satisfying. You begin devouring it.}

Dizzy sits at the head of the table, smiling to herself contentedly as she watches you{ and your crew} inhale her nutrient-and-calorie rich home cooking. You've never actually seen the plump kaithrit eat anything herself. If you were to guess, she helps herself throughout her endless cooking, probably scolding herself constantly as she does.

She <i>does</i> enjoy feeding you{ and your crew}, though. A lot. Her wide thighs shift together; when you steal a look up from the plate, you see a bitten lip and wide, gleaming eyes. The odd combination of contented fullness and being on exhibition warms your [pc.skin]. You wipe your greasy lips with a napkin and grin back at your{pcHardBro: whore} cook, slightly embarrassed. You're her little piggy.

"You enjoyed that, didn't you?" [diz.name] says huskily, dilated pupils drifting up your body{, after all your crew have excused themselves or otherwise hurried off}. "Yeah, you did." Her claws sink into the softness of her bosom. "Maybe I can interest you in dessert?"

// +HP and Energy to max, +5 wideness, +Home Cooking perk

[Dessert] [Enough]

### Dessert

Tooltip: You've definitely got your eyes on something sweet.

Select at random based on PC's equipment

### **Ride on chair**

Leaning back in your chair and opening your [pc.thighs] a little, eyeing her generous curves like she's eyeing you, you tell her that, actually, you're fancying some dessert.

"Are you?" she responds softly. "Well... I'll have to see what I've got in my cupboard. Or... maybe you'd like to look in there yourself."

[pc.OneCock] is already tumescent, giddy on the blood rush of rich food and sex, and it gains even more form as Dizzy wraps her arms around your neck and clambers onto your lap, the softness of her great ass piling down on your [pc.legOrLegs]. The delicious sound of her pulling the zip down her suit fills your ears; she takes hold of your hand and sinks it down, down, down,

to pliant depths and secret caves. Oh my, she's soaked; sinking your digits into her squishy, bumpy inner cunt slathers them in catgirl lubricant.

You finger her for a little while, curling within her nubby silk sleeve, feasting on the fire you put into her round face.

"You are greedy," she breathes. When she wriggles her paunch pushes into your [pc.belly] and the chair squeaks. "My greedy piggy... ooh... if you want more, why don't you..." She pushes her broad breasts from their housing, offering that plentiful cream flesh to you, and you seize upon it with the greed she's coaxed out of you, lapping and nibbling on the plump rise of a pink nipple as you continue to wiggle your fingers deep in the wetlands of her cunt. The whimper and purr you draw from her this time is truly wonderful.

She pulls your [pc.cocksLight] out, a few strokes of her warm hand enough to draw [s|it|them] to full mast. Then she sits down on [s|it|her favorite], wraps her broad thighs around your waist, and rides you briskly. You lean back on the chair, transported by the feeling of her augmented, nubby tunnel squishing and jerking around your fevered meat - so soft and voluminous, yet supple and kneading, the bumps rubbing intently and thirstily up your shaft. All deep in this marshmallow of a kaithrit, her wonderful soft curves jiggling all around you, her fat ass bouncing up and down on your lap, screwing you with unfakeable passion.

"{If big dick: Such a pig," she groans. "Making me slave away in the kitchen and then fucking me... with your giant <b>cock</b>..." Oh yeah, she likes that. You revel in it, opening your hips and arching your back so she gets plenty of that thick dick of yours, filling out her spacious purse and letting her work herself into a feverish lather whilst you bite and suckle ravenously on her lovely, plump nipples, filling your mouth with their scent. That sudden gasp and tighten, that meow and rising quiver of her soft flesh... }

{If else: You like that, baby?" she breathes, jouncing on top of you, wide green eyes gazing at you knowingly. You find it hard to respond; belly packed and now lost in the whore's wonderful, jiggling, kneading softness, you are lost, panting with delight. That squish around your [pc.cockNoun]... you're hardly touching her sides, but the way her nubs brush up and down your burning hard flesh sends pulses of delight up your spine. You bite and suckle ravenously on her lovely, plump nipples, filling your mouth with their scent, lost entirely in a gluttonous dream of plump white flesh.}

You muscles quake and you go off like a rocket, painting her squishy, bumpy walls with [pc.cum], head thrown back and groaning with delight as she bounces away on top of you, working out every last drop{ from your clenching [pc.balls]} with one flob of her gigantic ass after another. Sugar rushes through your engorged veins, and when you are finally spent and left panting sagged on the chair, you feel satisfied in every way it's carnally possible to be.

"Did you enjoy dessert, darling?" she murmurs, stroking your [pc.hairNoun]. You let your flushed, dishevelled state and big, goofy grin answer that. The chubby kaithrit pulls you in for a big, sloppy kiss.

"Good. You toddle along now," she says, swaying her soft weight off of you at last. "I've got to clear up."

You had a home-cooked meal, a screw, and you don't have to think about the washing up. Of all the luxuries your position bestows, somehow this one feels like one of the most decadent. You get your gear back in order, kiss Dizzy on the cheek, and head back to the duties of [pc.name] Steele, belly full and [pc.cockNoun] wilted.

//Place PC in Ship main menu.

### **Get licked**

Leaning back in your chair and opening your [pc.thighs] a little, eyeing her generous curves like she's eyeing you, you tell her that actually, you're fancying some dessert.

"You're still hungry, sweetpea?" she responds softly. The light pink flannel of her tongue crests her lip. "Well... I'll have to check the cupboard. See if there's anything in there to your taste."

She cracks the straps of her dress, and then descends under the table like a particularly fetching whale. Her pudgy but deft fingers{ slide up your [pc.lowerGarments], loosening clasps, undoing buttons. / slide their way up your already naked hips.} The {moistness / always dripping wetness} of your [pc.vagina] is bared to the air... and then to the hot, roiling breath of the whore.

Kaithrit tongues are flat and rough, maybe lacking the wonderful tentacular heft and squirm of other beings' mouth appendages, but making up for that with the inertia, the *<i>drag</i>*. Dizzy is clearly experienced at where this is best applied. You sigh and then groan with sheer delight as she coaxes your [pc.clit0] out of its hood, making it bulge with little suckles and pulls, and then lets the lash of her tongue loose on it, gently flicking it back and forth with skillful alacrity {If more than one clit: She even finds the other at the opposite end, laughing with delight as she repeats the trick, sending inhuman amounts of pleasure pulsating through your crotch by lapping at first one then other, finger busy on the unattended.}

If cock: She curls her hand around your [pc.cocksLight] as she pleasures your [pc.vaginaNoun], shifting her grip up and down, coaxing [s|it|them] into full, hot erection[p|s]. Sweet, hermaphroditic ecstasy.

If !cock but 1 < pussies: "Look at all these," she says with a little laugh, pulling away to gaze at [pc.eachVagina]. "I have a hard enough time looking after just one! It would drive me a little crazy if I had two of these and... someone tickled both at the same time..."

The anticipation almost kills you, and when it comes <i>fuck</i> it's good. She sinks two fingers into your [pc.vagina0] whilst the hot, wet rasp of her tongue flickers and laps over your [pc.vagina1], a molten furnace of pleasure which only glows more molten, making you dig your nails into the chair arms and moan lewdly with sheerest delight.}

{merge}

You are gluttoned on good food and now being treated to lavish oral, the cook on her knees with her chubby arms wrapped around your [pc.hips] and head buried between them, ate and now eaten. It's luxuriant, decadent, and you feel the blood rush through your veins as Dizzy reaches her deft, rough tongue deeper and deeper into your [pc.vagina]. You clench your teeth and hiss through your nose as you crest the hill, your quim melting like a sundae under a heat lamp, [pc.femcum] {dripping / gushing} over the kaithrit milf's busy mouth and fingers. As rich and sugary a dessert as it's possible to imagine. When she finally withdraws, {mouth / face} glazed with [pc.femcumFlavor] juices, you're left sagged on the chair, grinning with mouth ajar like an idiot. She giggles at the sight.

"You like that, sweetpea? I think you might have overindulged a little. A walk will help..."

You take the hint. You button up your [pc.gear] and thank her for all the eats she provided. The kaithrit waves you away with a smile, wiping her mouth and buttoning her apron on again.

//Place PC in Ship main menu.

## **Pack Lunch**

//24 hour cooldown

Tooltip: Have her prepare something you can take with you.

GO Tooltip: She'll need about a day to restock.

You ask if she can make something to go. You really need to fly.

"Of course, sweetpea!" She grabs a transparent box container from the big cupboard collection of them all females of a certain age have. "Give me a moment."

Within a few minutes the container is being pushed into your hands. It has a satisfyingly weighty feel to it.

"That should keep you going," she smiles. "Make sure you wash your hands before eating it though. Would you like me to pack some hand sanitizer too?"

// +1 Pack Lunch

## **Pack Lunch**

//Cannot be used in battle. Fully restores HP and Energy + gives Home Cooking perk for 12 hours.

Tooltip: A packed lunch Dizzy made for you. Aw look, there's a little note inside!

You make yourself comfortable and pop the box container lid. In keeping with packed lunches galaxy-wide it probably smells gross to anyone in the vicinity, but to you it's heaven, particularly once you start tucking into it with the little spoon provided.

It's really very simple - a portion of what your kaithrit cook happened to be cooking at the time, a piece of fruit and a homemade bar - but it's incredibly nourishing and leaves you feeling ready for the road ahead. You read the note as you eat.

{KEEP GOING SWEETPEA. / DON'T BE AWAY TOO LONG... I GET LONELY. / HANG IN THERE KITTEN. / NEVER GIVE UP NOT GIVING UP. / ALWAYS REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE. / COME BACK WITH THE STEELE FIRES BURNING, ANGEL. / MAKE SURE TO BRING THE SPOON BACK HONEY. DON'T LITTER.} It's signed with a crimson kiss mark.

Stifling a burp, you put the empty box away and get back to it.

// +15 mins

## **Shift**

Tooltip: Change where Dizzy is posted to.

Where would you like to assign Dizzy?

[Studio] [Nursery] [Never Mind]

## **Never Mind**

//Return to Dizzy main menu

## **Studio**

Tooltip: Send Dizzy to Tavros to work with her daughter.

You tell Dizzy that you're reassigning her to [pc.pornName] for now.

"Oh. Ok then." The kaithrit milf sets aside her apron, runs her hand through her hair and almost visibly puts herself into a different set of mind, putting her hand on a hefty hip and flaring it with a smouldering little smile. "I suppose it is time to check in on that daughter of mine and make sure she's not slacking off. Crack the whip a little, hmm?"

## **Nursery**

Tooltip: Send Dizzy to Tavros to work in your nursery

### First

//always get +5 Nice points first time you do this

Wouldn't it be nice to fulfill the old pussy's dream? {If 20+ kids: And you have a nursery overflowing with fast-growing, rambunctious kids. You doubt {your staff / Briget} would object to more help. / If else: And you doubt {your staff / Briget} would object to more help.} You ask her how she would feel about a teacher's placement.

"I - I don't know, sugarpea." Dizzy is flustered, frowning at you as if you might be pulling her leg. "I don't have the qualifications to do that." She flushes with real pleasure, touching her hair. "Of course I'd be happy to try, I could train on the job, and - I can download information straight into my head, if I've got it set up right - "

Exactly! They didn't intend it, but when Paragon installed that antenna of hers they were turning her into a perfect candidate for a teaching role. You'll make sure {the staff there / Briget} gives her plenty of time to get up to speed.

"Ohh," sniffs Dizzy, eyes moistening. She fumbles for a tissue. "I'm sorry [pc.name], but this - it's too much."

Well, you insist, and you're her owner so that's that on that.

After a pause, Dizzy pulls you into a particularly fierce and squishy hug.

"Thank you for this, [pc.name]," she says, emotion husking her voice. "This is more than I could ever - I promise I won't let you down."

You leave her to pack up her things. She'll be ready by the time you {get back to Tavros / 're ready to depart Tavros}.



## Repeat

You tell Dizzy you're reassigning her to the nursery for now.

"Am I that bad of a cook you have to pack me somewhere I can't feed you?" she laughs, tails curling. "{They <b>love</b> my Baked Uveto on Tavros / your kids <b>love</b> my Baked Uveto}, you know!"

Humming can be heard from her quarters as she packs herself up. It always cheers her up immensely to be sent to the nursery.

## **Nursery Dizzy**

//Slightly stumped for benefits for doing this, aside from nice points. Guess her not taking up a crew slot + access to her standard sex/talks will have to be enough.

//Interactions with Sera, Quaille or Riya in future? Probably other NPCs who visit nursery too.

[Dizzy]

Tooltip: Find out how the sex slave turned teacher is getting on.

### **Blurbs if PC has no kids**

Dizzy is in the staff room, frowning into a lappy holo device. With nothing to do, she's immersed herself in a teaching course, aiming to knock the word 'provisional' off her title here. Her ears crane and she puts it to one side when she sees you approach.

"Hello there, dumpling. How are you getting on? Are you thinking about having kids yet?"

The last question is asked only half-jokingly.

### **Blurbs if PC only has kids 0-2 years old**

//select randomly

(1) Dizzy is in the dorms, keeping watch over your sleeping {child / kiddiwinks}. She can't actually teach anyone, not when {your kid / all of your children} are not out of diapers yet, but she has plenty of experience with babies to put to use. She smiles and puts a finger to her lips when she sees you, and leads you out in the hall.

"They're so much sweeter when they're sleeping. How are you getting on, sugarsnap?"

(2) Dizzy is in the playroom, keeping watch over your {child / young children} as they blurrp, crawl and burble around the carnival of toys in here. She can't actually teach anyone, not when {your kid / all of your children} are not out of diapers yet, but she has plenty of experience with toddlers to put to use. She smiles when she sees you approach.

"Hi there, sweetpea! Come for a visit?"

### **Blurbs if PC has kids 3+ years old**

//select randomly

(1) It's storytime. Dizzy is sat in the main teaching area with a big picture book {with your only child / in a small circle of small children.} The raspy honeyed voice puts a surprising amount of range into the Big Ravenous Roehm, and her listener{s} are enthralled. Her ears prick when she sees you, but she continues to the end of the chapter, sends {the tiny mite / the class} into the other room {with an 'aww' / with a chorus of 'aww's} before approaching you.

"Sweetpea, I didn't know you were here! How are you?"

(2) Dizzy is in the main room, drawing simple multiplications on the holo board with her stylus. {Sat at their desk, your only child is doing their best to keep up. / The class of your children in front of her range from frowningly doing their best to solve them, to idly doodling rocket ships on their pads.} The chubby kaithrit smiles when she sees you, and gets one of the other staff to take over.

"How are you doing, sweetpea? Come for a little visit?"

(3) Dizzy is running an art lesson. An assortment of Mhen'gan fruit lies on the table at the front of the classroom; {your only child, dressed in a stained smock, frowns at it from behind a canvas. {The painting they're creating is, naturally, a squiggly mess. / dressed in stained smocks, the class of children are doing their best to capture its essence with blocky brushes with predictably messy results.}}

The chubby kaithrit stops {them / one child} from eating some of their red and then steps to one side with you.

"It's so nice to see you again, dumpling! How are you doing?"

[Appearance] [Talk] [Sex] [Collar] [Shift] [Leave]

## Appearance

Deziere d'Alysio, or Dizzy as she's known to her closest, is a mature, 5'11" female kaithrit. She has full, white shoulder-length hair, out of which her triangular ears sprout. She keeps it pinned back in a neat bun with two short black sticks crossed through it. Closer up you can see these are synthetic, attached to her scalp: Robotic implants, cosmetic antennae perhaps.

She has green cat's eyes accentuated by false black lashes, set in a round bonny face with full cheeks and lips, painted in dark, alluring rouge. {She wears a slim silver collar, a memento of her time with Paragon and a mark of her indenturehood.} She's dressed appropriately for working in a nursery in a big wooly, name-tagged turquoise sweater and a flared pair of dark trousers. In its own way these conservative clothes only enhance her milf-y charms. You want to fondle those big jiggle jogglers of hers *more*, now they're kept from you by a thick layer of patterned wool.

Dizzy has a thick, Rubenesque body, naturalistic with only her too perky boobs to suggest there are hints of gene-modification about her. They are slightly pendulous nonetheless, big, soft F-cup dumplings that fill out her cleavage and sit proudly atop her round, chubby belly. {Her plump nipples lie in small lakes of biscuit areola, several inches wide.} Her upper arms have that maternal wideness which speaks eloquently of both stamina and the soft squash of a glorious hug. She has a fat ass, a pear shape swelling out her trousers wonderfully atop her child-bearing thighs. You'd swear the whole galaxy holds its breath when she bends over to pick something up. The pushing available on that {must be truly delectable / is truly delectable, you know}.

She has two tails like most kaithrit, but they are synthetic replacements: smooth, black, fully prehensile with blunt, swollen tips. {Her pussy has been modified, too: Its innards are the same captivating emerald color of her eyes, and is studded with delightful, cock-milking nubs. It's a wide, plump, spacious thing with a Persian-like white puff of fur above it set within the acres of softness that are her thighs, a hole that seems to beg for a huge filling or a busy, patient tongue.}

All of this is animated by a brisk but cheery attitude which imposes itself with affectionate certitude. [diz.name] has a mellow voice raspended a bit by cigarette smoke - sticky fruit with an edge of experienced rudeness.

## Shift

Tooltip: Change where Dizzy is posted to.

Where would you like to assign Dizzy?

[Studio] [Ship] [Never Mind]

## **Never Mind**

//Return to Dizzy main menu

## **Studio**

Tooltip: Send Dizzy to Tavros to work with her daughter.

You tell Dizzy that you're reassigning her to [pc.pornName] for now.

"Oh. Ok then. I'll let Briget know I'm being reassigned." The kaithrit milf runs her hand through her hair and almost visibly puts herself into a different set of mind, putting her hand on a hefty hip and flaring it with a smouldering little smirk. "I suppose it is time to check in on that daughter of mine and make sure she's not been slacking off. Crack the whip a little, hmm?"

## **Ship**

Tooltip: Assign Dizzy to be your ship's galley mistress.

You miss having Dizzy's home cooking whenever you want it - to say nothing of Dizzy herself. You tell her that want her to be your ship's cook.

"Oh! Ok then. I'll let Briget know I'm being reassigned." The kaithrit milf runs her hand through her hair and almost visibly puts herself into a different mindset, throwing a few things into a handbag. "I'll head down to the station markets and see if I can't pick up a few things. Don't leave without me, ok sweetpea?"

# **Sex (shared between Ship and Nursery)**

## **Ship intro**

You silently explain why you came in here by reaching beneath the table and giving her a squeeze where the squeezing's good.

"Feeling frisky are we, sweetpea?" The kaithrit's eyes are full of mirth and heat. She takes hold of your questing hand and pulls you to your [pc.footOrFeet]. "Well. Let's see if we can't do something about that, hmm?"

You are pulled into her room, up the corridor from the {kitchen / galley}. She retained some of those pretty faux-candles from her Paragon days, and they cast a dim light over the cozy bunk, decorated with pictures of her family, cutesy keepsakes, tropical blooms and a pale blue, overstuffed king-sized bed.

The mattress creaks as Dizzy sits down on it. With marble eyes fixed on your face she slowly unzips her suit. You need to find out who designed those and give them a raise: it is almost beyond description how enjoyable it is to watch a plump slut burst out of it in slow motion, delectable puppy fat lolling from the sheer black material everywhere you look. Underneath it she's wearing dark stockings attached to frilly underwear and a matching bra that could serve as a parachute for a gabilani; beneath that the pale-pink of her spread nipples shift, islands of tenderness.

