

[=Extra Bits=]

// Add this button to Lyric's sex scenes after the PC has had sex with Lyric at least once.
One-time talk scene.

// Tooltip: Lyric is really attached to you – you wonder if it wouldn't be overstepping your relationship with [lyric.himHer] if you asked [lyric.himHer] to make some... adjustments.
// (scene: Ask For Futa Lyric)

Actually, before you two get to the main event, you wanted to ask [lyric.himHer] something. [pc.isDK|Internally, you would bet that [lyric.heShe] wouldn't say no: [lyric.heShe]'s just so enamored with you that no matter what request you make, [lyric.heShe]'d do it. The fact that you're asking to ask is mostly a performance.

“What did you have in mind?” [lyric.heShe] asks, looking up at you, [lyric.hisHer] tail wagging a mile a minute.[You know that [lyric.heShe]'s pretty enamored with you, but still, you don't want to make it sound like you're being pushy: you postface your permission to ask with saying that [lyric.heShe]'s allowed to say no, if [lyric.heShe]'s uncomfortable with the idea.

“Well, I don't know if I'm going to say no, yet!” [lyric.heShe] says jovially as [lyric.hisHer] tail wags a mile a minute.] You wonder how much of that energy is excitement over the promise of some sexy times, and how much of it is just Lyric enjoying being around you.

Alchemy makes it fairly trivial to make a lot of adjustments to a person's body, whether it's anything from changing their hair color to doing something as wild as having a person grow a different set of genitals.

[pc.isDK|Flatly, you tell Lyric that you want [lyric.himHer] to [lyric.mf]grow a pussy. You already have an eager cumdu – an eager partner[lyric.electrumRange 0 200|, and he's got an ass fat enough that you could fuck it all day and never get bored or tired], but you want to know what it's like to fuck a tight, wet kobold pussy on demand. And once he gets used to it, you know that he'll look forward to your every demand for it.|sprout a cock. She's already a tight little slu – she's already an eager partner[lyric.electrumRange 0 200|, and she has an ass that's so fat, a nightwalker twice her height would be jealous], but you want to put her on her back and watch her get hard just from you telling her to. And once she gets used to getting milked for every drop of her juicy kobold cum, you'll have to fight to keep her off you and asking you for more.]]You ask [lyric.himHer] if [lyric.heShe] wanted to try [lyric.mf]growing a pussy, to see how that's like. Not to say that you don't like him the way he is! But having a second set of junk – and one that's so different from what he's used to – would really heighten the experience for you both, you think. [pc.hasVagina|You know from experience that once he gets used to it, he wouldn't understand why he didn't do it sooner.|You get a warm, tight kobold hole to have a bit of fun with, and he gets to experience you in a whole different way. You'd both win.]]sprouting a cock, to see what that's like. That's not to say that you don't enjoy her the way she is right now, of course, but having a whole different appendage is an entirely new experience: everything from how she would approach sex and relationships to, well, the very fact that she has a very sensitive organ between her legs would change her whole world. [pc.hasCock|You're a bit experienced with having a dick yourself, and you promise: once she gets a taste of what that's like, she'll never want to go back.|And besides, you tell her to just imagine it: you, taking her, inside of yourself. It would elevate your relationship to unthinkable levels.]]

Lyric's big, golden eyes look up at you, her cheeks raised enough to hide the bottoms of her irises beneath them. Her tail continues to wag a mile a minute. You aren't sure how much of what you just said actually got through to her. [lyric.HisHer] nose is still particularly close to your crotch; [lyric.heShe] might be getting high off the fumes of your musk.

“Well, you make a pretty convincing argument,” [lyric.heShe] says eventually. “I can’t say I ever put much thought into, you know, giving myself a whole other sex. That sounds like a lot of effort.”

[pc.isHerm]It’s not, really. Sometimes you get a little confused over which part of you is hornier than the other, but other than that, it’s not any more difficult than having one.[Well, you only have one yourself, so you wouldn’t know.]

“Hmm,” Lyric hums, crunching [lyric.hisHer] whole face in thought. [lyric.HisHer] tail stops wagging for the first time since you two started talking. “You know what?” [lyric.heShe] says. “I trust you. If you want me to [lyric.mf]put an extra hole in my body|grow an extra limb on my body] so we can have a bit more sexy fun, then I’m all for it! Just get me a [lyric.mf]pink|blue] egg, and I’ll take care of the rest.”

[pc.isDK]Just like that. A few sentences and Lyric’s wrapped around your finger, ready to change [lyric.hisHer] body, just for you. That’s the kind of influence you have over [lyric.himHer].

“... You ask if [lyric.heShe]’s sure. That’s not a decision to be made lightly like that; all you did was say a few sentences and [lyric.heShe]’s all for it.

“Yeah, I’m sure!” [lyric.heShe] responds happily – but then [lyric.hisHer] whole expression drops. “Are you sure? You tried to talk me into it, and now you’re trying to talk me out of it.”

That’s a good point. There’s no sense in waffling about like that; if [lyric.heShe]’s ready, then you’re ready.

Lyric’s expression picks back up: the smile; the light in [lyric.hisHer] eyes; the energy in [lyric.hisHer] tail. “Awesome!” [lyric.heShe] says. “[Now, in the meantime: are we going to have sex, like you said? I’ve been huffing your crotch this entire time and I’m starting to get light-headed.”

From your musk? Or from the blood flow going elsewhere?

“Yeah,” [lyric.heShe] answers, [lyric.hisHer] smile unwavering.

// end scene (scene: Ask Lyric For Futa); remove the [=Extra Bits=] button from Lyric’s sex menu; display Lyric’s sex menu

[=Extra Bits=]

// Grey this button out if the player saw this conversation already and Lyric is male and the PC does not have a Pink Egg in their inventory, or if Lyric is female and the PC does not have a Blue Egg in their inventory.

// Tooltip (button is greyed out): You spoke with Lyric about this once before. [lyric.mf]He asked you to bring him a Pink Egg|She asked you to bring her a Blue Egg], and then [lyric.heShe]’ll handle the rest.

// Tooltip: Now that you have the ingredients that Lyric asked you to get, you can give them to [lyric.himHer] and see what [lyric.heShe]’ll do with them....

// (scene: Acquire Futa Lyric)

Actually, that reminds you: you two had spoken before about [lyric.mf]him growing a vagina to have along his dick if you brought him a Pink Egg|her growing a dick to have along her vagina if you brought her a Blue Egg]. It just so happens that you have those ingredients on you now.

“Oh!” Lyric says with a start, jerking away from your crotch. [lyric.HisHer] nostrils are still dilated with your musk, but once [lyric.hisHer] mind is set on the ‘science experiment’ in front of [lyric.himHer], [lyric.hisHer] academic mind easily overpowers [lyric.hisHer] lust. “Okay, great! [atFH]Let’s head across the street; Ivris has an alchemical alembic setup that I can use for the rest.[Let’s step outside the tent for a second; I have some tools in your backpack that I can use to distill the potion I need to do the rest. The deed, as they say!]”

Lyric grabs you by the hand and leads you out of [atFH]your room and down the stairs, to the main floor of the tavern (not before you have the sense to stop at your pack to retrieve the [lyric.mf]Pink[Blue] Egg)[pc.hasCock][pc.isDK] – and you have to walk a little awkwardly to try and hide the erection that [lyric.heShe]’s given you from that unabashedly horny display earlier]]. [lyric.HeShe] leads you across the street to the village’s alchemy shop, and from there, to the far corner, where [lyric.heShe]’s set up a little workshop for [lyric.himHer]self.[the tent, but not before stopping at your pack and opening its main pocket. [lyric.HeShe] leans over the pack’s mouth, getting caught on the rim at [lyric.hisHer] waist[lyric.electrumRange 0 100] and making it sag with all of Lyric’s bottom-focused weight]; [lyric.heShe] rifles through your belongings, trying to find the ‘tools’ [lyric.heShe]’s accrued in there for [lyric.himHer]self, and when [lyric.heShe] emerges, it’s with two glass bottles; some metal tubing; a long, thin, spoon-like metal stick; and what appears to be two stands for the bottles to sit in. And you have the sense to dig through it for the [lyric.mf]Pink[Blue] Egg you promised.]

“Okay, this will only take a second,” [lyric.heShe] says as [lyric.heShe] prepares [lyric.hisHer] workstation[atFH] beside the fire of your camp]. With some meticulous placings and precision, [lyric.heShe] [atFH]has [lyric.hisHer] burners warmed up; the cleaned bottles and casks spaced a very specific distance apart; and a tube of metal feeds from one bottle to the other[has a tiny little workshop set up for [lyric.himHer]self, including using some brush and twigs for a makeshift burner. It’s hardly a ‘professional’ setup, but given what [lyric.heShe] had to work with, and how satisfied [lyric.heShe] looks about it, it’s perfectly serviceable].

“And now, step two,” [lyric.heShe] continues, [atFH]reaching into a drawer along the underside of [lyric.hisHer] desk. You can see a number of ingredients, all placed in tiny glass vials and each of them labelled, but you can’t see what the labelling says and you can’t clearly see what the ingredients are. Lyric flicks [lyric.hisHer] scaly index finger across them by the column until, with a tiny ‘aha!,’ [lyric.heShe] pulls one of them out by its cork and, with a swift, practiced motion, pours its contents into the first phial atop the burner.[[lyric.hisHer] pink tongue poking out the side of [lyric.hisHer] mouth as [lyric.heShe] rummages through one of the pouches on [lyric.hisHer] tail for something. After a moment, [lyric.heShe] withdraws an entire fist filled with glass vials, each of them corked with a simple bit of wood; [lyric.heShe] eyes each one individually until, with a tiny ‘aha!,’ [lyric.heShe] plucks one of them out from the others and replaces the rest, keeping the pouch open for the moment. With a swift, practiced motion, [lyric.heShe] pops the vial’s cork and pours its contents into the flask sitting atop the makeshift burner before plugging it again and tossing it into the pouch, snapping its lid shut.]

“Step three,” [lyric.heShe] says, [lyric.hisHer] eyes glued to the flask on the burner as [lyric.heShe] reaches towards you, palm up, “I’ll need that egg.”