She draws you close, taking one of your hands and placing it on the soft roll of her belly, the other between the thick, peachy bounty of her thighs and the rustle of her underwear. There, you feel warm silk, trickling dampness on your fingers. You stroke her nubby innards, and a raspy sigh puffs into your ear.

"Now you've got me here, sweetheart," she says lowly, fang biting her lip. Her synthetic tails coil around your [pc.footOrFeet]. "Make me moan. Make me purr. Make me think about it for the rest of the day. Or do you want me to do the work? I know what a cute thing like you would <b>really</b> like..."

## **Nursery intro**

With the patented Steele roguish grin, you slide your hand around the endless curve of her backside and give it a fresh enough squeeze to make her squeak.

"[pc.name]! Not here," she exclaims, turning a scandalized eye about the nursery corridor. "Ooh, you naughty [pc.boy]. I'm going to have to put you in detention!"

You are grabbed by the wrist and hustled through the nursery into the staff's own dormitory. Here, Dizzy has a modest room to herself; she's decorated it with pictures of her family, cutesy keepsakes and some fragrant Roshan blooms. She sits down on the bed - it makes that creak of protest you always associate with getting it on with her - and, marble eyes fixed on your face, takes off her sweater, her shirt, her jeans, lays herself before you as she used to in her whoring days. Delectable puppy fat lolls wherever you look; a pliant underbelly and huge, plump tits await your thirsting hands.

"Detention is in session," she murmurs, stroking the sheets before her. "You've got teacher all to yourself, and she's not letting you go until you show her you can put the effort in." Synthetic tails flick in the air. "Or maybe she needs to show you how it's done..."

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib]

## Let Her

Tooltip: Take the leash off the cougar and put her in charge.

{First: You hesitate. The way she said that... it <i>would</i> be nice to let your matron take charge of you, wouldn't it? A cougar getting her claws into a piece of veal like you.

"Yeah. You want me to, don't you?" [diz.name] says, smile widening. She takes hold of your [pc.arms] and draws you down into her warm, pillowy embrace, letting you see the real desire that gleams in her marble eyes. "You want me to make you feel so good. Don't be shy, there's no shame in it... unless you want there to be."}

{Repeat: You let your shy grin spell out what you'd like... which is to let her dictate what happens here. Teacher knows best.

"You want me in charge, do you?" [diz.name] coos, smirking knowingly. She takes hold of your [pc.arms] and draws you down into her warm, pillowy embrace, letting you see the real desire that gleams in her marble eyes. Oh yes, you made the right choice. "Of course you do, sweetheart. Control is such a burden, isn't it?"}

// ++Lust

[Next]

//Randomly select scene PC qualifies for from here. Weight them so PC always gets something different to the one they got last.

## Tail Peg

Something hard, limber and smooth worms its way between you, slithering up your [pc.belly] and [pc.chestNoun]. Scratch that, two things. [diz.name] slides the bulbous ends of her dark grey synthetic tails into view, one swaddled in her generous cleavage, the other pressed into your armpit.

"You like these, don't you?" she whispers. She boops your nose with one, actually saying 'boop' as she does it, before giggling. "I miss the fluff of my old tails sometimes. But these ones are a lot more fun, it's true. I'm gonna show you."

She rolls you onto your hands and [pc.knees] on the bed. You feel an intoxicating blend of nerves and excitement as she strokes your [pc.hips], and obey her when she tells to lower your back, presenting your [pc.ass].

“Eyes forward, class. Show off that {nice tight ass / lovely big bottom} you’ve got for teacher. You can’t do that unless you bend all the way down, sweetpea. Oh, that’s it.” Claws needle your left buttocks, and you gasp slightly as she squeezes it. “Mrs. d’Alycio thinks you have a <b>lot</b> of potential. She’s gonna be giving you plenty of attention...”

You hear the slimy sound of two robotic, prehensile tails being dipped in lubricant, and you brace yourself for what’s obviously coming - in all its intensity and delicious filthiness. You feel the softness of her thighs swaddling your [pc.hips], her hands gently running down your flanks, gripping your [pc.chest]... and then oily hardness sliding slowly between the crack of your ass, leaving a trail of lubricant behind it.

If vagina: “Now then sweetheart - where do you want it?” She laughs, raspy and infectious. “Well whatever, I know where I’m gonna put it. It might be a lil tough for you at first, but you’ll learn to love it, and when you do, I want you to sing it out for me to hear...” Another oily bulb lands upon your [pc.vagina], sliding over its entrance to swirl captivatingly over your [pc.clit]. “...if you do, I’ll give it you there, as well. Only good [pc.boyGirl]s get it there, though. Good [pc.boyGirl]s sing loud for teacher.”

If else: “You relax sweetheart, just relax,” she hushes. Back and forth her prehensile tail moves, polishing your [pc.anus] with coating wetness. Her hands move inwards, stroking your [pc.cocksLight] teasingly. “Otherwise it’s gonna be tough for you. If you trust me... I’m gonna make it so good for you.”

Your fingers dig into the sheets as she opens your sphincter up, pushing the thick bulb of her tail into the tightness of your ass. It’s a liquid, experienced movement that is nonetheless incredibly intense, a sensation that makes you reactively want to tighten up. But Dizzy calmly entreats you to stay relaxed, and the softness of her tone and her hands and her thighs brushing against your own blankets your head, and yes it’s so easy to relax with her, {male: groan /else: moan} softly as with a winning huff she spears a hefty amount of that synthetic tentacle of hers into your guts. The thick bulb dragging back along your colon does feel magical...

“Mmm,” the chubby kaithrit purrs. She bends over you, spilling her breasts over your back, puffs her breath over your [pc.hairNoun]. “I can feel along these things, you know. Tech wizzy-pokery. Not as much as a cock I think, but...” She pushes a good six inches of robo-tail into your [pc.ass], firmly enough to make you gasp and tighten your grip on the linen again, and she giggles lustily. “...oh yeah. Enough for that to feel <b>really</b> good.”

She reams you rhythmically, holding you firmly in place by the shoulder and flank, your upturned ass a holster for her naughty peripheral, filling you with insistent pressure and sensation, giving

you plenty of time to consider the filthiness of it, getting pegged by the matronly kaithrit. She plays up to it, clearly relishing every minute of it. Her plump flesh wobbles around your hindquarters.

//If cock:

“You like that?” she coos when she finds the bulge of your prostate, kneading at it insistently with her monstrously agile peripheral. Fuck... fuck! You {cumQ,lowHigh: drool / spray} [pc.cum] from your half-erect [pc.cocksLight], milked like a cow. “Yeah you do,” she giggles. “So lemme hear you say it. Lemme hear how good Mrs d’Alysio is making you feel...”

“Yeessss,” you manage hoarsely, and are rewarded with another luscious bump against your boy button. After that you stop caring - you whinge and bark like a bitch without restraint, sweaty putty in her hands.

“Being nice and loud for me. {On our first night, too},” she says lowly. The smooth tail glides outwards from your back passage, popping loose from your sphincter achingly. “Good [pc.boyGirl]!” She strokes your jaw, and you shiver with submissive delight. “So you’re gonna get a treat. Stay still now...”

You bite your lip as you feel a second smooth snake-like appendage poke its way between your [pc.thighs], oiled serpentine motion that ends when it lays itself against your [pc.cock]{ and [pc.ballsNoun]}. Over your raphe it rubs, teasing your dripping tool... and then, oh my, it curls itself right around it and <i>squeezes</i>, making you start and squeak. What deftness!

“I love working those little sounds out of my students,” Mrs d’Alysio whispers, as she tightens and loosens her robotic grip on you. Her soft weight pillows itself on your back and [pc.ass], a lovely, lush reminder of who’s doing this to you. “They do and say things they never would, outside my classroom... and we aren’t done yet, are we blossom? Not at all.”

You can’t help but gasp and moan, an undeniably lewd sound, as she pushes the bulb of her first tail past your [pc.anus], more aggressive and lusty this time, taking full advantage of how she’s opened you and moulded you in the shape of her tails. Warm, thick, writhing tail-cock fills your back passage as she masturbates you with augmented thrusts, flicks and squeezes of her second tail, a riotous combination of sensations that has [pc.cumNoun] oozing{ and spurting} freely out of your dilated [pc.cockHeads].

Oh Void, oh fuck, <i>she can make them vibrate, too.</i> {repeat: You always forget this ride can go up another filthy level.} Motorific shivers fill your groin, deep inside and encased around your [pc.cocks] and you let yourself go entirely, arching your back and crying out to the overwhelming sensation, pushing your [pc.hips] back into her, sluttily greedy for as much of the shuddering appendage inside of you as possible.



“Ooh yes that’s it, sing for me sweetheart, teacher wants you to give it your best,” giggles the kaithrit, one tail a busy, slippery serpent upon [pc.oneCock], the other mashing itself firmly into your prostate. “Oh, you feel so good when you wriggle and writhe like that... say my name,” she whispers in your ear, claws needling your shoulders. “Say my name, when you cum. Go on.”

“Dizzy,” you whimper as it comes pouring out of you, a fountain of [pc.cumGem] jizz spurting all over the sheets, shot out of you in tribute to the whore’s excellent services. She sighs in response and works you firmly, one tail squeezing and rubbing your pulsating [pc.ocksLight] whilst the other pumps you from the other side, thrusting into your [pc.ass] at that juicy angle that makes your prostate spasm helplessly. You ejaculate almost painfully in response to it, sweat dripping down your face as you give back to her sensual tentacles, eager to work out every last drop for Miss. When her tail pops loose from your asshole, it feels like you came out your soul.

With professional grace Dizzy wipes your aching cock and brow with tissue, and then firmly gathers you into her squishy embrace, laying lots of cooing kisses on your brow. With a kind of practical candour, she places one of your hands on the curve of her butt, and swaddles your head in her sweet-smelling bosom. This is, indeed, the best way of holding her.

// If else:

“You like that?” she coos, filling your back passage with her monstrously agile peripheral, making it writhe within you. You gasp at the intensity of it, [pc.eachVagina] twinging and moistening to the internal pressure being put upon it. “Yeah you do,” she giggles. “You love getting it up the bum. So lemme hear you say it. You aren’t getting anything more until I hear how good Mrs. [diz.name] is making you feel...”

“Yeessss,” you manage hoarsely, and she pushes herself in even further, making you feel the smooth, wiggling thickness all along your sphincter, stretching your [pc.belly]. You arch your back, push into it, flagrantly displaying your submissiveness.

“Very good!” the kaithrit coos happily, stroking your jaw, and you shiver with delight. “So obedient and... mmm... such a nice {tight / well-trained} ass you’ve got. So you’re gonna get a treat. Stay still now...”

You bite your lip as you feel a second smooth snake-like appendage poke its way between your [pc.thighs], oiled serpentine motion that lays itself against [pc.oneVagina]. It’s already moistened and widened, and your mouth opens as the bulb end rubs slowly over your labia and [pc.clit], smearing itself in [pc.femCum], testing your plumpness and the soaked silk within. Your mouth opens as she stretches your hole open with that wide, smooth tip... and can’t help the wanton moan which starts out of it as she fills you with it, warm hardness rubbing you all the way in. Oooh, the way it bends against your walls! The way it squeezes against the one wedged deep in your [pc.ass]!

"I love working those little sounds out of my students," Mrs d'Alysio whispers, robotic tails twisting this way and that, tirelessly stirring you. Her weight pillows itself on your back and butt, a lovely, soft reminder of who's doing this to you. "They do and say things they never would, outside my classroom... and we aren't done yet, are we blossom? Not at all."

You can't help but gasp and moan, an undeniably lewd sound, as she draws the bulb of her first tail back until it's stretching your [pc.anus] and then thrusts it powerfully back home, pegging you aggressively now, taking full advantage of how she's opened you and moulded you in the shape of her tails. She gives you both of them at the same time, warm, thick, writhing appendage swelling you full simultaneously, an incredibly intense sensation that has [pc.femcum] {isSquirter: dripping / squirting} out of your [pc.vagina] copiously.

Oh Void, oh fuck, <i>she can make them vibrate, too.</i> {repeat: You always forget this ride can go up another filthy level.} Motorific shivers fill your sex and you let yourself go entirely, arching your back and crying out to the feverish sensation, pushing your [pc.hips] back into her, sluttily greedy for as much of the shuddering appendages inside of you as possible.

"Ooh yes that's it, sing for me sweetheart, teacher wants you to give it your best," giggles the kaithrit, tails busy, slippery buzzing serpents. You whine as she draws the one in your [pc.vaginaNoun] to fondle your [pc.clit], all the while the other aggressively claims your ass, energetic motion carrying all the way up your frame. "Oh, you feel so good when you wriggle and writhe like that... say my name," she whispers in your ear, claws needling your shoulders. "Say my name, when you cum. Go on."

"Dizzy," you whine as it overtakes you, a series of full body clenches blowing your mind away, turning your whole world into nothing but slutty ecstasy. She sighs in response and works you firmly, one tails slipping back into your gushing [pc.vaginaNoun] whilst the other relentlessly works your tail-hole, thrusting into your [pc.ass] at that juicy angle that rubs up against the one in your cunt. You orgasm almost painfully in response to it, sweat dripping down your face as you give back to her sensual tentacles, lost in the throes of bliss. When her tails finally slither free of your loosened holes, it feels like you came out your soul.

With professional grace Dizzy firmly gathers you into her squishy embrace, laying lots of cooing kisses on your brow. With a kind of practical candour, she places one of your hands on the curve of her butt, and swaddles your head in her sweet-smelling bosom. This is, indeed, the best way of holding her.

"What now, sweetheart?" Her teeth gleam in the gloom. "No limits now. You own me. We can do it for as long as you like... or maybe you'd like to have some sleepy time now?"

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib] [Snooze] [Leave]

## Face Sit

[diz.name] takes your hand and draws it down her doughy body; over the hillock of her paunch and down, down, down, to even warmer, softer depths. Your fingers encounter slick wetness.

“You know what I think you want?” she whispers. Her fingers curl around yours, deftly leading you where she wants to take you, encouraging you to feel the steaming glossiness within... the regular bumps that run up the inside of her loose pussy. Augmented for maximum pleasure. “I think you want that. All over your face. You’re practically drooling, sugarpea.” A raspy giggle bubbles into the perfumed air. She draws you even closer into her squishy embrace. Synthetic tails coil around your [pc.leg]. “Say it. Say... you want to lick me.”

“Yeah,” you say breathlessly. You feel pleasantly overwhelmed by the older female’s carnality and confidence; the simple ease with which she’s taken control of the situation. {[pc.eachCockIsAre] standing on end, a fact you’re only vaguely aware of.} “I want that.”

“Say please.” One of her synthetic tails has transferred itself upward, {curling itself around your [pc.cockNoun]. / sliding along the line of your [pc.vagina], gently teasing you.} More like a tentacle than a tail, she - your lips open as she gently flicks at {your [pc.cockHead] / your [pc.clit]} - has a shiver-inducing amount of control over it. “Only good little [pc.boy]s get to taste a treat.”

“Please... Mrs d'Alysio.” This last little improvisation clearly pleases her, makes her giggle raspily again and stroke your [pc.hairNoun], and you feel an almost childish rush of elation.

“Oh... very well.” She slides out of your [pc.arms], lies you back in the warm imprint she leaves. {Your [pc.cock] points at the ceiling like a goofy thumbs up to what she’s doing.} You try and scramble up, already envisioning her lying back and letting you dive headlong into that wide, lush delta, but instead find yourself gently but firmly pressed back down, needle claws pricking your [pc.chest]. You gaze up at her fertility idol of a figure as she kneels over you, that kind round face far above the plump, ripe watermelons of her tits rested upon her squidgy belly, and there between her thick thighs her pussy, gently parted to reveal the glistening, emerald innards, the same color as her eyes. It’s when she ponderously turns herself around, raising her tails to display her huge, pear-shaped rump, that you fully understand her game.

Giddy heat races between your head and your {[pc.cocksLight] / [pc.vaginasLight]}. You’re able to take a single sharp breath before two great pale mounds of flesh descend, and your senses of sight, taste and smell are all buried under an avalanche of warm-smelling softness.

<b>Plomff.</b>

“Theerrre,” sighs Dizzy happily. “Feels good to put that eager fresh face where it can do the most amount of good!”

She deliberately shifts her weight from buttock to buttock, squishing herself heavily down on you, pushing your face further between her hams, mushing the damp puffiness of her pussy against your [pc.lips]. You whistle breath through your nose, wedged between her buttocks.

"You like that, don't you?" Her tone is coy and teasing. "Being my cushion? Aren't you going to enjoy your treat? Oooh yes theerrre we go," she sighs as you open your mouth and sample the overflowing cornucopia of sex being pressed down into it. "Plenty for you to enjoy there, isn't there..."

You manage to get your arms wrapped around her thighs and start licking her with puppyish thirst, relishing being swaddled and squashed under such a delightful amount of matronly ass. The fact it's denying you sight and movement makes it all the more exciting, being topped and used in the softest yet most definitive way imaginable. And her pussy... she's a big girl. There's so much for your [pc.tongue] to relish, so many slick, loose folds to trace, so many of those delightful nubs along her inner tract that make her shiver and wobble on top of you when you flick and lavish them. Her musk is a rich fruit with edges of salt and smoke, a liquid mirror of her voice.

{If long: It's good you have a tongue that was made to go exploring in such a spacious cunt, reach deep inside her, fill her with spry, wriggling heat, make her gasp and coo and spread plentiful amounts of fragrant kitty excitement around your mouth.

"Ooh you are good at that," she gasps. "I better have you down there for an extra long time..."}  
}

#### // If cock:

Your own pleasure at getting your face sat on by such a big and florid individual creeps towards fever pitch when you feel a skilled, warm, oiled hand wrap itself around your [pc.oneCock]. She shifts her grip up and down your erection teasingly at first, exciting you into tonguing her more intently, finding her grape of a clit and circling it quickly; the better you do, the more your [pc.tongue] moves across the places she most desires, the firmer her slimy grip becomes, the more juice she puts into her wrist flicks.

Your [pc.cock] is burnished in oil, bulging with heat, and for a light-headed moment under her cargo freighter of an ass you feel like you're going to cum in a rush, giddy on her touch and soft, smothering weight... but the second you feel your {[pc.ballsNoun] / prostate} tightening up, the loving slip and smooth of her hand becomes a hard clench.

"Not so fast sugarpea, not so fast," Dizzy softly chides. "Were you really going to cum all over teacher's hand without finishing your lesson? That's not what a good little [pc.boy] does. Why did she put you down there in the first place? That's it, busy little [pc.boy]... right there..."

You fill her wide pussy with the wriggling, energetic eel of your tongue, reaching into her over-ripe fruit as far as you can go, high on a blend of subby desire to please and a frantic wish for that oily, unseen hand to take you over the edge. [diz.name] sighs and then gasps with delight, the bed creaking beneath you as she begins to bounce on top of you, a great soft mountain of flesh riding on top of your [pc.tongue].

{aphro spit: You deliberately allow the special glands in your mouth to relax, a great pool of saliva swimming in aphro forming in your mouth, and then with gusto you slather it right across the overgrown garden of Dizzy's cunt. Your pheromones take a few moments to sink into her, but when they do, the reaction is everything you hoped for - a husky coo followed by an almost girlish squeal of excitement, and the great soft mound on top of your face excitedly shifting and rutting on your [pc.tongue], eager for more.