Without a word, you hand [lyric.himHer] the egg; again, acting as though [lyric.heShe] had done this a million times before, [lyric.heShe] punctures the egg’s shell with the tip of [lyric.hisHer] claw, and the shell of the egg easily comes apart, with its contents spilling into the flask. [atFH][lyric.HeShe] reaches for a long, thin, metal, spoon-like stick among the rack of tools on the bench, and[Using the thin, metal stick [lyric.heShe] had pulled from the pack,] [lyric.heShe] stirs the concoction together until it starts to boil – and, soon, a distilled potion flows from the metal tubing and into the second, empty flask [lyric.heShe] had set down.

And then it’s just a matter of waiting until it’s all mixed and distilled: until there’s nothing left in the burner flask and everything’s that [lyric.heShe] can expect to get is within the second

flask. There it is: a [lyric.mf|pink|blue] potion, still bubbling from the heat of the burner, sitting in the glass flask, ready for consumption.

Lyric grabs the second flask by its neck, keeping [lyric.hisHer] thumb over its opening to keep everything from spilling out. “Let’s take this back to your [atFH|room|tent],” [lyric.heShe] says with a thin smile and a glint in [lyric.hisHer] eye. “I’ve never done this to myself before, but... I can guess that things are going to get a little crazy when I drink it.”

[=Next=]

You’re back in the privacy of your own [atFH|room|tent]; you’ve both stripped naked, Lyric readying [lyric.himHer]self for what comes next and you [pc.isDK|readying yourself for having more kobold to play with|getting naked mostly for emotional support... and, frankly, because you expect things to get lewd once [lyric.heShe] drinks that potion]. [lyric.HeShe] continues to hold onto the flask by its neck, with [lyric.hisHer] thumb covering its open lid; [lyric.heShe] swishes it around a few times, stalling before [lyric.heShe] drinks it. It’s a big step to take, after all.

[pc.isDK|You, of course, say and do nothing. Lyric knows what is expected of [lyric.himHer]. [lyric.HeShe]’ll drink the potion, you have no doubt about that – but you don’t mind until [lyric.heShe]’s good and ready.|You consider telling [lyric.himHer] that, if [lyric.heShe]’s this apprehensive about going through with it, [lyric.heShe] doesn’t need to and [lyric.heShe] can dump the potion – but you also think back to when you had this conversation before. You don’t want to seem flaky, and Lyric’s doing this for you. You need to be as ready as [lyric.heShe] is.]

“Okay,” [lyric.heShe] says through a parched mouth, “no time like the present.”

Without another moment’s hesitation, [lyric.heShe] brings the flask to [lyric.hisHer] mouth and chugs the whole thing in one go. There wasn’t a whole lot of potion for [lyric.himHer] to chug, but still, given how hesitant [lyric.heShe] had been up to this point – and how recently it was made. It’s still probably steaming hot – it’s kind of an impressive show of willpower.

Lyric lowers the flask from [lyric.hisHer] mouth and wipes it with the back of [lyric.hisHer] left arm. “Tastes like eggs,” [lyric.heShe] laughs after a moment, [atFH|turning towards the dresser in your room and setting the flask down|finding your pack in the tent and replacing the flask inside of it]. “Now, we just wait.”

Does [lyric.heShe] know how long? You’d think it’d be instant[pc.isBimbo|aneous].

“Well, I haven’t exactly drank a ton of potions in my time,” [lyric.heShe] shrugs, “and I’m not an alchemist – I’m a scientist. I know more about things like conductivity and resonance than I do chemistry. What little I do know is from–”

Suddenly, Lyric’s eyes go wide as saucers, and [lyric.hisHer] tail stands on end from [lyric.hisHer] backside. “Right now!” [lyric.heShe] shouts. “The answer is right now!”

[lyric.HeShe] reflexively spreads [lyric.hisHer] legs, [lyric.hisHer] mouth curling into a grimace as [lyric.hisHer] hands go to [lyric.hisHer] crotch. [lyric.HisHer] right hand stays down, [lyric.hisHer] index and middle fingers spreading into a V across the split of [lyric.hisHer] genital slit while [lyric.hisHer] left hand goes to your knee for support; [lyric.heShe] gasps in surprise and exertion, [lyric.hisHer] eyes on [lyric.hisHer] own body, able to feel the changes occurring within [lyric.himHer], but, so far, there’s nothing visible.

[lyric.mf|Other than his bright-pink cock, that is: once the changes start to occur within his body, his tip suddenly thrusts from his vent, and his cock quickly slips from the tough slit,

inflating to its full eight-inches in a matter of moments. You've only ever seen him get that hard that fast for you; whatever's happening to him must feel pretty good. He isn't grunting in pain or anything. That said, you don't need a direct line of sight to her pussy to see the rivulets of kobold juices dripping down the inside of her [lyric.electrumRange 0 100|substantial]thighs; she can't help but bend her index finger to play at the hood of her clit, lightly flicking it back and forth, as whatever's occurring inside of her kicks into gear. Whatever it is, it must feel awfully good; you know your pained grunts from your pleased grunts, and Lyric definitely isn't in any pain.]

Lyric's hand clenches on your knee, and suddenly, you see something else: [lyric.mf|the telltale clench of his [lyric.electrumRange 0 100|prodigious]thighs, followed by a distinct, clear trickle of fluids running down their insides. They hit the [atFH|floor|ground] in gentle pitter-pats, pooling between his feet, adding to the mess that his quickly-inflating cock is making beneath himself. [pc.ra lupine|With a nose like yours, it's easy and distinct to notice|Even with a nose like yours, you can just barely notice] the smell of a fresh, ripe pussy of a woman that's in need of some desperate attention, and as if there was any doubt, his right hand goes to his cock's base, his fingers lightly scratching at where his taint used to be; whatever's going on just beneath Lyric's dick is something else, for sure. the telltale poke of a bright-pink dick, growing within her genital vent... and becoming erect in a hurry. She huffs, her breath catches in her throat, and her thighs lock up – and another few inches of throbbing kobold cock spill from her crotch, jutting into the air rather suddenly, coated in its own sexual fluids even as the pointed tip spills some more. All of that mess adds to the growing stains of pussy juices she's been leaving on the [atFH|floor|ground] between her feet. With a shaking, nervous hand, she wraps her fingers around her shaft, giving it a few exploratory pumps... and still it continues to spill from her crotch, inch after inch, until, finally and eventually, it stops at about eight inches, and thick enough around that she can't close her fingers around it. An impressive cock by most standards, but on a diminutive body like hers, it's a fucking log.]

"I," [lyric.heShe] sputters as [lyric.hisHer] hand continues to [lyric.mf|rasp against his brand new pussy; his fingers spread his labia and they dip inside his newly-formed tunnel, but only barely enough to get his claws wet, too nervous to go any further, lest he lose control. pull and tug at her brand new cock; with each pump she makes, a fat dollop of her clear kobold pre jets from it, soaking against your bed[atFH||roll], but she's too nervous to give it any rougher treatment for fear of taking it too far.]

Suddenly, Lyric lifts [lyric.hisHer] head up towards you, [lyric.hisHer] golden eyes turned into giant plates. Every emotion crosses [lyric.hisHer] face: from surprise, to apprehension towards the unknown, to excitement at learning something new, to, of course, lust, pockmarked by the flushed cheeks and the ajar mouth with [lyric.hisHer] tongue barely able to stay tucked inside of it. "This is what we wanted!" [lyric.heShe] manages to say through the building spittle in [lyric.hisHer] mouth. "The... the experiment is a success!"

... That's good[pc.isDK|.], right?]

"Fuck me!" [lyric.heShe] suddenly begs, jumping into you hard enough to knock the wind out of your [pc.chest], but not hard enough to push you back onto the bed[atFH||roll]. Lyric sits on your lap, and you can [lyric.mf|feel the dripping wet heat of his brand new cunt grinding against your thighs in excitement|see her brand new cock wagging back and forth in the air between you two, its preseed spewing every which way as she grinds her pussy on your thighs, barely able to restrain herself]. "Let's... let's break me in, [pc.name]! My body is so hot, I can't see straight... I need you to fix this for me!"

Well, since [lyric.heShe] asked so nicely.

Both of your hands reach up and roughly clap onto Lyric's fat ass, [lyric.electrumRange 0 50 100 200|causing [lyric.himHer] to yelp in pleasure and surprise as the impact ripples through [lyric.hisHer] body|your fingers sinking into the thick, pliable kobold meat and causing [lyric.himHer] to moan in pleasure|your fingers trying to grip onto as much fat kobold meat as

they can, but there's just so much, and the impact only makes [lyric.himHer] hornier|your hands sinking down to the wrists, surrounded by thick, fat, sumptuous kobold ass-meat and causing [lyric.himHer] to moan deliriously in pleasure]... and causing another gush of both of [lyric.hisHer] junks to make a mess of you.

You know just what to do to 'break in' that [lyric.mf|sweet, tight, new pussy of his|thick, juicy, new cock of hers]....

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Acquire Futa Lyric)

// if Lyric is male (and therefore just grew a vagina) and the PC has a penis, play the [=Standing Fuck=] scene, starting at the paragraph that begins with 'Lyric remains obediently kneeled in front of you' (sorry Leek, I know you hate it when I do this)

// if Lyric is male and the PC does not have a penis, play the [=SitOnUrFace=] scene, starting at the paragraph that begins with 'You tell Lyric that you have something in mind'

// if Lyric is female (and therefore just grew a penis), play the [=Get Fucked=] scene, starting at the paragraph that begins with 'Perhaps words won't get through to [lyric.himHer] as quickly as actions would.' If the PC has a vagina, default to using it (and therefore have a chance for the PC to get pregnant, if they aren't already)

// After the sex scene, instead of the normal Aftercare scene, continue here. One time scene

// (scene: Reintroductions)

The next thing you know, you're lying on your back in your bed[atFH||roll], staring up at the [atFH|wooden ceiling of your room|leather flap of your tent]. Your right hand is behind your head; your left is curled around Lyric, [lyric.himHer]self curled up snugly against you, purring [lyric.himHer]self to sleep with [lyric.hisHer] snout against the underside of your ribs. Your hand rests open-palm against [lyric.hisHer] ass, and [lyric.heShe] enjoys it; [lyric.heShe] occasionally rotates [lyric.hisHer] hips to get you to touch a different part of it.

"Mmm," [lyric.heShe] moans, rubbing [lyric.hisHer] face against your [pc.skinFurScales]. [lyric.HeShe] breathes through [lyric.hisHer] nose, basking in your scent with every breath [lyric.heShe] takes. "I liked this experiment in particular, [pc.name]. A part of me wants to go through with it again."

You tell [lyric.himHer] that that's not outside the realm of possibility.

"Mmm, maybe," [lyric.heShe] concedes, "but who knows if all that rapid sex-changing is good or bad for the body. I wouldn't want to risk a good thing, y'know?"

That's fair. You don't particularly care either way; [pc.isDK|you got what you wanted from [lyric.himHer], after all|you're just glad that [lyric.heShe]'s happy with how it turned out].

Rather suddenly, Lyric stops purring into your chest and [lyric.heShe] stops wiggling [lyric.hisHer] ass against your hand. [lyric.HeShe] slowly pulls [lyric.himHer]self onto [lyric.hisHer] hands and knees so that [lyric.heShe] can look you in the eye from [lyric.hisHer] position; [lyric.heShe] looks at you for a long moment, and you can tell from the bent of [lyric.hisHer] brow and the narrow of [lyric.hisHer] eyes that you just said something that bothers [lyric.himHer] a bit.

"You just called me a '[pc.isDK|[lyric.himHer]][lyric.heShe]],'" [lyric.heShe] says.

The statement hangs in the air between you two for a little bit. The implication is clear between you two: what was once accurate... may no longer be accurate.

“Am I still a [lyric.mf|guy|girl]?” [lyric.heShe] asks, [lyric.hisHer] eyes wandering down your body, although you know [lyric.heShe]’s not checking out anything in particular and is just trying to parse [lyric.hisHer] own thoughts. “I mean, a few hours ago, I only had a [lyric.mf|penis|vagina], and I was pretty comfortable with my identity and pronouns, but now....”

You remind [lyric.himHer] that it doesn’t need to be a big deal if [lyric.heShe] doesn’t want it to be one. [pc.isDK|No matter what pronouns [lyric.heShe] prefers, [lyric.heShe]’ll always be your favorite little [lyric.mf|pocket rocket|hot pocket].If [lyric.heShe]’s comfortable with staying as a [lyric.mf|boy|girl], then you’ll respect that; if [lyric.heShe] would prefer [lyric.heShe] changes, then you’ll respect that, too.]

“Hmm,” [lyric.heShe] sighs, lowering [lyric.hisHer] cheek to gently rest against your abdomen. [lyric.HeShe] resumes purring, but only slightly, at the sound of your heartbeat. “I mean, on the one hand, it didn’t really change my outward appearance. I’m the same Lyric that everyone’s ever known. It didn’t make me taller, or give me boobs, or thicker muscles, or anything like that. The only two people in the world that even know what happened are you and me[atFH|. And maybe Ivris, I guess].”

“But on the other,” [lyric.heShe] continues, rolling onto [lyric.hisHer] back, resting the back of [lyric.hisHer] head against your body, “I mean... there’s a [lyric.mf|vagina where there wasn’t one, now|penis where I didn’t have one, now]. Sex and gender identity are two different things, but they still go hand-in-hand, you know?” [lyric.HisHer] little snout curls upward in thought. “I guess I could, like, pick a different set of pronouns entirely....”

After a moment of staring up at the [atFH|ceiling|tent] with you, Lyric rolls back onto [lyric.hisHer] stomach, [lyric.hisHer] eyes meeting yours once more. “What do you think?” [lyric.heShe] asks.

[pc.isBimbo|Well, like, it doesn’t really matter to you. Lyric is Lyric! You’d be just as happy with a cute button bo[silly|i|y] Lyric as you would be with a sweet lollipop g[silly|u|i]rl Lyric. All you want is for your kobold to be happy.|You flatly abstain. This is not a question for you to be answering; this is something for [lyric.himHer] to decide.]

[pc.isBimbo|Lyric smiles well-meaningly at you, but it’s clear that that’s not the answer [lyric.heShe] was looking for|Lyric’s mouth curls into a wry grin; it wasn’t the answer [lyric.heShe] was looking for, but [lyric.heShe] didn’t expect a different one].

“Well,” [lyric.heShe] says eventually, lowering [lyric.hisHer] chin onto your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]. “I’m post-nut right now, and thinking about something that wasn’t a problem literally five minutes ago sounds like too much effort. I guess I’d rather keep my [lyric.mf|male|female] pronouns – that way, I don’t have to go around reintroducing myself to everyone I know, and there’s no confusion when someone calls me one thing and I try to remember that I’m supposed to respond to the other, and whatever.”

So, just to confirm, [lyric.heShe]’d rather you still call [lyric.himHer] a [lyric.boyGirl]?

“Yeah. I’m just as comfortable in my body now as I was earlier today, after all; I just have a second set to play with, now. At the end of the day, I’m still me.”

That settles that, then.

Just as quickly as it stopped, Lyric’s purring resumes, and [lyric.hisHer] tail starts to wag behind [lyric.hisHer] ass as [lyric.heShe] looks up at you with [lyric.hisHer] big, golden eyes. “You know, one of the rigors of a proper science experiment is performing it multiple times to make sure you get consistent results.” [lyric.HeShe] blinks once and [lyric.hisHer] tongue slips

out of [lyric.hisHer] mouth to wet [lyric.hisHer] suddenly-dry snout. “Wanna perform another science experiment with me again?”

... Maybe in a minute.

“kay,” [lyric.heShe] responds – and doesn’t move, other than [lyric.hisHer] tail continuing to wag behind [lyric.himHer]self.

You have no doubt in your mind that [lyric.heShe]’s counting the seconds in [lyric.hisHer] head, and when [lyric.heShe] gets to sixty, [lyric.heShe]’s going to ask you again.

“How about now?” [lyric.heShe] asks one minute later.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Reintroductions); advance the clock by six hours; return to Lyric’s main menu

[=Public Sex (Discreet)=]

// Conditions: only available in a settled area, such as Hawkethorne, Khor’minos, the Winter City, etc. Cannot be played in the Frosthound, the Wayfort, or at a tent, and cannot be in a hostile area. Grey out every other sex option when in public. Lyric and the PC must have different genitals: this scene cannot be done penis/penis and vagina/vagina (but one or both can be herm). PC’s libido must be 33% of cap or more.

// Tooltip (not enough libido): You’d have to be particularly libidinous to even <i>suggest</i> doing something like this with Lyric!

// Tooltip (this option, but the PC is in the Frosthound or in a tent): Lyric is open to any suggestion you make, including this one... but you need to be in a public space to have sex in public, of course.

// Tooltip (on the [=Sex=] button, in public, but both Lyric and the PC are male or they are both female): There’s a way that you two can have some fun in public, if you really want, but one of either you or Lyric is going to need to make some... <i>adjustments.</i>

// Tooltip (conditions met): One of the hottest things about having sex in public is the plausible deniability – maybe you are, maybe you’re not. Who’s going to ask you?

// (scene: Strut Your Stuff)

// Display this screen if both the PC and Lyric are futa.

Do you want to penetrate Lyric? Or do you want Lyric to penetrate you?

[=You on Lyric=][=Lyric on You=]

// I’ll use a custom parser called [lyric.onTop], which should parse as [lyric.onTop|Lyric is penetrating the PC. Default value if Lyric has a penis and the PC only has a vagina. True if both are futa and the player chose [=Lyric on You=].|The PC is penetrating Lyric. Default value if Lyric has a vagina and the PC only has a dick. True if both are futa and the player chose [=You on Lyric=].|Neither is true, i.e. Lyric and the PC are both male or female. This *shouldn’t* be possible; my apologies to same-sex enjoyers.]

You look around where you’re standing, with Lyric patiently waiting for you to tell [lyric.himHer] why you called [lyric.himHer] out from your pack. You’re looking for something in particular: an alleyway, or a spot behind a building – something without a lot of eyes on it. You know exactly what you want, and in hindsight, it seems somewhat silly that you want to be hidden considering what your about to do... but the plausible deniability is a part of the fun.

Luckily, you manage to find exactly what you need: an empty, [dayNight|shadowed|dark] spot behind a nearby building that doesn’t look like it sees an awful lot of use. You grab Lyric

and, with a bit more enthusiasm than you meant, you yank [lyric.himHer] behind the spot, so that it's just you and [lyric.himHer].

“Whoa, [pc.name], where are we going? Is everything alright?” [lyric.heShe] asks, stumbling over [lyric.hisHer] feet as [lyric.heShe] tries to keep up with you.

// first time

After another pass to make sure you two really are alone, you [pc.isDK] bend over and pick up Lyric by [lyric.hisHer] waist, your hands sinking into [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.electrumRange 0 50 100 200|ass|plush ass|fat ass|thick, juicy ass], and you lift [lyric.himHer] up until [lyric.hisHer] eyes are level with yours. [lyric.HeShe] wriggles and struggles, but only to keep [lyric.hisHer] balance; you're moving kind of quickly, and you still haven't told [lyric.himHer] what it is you want.

So, you tell [lyric.himHer]: you want [lyric.himHer] in your pants.

Lyric pauses, settling into your grip. [lyric.HisHer] eyes flit between yours a few times before [lyric.hisHer] expression finally cracks. “What?”

[lyric.heShe] gingerly bend over to pick up Lyric by [lyric.hisHer] waist, crossing your arms so that [lyric.heShe] has something to sit on while [lyric.heShe]'s talking to you face-to-face like this. [lyric.electrumRange 0 100 200|Even on the diet that [lyric.heShe]'s on... that's still quite a lot of kobold [silly|badonkadonk|butt] that's sitting on your arms.| [lyric.HisHer] fat [silly|badonkadonk|ass] sits and spills over your forearms like this, and it's something of a struggle to keep your posture right, but you know it'll only be a second.|Which is asking a lot: no matter how strong you are, there's so much kobold [silly|bandonkadonk|ass] that most of [lyric.hisHer] backside is hovering over nothing at all, and [lyric.heShe] needs to lean into you to keep [lyric.hisHer] balance.]

You tell it to [lyric.himHer] straight: you want to have sex.

“Oh – oh!” Lyric says, [lyric.hisHer] eyes widening and [lyric.hisHer] pupils absolutely lighting up. “I mean, sure! I'd love to!” [lyric.HisHer] eye contact with you breaks as [lyric.heShe] looks around where it is you're standing. “But, uh... this is a little... open, isn't it?”