"Your mouth - oooohhhh!" the kaithrit cries. "I know that, there's a girl who works here whose drool is - oh right there sugarpea yes right there, you're making miss so proud of you right now!"}

It's when you spread your [pc.lips] over her protuberant clit and hum into it that you manage it, carry the milf into a wet, slithery, moaning orgasm. Her twat melts all over your face, an unavoidable flanneling of fruity, milfy excitement that quite frankly feels good enough to keep pleasuring her with long, juicy laps the entire time.

"Woahhooh... ok. Whew!" she sighs happily, straight her back as if regaining her matronly decorum. "Good [pc.boy]. VERY good [pc.boy]. Let me show how teacher rewards her most obedient, thirstiest [pc.boy]s."

Still with her child-bearing rear parked directly on your head she uses both of her hands to masturbate you now, {hasBalls: one oily hand gently squeezing your [pc.balls] whilst the other flows up and down your fervid shaft. /hasKnotOrSheath: one oily hand circling your [pc.knotOrSheath] whilst the other flows up and down your fervid shaft.} It's like she's masterfully molding your lust out of the clay of your loins, and with your nose and mouth still slathered in her juices and squashed beneath her you can't hope to stand against it for very long.

You bark as you cum, a whiplash of pure ecstasy starting up your spine, but of course you can only move the bottom half of your body; your hands disappear deep into the plentiful softness of her thighs as yours lurch up off the bed, propelling {cumQ: squirts / jets} of [pc.cum] into the air that rain back down on your [pc.belly]. Dizzy's faintly mocking, raspy laugh is in your ears as she continues to firmly jerk you off, and the teasing sound coupled with being so rudely sat on only makes the orgasm better, a dizzy, heady, suffocating treat that seems to go on and on, your [pc.cockNoun] an eager, obedient servant in her experienced, knowing hands. {You've left a [pc.cumColor] tattoo of your own enjoyment across your torso by the time you're finally aching and soft in her grip. / You've completely caked yourself and your slut's pillow front in

[pc.cumVisc] [pc.cumColor] by the time you're finally aching and soft in her grip, proof of your own extreme excitement.

//Lust reset

// no Cock:

Your own pleasure at getting your face sat on by such a big and florid individual creeps towards fever pitch when you hear a faint buzz, and then something blunt, oiled and vibrating is pushed against your [pc.vaginaNoun]. She teases you with the dildo at first, opening your entrance with it and then shifting it back to your [pc.clit] just as you think she's going to slot it home, exciting you into tonguing her more intently, finding her own grape of a clit and circling it quickly. The better you do, the more your [pc.tongue] moves across the places she most desires, the more vigorously she applies the prosthetic, letting you feel the humming bumps along its length, making you shiver and drip [pc.girlCumNoun] in excitement.

Your [pc.vaginaNounSimple] melts and simmers, and for a light-headed moment under her cargo freighter of an ass you feel like you're going to cum in a rush, giddy on her touch and soft, smothering weight... but the second you feel your twat crimp up, the oiled, thick, bulbous pressure being used to stir you disappears.

"Not so fast sugarpea, not so fast," Dizzy softly chides. "Were you really going to cum all over teacher's stick without finishing your lesson? That's not what a good little [pc.boy] does. Why did she put you down there in the first place? That's it, busy little [pc.boy]... right there..."

You fill her wide pussy with the wriggling, energetic eel of your tongue, reaching into her over-ripe fruit as far as you can go, high on a blend of subby desire to please and a frantic wish for that oily, unseen hand to take you over the edge. Dizzy sighs and then gasps with delight, the bed creaking beneath you as she begins to bounce on top of you, a great soft mountain of flesh riding on top of your [pc.tongue].

{aphro spit: You deliberately allow the special glands in your mouth to relax, a great pool of saliva swimming in aphro forming in your mouth, and then with gusto you slather it right across the overgrown garden of [diz.name]'s cunt. Your pheromones take a few moments to sink into her, but when they do, the reaction is everything you hoped for - a husky coo followed by an almost girlish squeal of excitement, and the great soft mound on top of your face excitedly shifting and rutting on your [pc.tongue], eager for more.

"Your mouth - oooohhhh!" the kaithrit cries. "Oh right there sugarpea yes right there, you're making teacher so proud of you right now!"}

It's when you spread your [pc.lips] over her protuberant clit and hum into it that you manage it, carry the experienced pro into a wet, slithery, yowling orgasm. Her twat melts all over your face,

an unavoidable flanneling of fruity, milfy excitement that quite frankly feels good enough to keep pleasuring her with long, juicy laps the entire time.

"Woahhooh... ok. Whew!" she sighs happily, straight her back as if regaining her matronly decorum. "Good [pc.boy]. VERY good [pc.boy]. Let me show how teacher rewards her most obedient, thirstiest [pc.boy]s."

Still with her child-bearing rear parked directly on your head she screws you with the buzzing dildo firmly now, dipping into that little spot an inch or so inside that makes you groan and spasm reactively, [pc.clit] bulging needily. It'd take a boy about a month to find that spot, but you bought a whore who knows exactly what she's doing, and with your nose and mouth still slathered in her juices and squashed beneath her you can't hope to stand against it for very long.

You whine as you cum, a whiplash of pure sensation starting up your spine, but of course you can only move the bottom half of your body; your hands disappear deep into the plentiful softness of her thighs as yours leap up off the bed, {spotting / soaking} the sheets with [pc.femcum]. [diz.name]'s faintly mocking, raspy laugh is in your ears as she continues to stir you, turning those devilish, throbbing bumps around and around in your [pc.vaginaNoun], and the teasing sound coupled with being so rudely sat on only makes the orgasm better, a dizzy, heady, suffocating treat that seems to go on and on, your muff an eager, obedient servant in her experienced, knowing hands.

[Next]

At last the squishy, pale blinders are raised from your eyes, and you can take a big, whooping breath. You watch that wide, pear-shaped rump pull away and sit itself down beside you regretfully, even in your achey, spongy state. You wouldn't mind disappearing into that again. Not at all.

"I'll let you back in there some time," says the plump{ hasCock,bigCumQ:, cum-spattered) kaithrit, smiling at you knowingly and stroking your [pc.hairNoun]. "I know how safe and simple the world is when all you've got to concentrate on is teacher's big bottom sat on your face."

She lies on her side beside you, eyes half-lidded and smiling, big, soft pussy cat.

"What now, sweetheart?" Her teeth gleam in the gloom. "No limits now. You own me. We can do it for as long as you like... or maybe you'd like to have some sleepy time now?"

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib] [Snooze] [Leave]

## Missionary

Tooltip: Have some tried-and-true with your slave mommy.

GO Tooltip: You need a not stupidly sized dick for this.

Requires: Cock that fits

// reminder to use penisRouter

You make your intentions known by pulling back and letting your [pc.cock] spring{ from your [pc.lowerUndergarment]}, already hot and stiff with anticipation. With a husky murmur Dizzy lies back and opens her wide thighs, revealing the wet, plush lips of her sex, replete with a tuft of fluffy white fur. The innards are a gleaming green, the same fetching color as her eyes. Your [pc.cockNoun] throbs; there really is nothing quite like watching one of your sluts dutifully spreading them for you.

You clamber on top of the kaithrit, revelling in her wonderful pillowy give. Everywhere you put your hands there seems to be another mound of soft erogenous flesh for you to fondle and push your fingers into, every bit of it seeming to cause her to coo, shift and rasp with giggles. With one hand, she places your grasp on the crest of her tit, encourages you to grope the springy tenderness there; with the other she takes hold of your cock and guides you in, spreading wet, silken squish around its tip.

### Small

“My little [pc.guyGirl],” she whispers fondly, stroking your cheek as you sink into her softness, swiftly bottoming out. You murmur as your {[pc.balls] / [pc.knot]} press against her taint. “Are you in?”

You are, just about. Your [pc.cockNoun] is lost utterly in the oceanic green of the matronly kaithrit’s lush, well-travelled delta; the artificial nubs rub against your [pc.cock], stimulating you when you begin to saw into her, but it couldn’t be more obvious that she barely feels you. She simply watches you with that fond smile on her face as you pump yourself between her opened thighs, making her gloriously soft body shake and jiggle around you like you’re on top of a giant blancmange, your thrusting growing ever more fervid as your arousal takes hold.

You dimly realize that Dizzy takes genuine pleasure from watching <i>you</i> take pleasure so the fact you’re not doing anything for her is... is fine. You’re her little [pc.guyGirl] (at least for the next hour or so), bouncing happily away on top of her, and you should lose yourself in it. Cheeks burning, you gasp and groan and clench your [pc.thighs] into her, letting her know how much you’re enjoying the steamy, bumpy slide of her inner silk over your sensitive



[pc.cockNounSimple]; her full lips press against your brow, and she offers her breast to your lips.

You lick and chew on her plump nipple ravenously, tasting both salt and sweetness, and the tactility of the chubby whore overwhelms you, firing up your nerve ends. You grit your teeth, slap your {[pc.ballsNoun] / [pc.thighs]} into her seemingly endless pillowy give and cum hard, your [pc.cocksLight] pulsing deliriously.

“That’s it,” she coos, as if you were in the middle of producing a <i>very</i> impressive finger-painting. She squeezes her wide thighs around your waist, making you groan and shoot out a particularly large wad of [pc.cum] into her. “You work it aaaaallll out. You give me everything you’ve got, my little [pc.guyGirl]...”

{Even your load is modest; nothing leaks out of Dizzy when you’re done, only the lewd [pc.cumGem] trail of spunk leading from your [pc.cockHead] when you finally slip out, throbbing with release. / She squeaks in slight surprise as you swiftly pack out her steaming tunnel with [pc.cumGem] spooge and it spurts out over her thighs. It’s an almost painful experience shooting your prestigious load out of your thin cock, and your whole body trembles as you do it, pulsing again and again into the whore’s pussy until [pc.cumFlavor] seed is oozing thickly down the sheets and you feel like a sweaty ragdoll.}

//Lust reset

## Medium

“Push yourself in, sweetheart... all the way in,” she whispers. Her eyes are faintly luminous in the dark as you follow the instruction, relishing the resistant nubs which brush along your shaft. The kaithrit sighs as your {[pc.sack] / [pc.knotOrSheath]} presses into the sticky softness. “There we go. Isn’t that nice?” She bites her lip as you slowly test her, dragging your [pc.cock] up and down her slick, bumpy fuck-tunnel. “Ooh, that’s it. Take your time...”

She’s a big girl, used to being ploughed by bigger than you every day; you doubt you can make her toes curl. Still, as you begin to pump between her opened thighs, making her gloriously soft body shake and jiggle around you like you’re on top of a giant blancmange, you think you see real arousal begin to shine in those marble eyes, her fond smile replaced by a bitten lip and rosy cheeks. A faint buzz emanates from her hair.

“Yes, yes,” she groans, thrusting her hips back into you, gloving her soaked pussy walls around your [pc.cock] ardently. “Like that, dear, like that. But... harder...”

Once again you’re happy to follow the instruction of the squishy whore and give her the ploughing she really deserves, manically clapping your [pc.thighs] into her, delighting in her pillowy give and the steamy, bumpy slide of her inner silk. She arches her back, offering a

breast to your lips; you avail yourself of it, licking and chewing on her plump nipple ravenously, tasting both salt and sweetness, slathering yourself in her tactility.

Finally you hook her beneath her knees, bending them backwards as you press a thick load of [pc.cum] into her deep{, knotting yourself into her loose hole so she <i>has</i> to take every last [pc.cumGem] drop}, losing yourself in the pulsing strokes.

“So feisty!” she cries at the ceiling. She squeezes her wide thighs around your waist, making you groan and shoot out a particularly large wad of [pc.cum] into her. “I love the young, fierce ones. Ooh yes, work it aaaaallll out. Give me everything you’ve got, my {guy / girl}...”

{Your load is modest, though; nothing leaks out of Dizzy when you’re done, only the lewd trail of [pc.cumNoun] leading from your [pc.cockHead] when you finally slip out, throbbing with release. / She moans with whorish delight as you swiftly pack out her steaming tunnel with [pc.cumNoun] and it spurts out over her thighs. It’s truly wonderful to overflow on such a spacious cunt, prove your potency like that. Only when [pc.cumFlavor] seed is oozing thickly down the sheets do you finally cease, lie on top of her like a sweaty ragdoll on top of a bouncy castle.}

//Lust reset

## Big

“Oh my,” she whispers, and a fresh surge of lust enters you as you hear the genuine delight in her raspy tones. “You’re soooooo big!”

Yes you are, and it is an unspeakable pleasure to part her gleaming folds with your [pc.cock], fill this spacious, well-used milf up with inch after inch of piping hot cockmeat. The artificial nubs that line her pussy first brush and then <i>press</i> into your [pc.cockNoun], and a wondering, barking gasp is forced from your lungs as you keep plumbing her deeper, finding more and more space to fill out inside her. It’s rare you find a lady who can take this much of you, and when you find her limit you hold there for just a minute, relishing just how fully your bitch breaker is gloved in slick, warm, stretched, bumpy kaithrit.

“My big [pc.boy],” she whispers again, excitement gleaming in her marble eyes, stroking the nape of your neck and your cheek. “Do you know how to use that thing? Show me.”

It’s undeniably a turn on that you might genuinely excite this older female who’s seen it all before, and it is with gusto that you draw yourself back, delighting in the feeling of her plump, squashed nubs rubbing against your hard meat, and then thrust yourself back in; slowly at first, testing her limits, keeping your own ardor coasting

“Yes, yes,” she groans, thrusting her hips back into you, gloving her soaked pussy walls around your [pc.cockNoun] ardently. “Like that, dear, like that. But... harder...”

You throw your [pc.hips] into it, making her gloriously soft body shake and jiggle around you like you're on top of a giant blancmange. She moans with joy, her instructions and little encouragements melting into nothing but cries of slutty joy as you stuff her, swelling her already thick abdomen with the glorious amount of pipe you're thrusting home into soaked, rumped milf twat. She makes a sound of pure abandon, eyes rolling up towards the ceiling, and you feel juice dripping down your [pc.knotBallsHilt]. Totally in charge now and heady with it, you lick and chew the plump nipples on her breasts, sinking your face deep into the pillowy flesh, slathering yourself in her tactility.

Finally you hook her beneath her knees, bending them backwards as you press a thick load of [pc.cum] into her deep{, knotting yourself into her loose hole so she has to take every last drop of it}, losing yourself in the pulsing strokes.

"Oh that's it!" she cries at the ceiling. She squeezes her wide thighs around your waist, making you groan and shoot out a particularly large wad of [pc.cum] into her. "Give it me, my big strapping [pc.boy]! Use me with that lovely big thing, my {guy / girl}..."

{Your load is modest, though; nothing leaks out of Dizzy when you're done, only the lewd trail of [pc.cum] leading from your [pc.cock] when you finally slip out, throbbing with release. / She moans with whorish delight as you swiftly pack out her steaming tunnel with [pc.cum] and it spurts out over her thighs. It's truly wonderful to overflow such a spacious cunt, prove your potency like that. Only when [pc.cumFlavor] seed is oozing thickly down the sheets do you finally cease, lie on top of her like a sweaty ragdoll on top of a bouncy castle.}

//Lust reset

[Next]

In a business-like manner, your indentured {cook / teacher} takes your hand and places it on her plump backside, puts your head between the warm, intimate-smelling swaddling of her boobs and draws you deep into her pillowy embrace. This is, indeed, the very best way of holding her, enough so that the stickiness oozing over your thigh is an afterthought. You feel so *safe.*

"What now, sweetheart?" Her teeth gleam in the gloom. "No limits now. You own me. We can do it for as long as you like... or maybe you'd like to have some rest now?"

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib] [Snooze] [Leave]

## Anal

Tooltip: Do her up the sizable fundament.

// **Tooltip2,noPeen:** <b>You don't have a proper dick.</b> No anal for you.

// **Tooltip3,tooBig:** You're packing too much heat. <b>You'll need a smaller penis for this one.</b>

// reminder to use penisRouter

//Requires not absurdly sized dick

{First: You've had eyes for only one thing. / Repeat: You only ever have eyes for one thing, when you come and visit her.} It's kind of unavoidable: every time she turns away from you you are confronted by the great pear-shaped mass swelling out the seat of her {black form-fitting suit, restlessly shifting beneath the glossy material / dark trousers, glorious, undeniable carnality shifting beneath its strict housing}. The stockings the kaithrit's legs are encased in are a cliché perhaps but they work, drawing your eyes up inevitably to that delicious gap of soft pale flesh below the dark river of her panties. You want to get your hands, and your [pc.cock], deep inside that big, fat ass.

"You want to do it the dirty way, sugarpea?" Dizzy says the word in a saucy whisper, needle teeth gleaming knowingly. "Oh, the young, mucky pups always do. They're obsessed with it. When teacher turns back from the board... they all have to pick their eyes back up."

Lying on her side on the bed, the tubby kaithrit stretches her arms out. At first you think she's just displaying her body to you - her full, wide breasts, her pliant underbelly, all of it begging for the touch of your hand - but then you see she's reaching for her bedside table, cluttered with bottles and sex toys (are they new, or did she purloin them from her old gig?) She comes away with a bottle of clear fluid.

"Come here sweetheart," she murmurs, shifting now onto her knees. "If we're going to do it that way... if you think you're [pc.manWoman] enough to bend teacher over her desk and <b>bigger</b> her... make it so she can't sit down for the rest of the day... we're gonna have to get you ready."

You shift over to her on the bed{, happily discarding your [pc.lowerGarments] as you go}, letting your [pc.cocks] swing freely down. Your breath catches in your throat as, her pretty cat's eyes locked on you, [diz.name] opens her mouth and unloads a generous amount of lubricant inside. Cheeks bulging, she descends and, eyes still locked on you, takes firm hold of your [pc.cockNoun].

A few sweet strokes to get the blood really pumping, and then... you close your eyes and exhale slowly as your cock dips forward and welcomes your member to a dark, silken, swirling world of warm liquid. You open your [pc.thighs], revelling in it as her rouged lips travel further and further down your shaft, ultimately enveloping the whole thing in her sticky mouth with a wet squelch. Warm, oily droplets trickle down your {[pc.ballsNoun] / [pc.knot]}.

Calm eyes locked on your face, she bobs up and down a little bit, tightens her full lips around the base of your shaft so she leaves a dark red ring... and then slides off, streamers of oil falling over your [pc.cock] like a dessert slathered in melted chocolate.

“There,” she says, after she’s taken a couple of breaths. She runs her finger up the underside of your hot, leaden dick, gleaming in the light with a lusty smile. “I’d call that ready, wouldn’t you?” She turns on the bed and displays the great white expanse of her backside to you, synthetic tails raised, smiling at you over her shoulder. “Let’s see if the big brave [pc.boy] can do the rest.”

++Lust

[Next]

Lust thrumming through you, you take hold of her by the thick waist and nestle your oiled, extremely erect [pc.cockNoun] in the valley of her buttocks, each a couple of feet wide. For a few moments you just slide back and forth in there, glorying in its deepness and welcoming pliancy, her plumpness sandwiching your greasy length.

“C’mon,” Dizzy laughs throatily. “Are you just going to play around back there or - ? Ooh.” She tenses up slightly, sudden resistance produced among the mountains of softness, as you draw yourself back and push your [pc.cockHead] against the pale spider of her asshole. The sensation trembles up your [pc.cockNoun], stirring your own dark lust, spurring you on. Your fingers disappear into her plump waist as you dip inwards, slowly but surely opening her up and sinking beyond the crush of her sphincter. You groan quietly as you feel that warm ring travel further up your oiled, burning flesh, gripping and stroking you so closely that when you draw yourself back pre is forced from the head. {If large: Fuck... she’s so spacious, so well-trained. You feel like you could just keep sinking more and more of your [pc.cock] into her, a bitch perfectly suited to taking a massive client like you.}

Lust coursing through you, you begin to make concerted love to that thick asshole, a black hole nestled deep within an entity who otherwise seems to be made of nothing but lush, indulgent give, making it your own. Your [pc.hips] push into pillowy fat whilst your [pc.cockNounSimple] drives into firm, obdurate clench; it’s a dizzying combination that has you lusting for it all the more, heated wolfishness overrunning you, driving you to drive the kaithrit slave into her sheets roughly.

She emits smoky little gasps as you ream her, tsunamis of motion running up her body from the clap of your thighs, head thrown back and hair bobbing. The two black sticks crossed through her hair bun bob before you, and they’re just... they’re far too much of a temptation. You reach forward and grasp them, give the smooth synthetic material a playful tug, and you revel in the loud and immediate reaction it causes.

“Oooohhh no, not those, sweetpea!” Dizzy moans. Your prick throbs as she tightens up mightily around your mired [pc.cockNoun] and thrashes her replacement tails in your face, practically pawing at the bed as you hold the firmly anchored stylus cross. Void, that's so good...how could you not? “They’re veeeerrry sensitive ooohh nooooo!”

You stroke the grafted cybernetics from base to tip, fondling them. It's such a quintessential Paragon addition, a combination of pragmatic, sadistic and slutty, and there's no doubt they're a lot of fun to play with. Even more fun to do so as you roughly screw her up the bum, which you do now with aplomb, shaking her soft frame with whole-hearted thrusts of your [pc.hips], pushing deep into that delightful pillow as you fill the pale rubenesque's head and skin with intense stimulation by pulling at her antennae.

She moans and squeals and writhes around your stiffness delightfully, superb feedback from pillaging her back passage so thoroughly, lust coursing up your length{ and reaching into your [pc.sack], swelling it with liquid heat}. Her emerald pussy gleams with liquid arousal.

“You love getting fucked in the ass, don't you teach?” you growl in a fuzzy, triangular ear. “You love selling your fat backside out to all the boys every lunchtime. Say it.”

“I - I love getting fucked by you, sweetpea...” You give her antennae an expertly judged little tug, and she moans with truly whorish delight, yowling out at the ceiling. “I love selling my ass! Oh I'm a dirty girl, give it me really good, my student, make me earn it!”

This feels slightly more like her fantasy than yours, but a good fantasy is a good fantasy, one that refines the animal lust coursing through you into something purer and harder hitting, tightening your muscles and sinew. You open your mouth as orgasm overtakes you, your [pc.nipples] {hardening / dribbling} with the force of it. You pull her head back, drive {a substantial amount of your huge cock / all of your [pc.cockNoun]} past the clench of her sphincter and orgasm hard, grunting and groaning like a wounded fool as you surge [pc.cum] into her.

{You feel like you cum buckets into her, emptying {yourself / your [pc.ballsNoun]} entirely into her warm, squirming depths, but when you do at last sag backwards, unsheathing your wilted [pc.cockNoun] from the wobbling hills of her bum, only the slightest trickle of [pc.cumColor] follows you out. She's an absolute cavern. / You hose spooge out of your over-excited dick into her, and for once you don't immediately empty out, start soaking the bedclothes, yourself, everything in a mile-wide radius; [diz.name] is a big girl with plenty to fill. She moans lewdly, tails swishing, as you pack her intestines out with [pc.cumFlavor] goodness, delivered with one passionate thrust after another, until at last you feel it sloshing around your throbbing [pc.cockNoun], and at last you can part with her asshole and leave it oozing cum thickly, thoroughly satisfied with a job well done.}

You stroke her cybernetic hair-sticks as you let go of them, an action that draws a murmur somewhere between pleasure and exasperation from her.

"Ooh you are such a bad [pc.boy]," she scowls, turning on her side to pout at you. "You promised not to grab my antennae! What am I going to do with you?"

{Painslut: "Cane me, miss," you answer immediately.

"A punishment you'll enjoy is no punishment at all!" the kaithrit snaps, issuing you with a light slap. / If else: "I can't help being a bad [pc.boy]," you reply with a winning grin, "anymore than you can help having cybersluttery built into the back of your head."}

"You promise not to play with them again?" she says severely, trying to keep a smile off her face.

"I promise," you lie sunnily.

{merge}

"Good." [diz.name] rearranges her hair, a smile reappearing on her face. "Now then - would you like to go another round? You seem to have a lot of excess energy, sugarsnap."

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib] [Snooze] [Leave

## Snuggle Trib

Tooltip: Get nice and comfy in all that squish, then see what she can do with those tails.  
// **Tooltip,noPuss**: Tribbing is a distinctly pussy-on-pussy act. <b>You'll need one to do this.</b>

//Requires vagina

The overriding urge, taking in Dizzy's big soft body laid on its side before you, is to hug it. Her pot belly, huge full breasts and chubby, wide thighs seem to radiate warmth and welcomeness, enhanced by the gentle, patient smile of their owner. Eroticism almost as a form of comfort.

"Why don't you come in here, sweetpea?" she says, spreading her arm to you. The motherly kaithrit seems to have a preternatural ability to know what you're thinking. {If tugged antenna: You wonder if it has anything to do with her antenna.} "Let's get in nice and close together, hmm? Then maybe we can decide what we're gonna do."

You gladly shuck off your [pc.gear] and descend into the flowery-smelling bed with her, and oh my yes it <i>does</i> feel good to swaddle yourself in plentiful milf fat, feel her arms spread around your shoulders and then squeeze you into her seemingly endless give. You wind up with her boobs as muffs for your [pc.ears], a sight that makes her quake with bubbly laughter.

"Doesn't that feel good?" she murmurs, emerald eyes gazing placidly down at you. "All anyone does on this ship is rush around. Nobody seems to have time for a hug... nobody seems to realize how important they are."

{Hugged Quaille: You're pretty sure you've met someone else who expressed something similar. Someone similarly shaped. You guess if you're built for hugs, you naturally view them as quite important.}

You embrace the pillow of a kaithrit back, internal parts of you relaxing... and then you feel something considerably more athletic, winding its way up your [pc.legNoun] and then squeezing its way between you. It's vibrating gently, a fuzzy, pleasant sensation crawling up your inner thigh, growing into something more acute when it rests against the mound of your [pc.vagina].

"These tails are a lot of fun," Dizzy whispers, holding you tightly as she traces the line of your [pc.vaginaNoun] with the blunt, synthetic appendage. "See what I can do... theeerre." She giggles again as you tighten your grip on her, [pc.lipsChaste] opening as she pushes inside and with incredible alacrity bends it onto your [pc.clit], riding the smooth, vibrating tip over it. Your tunnel moistens and widens readily.

{If vagina > = 2: "Aaaaand..." You feel her second tail slowly sliding its way northwards. It's easy to guess what she's going to do with that one, but her pace remains patient, building the anticipation as it slithers across your inner [pc.skinFurScales] before at last pressing it against {your other / another} pussy, parting those folds with a vibrating tip, all the while the first one gently swabs the entrance to your [pc.vagina0]. Inhuman amounts of sensation begins to build through your loins. "Isn't it good how I come especially equipped for exotic young [pc.boyGirl]s like yourself?"}

The base of her tails bob as she swirls the shivering wand end{s} over [pc.eachVaginaSimple], holding you fast in her squishy embrace all the while. Arousal glows through you and you find yourself sighing, moving your [pc.thighs] to the buzzing stimulation, urging {oneVagina: it /else: them} to move further inside.

"Alright, sugarcube..." Her hand touches your ear{, if dog/cat: scratching behind it, intensifying the strange blend of relaxation and arousal currently taking hold of you}. "Would you like me to give it to you hard? Or nice and gentle, just like this."

[Hard!] [Gentle Please]



## Hard!

"Give that to me hard," you groan, intense urge forcing the words from your lips.

"Mmm. You young [pc.boy]s... so full of energy," Dizzy purrs. "Alright then... let's see if we can't wear you out."

You clutch her, hand disappearing into her boob as she shoves the tail-tip into your [pc.vagina0] and turns the vibrations way up, filling you with undulating, shivering smoothness. Oh <i>fuck</i> that's good. {> = 2 vaginas: It's joined a second later by its twin, spreading the entrance of your [pc.vagina1] to thrust itself upwards, twin penetrations that make your tender innards sing.} You arch your back as {it / they} easily fill{s} you up and then stir{s} you, the kaithrit's gentle coils and curls translating into seismic tremors within your [pc.pussiesLight]. Fuck... fuck!

You orgasm with a scream, carried off by the vibrations into ecstatic paroxysms, [pc.eachVaginaSimple] clenching up around [diz.name]'s synthetic fuck-tails, {dripping / gushing} [pc.femcum] down their lengths. She simply holds you tight in her arms, not allowing you to writhe away from her, a tenderly smug smile on her round face.

"Aren't you a tender thing?" she remarks casually. You are only able to gasp and pant as she pumps herself in and out of your soaked, spread hole, the fat end stretching you up and down. "The boys must love you... I've barely gotten started with you, and you're already a quivering wreck. Let's see what happens if I do this... and this..."

{If 1 vagina: As she vigorously tail-fucks you, you feel another snakey, synthetic presence slithering its way up your [pc.legNoun], feeling its way over your [pc.ass] with thirsty intent. Oh no... before you can protest it's between your buttocks and pressing itself against your asshole, not letting up until it opens before it and allows that second bulky tail-tip to burrow into your colon, more vibrations buzzing their way into your core.}

Getting stirred and fucked by two prehensile vibrators at the same time is an electrifying experience, particularly when your arms and face are stuffed with delicious pale softness, everywhere, it seems, jiggling into your tactile receptors. And Void... Dizzy really does have an incredible amount of control over those tails of hers. They twist and turn inside of you, only letting up so that she can pull one of them out and tease your [pc.clit] instead, tender button brought to a throbbing clit-gasm by the devilish plain and circle of a soaked, shuddering tail-tip. The chubby kaithrit clearly enjoys fucking you with them, particularly as you begin dotting her neck and boobs with love bites and scratches, driven to set your teeth and nails into her flowery flesh by {double vaginal orgasm / getting your ass fucked whilst getting your clit teased}. You soak the sheets with [pc.girlCumNoun]{ and spot her front with [pc.milk] from your opened [pc.nipples]}.

"You're gonna cum for me one more time, aren't you?" she murmurs in your ear, once your throat has become hoarse from whining and screaming. Your eyes roll as her tentacles writhe within you, as unrelenting and wild as her tone is soft and calm. "Yeah, you are. You're gonna cum one last time whilst I turn you inside out, and you're gonna say my proper name as I do it..."

The waves in your [pc.eachVagina] grow larger and larger, and as they crash down once again you cannot not.

"Mrs d'Alysis!" you moan, thrusting your [pc.thighs] hard back into the tail reaming you, slathering it in another good coating of liquid excitement. "Oh <b>fuck</b> ma'am that's good!"

"Good [pc.boy]!" Her rouged lips press upon your brow as you ride her twin tails on another sensational orgasm. When they finally withdraw from your tenderized holes, you feel like a squeezed lemon. You sag in her grip sweaty and wheezing, [pc.chest] rising and falling against the watermelon-like mounds of her {pcHasBreasts: own} breasts. Void do you feel well fucked.

"You can't want to do anything more after that?" Dizzy teases, stroking your face. "We can, if you like. But you look like you need a little rest..."

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib] [Snooze] [Leave]

### Gentle Please

"Just... keep doing it like that," you answer, closing your eyes and losing yourself to the gentle, buzzing throb inundating [pc.eachVagina].

"{If did hard last time: Aww, did I go too rough with you last time? Well, ok." A soft hand strokes your cheek. "We'll do it nice and easy this time." / If else: {You just relax, sweetpea. You've had a long day." A big, soft thigh shifts against your own. "Let Mrs d'Alysis do the work.}"

{Her two tail ends are / Her tail end is} a buzzing sun, moving slowly over the surface of your sex, filling you with warming, glistening pleasure. You shift in her pillowy embrace, keeping your eyes closed, basking in the glorious, gentle stimulation which carries you slowly like a lover up the stairs towards orgasm. When it breaks it's like the sunrise, pleasure spreading and spreading through you until you feel those soft vibrations in your soul. You shift and groan softly in her grip, {beading / dripping} [pc.femcum] steadily over {both of her lazily twirling wands / her lazily twirling wand}, kept rested against your entrance{s} and [pc.eachClit]. When was the last time anyone went this gradual with you?

"Mmm." There's an undercurrent of real lust in [diz.name]'s low, smoke-harshened tones. "Isn't it nice to go slowly for once with someone? To just... lose yourself in it..."

She lifts her thigh over yours, wobbly but strong, winching your lower body closer in to her, so that she can press her own pussy against the tip of the tail she's using to stir your [pc.vagina0]. The plump lips of her cunt slide across yours, a distant kiss around a warm, throbbing core filling you both with glorious vibes. The need to actually kiss her arises naturally and so you do, mash your lips with hers, feel her hot breath and twine your [pc.tongue] around her own - a thin, raspy organ - in a lovely little dance that mirrors the shift of your genitals below.

Your arousal builds again, and once again you close your eyes, wanting to savor every moment of the slow, slow build. It's even better now because Dizzy shifts with you, irresistibly aroused herself by her own tail vibe shaking her over-sexed pussy up, and you feel her excitement slick and drip onto your [pc.thighs], her increasingly ragged breaths in your ears. You don't know if she cums herself because you take the suggestion and lose yourself entirely in it, the swell and push of your whore's cuddly flesh against your [pc.chestNoun] and [pc.legOrLegsNoun] as pulse after pulse of vaginal release washes through you, a melt that becomes a waterfall, motioned on endlessly by the relentless buzz of her toy tail{s}. {One pussy getting stirred into orgasm brings the other{s} with it, and you are treated to a prolonged double oh that is absolutely mindblowing, gasping and groaning at the ceiling as it goes on. You do feel like you've lost a few brain cells by the time you come down from it.} It's so gentle yet so euphoric you feel like you're naturally being carried into sleep.

"You feeling drowsy, sweetpea?" murmurs the massive pillow you're wrapped around. The vibrations turn down to the faintest tremble. "That's ok. Why don't you have a doze? That's a nice idea. You look like you could use some sleep..."

[ZzZ...] [No]

ZzZ...

//Go to snooze

No

You shake your head vigorously and grin up at her feistily.

"That was good," you say, "but not good enough to knock me out."

"Well then!" She laughs softly, stroking your cheek. "Full of beans, aren't we? I'll have to find another way of wearing you out..."

[Let Her] [Missionary] [Anal] [Snuggle Trib] [Snooze] [Leave]

## Snooze

Tooltip: So sleepy...

It's so tempting after some vigorous sex, and now just lying here in bed in the endlessly pillowy embrace of your motherly slave... why don't you nod off for a little while? You can always, you can always do something else, something or another when you, umm...

"That's right," the kaithrit murmurs as your head nods against her chest. "You just relax, sweetheart. It's been a long day, hasn't it?"

You sink gratefully into the darkness between her boobs...

[Next]

//+4 hours, + Well Rested perk

### If Ship Dizzy

...and emerge from it suddenly with a twitch and a snort. Your head is propped up on pillows, actual ones, not a kaithrit's wonderfully large titty. Where did she go? You try and rise, immediately encounter difficulty. You look down at yourself and find with a certain amount of incredulity that you've been neatly tucked in.

"There's my sleepyhead!" [diz.name] pokes her head around the door. She has a spatula in one hand and a pan in the other. Frying garlic twitches your nostrils. "You really have been overdoing it recently, haven't you? So easy to poop out!"

There has always been a certain undercurrent to your relationship with Dizzy, and it's when she does shit like this that it becomes impossible to ignore. You're fucking your mom. You sink a little further beneath the sheets, the weight of Oedipus himself on your chest.

"Aww, don't be like that sweetheart!" Really not helping. "If I manage to wear you out that means I'm doing a good job both out here..." She waves her spatula in the direction of the {kitchen / galley}. " ...and in here. That's the most satisfying feeling in the world to have. Why don't you have a shower and get dressed? I'll have something nice for my {hungry little / big hungry} captain by the time [pc.he]'s up."

You extract yourself from your kaithrit cook's bed, casting your eye out for your clothes, and... yes, of course. It's all neatly folded waiting for you on the dresser. Put those on, and pretend you're a grown {man / woman} again.

[Leave]

### If Nursery Dizzy

...and emerge from it suddenly with a twitch and a snort. Your head is propped up on pillows, actual ones, not a kaithrit's wonderfully large titty. Where did she go? You try and rise, immediately encounter difficulty. You look down at yourself and find with a certain amount of incredulity that you've been neatly tucked in.

You rise, and find that your belongings are neatly piled up on top of her dresser. Sheepishly you put it back on, and equally sheepishly head out of the dorms back to the classrooms. There Dizzy is, immaculate in her teacher regalia as if nothing happened, {chatting with some of the other nursery staff / bottle feeding one of your infants / briskly leading a maths class}. She wiggles her fingers and smiles at you when she sees you peering through the glass.

This all takes you back in a very primal way, doesn't it? To the smell of non-toxic paint and construction paper, to the sight of giant, thoroughly-dressed women who knew so much and held so much command over you.

It probably isn't healthy to be fucking your primary school teacher, but it's too hot for you to care.

[Leave]

### Talk (shared between Ship and Nursery)

What would you like to talk about?

[Yourself] [Her]

#### **Yourself**

//Has a cooldown of 24 hours.

GO Tooltip: You've gotten as much as you could possibly get out of an impromptu therapy session for now.

You say you're after some advice.

"Of course, sweetpea." [diz.name] rubs your hand. "With the life you lead, I'm surprised your head doesn't burst open most evenings!"

{Ship: Just the sound of the kettle being turned on and the bubbling of water is kind of relaxing. / Nursery: She leads you into the staff canteen and turns the kettle on. Just the sound of bubbling water is kind of relaxing.}

“Now. How much closer are you to discovering your daddy’s next probe? {If Anno on crew: How’s Anno doing? / If Mitzi on crew: Has that poor gabilani castaway been getting herself all over you again? / If Eitan on crew: I hope that big furry bruta Eitan hasn’t been throwing his weight around again. / If Sera on crew: Has Sera been getting up to her mischief again? / If Ardia on crew: That Ardia certainly is a good eater, isn’t she? / If Azra on crew: How have you been getting on with Azra? / If Kase on crew: How’s that kaithrit boy of yours doing? I hope you’re disciplining him, kaithrits boys need plenty of discipline. / If Shekka on crew: How’s Shekka doing? She’s so adorable! //If multiple choose one at random}”

The plump kaithrit uses details of your last conversation to coax you out, surprising details you remember only mentioning in passing. But yeah, they do warrant expanding on, don’t they? Who else asks you about this stuff?

You’ve long since stopped feeling awkward about using Dizzy as your anxiety dump. She’s a very good listener, and once she pierces the dam of your mind with some kind but seeking questions a flood of troubles come pouring out. She encourages and affirms actions that you lay out in front of her; she leads you away from other matters you wanted to discuss, and later you realize she was gently discouraging you from other actions you were considering taking. Inner parts of you relax; your throat starts to ache. Smoky Roshan tea helps.

“How are we feeling?” she smiles, squeezing you into a squishy hug. “Better? Good. You’ve got a lot on your plate, but you’ve also got a good head on your shoulders. You’ve just got to remember how to use it, sometimes.”

She giggles raspily and releases you.

"Now. Were you after anything else, sugarsnap?"