That's exactly what you want. You want to get a little... experimental. A little freaky.]You tell [lyric.himHer] that you are literally going to put [lyric.himHer] in your [pc.lowerGarments]; you're going to tuck your [pc.upperGarments] overtop [lyric.himHer]; and [lyric.onTop|you want Lyric to fuck your cunt while you walk around town. [lyric.HeShe]'s free to go as hard as [lyric.heShe] wants, as long as [lyric.heShe] gets you off.|you're going to fuck [lyric.himHer] in [lyric.hisHer] tight kobold cunt until you blast a fat wad into [lyric.himHer].|you want Lyric to get you off. It doesn't matter how; you just want [lyric.himHer] under your clothes while you go for a walk around town, and you want to get off before you're finished.]

“Wha—” Lyric nearly starts again, taken aback by your forwardness... and your brashness. [lyric.HisHer] cheeks start to turn yellow as the blood rushes through [lyric.himHer]... and you can feel [lyric.hasCock|the poke of [lyric.hisHer] cock starting to rise from underneath [lyric.hisHer] tunic at the idea[lyric.hasVagina|, as well as]] [lyric.hasVagina|the dampness of [lyric.hisHer] pussy once [lyric.hisHer] ‘excitement’ reaches that, too].

// subsequent times

After another pass to make sure you two really are alone, you [pc.isDK] bend over to pick up Lyric by [lyric.hisHer] waist, your hands sinking into [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.electrumRange 0 50 100 200|ass|plush ass|fat ass|thick, juicy ass], and you lift [lyric.himHer] up until [lyric.hisHer] eyes are level with yours. [lyric.HeShe] wriggles and struggles, but only to keep [lyric.hisHer] balance; you're moving kind of quickly, and you still haven't told [lyric.himHer] what it is you want.

100 200|ass|plush ass|fat ass|thick, juicy ass], and you lift [lyric.himHer] up until [lyric.hisHer] eyes are level with yours. And you simply hold [lyric.himHer] there, your [pc.lipsChaste] crooked wryly as you wait for [lyric.himHer] to figure it out.

Lyric stares at you dumbly for a second until it suddenly occurs to [lyric.himHer] what you're after. "Oh," [lyric.heShe] says, [lyric.hisHer] cheeks quickly flushing yellow with embarrassment.

[lyric.HeShe] should take it as a compliment. [lyric.HeShe]'s an excellent [lyric.onTop|boy toy|holster] and the fact that you turn to [lyric.himHer] for your sexual release – anytime, anywhere – is something that few people have the willingness or the confidence to admit to with their partners.

Lyric blushes even harder at your words. It's an odd thing to receive praise over, for sure... and [lyric.heShe]'s not looking like [lyric.heShe]'s struggling to say yes or no. From the [lyric.hasCock|tent [lyric.heShe]'s pitching in [lyric.hisHer] tunic[lyric.hasVagina| and the]][lyric.hasVagina|moistness you feel against your forearms as you hold [lyric.himHer] like this], [lyric.heShe]'s just waiting for you to get the ball rolling again.|gingerly bend over to pick up Lyric by [lyric.hisHer] waist, crossing your arms so that [lyric.heShe] has something to sit on while [lyric.heShe]'s talking to you face-to-face like this. Once [lyric.heShe] settles on [lyric.hisHer] 'seat,' you playfully ask if [lyric.heShe] can tell what it is you want from [lyric.himHer].

[lyric.HeShe] furrows [lyric.hisHer] brow and turns [lyric.hisHer] head to one side, genuinely puzzled by your question... right up until [lyric.heShe] isn't. "Oh," [lyric.heShe] says, [lyric.hisHer] holden eyes going wide and [lyric.hisHer] cheeks quickly staining yellow as [lyric.heShe] blushes. "You want to have sex in public again, don't you?"

You, in response, lean forward and touch your nose to [lyric.hisHers]. You don't answer verbally: after all, [lyric.heShe]'s figured it out.

"Um," [lyric.heShe] stutters, fidgeting in your arms to look to [lyric.hisHer] left, then to [lyric.hisHer] right, making sure that you're both good and secluded from the world around you both. And from the [lyric.hasCock|tent [lyric.heShe]'s pitching in [lyric.hisHer] tunic[lyric.hasVagina| and the]][lyric.hasVagina|sudden dampness on your forearm where [lyric.heShe]'s sitting], [lyric.heShe]'s pretty okay with the idea.

When [lyric.heShe] turns back to you, [lyric.heShe] can't help but break into a small, naughty, 'you and I have a secret' smile with half-lidded eyes. "Okay."

// Merge

It takes a bit of coordination between you two, but {first time|you had an idea and you know how to see it through|it's gotten a bit easier now that this isn't the first time you two have done this}. Lyric is [pc.heightRange 0 50|about your size, meaning... it's a tight fit, but it'll work|quite small, meaning, while it'll be a tight squeeze, [lyric.heShe] should have room to spare]: you first get [lyric.himHer] naked to reduce as much surface area [lyric.heShe]'ll be using as much as possible, and then, you pull your [pc.lowerGarments] open with your hands, and [lyric.heShe] slides into them from above, [lyric.hisHer] legs brushing up against your own as they squirm down the inside of your pantlegs. It's unusual; it's tight; it's moderately uncomfortable; but eventually, [lyric.hisHer] crotch meets your own inside the waistline of your [pc.lowerGarments], and when you get [lyric.himHer] all good and settled, [lyric.heShe] doesn't even need any additional support to stay upright when you release [lyric.himHer].

{first time|"Uh," Lyric grunts, fidgeting in your weird embrace, trying to get comfortable. "This isn't – I can't – I need a bit of–"

[lyric.HeShe] continues to struggle to articulate what it is that [lyric.heShe] needs for a few moments longer, until, with a grunt of frustration, [lyric.heShe] grips onto your waistline and pulls it backward, and [lyric.hisHer] tail tucks inward, rolling down the inside of your right leg. You imagine that's hardly comfortable for [lyric.himHer], but it stops [lyric.hisHer] incessant squirming, and he lets out a sigh of relief against your bare stomach. [Lyric grunts and fidgets a bit, [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.electrumRange 0 100|substantial]ass wiggling back and forth in an effort to get more comfortable. You pull the waistband out a bit and you tuck [lyric.hisHer] tail down your right pantleg, and [lyric.heShe] sighs against your bare stomach in relief that [lyric.heShe]'s about as comfortable as [lyric.heShe]'s going to get.

Once [lyric.heShe]'s settled, [lyric.hisHer] naked scales against your own [pc.skinFurScales] – and [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.onTop|throbbing, eight-inch cock is pressed tightly against your abdomen, occasionally spurting a bit of pre and soaking it against your body, proof enough of how excited [lyric.heShe] is to get started|soaked, throbbing pussy is pressed tightly against your stiffening cock, the heat and moisture rousing your meat to life and making things all the more tighter in your clothes] – you adjust [lyric.himHer] a bit so that [lyric.onTop|[lyric.hisHer] cock is [pc.hasBalls|nestled underneath your [pc.sack] and has a straight line directly into your [pc.vagina]|realigned so that its length saws against your [pc.vagina], and all it'd take is a bit of a lurch to get [lyric.himHer] inside of you|your [pc.cock] rests snugly between [lyric.hisHer] thighs, lifting upward against [lyric.hisHer] crotch, applying just the tiniest amount of pressure to [lyric.hisHer] exposed vulva, which is all that [lyric.heShe] needs to start cooing and wriggling in your grasp].

You lower your [pc.upperGarment] over your waistline, and that's it: the 'disguise' is complete. You have a kobold inside of your clothes, both of you pressed front-to-front, and all it'll take is the smallest of adjustments for [lyric.onTop|[lyric.himHer] to slip inside of you|you to slip inside of [lyric.himHer]], and every time you take a step, [lyric.onTop|[lyric.heShe]'s going to bounce and thrust inside of you|you're going to thrust deeper inside of [lyric.himHer] while [lyric.heShe] bounces against you with the momentum].

... You look absolutely ridiculous. It would take only the barest amount of scrutiny for anyone to realize that you have an entire living creature literally stuffed inside of your pants. And if Lyric gets a bit too loud and eager, they'd know exactly what [lyric.heShe]'s doing in there. Your clothing bulges with the outline of a kobold wrapped around your waist, [lyric.onTop|[lyric.himHer] just waiting for the signal to start properly fucking you|barely containing [lyric.himHer]self when [lyric.heShe]'s literally sitting on your cock and waiting for the signal to proceed].

But no part of Lyric's body is exposed[pc.heightRange 0 50|, save for the end of [lyric.hisHer] tail spilling out from the bottom of your pant leg]. You have plausible deniability on your side. If anyone asks, you're just a bit fat. Maybe you ate a raw Brute Beet at the wrong time or something. You don't have to admit to anything. The subterfuge is the point.

All it takes is once step forward, which causes [lyric.onTop|Lyric's cock to slip upward slightly, which causes it to penetrate into your pussy, which makes Lyric moan (muffled through your stomach and your affects), and [lyric.heShe] takes that as the signal to get started|your cock to slip upward slightly, which causes it to penetrate into Lyric's pussy, which makes [lyric.himHer] moan (muffled through your stomach and your affects), and [lyric.heShe] takes that as the signal to start rocking [lyric.hisHer] hips]... and you suddenly realize {first time|just what sort of a unique challenge this is going to be|why you wanted to do this again}.

[=Next=]

You go for a walk down the street. Something easy. Something normal and inconspicuous.

Every step you take, [lyric.onTop|Lyric's cock pumps into your [pc.vagina], his eight-inch rod slurping its way inside of you, its hot skin grinding against your vulva; with every step, [lyric.heShe] bounces against you, lodging that tasty bit of meat deeper inside of your body, and with every stride, your legs naturally push [lyric.himHer] out and away|your [pc.cock] pumps into Lyric's tight cunt, sinking deep into [lyric.himHer] and spreading [lyric.hisHer] hot juices across the taut skin of your shaft with every step forward you take and pulling yourself out with every stride]. You can feel Lyric breathing heavily against your [pc.skinFurScales] and [lyric.heShe] struggles to be discreet with [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.onTop|pumping|riding]: [lyric.heShe] only goes when you go and stops when you stop (much to [lyric.hisHer] chagrin when you do).

There's the occasional look from the people as you walk by. One person would eye the outline in your stomach, but not say anything; someone else would see your gait and laugh to themselves. You're suddenly made self-conscious about everything you do: is your face flushed? Are your thighs too pinched together? Are they too far apart[pc.cupRange flat B]? Are your nipples exposed through your top]? When someone sees Lyric's tail down the inside of your pantleg, do they think that you have a [pc.cockRange 0 42|gigantic|smaller-than-normal]...?

But that's all part of the fun, and it's what makes you [lyric.onTop|wetter and easier for Lyric. Every time you think you're about to get caught, your adrenaline spikes, and your [pc.vagina] clenches and tightens around [lyric.hisHer] throbbing cock, milking it for all of the kobold cum it has|hornier: it makes your [pc.cock] flex and jump inside of Lyric's body. Every time you think you're about to get caught, your adrenaline spikes, and your dick flexes a bit higher, a bit thicker, and the next wad of pre shoots just a bit deeper]. Although you sort of doubt that Lyric is having the exact same thoughts and reactions, [lyric.onTop|[lyric.heShe]'s certainly not complaining about you getting easier for [lyric.himHer] to fuck|[lyric.heShe]'s certainly not complaining about getting stuffed fuller and tighter with your big, meaty dick] – in fact, [lyric.heShe] has to keep from audibly sighing every now and again, and when you think you hear [lyric.hisHer] moans, you tap on [lyric.hisHer] head through your top, and [lyric.heShe] immediately freezes and shuts up until you start again.

There's no destination: there's just you doing your best to maintain your stride when you have a wriggly kobold underneath your clothes [lyric.onTop|absolutely going to town on your pussy, throwing [lyric.hisHer] hips against yours and sinking [lyric.hisHer] cock root-deep into you every time|that's absolutely ravenous for your cock, throwing [lyric.hisHer] hips against yours and slurping down every inch that [lyric.heShe] can get into you] while trying to match your gait in an effort to remain inconspicuous[lyric.onTop|[lyric.hasCock|. And making things more slippery and messy is [lyric.hisHer] throbbing shaft, left relatively unattended, pressed tightly between your two bodies: every ten or so steps of you driving into [lyric.hisHer] body, you feel a hot, wet spurt across your abdomen and as high as the bottom of your chest]].

Your aimless jaunting takes you to the commercial districts: people behind stalls hawking whatever good or service they can, everything from local food, to exotic baubles, to little trinkets they made themselves, to clothes and rugs and carpets and other things made from fabrics. It's a densely populated spot, at least compared to the streets you had been heading down; it's hard to keep from at least entering another person's space, which puts your whole charade in jeopardy... which makes things much more exciting.

When a shopkeep hails you over to their stall, it's a tossup whether they have the professionalism to ignore the funny shape of your body: some of them steal the occasional glance at your stomach; some of them are deeply distracted; and some of them have the willpower to maintain their sales pitch to you without even breaking eye contact. And the whole time, you have a kobold underneath your clothes, wanting desperately to [lyric.onTop|thrust|bounce] against you, but with a gentle-but-insistent hand against [lyric.hisHer] ass to keep [lyric.himHer] steady – which you try to pass off as you just scratching your weirdly-shaped stomach – [lyric.heShe] manages to keep [lyric.himHer]self restrained.

Which is an odd thing to want: you two are having sex out in the open, and you're only barely passing yourself off as innocent. You want to climax, and you can feel it in Lyric's motions that [lyric.heShe] isn't exactly being held hostage or something – but going too hard will give you two away, and going too gently will make things less exciting and fulfilling. Striking a common ground is difficult, especially when things get so animated every time you take a step{first time|, and it's not any easier after the first time}.

[lyric.onTop|Lyric's hands wrap around your [pc.stomach], clawing gently at your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] almost like a kneading cat as [lyric.hisHer] cock pushes into your cunt repeatedly. [lyric.HeShe] wants things to be good for you – or, perhaps, [lyric.heShe] simply can't help [lyric.himHer]self – and you can feel [lyric.hisHer] tongue gently pushing and raking against your body, tasting you[pc.sfs|r sweat] and peppering whatever [lyric.heShe] licks with gentle kisses.

On one particular bump, [lyric.hisHer] cock crooks at just the right angle inside of you, and you feel [lyric.hisHer]smooth cock grind up against your G-spot. Just like that, all the strength leaves your legs, and you have to lean against a nearby post to keep from falling over yourself. Your façade crumbles, but to any concerned passerby, you manage to wave it off as you just being a bit winded, and that you're recovering from an illness brought on by your poor eating habits (hence the funny shape in your stomach), and you desperately hope they don't notice the suddenly-soaked pit between your thighs staining your clothes and dampening the ground beneath you. And Lyric, well, [lyric.heShe] just keeps on going.[Lyric's hands rest against your [pc.ass] as [lyric.heShe] reclines into your body; [lyric.heShe] doesn't do a lot other than hang against you, stuck on your thick [pc.cock] buried inside of [lyric.hisHer] cunt and pumping deeper into [lyric.himHer] with every step you take. You occasionally feel something wet against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] roughly around where [lyric.hisHer] head is, and it's either [lyric.himHer] giving you gentle licks and kisses as part of the sex, or [lyric.heShe]'s been fucked senseless and is drooling all over you.

You take a moment to lean against a nearby post, acting to anybody that's looking in your direction that you're just pulling over for a breather, or maybe your stomach is upset (since it's so weirdly shaped, and all). Your fingers rub at the bulge around your belly – and at the crease of Lyric's [lyric.electrumRange 0 100 200|substantial |gigantic |ass, your fingers digging right between them. You don't reach too deeply: you know exactly where [lyric.hisHer] cunt and [lyric.hisHer] asshole both are, but you're only looking to tease, with your fingertips lightly scratching deeply enough that [lyric.hisHer] spine straightens and [lyric.hisHer] tail pulls against your pantleg in an effort to give you better access, but not deeply enough that you give [lyric.himHer] what [lyric.heShe] wants. You can feel [lyric.himHer] sigh in frustration against you... and you can feel the rhythmic contractions of [lyric.hisHer] pussy around you meat. It doesn't take much to get [lyric.himHer] excited like that.]

As you take the time you 'regain your strength,' a small lull in the crowd causes the corridor to open up, giving you a bit of breathing room if you wanted. [lyric.onTop|Despite your loins still tingling and firing from the sudden stimulation,|Having your dick buried [pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.knot]-deep|shaft-deep] inside a slick, tight cunt that can't get enough of you gives you a surprising burst of energy and adrenaline;] without giving Lyric any heads-up, you take off from the post, running as quickly as you can down the semi-crowded area.

Your stance is unusually wide for a proper sprint, giving you a bit of a waddle in your gait, but more importantly, every thump of your feet hitting the ground causes Lyric to [lyric.onTop|bury all eight inches of his throbbing kobold cock inside of you with a hard 'clap!' of [lyric.hisHer] hips against your own, and every outthrust is with such momentum that [lyric.heShe] bulges particularly against your affects. The energy is no different from [lyric.himHer] fucking you like [lyric.heShe]'s paying off a debt, but the context makes things much more... salacious.|suck down [pc.cockRange 0 12|every inch of your cock until [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.electrumRange 0 100|fat |ass bounces against your [pc.hasKnot|[pc.knot]]|pc.skinFurScales]|so much of your fat, throbbing cock that [lyric.heShe]

has to grip your body with all the strength [lyric.hisHer] limbs can muster to keep you from fucking [lyric.hisHer] cervix]. Every thrust is full and total: when [lyric.heShe] bounces upward, most of your cock is wet with slimy kobold pussy juices and a bit cold compared to the warm kobold pussy it was just nestled in, and on every fall inward, your shaft is massaged and coaxed and squeezed all around by rippling kobold pussy, desperate for your every drop.] You can feel [lyric.hisHer] breath washing against you a mile a minute and [lyric.hisHer] fingers tightening around your body, squeezing at nothing; [lyric.heShe]’s getting close, especially after all of that.

And you’re not too far off: [lyric.onTop|Lyric’s always been known for [lyric.hisHer] ‘enthusiasm’ with you, and while [lyric.heShe] may not be the biggest or the strongest, there’s no denying that [lyric.heShe] can pound your [pc.vagina] into a fine paste whenever [lyric.heShe] gets the opportunity. There’s only so much thorough fucking you can get from [lyric.himHer] that you can take, and the fact that you’re in public only makes things hotter.|even ignoring the context of you two being in public, there’s only so much you can take of your [pc.cock] getting wet from a thirsty, eager kobold pussy. Lyric may not be the most form-fitting partner, but [lyric.heShe]’s got enough energy and enthusiasm for you and you alone that every round with [lyric.himHer] is like its your first all over again|[lyric.electrumRange 0 200||. That, and there’s just no denying that thick, fat, scaly ass of [lyric.hisHers] bouncing on your lap and filling out your palms every time you grab onto it. Lyric’s got an ass that would make any nightwalker jealous, no matter how tall they are, and all of that junk is for you to play with however you want].]

You’re not exactly a stranger to carrying Lyric’s weight around with you, but you don’t usually get worked over like this while you’re doing it. Your grip is weak and your legs are starting to get shaky, and now, after that quick sprint, you’re out of breath. And Lyric, whether [lyric.heShe] didn’t get the message that the jog is over, or if [lyric.heShe]’s simply too lost[silly|in the sauce|in [lyric.hisHer] own pleasure] to stop, continues to buck [lyric.hisHer] hips against you, [lyric.onTop|pounding all eight inches of [lyric.hisHer] throbbing cock into your body|taking everything that [lyric.heShe] can into [lyric.hisHer] body with every hump], damn the consequences and damn if anyone figures out what’s going on; all [lyric.heShe] wants is to cum.

After a particularly raucous hump, you lean to one side to stabilize yourself against the nearby stall; you look up, your face flushed and your nostrils flared, to see [rand|what appears to be some form of confectionary stand: hard and soft candies of different colors and consistencies lined up from one side to the other, catching the eye, and the mouth’s imagination, of anyone with a bit of a sweet tooth|different fabrics of different colors, thicknesses, lengths, and textures, from cotton to wool to linen, with what appears to be silk draped across a rear stall, away from any grabby hands but still clearly on display|several paintings on canvases of varying sizes: some as small as your torso with others large enough to take up most of the wall of a room. Each of them depict anything from a tranquil lake to a dashing hero dressed in military regalia to what appears to be some scene from somewhere and sometime in Savarra’s history].