//Off Your Chest buff for next 24 hours

[Appearance] [Talk] [Sex] [Meal] [Leave]

## Her

"I want to know more about you," you say.

"If you like," the white-furred kaithrit says, tucking a black strand of hair behind a white ear self-consciously. {Nursery: She leads you into the staff canteen, sits down opposite you.} "I feel you must know me inside and out by now though, precious!"

[Her life] [Bizzy] [Paragon] [Her mods] [The future] [Finish]

## Her life

Tooltip: You already know most of this from Bizzy, but you could get her perspective on it.

"What was I like when I was young?" A ghost of a smile appears on her round face, and she turns slightly in her chair to present the wide, form-dominating swell of her bosom to you. "Why, am I not good-looking enough for you now, cuddlebum? Did you want Dizzy when she could leap through parties and turn every head in the room? When her smile was fresh and she could touch her heels by bending over backwards?"

"{Kind: I've got Bizzy for that," you grin, ogling her generous curves. "You're good as you are." / Misc/Hard: "Mmm, well maybe," you grin, ogling her generous curves. "What I'm seeing now is a hell of a consolation prize."}

Dizzy's smile fades as her mind turns back. There's a faint buzzing sound from the back of her head, and her expression grows calmer.

"I guess I was pretty similar to you, sweetpea," she says. "All I wanted when I was growing up was to get out into the galaxy and have as much fun as I possibly could. Except I didn't come from anything special. My parents more or less kicked me out when I hit adulthood. So when things got... serious... I didn't have anywhere to turn. No big space station nursery for Dizzy to put her kits in, and go back to bumming around the funnest parts of space."

She doesn't say it with much bitterness; just a vague, misty sadness.

"I could've dumped Zeddy with one of the corporations, you can do that if you're from Rosha and a few other kaithrit colonies. But I remembered what it felt like to be unwanted. I **never** wanted a kit of mine to feel that way," she says, tigerishness suddenly breaking through the misty melancholy. "So I settled on Gaerys, where they were advertising for workers. Not fun work, not high-paying work, but steady work, which is what you need when you're raising one on your own."

"How did Lizzy and Bizzy come about?" you ask. She laughs awkwardly and sighs, twiddling a claw on the tabletop.

"Dizzy was still pretty silly back then, honeybuns. But when someone as well paid as a Pyrite dock manager takes you as his girl, well, you start to dream, don't you? Maybe life won't always be as hard and dirty as it is on a hydro planet. And so maybe you ignore the warning signs, and what your friends are telling you, because that dream is too good to wake up from. I went into work one morning belly over my waistband with Bizzy and he was just... gone. I found out later

his term on Gaerys had finished. He'd never intended sticking around, even after getting me pregnant twice."

She twists her needle claw back and forth on the table for a while.

"You have to be very careful who you put your faith in, blossom," she says with that sad, vague smile. "That's why I - never really believed you, about Bizzy, at first. Most folks just say anything to get what they want out of you. That's how the galaxy teaches them to act."

### Bizzy

Tooltip: Ask her about her youngest.

"Oh, little Bezeneria. What a sweet thing she was when she was young. Never squawled like Zed did, never climbed onto the top of the shelves and sulked like Lizzy did." Dizzy's smile is wide and nostalgic. "She believed and do anything her big brother and sister said to her. I had to stop her jumping into a turbine intake once because Lizzy told her to. My word did Lizzy catch a spanking that time. I used to take her out to the river delta, where the marshlands are, and I think that's where she was at her happiest, chasing around with her net and toy camera. When the mists rose you got so many rainbows..."

"What was she like when she got older?"

"Ants in her pants. They all did." Dizzy laughs raspily, then sighs. "Who wouldn't? Gaerys is no place for a young person, unless they're looking to disappear. Zed enlisted with the Confederate navy as soon as he was old enough and Lizzy, top marks in her class, got a good starter position with Pyrite. She wanted to track down her dad. Bezeneria though... she always had her head in the clouds. All those posters of extranet stars and celebrities, doing photo shoots of all her friends... she didn't understand you don't get to live that kind of life if you start where she did. And there's so many people out there waiting to take what little you have for thinking that you can."

She chuckles a little again.

"She didn't even have... you know." She makes round gestures in front of her. "The bigger you are as a female kaithrit, the more attractive. She wouldn't even be able to make it as a gold digger, or a model. I worried about her so much. {Cowtits/Ginormous Bizzy: Not exactly a problem anymore!"

She laughs a little, then sighs.



"I think it became a bit of a thing for her, you know, about not being big. So as soon as she could she went in the complete opposite direction. {Ginormous Bizzy only: I do hope she'll reconsider and get them reduced, once her career's progressed a bit.}"

"But you paid for her AV degree anyway."

"Yes, I did. With the bit of money I had saved, and the - loan. Carver type companies have partners on every dead-end world like Gaerys, they know they're full of poor suckers. I knew what it meant." Her jaw is firm, but her tone is pleading. "But you'd do the same thing, wouldn't you? I - my life was over by then, who cares what happens to this fat old bagpuss, but I could at least give my girl her dream. Just once, I wanted her to catch the rainbow."

The smile that appears on her face now is so poignant it's almost painful to look at.

"And she did. Maybe not in the way I imagined, but it never works out quite the way you think, does it? The bit of silly young Dizzy that set it all in motion - she wasn't wrong to hope. You did all that, [pc.name], you made it real. You're my angel."

### Paragon

Tooltip: Ask how she wound up on Dhaal.

"So Carver indentured you after you couldn't pay back the loan?" you say. "What was that like?"

"I knew what was going to happen sweetpea, it wasn't much of a shock." Dizzy tucks a strand of white hair behind a triangular ear and smiles wryly. "I'd already done plenty of this type of work by then. Making the credits to raise three kids on your own isn't a joke. It was the reason they were happy to take me on, despite my age. They put me in one of their orbital casinos, and honestly dear it was just a relief to get off Gaerys. There's only so many shades of grey you can take."

"And I knew what I had to do." She taps the table for emphasis. "Make friends with the other girls and boys who still have their minds, they're the only ones who are going to look out for you. Endear yourself to the clients, so you become a favorite. Say no to the pleasure patches and stims, as tempting as they are. I got on fine, to begin with anyway. Really, the actual job - I liked it." She shrugs her shoulders and smiles. "It's more fun than being a space docker, let me tell you! I bring a little joy into people's lives, there's nothing wrong with that is there?"

"To begin with?" you ask gingerly.

"Well... even if you're disciplined and a good earner, once a company like Carver's have you, they keep you." Twiddle twiddle, goes the claw on the table. "You gotta take boob-firming mods, or we're transferring you to one of the really sleazy places. You gotta take anti-agathics,

otherwise we'll be knocking your price way down. The cost of those mods go on top of what you're already paying back, with interest. You never leave, not until you're completely used up or ready to be put into a fluid farm. I knew all that when I went to them, as I said. It was worth it, cherryblossom. {You'd know if you were a parent. / You're a parent, you understand right?}"

"I did fight pretty hard not to be sent out to Dhaal, though." Just a trace of harsh bitterness in the pearly melancholy. "Paragon don't allow indentured to communicate off-world, they don't even want where they're being sent to be known. And - talking with Bizzy from time to time was so important to me. But Carver wanted some of her best assets with Paragon to stake her claim there, ones that she thought could bring back clientele again and again, and how much do you think she cares that the asset in question didn't like it?"

The rubenesque kaithrit stares down at the table for a few moments, then shakes off all those bad memories with an enjoyably jiggly shrug of her shoulders.

"That's all in the past now, honeybuns. I was lucky; I met you. My angel."

### Her mods

Tooltip: How modded up is she?

"Tell me about your mods," you say. "Did Paragon give you all of them?"

"No, Carver gave me a couple, back before she subcontracted me." She cups the vast, dumpling-like swells of her breasts, lifts them up a bit, lets them fall. Though tides of plump flesh ripple mesmerically across them, they retain a perkiness that suggests silicone. But they are entirely real, a joy to sink your hand into.

"Aren't they nice?" she beams. "Memory Gland is heaven-sent for older girls like me. And I was given a round of anti-agathics, so I will look like this for a good twenty years yet."

"Carver prefers gene mods... and Paragon prefers synthetics I guess," you supply, gazing down at her tails. She brings the two dark grey appendages snaking upwards, deftly twirls their smooth heft around each other into a helix.

"They're cutting edge apparently. Supposed to show off how skillful and sexy their implants can be. I do miss my old tails sometimes, but the fluff can be so annoying to comb and these are a lot of fun, I have to admit. I can get up to all sorts with them."

You reach out and, when she doesn't pull them away, stroke one of them, reaching your grip around its warm, smooth heft, observing the pleasure in the kaithrit's emerald's eyes and the scratchy purr which starts up in the back of her throat.

"And the... sticks?" you say, turning your gaze up to her head. The two four inch long synthetic twigs crossed together beneath her hair bun appear to be a decorative tie at first glance, but up close you can see they're actually fused to her scalp{If PC has done anal: ...or if you happen to give them a good tug in the heat of things.}

"They're, um... antenna, sugarsnap. Connected to my brain. They do a few things." She laughs self-consciously, shifting in her seat. "They identified the species of my clients right away and downloaded dietary information, so I was never in danger of poisoning anyone. {Ship: I just look at someone and woosh, my head's just filled with food suggestions and warnings! Still very useful now I'm working here{, you have so many different crew! / .} / Nursery: Now I use it to access teacher aids for different species. I just think about my lesson plans for today and whoosh, it's all there! It's so useful{, particularly since you have so many kinds of children here}.} They're also, um... sensitive. More so than my tails. Paragon love giving their employees extra erogenous zones I guess, they certainly do a good job keeping ol' Dizzy's engine turning over."

She twirls her hair embarrassedly, looking you over in a slightly hungrier fashion.

"Do they do anything else?" you ask. {If done [Paragon]: "You once said something about them keeping you sedate. Do they still do that?"}

"They... make the bad feelings go away," she says at last. She gathers her formidable self up and suddenly frowns at you furiously. There's a familiar buzzing sound, and the frown melts away into placidity. "I used to get very sad when I... thought about things, and sometimes very angry. Now, when I feel emotions building up inside me, I feel the hum, and then they dissipate. I can still remember everything, but it's like a... sea, great and grey, instead of a geyser, rising up."

"Would you like to get rid of it?" you ask. {If met Lessau: "Steele Tech does have a leading modifications doctor on Uveto..."}

"I've thought about it." She twiddles her claw across the table surface. "I would've done anything to get Paragon out of my head, once. But now I'm free of them... I don't mind it so much. If it really was controlling how I feel I wouldn't hate them and Carver, would I? And it is useful. Wherever I'm working it seems to calibrate to what I'm doing, so it always gives me the basic information I need without me having to search around the extranet manually. That's pretty great to have, I can't deny."

"You also like having them played with," you grin. "Admit it."

"You stop that. Naughty [pc.boy]." She's smiling though, a little bit of color in her cheeks. "**You** like them, clearly. And that's the main reason they're staying."

The future

Tooltip: Where does she go from here?

"Well, I'm not sure!"

She smiles at you full on, eyes shining. {If asked whilst at brothel: You remember clearly her response to this back on Dhaal. She believes she <i>has</i> a future now, and is revelling in the fact.}

"The anti-ageing mods will keep me looking like this for another twenty years I was told, and that's about the length of my contract with you. So don't worry... you've got plenty more of this to look forward to, if you like."

Her hand slides over the sumptuous swell of her breast.

"After that... well, I don't really know!" She laughs raspily. "Is there anyone who knows where they'll be in twenty years? I hope Zed will have made it a bit further up the ladder in the navy, and Lizzy will have settled down some. And Bizzy will be independent - no offense blossom, but even good indenturehood isn't the same as being free when you're that age, is it? And me... well."

A warm hand lands on your [pc.knee]. Tiny claws prickle your {[pc.skinFurScales] / [pc.lowerOvergarment]}.

"Maybe I can persuade my owner to give me another round of anti-agathics?" she says quietly. "I love this job, and - I want to stay close to my angel. It makes me feel safe. You're the fourth best thing that's ever happened to me, [pc.name]. If you aren't willing, well - perhaps I'll retire. Move into hassling Bizzy full time. You can decide, when the time comes. As I said, twenty years is an awful long time."

## Collar/D Collar (shared across all versions)

Tooltip if on: Take her collar off.

Tool tip it off: Put her collar back on.

### **Taking it off**

// +2 Nice points first time this is done

That silver collar of hers is an eyesore - a reminder of bad times. {First: Presumably Paragon put it on her because it has some kind of disabling function, so she couldn't just run away when they plonked her out on that taxi rank. The question is, how do you get it off?

"Oh, well I don't know sweetpea!" Dizzy flushes a bit and touches the silver band around her neck when you put it to her. "But - Paragon liked their voice-activated gizmos. There's probably a phrase the owner - that's you - has to say."

The next five minutes turns into a guessing game.

"Collar off!"

"Collar deactivate!"

"Disconnect, collar!"

"Slave free!"

"Indentured free!"

"Bare!"

"Unclasp!"

"Let go, you bastard!"

"Leash off!"

There's a click and a tiny hiss of releasing air. The collar gapes open from the back, then clatters to the ground. Dizzy's neck is left appealingly bare.

"Are you sure about this, pudding? Well... thank you." The kaithrit milf draws you into a big hug. Like being hugged by a warm armchair. "I never liked that thing. It felt like having Paragon's hand around my throat. Now..." She touches her neck, relishing it with a smile. "It feels like how I am. Free."

Well, kind of, anyway. You retrieve and stow the Paragon collar, just in case you ever change your mind. / Repeat:

"Leash off!"

With a click and a tiny hiss of released air, Dizzy's collar gapes open at the back and falls to the ground.

"You sure, sweetpea?" Dizzy frowns at you with a quizzical little smile. "I thought you decided you liked me wearing that thing. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were teasing your poor old {cook / teacher / studio director} with it."

You keep your reasons behind your roguish smile. You retrieve and stow the fallen collar, in case you change your mind again.

## Putting it on

// -2 Nice points the first time the PC does this

Actually, didn't Dizzy look more attractive wearing the collar? A stylish reminder of who she belongs to. {And doesn't it match up with Bizzy's just perfectly?} You bring the opened silver clasp out and say you're going to put it back on her.

{First: "Oh. I - didn't realize you'd kept that." Dizzy looks glum, but then with a smile puts a brave face on it. "You like how I look when I wear it, sweetpea? Does it get you all rambunctious to know you own me?"

She better believe it.

"Well - that's good enough for me." She remains still as you draw close to her and fit the slim device around her neck. It clicks shut seamlessly, perfectly molded to fit the plus-sized kaithrit.

"There." She touches the metal with a little hum and blows you a kiss. "Feel like maybe we should do something soon where I'm wearing only this, don't you?"

You think that's a very good idea.}

{Repeat: "You want me to wear that thing again?" Dizzy sighs with joky exasperation. "On again, off again, you never make up your mind! You are naughty teasing me with it, aren't you."

She remains still as you draw close to her and fit the slim device around her neck, though. It clicks shut seamlessly, perfectly molded to fit the plus-sized kaithrit.

"There." She touches the metal with a little hum and blows you a kiss. "Feel like maybe we should do something soon where I'm wearing only this, don't you?"

You think that's a very good idea.}

## Studio Dizzy

//basic premise: She does a Nigella Lawson style cooking show that borders on titillation, enticing viewers to subscribe so they can access the stuff where she actually gets it on with Bizzy. That's where you come in: Another subscribers-only where you tentacle fuck them both (Cowtits Bizzy only). Plus a standard non-show threesome with them both (Cowtits + Flat, Ginormous stretch goal).

//Dizzy adds +75% on top of whatever Bizzy earns each month as long as she's at the studio. Balancing her here by only giving her separate talk and sex options with the other versions.

## Altered Intro Text (shared)

//Supersedes Mitzi's intro text if she's present

"Hello angel!"

The door is opened by Dizzy. She's dressed in a business-like knee-length skirt, pair of glasses, stockings and light blue blouse that only serves to make her rubenesque frame even more mouth-watering. You watch her bottom shift like an ocean underneath that skirt as she leads you into [pc.pornName]'s living room, sits you down with a pat on the [pc.knee] and serves you a cup of Roshan tea. Mmm. The taste that anticipates catgirl pussy.

"Bizzy is {Ginormous: finishing up some editing work / ifelse: in the editing suite}," she says, sitting across from you. "I'll give her a shout if you want to have some alone time with her. {Mitzi is - well I'm not sure, but as soon as she knows you're here she'll come running.} It's lovely to see you, sweetpea. How's life been treating you?"

[D Appearance] [B Appearance] [Camshow] [B Talk] [Breasts] [B Sex] [Dizzy] [D Collar] [Leave]

## D Appearance

Deziere d'Alysio, or Dizzy as she's known to her closest, is a mature, 5'11" female kaithrit. She has full, white shoulder-length hair, out of which her triangular ears sprout. She keeps it pinned back in a neat bun with two short black sticks crossed through it. Closer up you can see these are synthetic, attached to her scalp: Robotic implants, cosmetic antennae perhaps.

She has green cat's eyes accentuated by false black lashes, set in a round bonny face with full cheeks and lips, painted in dark, alluring rouge. {She wears a slim silver collar, a memento of her time with Paragon and a mark of her indenturehood.} At Bizzy's studio she wears a dark, knee length skirt, a low cut blue blouse, dark stockings and a pair of reading glasses. This is the garb she generally wears when she does her segments on Bizzy's site, and it perfectly splits the

difference between practicality and sluttiness that her show demands. Somehow she's far more alluring in those business-like clothes than in her old whoring chemise or even the plus-sized Steele Tech suit she's been allotted.

She has a thick, Rubenesque body, naturalistic with only her too perky boobs to suggest there are hints of gene-modification about her. They are slightly pendulous nonetheless, big, soft F-cup dumplings that fill out her cleavage and sit proudly atop her round, chubby belly. {Her plump nipples lie in small lakes of biscuit areola, several inches wide.} Her upper arms have that maternal wideness which speaks eloquently of both stamina and the soft squash of a glorious hug. She has a fat ass, a pear shape swelling out the material of her skirt wonderfully atop her child-bearing thighs. You'd swear the whole galaxy holds its breath when she bends over to pick something up. The pushing available on that {must be truly delectable / is truly delectable, you know}.

She has two tails like most kaithrit, but they are synthetic replacements: smooth, black, fully prehensile with blunt, swollen tips. {Her pussy has been modified, too: Its innards are the same captivating emerald color of her eyes, and is studded with delightful, cock-milking nubs. It's a wide, plump, spacious thing with a Persian-like white puff of fur above it set within the acres of softness that are her thighs, a hole that seems to beg for a huge filling or a busy, patient tongue.}

All of this is animated by a brisk but cheery attitude which imposes itself with affectionate certitude. [diz.name] has a mellow voice rasped a bit by cigarette smoke - sticky fruit with an edge of experienced rudeness.

## Her Mom

//Replaces Bizzy's current [B's Mom] in her talk options regardless of whether Dizzy is at the studio or not.

You ask how she's been getting on with her estranged mother.

### Dizzy at studio

"It's, um... been weird." Bizzy laughs self-consciously. "She hasn't changed at all - maybe mellowed out a bit, which I guess has to do with that thing the catering company stuck in her head. I dunno why she doesn't want to get it removed. I'm so glad that they didn't do anything worse to her and she's still my mom - but, yeah. It's very weird to wake up in the morning and find her making breakfast like she used to when I was young. Chiding me if I, like, take a break for longer than an hour. 'What would [pc.Mr] Steele say if [pc.he] found you with your feet up like this, young missy? There's plenty of things I can think of for you to do if you can't think of any yourself!'"