Standing on the opposite side of the stall is the proprietor, a male [rand|human|elf|lupine|pexighast], watching you with a cross between concern, given your body language, to curiosity at the particular bulge in your stomach. Lyric isn’t being discreet at all: it’s obvious to anyone, including this guy, that you’re smuggling a kobold underneath your affects, but, with any luck, he hasn’t figured out what it is [lyric.heShe]’s really doing.

“Uh,” he starts, his eyebrows crooking at you in thought, before stuttering into what is surely a practiced speech about his wares and goods. “I see you have a fine eye for quality!” he starts, waving his hands towards his wares. “I only stock the finest, and it just so happens that I’m offering discounts for first time customers—”

Of course, your attention is elsewhere. After a few more jumbles and thrusts and the feel of Lyric’s claws clenching and scratching across your [pc.skinFurScales], [lyric.onTop|you feel [lyric.himHer] start to cum: [lyric.hisHer] thick, hot kobold jizz starts to pump into your pussy

by the wave, with [lyric.hisHer] cock straining to stay upright and straight inside of you. You can feel the sticky ropes coating your walls, warming your insides, and you can feel [lyric.hisHer] breath coming out in rapid gushes from [lyric.hisHer] nose; you know that [lyric.heShe]’s capable of going for a while with you, and this is no exception. There’s enough jizz that it’s starting to backwash, and whatever hope you had of keeping your affects stain-free has been thoroughly dashed once you feel [lyric.hisHer] cum start to drip down the inside of your thighs.[lyric.hisHer] cunt starts to ripple and squeeze along the length of your cock, milking it for everything its got. The velvet walls of [lyric.hisHer] pussy clamp and massage and roll across the skin of your shaft; you feel hot moisture slowly seep in rivulets across [pc.cockLength 0 12|your crotch|the exposed remainder of your shaft], and whatever hope you had of keeping your affects stain-free are thoroughly dashed once you feel [lyric.hisHer] pussy juices drip down the inside of your thigh[lyric.hasCock| and you feel [lyric.hisHer] exposed, unattended cock flex and fire rope after rope of thick, sticky cum up and between your stomachs][pc.cockLength 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|.

But even though [lyric.heShe]’s deep into what might be [lyric.hisHer] second orgasm by now, it’s not enough: with a heroic clench of all four of [lyric.hisHer] limbs, Lyric pushes [lyric.hisHer] crotch forward against yours, [lyric.hisHer] orgasming body straining to yawn wide enough to take your [pc.knot] into [lyric.hisHer] pussy. Eventually, and with one last push, [lyric.heShe] succeeds: the bulbous meat at the bottom of your cock is fully engulfed in warm kobold pussy, and, coincidentally, Lyric starts cumming again with such intensity that you can feel the heat of [lyric.hisHer] breath across your [pc.skinFurScales] from [lyric.hisHer] agape mouth]].

“– and just for you, my friend, I’m willing to let it go for two-thirds of my normal asking price – but only for today!” the salesman finishes, every word rolling out of his mouth like he’s said that exact same line a dozen times today alone.

Your fingers curl into the wood of the stall and your eyes start to roll backward. [lyric.onTop|Your pussy squeezes in sympathy to Lyric’s invasive cock, swallowing down all of that gooey kobold cum straight into your womb and rippling along [lyric.hisHer] cock for more. Your body is sapped of its strength as it all goes to the contractions in your pussy – it’s not enough to simply take [lyric.hisHer] jizz into yourself: you need [lyric.himHer] to give you more, and your pussy works to coax out every last drop that [lyric.hisHer] internal balls have to give. Lyric might be on [lyric.hisHer] fourth or fifth rope by now, it’s hard to tell (and [lyric.heShe]’s a bit of an overachiever with you), but you’re already hot on the heels of your second rolling orgasm.|Your cock gives Lyric everything [lyric.hisHer] cunt had asked for and more: [pc.cumVol 0 1000 10000|rope after rope of your [pc.cum] fires into [lyric.hisHer] tight tunnel, feeding [lyric.hisHer] lusts and dousing the fire within [lyric.himHer] as well as oil douses a fire. No matter how many times you cum inside of [lyric.himHer], it’s not enough to sate your lustful minx of a kobold: with every pulse and every fresh batch of cum, [lyric.heShe] cums again, rolls [lyric.hisHer] hips, and tries to squeeze out a bit more. With the way [lyric.heShe] gropes at your [pc.ass] and back and everywhere [lyric.heShe] can reach, [lyric.heShe]’s trying to do it literally.|by the first blast alone, [lyric.hisHer] cunt is packed full to the brim with your thick, sloshing [pc.cum], such to the point that you can feel [pc.cockLength 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|[lyric.hisHer] stomach starting to bloat a bit with all of that jizz inside of [lyric.himHer] and with nowhere to go, thanks to your [pc.knot]|it start to dribble out of the tight creases of [lyric.hisHer] pussy wrapped around your dick, and whatever hope you had of keeping your affects dry enough to maintain some modicum of discrepancy is thoroughly wasted]|it start to dribble out of the tight creases of [lyric.hisHer] pussy wrapped around your dick, and whatever hope you had of keeping your affects dry enough to maintain some modicum of discrepancy is thoroughly wasted]. Lyric’s fingers claw and scratch weakly at your [pc.skinFurScales] and [lyric.hisHer] breath comes out in raspy shudders. With every pump, you’re giving [lyric.himHer] exactly what [lyric.heShe] wanted, but there’s just no dousing the lustful zeal without your kobold: despite being given so much, [lyric.heShe] wants more.|you’re so productive that just one rope of your thick, gooey [pc.cum] would be enough to pack a centaur full to dripping, and all of that is [pc.cockLength 0 12|[pc.hasKnot|not only going into Lyric’s

packed cunt, but it isn't until [lyric.hisHer] stomach starts to swell and inflate with your cum that the formally water-tight seal of your [pc.knot] inside [lyric.hisHer] cunt eventually breaks, and cum starts leaking from [lyric.himHer] in high-pressure streams as quickly as it goes in[going straight into Lyric's packed cunt – only for it to be flushed back out almost immediately after around the creases of your shaft, [lyric.hisHer] body unable to withhold all of that liquid, and all of that excess drips down the inside of your pants]]going straight into Lyric's packed cunt – only for it to be flushed back out almost immediately after around the creases of your shaft, [lyric.hisHer] body unable to withhold all of that liquid, and all of that excess drips down the inside of your pants]. Any hope you had of being discreet is totally gone: the front of your pants are soaked through and it'd be obvious to anyone with eyes and a brain that you have a kobold under your affects that's trying, and gleefully failing, at taking all of your cum into itself. And going by the raspy breath and the claws weakly groping and scratching at your [pc.skinFurScales], Lyric simply can't get enough, despite being so full that [lyric.heShe] can't hold any more.]]

Despite everything, some part of your mind still understands that you're in public, and that you're facing a stall of wares and that the salesman behind it just pitched a deal to you. As soon as the guy finished his pitch and offered you a discount, you had cum in your pants – or, more specifically, [lyric.onTop|all over your kobold's cock|inside of your kobold, inside of your pants]. You're blushing, panting, cross-eyed, and your mouth is dry.

You manage to choke out something about it being a good deal and that you'll think about it before awkwardly, and hurriedly, waddling somewhere with enough privacy that you can pull Lyric out from under your things.

[=Next=]

With some effort – and more than a few prying eyes – you pull yourself into a nearby alleyway, somewhere off the beaten track and giving you a modicum of privacy. It's difficult to walk, not just because you have a kobold down your pants, but because you're currently post-nut and it's hard to focus on much of anything other than that. Taking even one step threatens to overstimulate you into having another round, and Lyric's constant shifting around isn't making things easier.

You pull up your top and you pull down your bottom, and Lyric is exposed to the air once again, [lyric.hisHer] ass hanging out in the open with [lyric.hisHer] tail still tucked down your pantleg. Without the help of your affects keeping [lyric.himHer] in place[pc.cockRange 0 12|[pc.hasKnot| and with your [pc.knot] deflating enough to slip out]], [lyric.heShe] slowly peels off your body before falling down and hitting the ground with a wet 'thump.'

[lyric.HeShe] stares up at the sky, panting and exhausted, [lyric.onTop|[lyric.hisHer] wet cock still exposed and upright on [lyric.hisHer] crotch, soaked with a combination of [lyric.hisHer] cum and your own juices|[lyric.hisHer] gaping cunt drooling your excess seed onto the dirty ground beneath [lyric.himHer]]. [lyric.HisHer] hands are shaking; [lyric.hisHer] pupils are dilated and when you step over [lyric.himHer] to try and get [lyric.hisHer] attention, [lyric.heShe] doesn't immediately look you in the eye. In fact, it takes a few tries.

To be fair, though, you can't really blame [lyric.himHer]. That was a lot of work and effort you put into busting a load, and, bonus, it was worth it. Once Lyric is out of your clothing, you collapse onto your own [pc.ass], your junk still airing out. Your muscles are all tense, but they slowly begin to relax, one after the other; a wave of contentment comes over you, not just from the sex, but from feeling like you had just finished a good workout.

Eventually, Lyric pulls [lyric.himHer]self to [lyric.hisHer] elbows, and then upright onto [lyric.hisHer] butt onto a sitting position, facing you. {first time|“That was,” [lyric.heShe] says, then pauses, [lyric.hisHer] face scrunching up as [lyric.heShe] tries to put [lyric.hisHer] thoughts to words.

You offer some possibilities. Exciting? Adventurous? Invigorating? Maybe it was just hot?

“Different,” [lyric.heShe] says with a sheepish laugh. “It was all hot and tight in there, and then it starting getting moist. All I could feel was your body; all I could see was you; all I could smell and taste was you—”

It doesn’t sound like [lyric.heShe] didn’t enjoy it.

“Yeah, like I was saying,” [lyric.heShe] says with another laugh. “When can we do that again?” “I don’t think that’s ever going to get any easier,” [lyric.heShe] says with a sort grunt to clear [lyric.hisHer] throat. [lyric.HeShe] looks over his shoulder and gives [lyric.hisHer] tail a few wide wags, beating it against the ground. “My poor tail gets so cramped every time.”

You presume that [lyric.heShe] doesn’t want to stop, though.

“Gods, no,” [lyric.heShe] says with a hearty laugh. “Every time we do this, I come out smelling like you, [pc.name]. That alone is worth the price of admission!” [lyric.HisHer] right hand goes to [lyric.hisHer] vent, gently massaging it with [lyric.hisHer] index and middle fingers as [lyric.onTop|[lyric.hisHer] cock slowly recedes into [lyric.hisHer] body|[lyric.hisHer] pussy, still stretched and gaping, slowly begins to retake its form while [lyric.hisHer] vent starts to shut around it|[lyric.hasCock| and [lyric.hisHer] cock begins to recede into it]]. “The sex is a very welcome bonus!”

[lyric.HeShe] takes one, long lungful of fresh air through [lyric.hisHer] nose, breathing air that doesn’t smell like you for the first time since you had started.

“Wanna do it again sometime?” [lyric.heShe] asks nonchalantly.}

Maybe some time.

[=Next=]

// end scene (scene: Strut Your Stuff); place PC in whatever square they were in when they started

[=Public Sex (Explicit)=]

// Same conditions and fail tooltips as before

// Tooltip (conditions met): ... But one of the other hottest things of having sex is public is putting on a show. It takes a lot of confidence to put yourself on display like that for anyone to find you.

// (scene: Public Exhibition)

// Display this screen if both the PC and Lyric are futa.

Do you want to penetrate Lyric? Or do you want Lyric to penetrate you?

[=You on Lyric=][=Lyric on You=]

// I’ll be using the same [lyric.onTop] parser as before, with the same conditions.

You tell Lyric that you’re not [silly|gonna sugarcoat it|going to mince words]: you’re horny. You need to fuck someone or something right now, and [lyric.heShe]’s the first person that came to mind.

A yellow blush spreads across Lyric’s cheeks as you say something so... forthright to [lyric.himHer], and in public, no less. As soon as the words ‘horny’ and ‘fuck’ cross [lyric.hisHer] ears, [lyric.heShe] hurriedly glances to [lyric.hisHer] left and right, looking out for

anyone else that might have heard you speak like that. {first time|“I mean, sure,” [lyric.heShe] says, [lyric.hisHer] voice dropping to a raspy whisper, “but you don’t have to be so loud about it...! Let’s just head back to a room and–”

No, no. [lyric.HeShe] misunderstands.

You are horny. You need to fuck someone or something right now.

Lyric’s golden eyes grow wide as the insinuation. “I mean, I’m not saying no–”

Perfect.|“In public? Like before? Again?” [lyric.heShe] asks, [lyric.hisHer] voice dropping to a raspy whisper. “I mean, I liked it at the time, but–”

[lyric.HeShe] apparently misunderstands: you are horny and you need to fuck someone or something right now. It being in public adds a layer to the kinkiness that, frankly, you think is only going to enhance the experience. You tell Lyric that either [lyric.heShe]’s in, or [lyric.heShe]’s out; if the answer is no, you’ll look elsewhere.

Again, Lyric hems and haws as [lyric.heShe] constantly looks over [lyric.hisHer] shoulders for any onlookers. “The answer isn’t no–”

Perfect.]

Of course, you’re not going to fuck [lyric.himHer] right there, in the middle of the street. You grab onto [lyric.himHer] by the wrist and you yank [lyric.himHer] into a nearby alleyway, less than a dozen paces in. Far enough in that you’re not blatantly out in the open, but shallow enough that[dayNight|, even in the dead of night like this,] if someone were to look in your direction, there would be no doubt about what it is they’d find.

Once you’re deep enough into the alley, you turn around and [pc.heightRange 0 50|grab Lyric by the shoulders, twisting [lyric.himHer] and pushing [lyric.himHer] against the wall of the closest building, pinning [lyric.himHer] between it and you|wrapping your hands around Lyric’s waist, cupping [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.electrumRange 0 100 200||fat |[silly|Brobdingnagian |obscene]|ass and lifting [lyric.himHer] up before twisting and pinning [lyric.himHer] against the nearby wall, trapping [lyric.himHer] between it and you]. Without warning, you lean forward, hungrily pressing your [pc.lips] against [lyric.hisHers]; your [pc.tongue] surges forward, demanding entry into Lyric’s still-closed mouth.

Lyric’s taken aback by your unusual aggression, but quickly melts into you like [lyric.heShe] normally does and opens [lyric.hisHer] mouth willingly, letting your tongue surge inside. [lyric.HisHer] tongue mingles with yours, letting you overpower it as you explore [lyric.hisHer] mouth and count [lyric.hisHer] teeth – [lyric.hisHer] saliva has an unusual tang to it, likely from that near-all-metal diet, but it’s far from off-putting.

Whatever nervousness Lyric had before you started evaporates almost as soon as your tongue touches [lyric.hisHers], and [lyric.hisHer] legs lift up to wrap around your waist, keeping [lyric.himHer]self steady between you and the wall [lyric.heShe]’s pressed against. [lyric.HeShe] moans repeatedly: each of them are just tiny little gasps that come out more and more forcefully as [lyric.heShe] grinds [lyric.hisHer] hips against your abdomen. [lyric.HisHer] tail is hanging straight down underneath [lyric.hisHer] body, but every time you wrap your tongue around [lyric.hisHers], or your fingers flex into the [lyric.electrumRange 0 50 100 200|give of [lyric.hisHer] ass|pillows of [lyric.hisHer] ass|thick, heavy cushions of [lyric.hisHer] ass|soft, supple meat of [lyric.hisHer] ass], or [lyric.heShe] grinds against you in just the right way, it bounces front to back and side to side.

As if [lyric.heShe] had been trained for this moment, you feel the sharp claws of [lyric.hisHer] toes work their way into the hemline of your affects, attempting to pull down your [pc.lowerGarments]. Lyric's gotten you naked before, but this is a new level of dexterity of [lyric.himHer]: you can feel the pointed toes rake across your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], but even in [lyric.hisHer] lustful reverie, [lyric.heShe] has enough composure to keep from scratching your body. Although [lyric.heShe]'s a bit distracted with sucking on your [pc.tongue], [lyric.heShe] manages to work them off just low enough to expose your crotch.

Luckily, you don't have to work nearly as hard: Lyric wears a tunic, and [lyric.heShe] doesn't wear anything underneath it. You don't even have to get [lyric.himHer] naked: once your bottom half is exposed, all you have to do is [lyric.onTop|slip [lyric.himHer] into place|slip yourself into place] and then let your bodies go from there.

You pull away from Lyric; [lyric.heShe] leans into you, [lyric.hisHer] eyes closed, trying to chase after you for more sugar. A string of saliva keeps you two connected for a moment longer before [lyric.heShe] eventually opens [lyric.hisHer] eyes, and, sheepishly, [lyric.heShe] rolls [lyric.hisHer] lips to break the strand. [lyric.hasCock|[lyric.HisHer] eight-inch cock is fully, painfully erect through [lyric.hisHer] tunic, staining its front with [lyric.hisHer] pre, but [lyric.heShe]'s trying to keep from touching it[lyric.onTop|, especially with what's going to come next]. You can feel the heat and moisture of [lyric.hisHer] pussy as [lyric.heShe] grinds against your now-bare body; [lyric.heShe] can't help but rub and grind against you, leaving streaks of [lyric.hisHer] kobold juices across your abdomen every time[lyric.onTop|], letting you know just how ready [lyric.heShe] is for what's about to happen next].

People occasionally stop at the mouth of the alleyway, having curiously looked in your direction, whether they had seen the motion of your body with Lyric's or if they had heard Lyric's moans. Either way, you're being noticed. Some of them stop for only a second before turning away in embarrassment; some of them are confused at what it is you're doing, and with who or what; some of them laugh or whistle before turning away. In any case, none of them stay for long, but the amount of visitors you're getting is slowly increasing.

Lyric doesn't turn [lyric.hisHer] whole head in their direction, but you can see [lyric.hisHer] eyes occasionally glance toward them. The yellow blush on [lyric.hisHer] face deepens in embarrassment as well as the sexual excitement.

You [pc.isDK|tell [lyric.himHer] to not focus on them: to focus on you. [lyric.HeShe]'d do anything for you, right?

"Yeah," [lyric.heShe] says without hesitation, although [lyric.hisHer] breath comes out haggard and choppy.

And [lyric.heShe] loves the things you do to [lyric.himHer] right? To emphasize your point, you heft [lyric.himHer] in your hands, lifting [lyric.hisHer] whole body against yours. Your hands sink into the scaly flesh of [lyric.hisHer] butt and your fingers intentionally dig into the crease of [lyric.hisHer] cheeks, where [lyric.hasVagina|you feel the moistness of [lyric.hisHer] pussy starting to build up|some of the more sensitive nerves are hidden].

[lyric.HeShe] winces in pleasure and pulls [lyric.himHer]self into you, holding you tighter, not to hide from the onlookers, but simply to be closer to you. "Y-Yeah..." [lyric.heShe] sighs, rocking [lyric.hisHer] hips a bit.

And [lyric.heShe] loves the way you make [lyric.himHer] feel, right?

"Gods, the things you do to me, [pc.name]," [lyric.heShe] answers with a lazy smile before trailing off. Instead, [lyric.heShe] grinds [lyric.hisHer] hips against you a bit more.

Then all [lyric.heShe] needs to do is trust you some more. What you're about to do to [lyric.himHer] is going to feel incredible. And now... [lyric.heShe] has an audience. [lyric.HeShe] can let them all know just how good you make [lyric.himHer] feel. How good of a lover [lyric.heShe] is. How well you treat your kobold.|ask [lyric.himHer] if {first time|[lyric.heShe] isn't comfortable with the crowd. It's something of a new feeling, being watched like this, that's for sure.

"I don't really know," [lyric.heShe] answers earnestly. [lyric.HisHer] nose presses against yours; you can feel the heat of [lyric.hisHer] breath wash against your lower jaw and down your neck as [lyric.heShe] pants in excitement. "Are you?"

Well, you're the one who initiated this. Yeah, having an audience like this can be daunting at first – but the thrill of being spotted, and the adrenaline of putting on a show, add so much more to the experience. There's something to be said about having the confidence to perform in public like you two are. And there aren't a lot of kobolds aboveground in this corner of Savarra: a lot of those people may never have seen one before.|ask [lyric.himHer] if [lyric.heShe] hasn't gotten over [lyric.hisHer] 'stage fright.' And you wouldn't blame [lyric.himHer] if [lyric.heShe] hadn't: it takes a special kind of individual to really revel in the exhibitionism like this.