She still does a very good impression of Dizzy's smoke-raspened voice.

"And as for working with her... yeah. Whew." Kaithrit the younger puffs her cheeks out.  
"That took some getting used to. She just gets on with it like it's nothing - I guess doing what she did for the last few years took away any inhibitions she ever had."

Is she put out that you've stationed her mother here?

"It's weird, but... nah. I have to admit, it's actually really helpful to have her around. { Way more than Mitzi is, that's for sure.} " Bizzy shrugs and smiles despite herself. "She does all the admin work and chases after the other performers, and we've got quite a lot of those to look out for now. And the show we worked out for her is really popular, it's funnelling new subscribers in like you wouldn't believe. Don't tell her any of that though."

So she wouldn't mind doing, let's say, a special something featuring her, her mom, and you?

"{If PC has already done threesome: Well, we've already done it, haven't we?}" She smiles, blushing hotly. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you rescued her just so you could do that. What do you think, [pc.Mr] Steele? Did you spend millions of credits getting {itty kitty / titty kitty} and her mommy back together again just so you could screw them both at the same time? Was it worth it?"

Yeah. It was.

/ It would, uh, certainly drive a lot of engagement... if you wanted to record it, anyway." She laughs, shaking her head, blushing hotly. "Look, if you want to do it, then we'll do it. Mom says we should be very grateful for everything you've done, and when [pc.Mr] Steele wants something, if it's in our power to do it we do it. She's right."

!Dizzy at studio

"It's, um... been weird." Bizzy laughs self-consciously. "But good. I didn't realize how much I missed those vidcalls. You just - need someone who really knows you sometimes, you know? We talk every few days, {or whenever your ship is in range of reliable comm buoys. / or whenever she gets time off from the nursery}. She hasn't changed at all - maybe mellowed out a bit, which I guess has to do with that thing the catering company stuck in her head. I dunno why she doesn't want to get it removed. I'm so glad that they didn't do anything worse to her and she's still my mom."

She smiles at you widely.

"You got her a job she really enjoys. And I'm grateful you did, because it keeps her out of my hair most of the time! I don't think she really believes it - she keeps saying she expects to wake up at any time. You're the best thing that ever happened to this family. I know she's already said it but really, whatever you want [pc.Mr] Steele, whenever you want, you earned it. Do you want {a suckjob / your pussy licked} right now? I keep thinking I should {suck your cock / lick your pussy}."

She rolls her eyes and runs her hand over her face.

"Although thinking about this you probably just came from her, didn't you? Gross. Never mind."

## Camshow

### **Cowtits Bizzy**

"I'll let Bezeneria show you what we've been up to," Dizzy says. "She's been dying to show you."

"As if you aren't watching our shows every night," Bizzy smirks, when you join her in the editing suite. "But... alright. Here's a lil sneak peek."

Bizzy's Business is now one of Bitch.tv's thousand most viewed accounts, regularly featuring on the front page. Squeezing herself into your side with a laptop, the feline seductress herself takes you through the white-furred portal and shows you around: The stripteases and holo-enhanced dances designed to entice the casual viewer into subscribing and accessing the good stuff. The fantastical shows that place Bizzy in utopian palaces, enchanted forests, deep, sexy dungeons. The long streams where Bizzy goes impromptu, taking suggestions from viewers, playing music and games with her friends that get increasingly lewder as they go on. The straight up, hardcore porn.

Does her mom feature?

"Here," Bizzy says, zooming out and clicking on a clip in the free section labelled 'Dizzy's Delectables'. "We... worked something out."

"Why, hello there!" Dizzy smiles into the camera. She's in the studio's kitchen, which has been professionalized and arrayed with plates of interesting looking ingredients. The motherly kaithrit is wearing a long-sleeved, frilly, low-cut blouse which does nothing to disguise the heave of her pale, bountiful breasts. "You're in [pc.pornName]'s kitchen again for another episode of Dizzy's Delectables. Last week, we were cooking meals and snacks that might help perk you up after over-exerting yourself. My daughter needs those quite a bit! This week, I thought we might look at some simple and more exotic things you might consider having on the table when you have a

few of your best friends around and are having fun together. There's quite a difference between dishes that are suitable for during and after the event, as we'll see!"

The cooking show straddles the line between titillation and culinary wizardry almost too well. You honestly aren't sure what exactly you're watching as Dizzy bends down to fetch a steaming tray of green cupcakes from the oven, displaying her incredibly generous cleavage as she does; as a close-up takes in her happily licking a spoon covered in liquid chocolate clean; when she slaps Bizzy's hand when she comes in and tries to sample the Haerum lasagne before it's finished, and then they share a kiss and smouldering look which is distinctly un-familial.

And yet throughout it all Dizzy maintains an air of warm, matronly professionalism, as if entirely unaware of her endless double entendres. It's all filmed with that distinctive Bizzy flair that elevates it to something both artful and uncomfortably sexual. Your mouth begins to water, and you're not sure for what reason.

"It's a teaser," you say at last. "One huge cocktease. With food."

"It stands up as a cooking show, honestly!" Bizzy protests. "You know she's a decent chef. But... yeah. If you look at the analytics you won't **believe** the number of people who watch it and then immediately subscribe for my naughtier stuff, it drives engagement better than anything else I've tried. The way to a girl's dick is through her stomach, I guess."

Although she stars in everything and has her own part-timing producer these days, Bizzy clearly has a hand in the editing and the camera work. As you watch the video, getting uncomfortably { wet / hard / wet and hard } as it gets hotter and heavier, ropes and vibes and oil and a lithe, big-dicked kalabast becoming energetically involved, Bizzy is at pains to point out all the little tricks and techniques she's used so that everything is caught at *just* the right light and angle, what might have been a fairly standard piece of porn elevated into something incredibly alluring by the time she's put into programming her drones and instructing her droid cameraman.

You proverbially hold your nose and check the comments section. There are those, of course, who are upset she's no longer the adorable amateur she once was. That she has, quite literally, sold herself out to a porn producer { ( - the evidence is right there { around her neck / on her butt / around her neck and on her butt } ) }. Those voices are heavily outnumbered by the ones telling her just how many times they've cummed to her videos, how sexy she is, the other pornstars she should collaborate with, the money and bits they're throwing at her to keep her shows going as long as possible. There's quite a few pleading for her to do more 'collaborations' with her mom, too.

Bizzy's Business has over a billion subscribers; the population of a small planet fap themselves silly watching the kitty cat whore for her { master / mistress } almost every night. She is, by any definition, a star of the camwhoring scene. You tell her as much.

"Yeah..." she simpers with pride. "...I know." She pokes you with a claw teasingly. "We need to stay on our toes, though. {Have you thought about sending a couple of your other pets my way? I could put on some awesome shows if I had some more performers to work with. Maybe you could join in... / You should invest in a couple more sluts. I could put on some awesome shows if I had some more performers to work with... / Keep sending me your other sluts. We get huge boosts in traffic when we do those special smutstreams.}"

## **Ginormous Bizzy**

//As standard. Too large and complex enough as is to fit in another segment

## **Flat Bizzy**

"I'll let Bezeneria show you what we've been up to," Dizzy says. "She's been dying to show you."

"As if you aren't watching our shows every night," Bizzy smirks, when you join her in the editing suite. "But... alright. Here's a lil sneak peek."

She's dying to show you how they've been doing, really. Bizzy's Business is now one of Bitch.tv's hundred most viewed accounts, regularly featuring on the front page. Squeezing herself into your side with a laptop, the feline seductress herself takes you through the white-furred portal and shows you around: The stripteases and dances designed to entice the casual viewer into subscribing and accessing the hardcore stuff. The fantastical shows that place Bizzy in utopian palaces, enchanted forests, deep, sexy dungeons. The long streams where Bizzy goes impromptu, taking suggestions from viewers, playing music and games with her friends that get increasingly lewder as they go on. The incredible, extended dances, augmented with holograms and feats of CGI, kaleidoscopes of lean pale flesh and dazzling color that tread the line between art, athletic display and porn.

Does her mom feature?

"Here," Bizzy says, zooming out and clicking on a clip in the free section labelled 'Dizzy's Delectables'. "We... worked something out."

"Why, hello there!" Dizzy smiles into the camera. She's in the studio's kitchen, which has been professionalized and arrayed with plates of interesting looking ingredients. The motherly kaithrit is wearing a long-sleeved, frilly, low-cut blouse which does nothing to disguise the heave of her pale, bountiful breasts. "You're in [pc.pornName]'s kitchen again for another episode of Dizzy's Delectables. Last week, we were cooking meals and snacks that might help perk you up after over-exerting yourself. My daughter needs those quite a bit! This week, I thought we might look at some simple and more exotic things you might consider having on the table when you have a

few of your best friends around and are all having fun together. There's quite a difference between dishes that are suitable for during and after your together time, as we'll see!"

The cooking show straddles the line between titillation and culinary wizardry almost too perfectly. You aren't sure what exactly you're watching as Dizzy bends down to fetch a steaming tray of green cupcakes from the oven, displaying her incredibly generous cleavage as she does; as a close-up takes in her happily licking a spoon covered in liquid chocolate clean; when she slaps Bizzy's hand when she comes in and tries to sample the Haerum-style lasagne before it's finished, and then they share a kiss and smouldering look which is distinctly un-familial.

And yet throughout it all Dizzy maintains an air of warm, matronly professionalism, as if entirely unaware of her endless double entendres. It's all filmed with that distinctive Bizzy flair that elevates it to something both artful and uncomfortably sexual. Your mouth begins to water, and you're not sure for what reason.

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Although she stars in everything and has her own part-timing producer these days, Bizzy clearly has a hand in the editing and the camera work. As you watch the video, getting uncomfortably { wet / hard / wet and hard } as it gets hotter and heavier, ropes and vibes and oil and a lithe, big-dicked kalabast becoming energetically involved, Bizzy is at pains to point out all the little tricks and techniques she's used so that everything is caught at *just* the right light and angle, what might have been a fairly standard piece of porn elevated into something incredibly alluring by the time she's put into programming her drones and instructing her droid cameraman.

You proverbially hold your nose and check the comments section. There are those, of course, who are upset she's no longer the adorable amateur she once was. That she has, quite literally, sold herself out to a porn producer { ( - the evidence is right there { around her neck / on her butt / around her neck and on her butt } ) }. There are still those querying where her tits are. Such voices are heavily outnumbered by the ones telling her just how many times they've cummed to her videos, how sexy she is, the other pornstars she should collaborate with, the money and bits they're throwing at her to keep her shows going as long as possible. There's quite a few pleading for her to do more 'collaborations' with her mom, too.

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"Yeah..." she simpers with pride. "...I know." She squeezes your hand. "All thanks to you, really. I never knew being small could feel so good."

[Dizzy]

What do you fancy doing with your kaithrit milf, now that she's here at your studio?

[Brand] [Threesome] [Meal?] [Back]

## **Brand Dizzy**

Tooltip: Get Dizzy a [pc.pornName] tattoo, just like Bizzy's.

"A what, dear? Oh," Dizzy says with a small smile and a roll of the eyes at the sweaty predilections of youth as you begin to explain. "Of course. I assume you've got a company that does that sort of thing for you?"

A half hour trip down to Sentient Acquisitions later and you're sat back in the studio, admiring the [pc.pornName] tattoo plastered on one of Dizzy's buttocks, a small design in a sea of plentiful white. She gazes over her shoulder at it, sharing in your admiration.

"You like that, don't you candycane? Marking me as yours." A small white fang bites a rouge'd lip as she pulls her skirt back up. "I do, too. But only because it's you."

## Appearance line

She has a fat ass, a pear shape swelling out the material of her skirt wonderfully atop her child-bearing thighs. You'd swear the whole galaxy holds its breath when she bends over to pick something up. The pushing available on that {must be truly delectable / is truly delectable, you know}. **She is tattooed with [pc.pornName]'s logo across one buttock, permanently marking that absolute dump truck of an ass as your personal property.**

## **Meal?**

Tooltip: Could she cook something for you?

"Oh, I'm sorry sweetpea." Dizzy squeezes her hands together with a grimace. "All my cooking time has to go into my show, and seeing Bizzy and her friends get properly fed too. I don't think I can do that for you while I'm here."

<b>You will have to station Dizzy elsewhere if you fancy getting thoroughly mothered again.</b>

//Remove option

## Threesome

//Only available to Flat. Cowtits gets the feature variant. Ginormous gets nothing because goddammit I really want to finish this off now. Maybe I'll do a small expansion for Ginormous when I get around to adding milking.

Tooltip: You own a willing mother and daughter, and the certitude you can thoroughly satisfy both at the same time.

GO Tooltip: You will need at the very least a dick to do this.

### First

"Dizzy..." You let your eye trail over the kaithrit's ample frame, bulging out of her secretary outfit in so many delightful places. As you do you think of Bizzy: {the lither, younger version {married to the pornographic tits you gave her / now marbled with ropy, limber muscle}. Sugar floods your veins and heat thickens your [pc.cocksLight] as you roust the decadent possibility of feasting on lamb and mutton together out fully into the open. " ...how might you feel about having some fun? Together. With Bizzy."

"You know, pumpkin..." Dizzy's stockings sigh as she crosses her legs, smiling back at you knowingly. "I don't think me and Bezeneria ever thanked you for all the things you've done for us. Properly, I mean." She stands and bends to pat your hand, allowing you to look down the endless valley of her cleavage as she does. "Maybe it's time we did that."

She strides to the door of the living room, robotic tails trailing after her like ribbons garlanding her cruise liner of a backside.

"I'm going to powder my nose, talk to that daughter of mine," she says, emerald eyes glinting over her shoulder. "Why don't you come through to the bedroom in five minutes or so?"

// ++Lust

### Repeat

"Dizzy..." Once again you let your eye trail over the kaithrit's ample frame, bulging out of her secretary outfit in so many delightful places. As you do you think of Bizzy: {the lither, younger version {married to the pornographic tits you gave her / now padded with ropy, limber muscle}.

Even as you open your mouth to make the suggestion, Dizzy is rising from her seat, a knowing smile written on her round face.

"I know what **<b>you're</b>** after, you naughty, lewd [pc.boy]," she says, leaning forward to press her finger into your nose. You openly ogle her cleavage as she does it. "Well... maybe if you're able to sit here quietly and politely for five minutes, then come through into the bedroom... who knows, maybe you'll get your wish?"

// ++Lust

[Next]

You weren't aware that five minutes could be made to feel like five hours. The digital read-out in the studio's living room seems to taunt you. Your mouth is dry with anticipation{, and your [pc.lowerUndergarment] uncomfortably tight}, by the time you allow yourself to push open the slightly ajar door of the bedroom.

The room is lit by around two dozen of Dizzy's floating faux-candles; Bizzy's preferred strawberry scent is in the air. On the huge, circle-shaped bed lie two pale kaithrit, one big and one small, naked except for matching, frilly red underwear. They face one another holding hands, and are wrapped loosely together in silky red ribbon, which end in little bows in their black-shot white hair. How did they do that? You don't care. At least your [pc.cocksLight] [s|doesn't|don't. [s|It's|They're] batting against the ceiling.

"I can**<b>not</b>** believe you talked me into this," mumbles Bizzy, as she watches you slowly approach the bed.

"Still such a shrinking violet about these things! When being a shameless little tramp is the career path she's chosen to follow," giggles Dizzy raspily, giving her hand a squeeze. One of her robotic tails artfully curls around, delicately places its tip between them. There is, indeed, a you-shaped hole in the lattice of ribbon. Unable to take your eyes off the extravagant red-and-white confection placed before you, you hastily rip off your [pc.gear], watched by four cat's eyes flashing out of the gloom.

{If tentacocks: The sight is inflating more than just your trusty standard bearer[p|s] - from your upper back your long, prehensile pricks are thickening, drawn from their slumber by the sight of so much succulent flesh to wrap themselves around. Will you let the beast out of the cage? Or will you go for something relatively more intimate?

[Tenta-fuck] [Regular] / Ifelse go straight to Regular}

**Regular**



"Mooooomm..." It's a tone somewhere between deep exasperation and groaning ardour, as you clamber onto the bed and slide your naked form in there, facing d'Alycio the younger for now, sliding your hands up her muscular thigh and then to her tails, enjoying the tautness and fluff at the same time as touching her in that particular way you know starts her engine. You are entwined in ribbon as you advance far enough into the catgirl sandwich to wrap your hand around her brawn-enhanced butt, push your hand into her entirely pointless bra and fondle one of those sensitive flat handfuls you've come to love so much. "...it's bad enough that I know you two get it on, I gotta be here when it happens? Ah... [pc.Mr] Steele..."

"Well, I think it's more than appropriate that your mother be here to watch." Huge, soft, natural breasts, the exact opposite of what you're currently pleasuring with knowing strokes and gentle pitches, press into your back. "I need to make sure you know how to properly satisfy your {man / girl-stud}, after all."

"Mooooomm!" You're impatiently pushing down her panties at this point; your libido can't bear another moment of this. "I know how to - look!"

As you line your [pc.cock] up with her bare mound, push it home into wet, parting silk, Bizzy angles her leg upwards at an acute angle, tightening the ribbon on your [pc.skinFurScales] at the same time as deepening and increasing the angle of your penetration. It's delightful enough to{ tighten your [pc.balls] and} force a hoarse groan from your mouth.

"That's good, dear!" Dizzy's tone is that of a parent watching their child come in second in an egg-and-spoon race. "Now, make sure to rotate your pelvis!"

"I know what I'm - doing..." huffs Bizzy as you take the lithe kaithrit into your arms and press home into that lovely wet cunt of hers, finding her limit so deep inside of her when she angles her leg like that. And, oh my, when she bends it back around your lower back, foot bopping against your [pc.ass], and her pussy <i>squeezes</i> around your shaft... your [pc.hips] move almost of their own volition, pistoning into her and making her gasp with joy, giving back to you with the kind of pelvis rotations only a true gymnast is capable of.

You have to slow down occasionally, rest your head back against the big, soft tits forming a natural pillow behind you, to try and tamp down on the sugar and lust coursing through your veins. You intend to do a <i>lot</i> of fucking here, and to shoot your bolt early through over-excitement would be a crime. It's difficult though; Bizzy keeps clenching and thrusting her drooling, limber hole down your [pc.cockNoun], incensed arousal on the girlish face before you, taut frame snakishly writhing up your front, making the ribbon she's tangled in tense and shake.

"See that?" she pants, claws digging into your back. "[pc.He] can barely even take what this pussy brings! That isn't anything he could get from you!"

"See how cheeky she gets?" says a mellow, laughing voice in your [pc.ear]. "With her own mother too. I think she needs all of that backchat driven out of her, don't you? Go on. I know you can..."

### If PC has pussy

As Dizzy speaks you feel smooth synthetic fibre snake their way up your [pc.legs]. She makes her tails vibrate a little as they come, teasing you with what's coming.

"Just a little incentive, sweetpea," she murmurs as you hesitate with it sliding over your inner thigh. The blunt, throbbing tip presses against the entrance to your [pc.vagina]. "This is what you wanted, wasn't it?"

Yeah. You do want that. You bite your lip as she spreads your dripping lips with it, filling your cunt with delightfully firm tentacle-tail, sending strange, electric twinges down your [pc.cockNoun]. You thrust into Bizzy, giving it her with generous, energetic strokes, as instructed. She pants and then moans wordlessly, her fireiness spreading into an all-consuming ecstasy as you fuck her with the firmness her lovely limberness demands; and each time you throw your [pc.assNoun] backwards you unavoidably spear your [pc.vaginaNoun] down Dizzy's weaving tail until [pc.femcum] is {dripping / coursing} down it deliriously.

Bizzy yowls as she cums, arching her back into you, still throwing those unbelievable pelvis rolls into you, pussy dripping warmth around your sizzling girth. You triumph in her prowess, thrusting into her all the way through it to really make the fireworks go off in her head, but there's absolutely no way you yourself can hold back against the amount of pleasure being propelled into your loins for long.

Dizzy throws a wide hip over you as your own lust bubbles over, sliding over Bizzy's own tightly muscular peg, and you find yourself truly buried in pale feminine flesh as you orgasm hard, head thrown back between Dizzy's melon-like tits as a veritable cascade of [pc.cum] is launched from your thoroughly buried [pc.cockNoun], each of your bodily spasms simply throwing yourself into yet more naked, lusty catgirl, yowling and purring to your wild motions.

"Mmm... is that the load that's finally going to give me grandkits, dear?" inquires Dizzy, watching merrily while her tail writhes inside your [pc.vagina]. "You're not getting any younger and those pelvis motions... that's how you get it in nice and deep, you know."

"Mom, you're so fucking embarrass... {load big: ohh fff, fffuuuuck," whines Bizzy, as with another rich burst of [pc.cum] you inflate her gut out, enhancing her waifish frame with some delightful rotundity. It's an enjoyable enough sight and sound to do it again, so you do, burying another [pc.cumVisc] wad of quality Steele sperm inside of her{, courtesy of your [pc.balls]} / ifelse: uff... ing... ohOnelikethatplease[pc.Mr] Steele!" Bizzy whines, as you rub against that

particularly tender spot a few inches inside her and send a mini-orgasm shivering through her just as you're shooting off another load of [pc.cum].}

### If else

As Dizzy speaks you feel smooth synthetic fibre snake their way up your [pc.legs]. She wraps them in her robotic tails, your own form of ribboning, and holds you in place as you continue pillaging her daughter, squeezing you and make them vibrate whenever you force a wordless sound of slutty joy from her open mouth.

Spurred on by her instruction and her physical encouragement, you pound Bizzy vehemently, giving her it with the firmness her lovely limberness demands. Her fieriness spreads out into an all-consuming ecstasy until she's just clutching you by the shoulders and taking it with energetic thrusts of her own tautly muscular thighs, the irritation with her mother provoking her into making the sex red hot. The fact every time you pull back you're meeting the warm, cushiony flesh of Dizzy herself only makes it even better.

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{merge}

[Next]

Dizzy hums with satisfaction, clearly enjoying watching you go about the business of destroying her daughter, and you throb with sweaty exultation when your [pc.cockNoun] finally comes free from Bizzy's [pc.cumNoun]-soaked hole. You dot the reddened face of the younger kaithrit kisses, skritch her behind her ribbon bow, and she kisses back, grinning with goofy, kittenish joy at you. You judge you have indeed managed the task of fucking her inhibitions out of her head.

The question now is - do you have it in you to do the same for the older kaithrit?

Dizzy perhaps has this in mind when her claws lightly prickle your shoulders and she turns you around. Her smile is comforting but the weight of her thigh, still firmly thrown over your [pc.leg], is not; she draws you into the softness of her paunch and boobs with it, until your wet, oozing [pc.cockNoun] is pressed against the chubby rise of her sex, and you can feel for yourself how wet and wide she is.

"Put your hand there... that's it," she sighs, as your fingers disappear into the bottomless give of her boob, her plump nipple rubbing over your palm. She rocks against you, little waves of warm plumpness on your [pc.chest] and [pc.thigh]. The lips of her pussy slither up and down your [pc.cockNoun].

"Now then, Bezeneria... you're going to watch how you get your {man / she-stud} ready for round two. You hold [pc.him] like this, and you move like this..."

You exhale slowly as wet, sprawling female excitement slathers up and down your [pc.cock], teasing your cock-head with the potential of that big, dripping hole. You ache after such a hefty orgasm and yet... there's no denying that, is there? Dizzy's smile turns triumphant as hard heat begins to swell your weary soldier once again.

"Back and forth, back and forth, just like this... and as you do it you talk to [pc.him]. You say you want that, don't you?" Her tones descend, an oozing honeycomb of a whisper. "You can feel how horny I am... you're going to give me it, aren't you? You can get hard again. My big strong {guy / girl}. Make me moan and say your name. I know you can..."

"Yeah, that's nice mom. I have another method." Bizzy's legs shift against you as she bends backwards to her bedside cabinet. You gasp as something cool jabs you in the tricep, and then huff as concentrated, chemical arousal surges into your veins, drawn towards your groin like filings to a magnet. "Way more efficient."

"Well yes, if you want to remove <b>all</b> romance from the occasion, you can also do that," Dizzy sighs, exasperated. "What is this daughter of mine like?"

The Priapin flows up your cock like an oiled hand, removing all ache and replacing it with lustful, bestial purpose, roaring in tandem with the lovely shift, smell and sound of the chubby kaithrit embracing you. You stop her mouth with a kiss before she can cat-fight with Bizzy any further, tonguing her deep, tasting the hot breath of her gasp then coo as you start grinding into her, rubbing your regained erection against her snatch until where Bizzy's liquid excitement stops and hers begin is impossible to tell.

She's far looser than her acrobat of a daughter but oh Void, there's so much of her{, so much more wonderful hot, wet space to fill for your [pc.cock]}, and the way the nubs that run along her inner passage rub at you as you pump into her drives you virtually feral.

As you bury yourself into the older kaithrit's squish, make her open her mouth, grasp your back and trill with delight, the ribbon lattice tightens around you, forcing Bizzy to come with you as you do. You send a fervid hand grasping backwards, squeezing her muscular bottom, glorying in the contrast to the plump fleshing wobbling this way and that before you whilst sending a clear message to her: <i>I'm not done with you.</i>

// +Priapin status

[Next]

You pound Dizzy side-to-side until her giggles and escalating gasps descend into a moaning meowing orgasm, tails tightening around your [pc.legOrLegs] as she soaks the sheets in fragrant milf-juices, a testament to the state of chem-fuelled, pussy-addicted fervor you've been put into. Mottled with sweat and sex, you slide your way out of the cat's cradle of ribbon, catching the ends as you go, making both your pleasure slaves meow and purr as you pull, using the red satin as a conjoined, impromptu leash, moving them around as you see fit.

"Ohh [pc.Mr] Steele! Please, pleeeaaasse," whines Bizzy as you fuck her from behind, legs dangling over the edge of the bed, round brawny bum and twin tails in the air, one lusty clap of your [pc.thighs] into her after another, [pc.cockNoun] gleaming with juices as it thrusts into that supple, soaked pocket again and again. Tied to her is Dizzy, positioned exactly the same way, and your hand is busy beneath the wide, pale hills of her ass all the while, easily slipping three fingers into her augmented cunt, stroking plentiful pleasure up her nubby spout as she pools into the sheets and watches you pound her daughter silly, her little sighs and purrs the undercurrent to Bizzy's slutty catterwaul.

You never actually ascertain what Bizzy is pleading for, but you know exactly what she needs, and you give it to her with prejudice, riding her to two more explosive, wet orgasms before something lets go in your groin and you rocket more [pc.cum] into her, {bloating out her stomach to third trimester pregnancy state just as it was beginning to deflate from the last time, quickly backing up and spurting out all over the sheets, floor and your [pc.legs] / joining the oozing, bareback package you already left inside of her}.

You leave her panting and whimpering with delight and proceed directly to the individual she's tied to, hand pumping up and down your sex-greased [pc.cockNoun] until the chem does its thing and you're flourishing an erection fit to destroy an ass the size of Dizzy's.

"You still got some for me, don't you candycane? Oohhh, you want to put it theerrre, do you," she croons, as you nestle your [pc.cockHead] between her wobbling cheeks, parting that pillowy crease until it's pressing against the pale pink knot of her anus. "Well... since it's a special occasion..."

Slathered in [pc.cumNoun] and pussy juices you have little trouble opening her up, groaning quietly with joy as you sample her far tighter tunnel, and then experience the joy of sliding {all / most} of the way in in a filthy little rush, making her squeak and clench up around you. Soon you're sending flesh-quakes flowing across her generous backside as you pound it rigorously, glorying in that tight ring gripping your lubricated [pc.cockNoun] up and down, coiling you rhythmically towards another heavy orgasm.

You are animated now by a single-minded purpose to fill your twin set of pet pussies with as much of your [pc.cumFlavor] jizz as you can; swell them with it, gorge them on it, link the taste and feel of it forever in their minds with ecstasy's empyrean, every purr and moan and shiver and arch of the tail you draw from them affirmation of your goal.

It all flows down to your [pc.cock], concentrated urge building inescapably to release, release so satisfying you arch your back and howl like a wounded animal when it breaks, hot seed surging down your [pc.cockNoun] and pulsing into Ms. d'Alysio's colon. Her prehensile tails wrap themselves around your shoulders and back and grip you, ensuring you give her every drop, swelling her intestines out with [pc.cumColor] cum. You come free from her at last, tightness swaddled in softness, and for a throbbing, exhausted moment just admire the sight before you: two white upraised asses wrapped together in ribbon, one tight and brawny and one big and fat, one drooling cum from her opened twat, the other oozing it from her asshole. Perfect.

-Lust reset

[Next]

You collapse on the bed, sweaty and spent. A moment later claw-tipped hands land on your [pc.chest], and you find yourself once again sandwiched in kaithrit, heavily-dilated green eyes blinking at you, purrs and giggles sounding in your [pc.ears], smooth legs shifting over your [pc.legs].

"Hope you enjoyed that, [pc.Mr] Steele," murmurs Bizzy, claws lightly prickling your [pc.skinFurScales]. "Because it's never happening again."

"Cheeky even to you. Even after getting her brains fucked out," sighs Dizzy. "We'll do this as many times as you want of course, sweetpea. In fact - we should do it regularly! It's obvious she still needs plenty of instruction in the bedroom."

"Moooooommm..." this time it's said with a blend of exasperation and humored, sedated gratification. You can tell from that tone that Bizzy, in fact, doesn't mind participating in these threesomes at all.

After some light dozing, petting and scratches for your pair of well-fucked kitty cats, you head to the en-suite and thence back to [pc.pornName]'s lounge, clean and throbbing with post-coital satisfaction.

## **Tentafuck**

"Moooooommm..." It's a tone somewhere between deep exasperation and groaning ardour, as you clamber onto the bed and slide your naked form in there, facing d'Alycio the older for now, sliding your hands up her drumstick of a thigh and then to her tails, stroking their synthetic smoothness until they begin to vibrate under your touch. You are entwined in ribbon as you advance far enough into the catgirl sandwich to wrap your hand around her butt, disappearing deep into its cushiony majesty, other hand sliding beneath the satin of her bra, brushing over the stubby tower of a nipple. Dizzy purrs with pleasure as you fondle her, jiggly softness shifting against your [pc.skinFurScales]. "...it's bad enough that I know you two get it on, I gotta be here when it happens? I mean, am I supposed to just watch you... oh."

This last is expressed in a surprised little squeak as you allow your [pc.cockWings] to extend from your back, engorged and energized by the intense desire you feel surrounded by so much bare, nubile catgirl. You can't sample it all at the same time usually, but an occasion like this demands special measures, and that's where your long, wiggly friends come in. Bizzy's breathing comes quicker as you reach out to her hot, tender body, your thickened, lightly oiled prehensile cocks drawn to it instinctively, sliding and coiling themselves around her supple limbs, touching her in half a dozen places.

"I forgot about those. [pc.Mr] Steele, you're so gross." It's said with affection and rising, lurid excitement as you let her feel their ropy strength and sturdiness, looping one around a taut thigh and sliding it teasingly over her hidden mound, grunting as heated arousal pulses all the way back along it in response. You quickly have her trussed up in cockvine just as surely as she is in ribbon, a double-wrapped present of firm, squirming catgirl that's all yours to open up and indulge in. "You're really going to do me with these whilst you're...mmm..." She trails off as you bend a moistened bulb-tip to her lips, rubbing it back and forth over them, tantalizing yourself with that hot, wet hole.

You're fingering your larger, squishier prize all the while, listening to her raspy breaths come harder and harder as you stroke her loose, nubby pussy nice and deep, easily able to get three

fingers beyond that sticky plump pudding of a labia. Dizzy lands a drumstick thigh on top of you as you feed her dripping lust, drawing you further into her embrace, and as she does the ribbons tighten and Bizzy is taken with you.

The joy of tentacles is that you can kind of let them do their own thing. You still have the tactile glory of everything they're experiencing, but they know exactly what they're doing with lush, springy cock-holsters like Bizzy's.

"Oomf... eek!" whines Bizzy, wriggling within the cage of red satin and [pc.cockWings] that holds her as one tentacle spreads her tight cunt whilst another pushes demandingly past her lips, filling her mouth with your texture and scent. She can struggle all she likes - and Void you hope she does, it feels so good to feel that acrobatic body contort within your coils - but you've got her, there's no jumping from your ravishing coils now, and you growl with supreme satisfaction as you begin to dip into her deep, her lips sliding up and down one bulging cock as another pulses towards its colleague from the other end, making her tummy bulge.

How good does it feel to replace your hand with your [pc.cock] all the while, extend your shaft into Bizzy's mother and have it slide {If large: deep, deep, deep }into that cavernous, milfy twat of hers, her cock-wringing nubs bumping over your [pc.cockHead] as she groans with wordless desire and tightens her titanic hips around you? Indescribably so.

{If really big dick: As your libido really lets loose you feel an urge to shove one of your free tentacles into Dizzy's snatch as well. Unfortunately you're too well-endowed: your [pc.cockNoun] needs every last inch of space that wide, moist delta has to offer, you make her moan and gasp and needle your back with every firm stroke.

Fortunately she has more than one orifice in ravishing range.

"Ooh do be careful candycane," she gasps in your ear, huge pillowy breasts quivering against your [pc.chest] as you send a feeler slithering around the hill of one of her buttocks, pressing into her crease, grunting as you feel it press against a delightfully warm, thick donut-like aperture. You saw in and out of her pussy judiciously, keeping the kitty milf's lusts simmering as your blunt, oily serpent works its way past her sphincter, groaning with sheerest delight as you squeeze her big soft ass with it at the same time as you wriggle into the clenching confines of her colon.}

{Ifelse: As your libido really lets loose, a filthy new idea presents itself. Isn't it a shame you can't pack Dizzy's big motherly snatch completely full? Well, now you can.

"Ooh precious that's - !" she gasps, before losing all her words as you bring one of your free tentacles arcing back around, slithering between you and pressing its oily bluntness against her protuberant clit. You give it a few teasing rubs before forcing it in there with your [pc.cockNoun], stretching her tunnel beyond what even an experienced whore is used to. Oh my, the meows



and moans you force from her sweet mouth, and the way your two livid pricks rub against each other as you fuck her with them both, pressing them right up against those delicious nubs of hers. Gobbets of [pc.cum] are forced from their throbbing ends, a prelude to the storm you're presently going to unleash.}

[Next]

"Mmph - mmmph!" whines Bizzy around the hot, pulsing mouthful of cock you're feeding her, and you exhale with deepest satisfaction as you feel her tight, springy pussy twitch around the vine-cock you've got her sat on, her juices dripping down it as she cums to the one {man / woman} spitroasting you're giving her. [pc.Cum] spurts from the tentacles engaged with her in response to her gleeful thrashing, spattering over her on-fire skin and blossoming into the wet caves of her cunt and mouth, and why not, you think - the younger kaithrit deserves a nice slut-pasting, an intermediate one before you really, thoroughly see to her. You close your eyes and luxuriate in the hot seed coursing up your foot-long cocks, pouring out over and into her. You part from her mouth with a wet 'pop', the oozing tentacle in question weaving in the air in drunken delight.

"[pc.Mr] Steeeeele..." she groans, hands shifting around the hot snakes that still grip her. Pleasure thrums through them. You gently stir the one still housed within her [pc.cum]-oozing muff as you listen to the blissed-out pussy cat talk, all the while continuing to firmly double dick her mom. "You really need to let these things loose more often. Think of the things we could doooo with them on my show..."

"Ungh! You know, ah, sweetpea..." Dizzy grasps you by the back of your head, snuggles her head into the crook of your shoulder, lips brushing your [pc.ear]. "...I can't help but notice you haven't done my daughter up the rear yet. You aren't going to leave the little hussy half-stuffed, are you?"

"Mooommm!" Bizzy's cry turns into a whine as, with a surge of lascivious gusto, you use the two tentacles wrapped around her brawny thighs to force them apart and send another oily serpent nestling between her buttocks, a shock of pleasure coursing up its length as it butts against that incredibly tight tail-hole of hers.

You're in the vinegar strokes with Dizzy in the meantime, the joy of {screwing her plush cock-cavern at the same time as you piston in and out of her chubby asshole / swelling out her plush cock-cavern with a double helping of shifting, livid cock-meat} driving you over the edge. Pale softness billows and slaps into you as the older kaithrit happily thrusts herself back into your hard lengths, deriving delirious amount of pleasure from them, judging by the plentiful amount of juices running down your {[pc.balls] / [pc.knot]} and the number of times she moans 'sweetpea!' into your ear anyway.

A deluge of [pc.cum] rockets up your [pc.cockNoun], and you use the throbbing impetus to force your way past Bizzy's anus, spreading and claiming that snugget of crannies as you go as deep as you can and leave a [pc.cumFlavor]-flavored dairy farm inside Dizzy with a series of whip crack, juicy pulses.

[Next]

You aren't done. Not by a long shot. Your tentacles are out there now, filling your mind with their febrile, over-stimulated desire, and you have two willing parties to fully satiate yourself.

You cuddle the imminently cuddleable Dizzy, all the while you pillage her daughter, making her whine and curse as you claim that tight little asshole of hers with firm pumps of oily tentacle, inundating her tender form with the shift and coil of your other tentacles, brushing their musky, oozing tips over her lips and tiny breasts.

Then, once you've swollen her taut tummy with a generous helping of [pc.cum], it's her turn for some more gentle loving. You shift yourself around, take the lithe catgirl into your arms, press your [pc.chest] against her flat chest and spear your [pc.cock] into her opened, softened pussy, doing her missionary whilst, behind you, your tentacles are let loose on her mother.

"This is nice [pc.Mr] Steele," sighs the younger kathrit, taut flesh dancing slowly with yours.  
"This is... mmm..."

You're only able to half-concentrate on this tender lovemaking because your [pc.cockWings] are fully delighting in the larger, softer present you've provided for them. They squeeze Dizzy's prodigious tits and buttocks in circling clasps of oily cock, as they thrust between her opened thighs, thrusting into her pussy and ass. She's caught the two trying to go for her mouth, a shifting tension along their burning lengths which only intensifies the amount of tactile wonder you're currently experiencing.

"Candycane, this is out of control!" she gasps, her breasts pressing into your side. "I never knew you could be this... ahhhh!"

You've set her off by having one of your dicks snake up and fondle her antenna. You screw Bizzy down into the soft sheets nice and slow for long minutes, your previous orgasm giving you the fortitude to take her over the edge once and maybe twice, her taut tummy clapping softly against your [pc.belly] as she gasps and arcs her back beneath you.

It's two extremely rosy, pleasure-roasted faces you're looking at when you finally draw your [pc.cock] from her slick cunt, white hair messy and tangled up in ribbon, and you wrap things up exactly as the owner of two cock-drunk catgirl slaves might wish.

You sit on the edge of the bed and luxuriate in a pair of hot, wet mouths travelling up and down your rock-hard length. Both d'Alysis females kneel naked before you, emerald eyes gleaming at you out of the gloom as they worship your [pc.cock] with long, rasping licks and wet smooches. No catty back-and-forth now; the bedroom is instead filled with the intent slurps and hums of two sluts brought together by their shared love of cock.

Your tentacles, at least temporarily satiated, festoon them, stroking their ears and coiling around their {necks / collars}, fondling their cum-spattered bodies. You give Dizzy's antenna a little stroke and she shivers in response, pushing Bizzy to the side so she can greedily fasten herself on your [pc.cockHead], fellating it with darts of her full, dark-red lips. Bizzy tuts, but quickly repositions herself so that {she can apply warm, wet suction to your [pc.balls] / lap at your underside}.

You've masterfully controlled your libido to fully luxuriate in this, but inevitably the sight, the sounds, above all the sensation, you're boiling over. Your muscles clench up, with a towering groan you pull yourself free from Dizzy's mouth and launch ropes of [pc.cum] over them both, another gooey shower of your appreciation over their cute, upturned faces, hair and tits. The way Bizzy {continues to suck on your [pc.balls] like her life depended on it, pressure that feels like it's forcing the sperm out of them / has transferred her well-trained mouth to your [pc.vagina], pleasuring your dual sex in a way that makes your [pc.cockNoun] feel like it's going to take off from your crotch / is continuing to rasp her tongue along the base of your [pc.cock]} massively intensifies your orgasm, heart thumping as it just goes on and on, driven to a rare peak by your insanely talented kaithrit girls. {They're absolutely caked in [pc.cumColor] by the time you're done, laughing and gasping as if they've just participated in a pie fight.}

[Next]

You collapse on the bed, sweaty and spent. A moment later claw-tipped hands land on your [pc.chest], and you find yourself once again sandwiched in kaithrit, heavily-dilated green eyes blinking at you, purrs and giggles sounding in your [pc.ears], smooth legs shifting over your [pc.legs].

"Hope you enjoyed that, [pc.Mr] Steele," murmurs Bizzy, claws lightly prickling your [pc.skinFurScales]{, wiping [pc.cum] away from her brow}. "Because it's never happening again."

"Cheeky even to you. Even after getting her brains fucked out," sighs Dizzy. "We'll do this as many times as you want of course, sweetpea. In fact - we should do it regularly! It's obvious she still needs plenty of instruction in the bedroom."

"Moooommm..." this time it's said with a blend of exasperation and humored, sedated gratification. You can tell from that tone that Bizzy, in fact, doesn't mind participating in these threesomes at all.

After some light dozing, petting and scratches for your pair of well-fucked kitty cats, you head to the en-suite and thence back to [pc.pornName]'s lounge, clean and throbbing with post-coital satisfaction.

## **Cowtits Bizzy Feature Variant**

//[Dizzy] appears as an option in the Feature menu as long as Dizzy is based at the studio AND PC has cock wings.

GO Tooltip: You need the <i>multifarious</i> physicality necessary to do both of them at once in a moderately novel way. Maybe take some Cerespirin or Tentacool.

### First

"How about with your mom?" you grin. May as well be upfront about it. Now you own them both, the tantalizing possibility of fucking mother and daughter at the same time has been lurking in the muckier recesses of your mind for a while now.

Bizzy sighs, stares into the middle distance for a couple of moments.

"I'm not gonna pretend it wouldn't be popular," she says. "Ever since I gave her that cooking segment, it's all any of my subscribers ask me about. 'When are you going to do stuff with your mom? You two seem very close, wink. You're gonna do specials with your mom, right? Wink, tongue, wink. Onedammit.'" The young kaithrit smiles despite herself, shakes her head, gives in to inevitability. "I did have a couple of ideas about how we could do it. Why don't you call her in here? We can talk it over."

### Repeat

"How about one with your mom again?" you grin. "It was pretty popular last time..."

"You're so gross, [pc.Mr] Steele." She's smiling, though. "But... yeah, I guess the fans do love it. Alright then, call her in here. We'll get it set up."

### [Next]

"Hello, and welcome to a very special episode of Dizzy's Delectables!"

Dizzy smiles into the camera drone as she bustles up to the counter carrying a tray of gently steaming dark green cupcakes, her bosom jiggling briskly in her low-cut blouse. From your position out of shot, you can see how artfully the kitchen has been set up: oven, counter,

utensils are all on Dizzy's side, storage and waste on the other, and everything is picked out with small, carefully spaced spotlights. In every way it looks like a professional culinary TV set, which is what gives the filthy action that takes place here that pinch of spice and taboo.

"As you can see I've just prepared a batch of Corvinian muffins. They're perfect for this time of year!" The chubby kaithrit pats the counter each side of the tray with that same happy briskness she invariably brings to the kitchen. "However, right now they're lacking a crucial ingredient to really bring out the nutty taste. What I really need is - "

"Ms. d'Alysio."

You step into frame with a cool smile, doing your best to keep your gaze on Dizzy and not the glinting eye of the camera drone beyond her. {ifelse: Once again you are dressed in a Steele Tech executive suit, trim but tight in all the right places, conveying your professional power. / Sexiness 5+: Once again Bizzy decided to keep you in your [pc.gear], unimprovable in terms of displaying your body like the main course it is meant to be}.

"I thought I'd step in to [pc.pornName] to see how you were getting on." You fill your nostrils with the sweet, fruity smell of the muffins. Little need to exaggerate here - the smell, coupled with the generous sight of Dizzy in her tight blouse and skirt, are a sensual delight. "Looking good!" you leer, your [pc.cock] hardening naturally{ in your [pc.lowerUndergarment]}.

"Why, [pc.Mr] Steele, what a surprise!" Dizzy does a passable job of appearing pleasantly flustered, sliding a hand through her tied-back hair. As you step closer, she leans back against the counter and addresses the camera. "For those of you who don't know, [pc.Mr] Steele is the owner of [pc.pornName]. Oh, [pc.he]'s a wonderful person... in all sorts of ways."

A tiny white fang bites a rouged lip as she looks you up and down, slit green eyes gleaming.

"Perhaps - perhaps <b>you</b> can help me with what I need to finish these muffins off? Although I'm - not sure what Bizzy will say..."

"We'll get to Bizzy in due course." You slide your arm around her thick waist, clinch her to you firmly. "I know exactly what you need. Your boss is always happy to give it to you."

// ++Lust

[Next]

About a minute later you have Ms. d'Alysio bent over one of the counters, safely away from the cooling muffins, clutching her thick waist and giving it her firmly in her plump, juicy, bumpy cunt. You've pulled her skirt down and her chunky backside sways mesmerizingly with every fresh clap of your [pc.thighs] - oceanic amounts of motion that a camera drone above you is at pains

to capture - but her top half remains clothed, cheekily the same spectacle viewers of Dizzy's Delectables have always been treated to.

"Now you - oof! - want to make sure your helper is experienced enough to simmer themselves up nicely for the icing without losing it all in the stuffing process," Dizzy cheerfully continues to address the front camera. "Oomph. You want to find yourself a top-of-the-line icer like [pc.Mr] Steele here, who as we shall see... oh candycane doooo be careful!" she moans, as you grip her by her head antenna, pulling her head back by her ever-so-sensitive auxiliary, giving yourself greater leverage to pump your [pc.cock] home into steaming, nobbly goodness at the same time as presenting the camera with her full, jiggling breasts.

You are beginning to worry you might 'lose it all' ahead of the cue - the impromptu staging, {the exhibitionist thrill of displaying yourself to future millions, }her lovely jiggling bottom and loose deep twat, all of it turns you on to the extent you feel your blood vessels singing{ and your [pc.balls] tightening} - when thankfully Bizzy makes her entrance, stage right.

"Hi mom, I just wanted to check on - Mom, what are you doing?!" She's a more experienced actor than either of you, and the busty kaithrit in her trademark strappy top is able to inject a believable amount of shock and indignity into her tones.

"Oh, um, hi precious!" Dizzy says, turning her rosy, gently shaking face to greet her daughter. "[pc.Mr] Steele just popped in, and we got ahhhhh-a little involved."

"I can see that!" Through some trick of make-up, or perhaps through her own over-juiced libido, spots of color are visible on Bizzy's own aghast face as she watches you rear-end her chubby sexpot of a mom, stroking and pulling at her artificial tails as you do. "What kind of mother are you? Screwing my producer instead of concentrating on the cookery...!"

"It's all <b>for</b> the cooking, Bizzy dear! And since you're here, you can help! [pc.Mr] Steele, would you be so obliged? Also please don't stop I'm so close..."

"It would be my pleasure." A little ragged, but you're reasonably pleased with how level you manage to sound. This is the moment, though, that the audience will see a little beyond the ice cool playboy exec facade you adopt in these specials, into the animalistic side that lurks beneath. And isn't that a good thing? You worry you come across as a little wooden in Bizzy's features, pun excused.

You grasp your {suited top and shirt / your [pc.upperGarments]} and tear them off brusquely, {displaying your [pc.chest] / letting your [pc.boobs] jounce free} to the arid spotlights. From your back your [pc.cockWings] reach forth, thickened and animated by your heightened lust, redolent with tentacular vigor and instinctively reaching for the warm, soft target of Bizzy, with all those wet, springy holes of hers begging for their attention. You huff slightly as you feel them all swell, filling your mind with hot, dripping need.

She's adeptly stepped closer whilst the cameras were trained on you so you can perform this trick, but when the viewer's gaze is turned back to the younger kaithrit she's still acting shocked - although an increasingly warmer kind of shock.

"[pc.Mr] Steele, you - usually never let those things out of the bag," she says, grasping one weaving before her eyes. "Ohh my!" she gasps, as one thrusts itself into the pillowy warmth between her huge tits.

"Plenty of icing and kitty holes to do, not much time," you grunt. You're straining as much as Dizzy was to remain coherent now - it's really hard to when you're still sawing steadily into the warm jelly goodness of the kaithrit milf as she orgasms loudly around you, plentiful femcum dripping down your [pc.cockNoun] whilst your cockvines grow ever more agitated by their target. "So I'm - unf - multitasking, bitch."

[Next]

You slither and slide your # hot, ropey tentacle cocks over Bizzy's peachy flesh, inundating her with their suggestive heft and smoothness as you take a firm grip of her limbs and breasts, giving them a squeeze, feeling for yourself their magnificent size and suppleness. She giggles and sighs as you do it, losing her exasperation as her slutty body is fondled all over, caressed in a way no mere pair of hands could possibly manage. She plants a coy kiss on the tip of the one she's holding, licking her lips to taste your musk, batting her eyelashes at you. Lust surges right up to its bulb, oozing pre.

The camera drones pick up the light oily sheen on your [pc.cockWings]; the way they arc through the air, wriggle their way beneath Bizzy's scanty clothes, will be edited later to make them suggestive of fresh vegetable stalks and ripe fruit, in keeping with the setting. You don't care about any of that right now, not when you're feeling the rub of her smooth thighs over one of them, sliding it up and down the entrance of her pussy, her moistness sending a buzz right along its inflamed length, inciting you to thrust powerfully inside, making all # of them reactively thrash in delight, knocking a couple of hanging pans onto the floor.

"Ooh do be careful [pc.Mr] Steele," groans Dizzy, batting her testing knife out of reach down the counter. You reach over her and grope her breasts, molding them like dough on the counter, sinking her back into the blissful haze of being on the end of your [pc.cock], all the while you tentacularly ransack her daughter.

"Ah! Ohh [pc.Mr] Steele, you're wild!" meows Bizzy, breasts bouncing like beach balls as you pump her pussy full of thick, oozing vinecock. Your other prehensile pricks tighten their grip on her limbs, holding her arms back as they manage to lift her soft, wriggling weight from the floor. "You're completely cra- ulp!"

One of your tentacles arcs upwards and plugs her open mouth full of hot, rosy muskiness. Ooh she's a well-trained little minx - the second there's a cock in her mouth her cheeks are hollowing enthusiastically, welcoming your snaking beast inside, glorying in being tied up and taken from both ends by your overwhelming carnality.

Chest heaving, you turn Dizzy around, hoiking her up onto the counter and resume your thrusting into her augmented snatch from the front, letting the drone hovering in front of you see what a pleasure it is to be thrusting between those thick, opened thighs, to make her paunch jiggle and shake, to rip off her top and feast on one of those mountainous breasts of hers, suck and pull at a plump nipple and make her coo and mewl with delight, head thrown back, all the while your [pc.cockWings] thrust into Bizzy's writhing, dangling form.

The multitudinous phallic ecstasy all becomes too much a few moments later. It feels like you've been given an electric shock as your cockvines tense up and hose [pc.cum] into Bizzy's mouth and cunt, gleefully spraying it from every unoccupied end, helped on in the case of two by the kaithrit's stroking hands. There's nothing you can really do but ride it, sweat pouring down your brow as the ecstasy of # simultaneous orgasms overwhelms you and you pack Bizzy's tight, wet holes full of [pc.cumFlavor] goodness.

"Ohh nooo," gasps Dizzy, eyes snapping open to goggle at the sight of her daughter helplessly orgasming to the feeling of being bound and ravished by her owner's tentacles. Her claws needle your back. "We're losing all the icing! Ooh that naughty daughter of mine, she's gotten my helper over-excited!"

Your throbbing vine prick parts with Bizzy's lips with a spit-flecked pop.

"Worth it," she croons, throwing her head back and luxuriating in the throne of rapacious vines she's sank into, hands moving down two of the cum-drooling appendages as another continues to use every inch of her opened pussy.

"Don't worry, Ms. d'Alysis - ungh! Ungh!" You can't continue as you finally climax into her, irrepressible with the waves of ecstasy crashing into you from your nest of out-of-control dick serpents. {Dizzy coos as her paunch takes on a fresh tautness against your [pc.gut], her womb swollen fully out by the thick litres of [pc.cum] you pump her full of. / [pc.cum] drips thickly down the counter, like residue from a particularly messy baking project as your [pc.cock] pulses it into her wide, welcoming snatch.} "I've got plenty more. And I know how you're going to get it."

// -50% lust

[Next]

You stand before the counter, [pc.cock] raised in salute of the tray of Corvinian muffins before you, both hands wrapped around a pair of white-and-black clad heads, luxuriating in a pair of



hot, wet mouths travel up and down your rock-hard length. One of the camera drones floats above and captures the same lovely sight you're looking at: Both d'Alycio females knelt naked before you, gazing up at you with their glittering emerald eyes as they worship your [pc.cockNoun] with long, rasping licks and wet smooches, cheeks rosy and pupils dilated from the intense stuffing you just gave them both. No catty back-and-forth now; the kitchen is instead filled with the intent slurps and hums of two sluts brought together by their shared love of your cock.

You give Dizzy's antenna a little stroke and she shivers in response, pushing Bizzy to the side so she can greedily fasten herself on your [pc.cockHead], fellating it with darts of her full, dark-red lips. Bizzy tuts, but quickly repositions herself so that {she can apply warm, wet suction to your [pc.balls] / lap at your underside}.

The fact you already came explosively hard has enabled you to enjoy this joint endeavour to its fullest, filling the camera drones with more than enough footage of mother and daughter displaying exactly how much they enjoy blowing their [pc.master], but now they're once again making your libido boil over. You puff and groan a signal to Dizzy, and she parts from you adroitly, wrapping her warm, slightly work-roughened hand around your bulging, darkening tower instead.

"Now," she says primly, addressing the camera as if she were still doing her regular show, rather than kneeling on the floor naked with [pc.cum] oozing from her pussy and purposefully pumping a dick in one hand, "Once you've gotten your helper nicely simmered up make sure you're aiming them in the right direction. If you happen to have another helper they can really aid the process here... good girl."

This proudly smiling aside was to Bizzy, who {is now sucking on your [pc.balls] like her life depended on it, pressure that feels like it's forcing the sperm out of them / has now transferred her well-trained mouth to your [pc.vagina], pleasuring your dual sex in a way that makes your [pc.cockNoun] feel like it's going to take off from your crotch / is continuing to rasp her tongue along the base of your [pc.cock], increasing the intense pressure that's building within}.

Your muscles clench up as your orgasm crests and you gasp to the inordinate intensity of it, driven there by your pair of fully committed catgirl slaves, rounds of [pc.cum] fired from your flexing cock, arcing in the air and landing all over the dark green muffins.

"Make sure it's evenly spread as you can get it," murmurs Dizzy, hand still coiled around your throbbing dick and aiming it this way and that so oozing [pc.cumColor] trailers soon adorn every single blunt crest. "{If low/med load: And make sure you get every last drop." You groan but acquiesce as she draws you nearer firmly, squeezing your length so that even as you begin to peter out every last globule of your load winds up decking her baking. You are left throbbing, aching and exultant. / If high load: And if your helper is particularly juicy... ooh my!" She gasps as you spray an oozing trailer of your seed across her face. "Then see if you can't capture the

excess in a container. You never know when you might need more icing!" The chubby kaithrit has a big plastic container ready, of course. When you finish completely festooning her baking with your cum, you find your deluxe dick servicing just going on and on, your {{pc.balls} / length} being drained of every last drop by a firm, juicy handshake on one end and a wet, lapping mouth at the other. By the time you've filled enough of Dizzy's bowl to supply her with enough 'icing' to last several winters you're left throbbing, aching and exultant.}

"And there you have it!" Dizzy smiles merrily as she picks herself up, plucks an oozing muffin up and presents it to the floating drone. "{If normal: The saltiness really brings the nutty flavor out, you'll find. / If honey/fruit/chocolate/sugar: Although normal icing will do the trick just as well, for best results get yourself a sugary helper like [pc.Mr] Steele here. The sweetness perfectly suits the dense and nutty taste distinctive of Corvinian cuisine. / If peppermint/eggnog: Although normal icing will do the trick just as well, if the season is right I recommend a {peppermint / eggnog}-flavored helper like [pc.Mr] Steele here. You can instantly transform regular muffins into a Christmas treat!}" And, of course, if your friends are of the slytheren or galotian variety say, they will particularly loooooove these treats. They may well ask if they can lick the spoon... ooh, you naughty girl! That's not for you!"

Bizzy is in fact doing exactly that, holding your [pc.cock] and licking the throbbing head clean as you scritch her behind the ear. She smirks even when her mom taps her on the head with her spatula, turning her own unrepentant jade's eyes to the camera.

"This has been a Bizzy's Business special feature," she says. "Hope it left you hungry for seconds."

//Lust reset, +2 hours

[Next]

"Well, this is all perfectly disgusting," remarks Bizzy later, flicking through the footage from the two drones docked into her computer.

The set up for these scenes is considerable - the cooking has to be done first, the kitchen then carefully prepared for naked wobbly bits being thrown around it, and then there's the clean up operation once you've sprayed [pc.cum] all over it - but it is, in your humble opinion, worth it. Dizzy sweeps into the editing suite wearing her crimson dressing gown, and just looking at her blushing smile crisply reminds you of fucking her whilst simultaneously letting your tentacles loose on her daughter at the same time. You try and fail not to get semi-hard again.

"Utterly gross." Bizzy clicks away with a weary sigh. "Yeah. My subscribers are going to love this. They're gonna want more."

"We'll do it whenever you want, dear. Or rather, whenever [pc.Mr] Steele wants." She catches a tail and swings it, grin widening. "I think [pc.he]'s a big fan of the two of us together."

"Yeah, I know. It's a complete onedamn disaster," Bizzy groans, leaning back and flopping an arm over her face. In your mind's eye, you're already planning your next threesome with them.