"It, uh," [lyric.heShe] whispers, [lyric.hisHer] mouth crooking to one side – the side away from the crowd, as if it'll keep them from hearing. "It takes some getting used to, [pc.name]."

Yeah, it takes a lot of confidence to willingly put yourself in the spotlight like that. Take yourself: here you are, with your affects hanging below your ass, and you're getting all cozy and horny with your favorite kobold in the whole world. It's one thing to have sex in public, but kobolds, especially aboveground ones, are a real rarity in this part of Savarra. If the sex doesn't attract a crowd, the exoticism will.}

Talking about [lyric.hisHer] exoticness, especially in this context, makes [lyric.himHer] smile: it's not just that you two are fucking in public (or, up to this point, having foreplay); [lyric.heShe]'s unique, and that puts the spotlight on [lyric.himHer].

But still, if [lyric.heShe]'s too nervous about it, [lyric.heShe] has three options: you two can stop–

"I don't," Lyric says immediately, then letting out a deep sigh as if [lyric.heShe]'d been holding [lyric.hisHer] breath. "No, [pc.name], you got me too riled up to stop now. I need this."

[lyric.HisHer] second options is to not focus on the crowd, and to keep [lyric.hisHer] eyes on you... and the third is to own it. Let the crowd know. Put on a show. Let them know that your name is Lyric, and that you're getting fucked by your favorite [pc.race] in the world, and you don't care who knows it.]

Lyric's smile grows wider, and [lyric.heShe] chokes out a few nervous laughs at the idea... but the longer you two stay there, enjoying each other's warmth (and with your [pc.lowerGarments] hanging below your [pc.ass]), the less and less crazy the idea seems to be. Lyric glances one more time towards the crowd, [lyric.hisHer] eyes lingering on them for a moment, but... whether it's because [lyric.heShe]'s too horny to care anymore, or because you give [lyric.himHer] the strength of character for it, [lyric.heShe] finds [lyric.hisHer] resolve to continue.

"[lyric.onTop|Let's do it,|Yeah, f-fuck me,]" Lyric says, [lyric.hisHer] voice just around casual indoor volume – just before [lyric.heShe] lifts [lyric.hisHer] head, [lyric.hisHer] eyes meeting yours. "Fuck me, [pc.name]. Screw your slutty kobold. Make [lyric.himHer] cum in front of all those people!"

It wasn't loud enough to carry into the street, but all three or four of those individuals crowding around the mouth of the alleyway certainly heard it.

[=Next=]

[lyric.onTop|You lower Lyric a bit so that [lyric.hisHer] cock better aligns with your [pc.vagina][pc.hasCock| after lifting your own [pc.cock][pc.hasBalls|and [pc.balls]] to the side], and you move your hands so that you're holding onto [lyric.hisHer] wrists above [lyric.hisHer] head. [lyric.HisHer] legs are still wrapped around your waist, and they'll have to do most of the work – but, luckily, kobolds are known for the power in their thighs.|You heft Lyric upward, making her coo in delight at how strong you are. With a thrust of your hips, your [pc.cock] batters against the dripping entrance to [lyric.hisHer] cunt, soaking your shaft in [lyric.hisHer] leaking ambrosia; you grind the broadside of your shaft between the scaly petals of [lyric.hisHer] pussy a few times, and [lyric.heShe] humps against you a few times, hotdogging your cock with [lyric.himHer]self and getting it nice and slick for what comes next.]

With a bit of alignment, you thrust [lyric.onTop|against [lyric.himHer], and [lyric.heShe] thrusts against you. All eight inches of Lyric's throbbing, ready cock sink into you, just like that: the angle is a bit weird and it takes a few more experimental humps to get used to, but soon, you and [lyric.himHer] establish a steady rhythm, with both of your hips pushing together, followed by Lyric's thighs relaxing and [lyric.hisHer] back pressing against the wall, only to start again.|into [lyric.hisHer] pussy, splitting [lyric.himHer] apart with your girth: [lyric.heShe]'s just as tight as ever, but, as if [lyric.heShe] had something to prove, [lyric.heShe] wriggles [lyric.hisHer] hips and crunches [lyric.hisHer] abdomen to make sure that [lyric.heShe]'s taking every last inch[pc.cockRange 0 12|| that [lyric.heShe] can fit into [lyric.himHer]self]. You do most of the work, but Lyric uses [lyric.hisHer] hands on your shoulders and [lyric.hisHer] legs wrapped around your waist to do as much as [lyric.heShe] can, and soon, you two have a steady, if a bit awkward, rhythm going.]

“Ah,” [lyric.heShe] moans out, surprisingly loudly. “Yes, [pc.name], like that!” Out of the corner of your eye, you see movement at the mouth of the alleyway, and you hear someone ‘tut tut’ in disgust before leaving, but they’re just as quickly replaced with someone else. “N-Nobody does it like you do, [pc.name]. Nobody could ever do it – do me – like you can!”

[lyric.onTop|You pick up the pace, bumping your hips against [lyric.hisHers] with more frequency and intensity, causing Lyric's whole body to swing like a clapper in a bell. All of that thick kobold meat pounds into your hot, slippery cunt with each swing inward; occasionally, [lyric.hisHer] tail flexes to help keep [lyric.hisHer] balance as well.|The dirty talk helps to invigorate your energy (and your ego), and you pound into Lyric's raised ass with fuller, broader strokes; [pc.cockRange 0 12|soon, every inch of your [pc.cock][pc.hasKnot|, save for your [pc.knot|,] is sliding in and out of [lyric.hisHer] body with every bounce.|eventually, you hit that deepest-part where you know [lyric.heShe] can't take any more without things getting uncomfortable, but it's still more than enough to keep you ‘entertained.’] [lyric.HisHer] [lyric.electrumRange 0 100 200|fat ass bounces [pc.cockRange 0 12|on your lap|along your meat] with every thrust|huge, fat ass claps [pc.cockRange 0 12|on your lap|against each other] with every thrust you make|gigantic, overbearing ass thunders against [pc.cockRange 0 12|on your lap|against each other] with every thrust, loud enough to almost drown out the sound of [lyric.hisHer] moaning and jubilations]; with how narrow the alleyway is, the acoustics causes the slamming to echo off the walls, drawing more attention to you and [lyric.himHer].

You're still wearing your [pc.upperGarments], but you can feel Lyric's hot breath wash down the hem of your neckline with every pant [lyric.heShe] makes. Your sex is slow, but thorough: every pump of your hips is full-bodied and deliberate, [lyric.onTop|sliding every inch of [lyric.hisHer] conical cock into your body, save the tip, only for all of it to slam right back in|[pc.cockRange 0 12|pushing every inch of your [pc.cock] into [lyric.hisHer] tight

body[pc.hasKnot], and it's going to be only a little while longer before your [pc.knot] fits in there, too| until [lyric.hisHer] form shakes with the impact of your hips against [lyric.hisHers]]][lyric.electrumRange 0 200||; Lyrics hips are gargantuan for someone of [lyric.hisHer] size, and all of that weight adds to the impact of your bodies coming together, both of you hitting each other with a deep 'thud' that you can feel through the wall you're pressing [lyric.himHer] against].

You and Lyric are facing each other, but [lyric.heShe] occasionally turns [lyric.hisHer] eyes towards the mouth of the alleyway. You have some regulars in there: people that found your tryst first and haven't left the entire time for one reason or another. Either way, the crowd is getting bigger: you don't turn your whole head to see them, but from your occasional glances, you'd count maybe five or six.

"[pc.name]," Lyric pants, before swallowing [lyric.hisHer] own spit to clear [lyric.hisHer] mouth. [lyric.HisHer] tongue lolls from [lyric.hisHer] open jaw, likely just for the image – you two are entertaining guests, after all. "I'm gonna – I'm gonna – I can't get enough of you, [pc.name]. [pc.ra minotaur|The minotaurs of Khor'minos couldn't hope to match up to you|You're better than any [pc.race], than any kobold! You're better than a minotaur! By the Mother, I'll take you any time, anywhere[lyric.onTop||, in any hole!]"

While Lyric is normally this vocal, [lyric.hisHer] word choices are deliberate: [lyric.heShe] turns [lyric.hisHer] head to one side, towards the crowd, looking some of them directly in the eye while [lyric.heShe] babbles about how good you are.

"Now everyone will know," [lyric.heShe] whispers, then says loudly enough for the others to hear, "how... fucking amazing you are! Put us up on a stage; I want everyone to know how much of a slut I am for you! Everyone needs to know! Everyone needs to see how good you are at... at fucking my brains out!"

You can feel [lyric.hisHer] tail coil tightly around your right leg, squeezing onto you with its grip alternating every time [lyric.onTop|[lyric.heShe] pushes inward|you push inward]. [lyric.HisHer] breathing starts to get ragged and [lyric.hisHer] motions become unsteady and intense: [lyric.heShe]'s less focused on maintaining [lyric.hisHer] grip on your body with [lyric.hisHer] thighs and is instead putting more intensity and frequency in [lyric.hisHer] thrusts, trying to push [lyric.himHer]self over the edge. [lyric.HeShe]'s very close.

Despite the declarations, Lyric's speech drove away one or two of the people standing at the mouth of the alleyway, perhaps too prudish to stand around and watch a kobold get [lyric.hisHer] fucked so well that [lyric.hisHer] brain turns to mush. But there are still around five, by your count, and two of them have even paired off: one of them has their hand down the pants of the other, taking their 'entertainment' to the next level.

Lyric's noticed too, and, apparently, it's all that [lyric.heShe] needs to go over that edge: [lyric.onTop|with a clench of [lyric.hisHer] thighs and a sharp, shuddering hiss through clenched teeth, [lyric.hisHer] cock buries vent-deep into your [pc.vagina], and you can feel it flex and bloat as load after load of thick, virile kobold seed pumps into your body. Eight inches of smooth, hard dick fires every drop as deeply as it can into your body; you feel the heat of [lyric.hisHer] cum blossom inside of your crotch and radiate outwards, warming your abdomen and your pelvis, and you can feel it almost as high up as your chest. Lyric's always been a bit of an overachiever with you: you can feel your womb start to inflate with [lyric.hisHer] seed, and knowing [lyric.himHer], [lyric.heShe]'s going to be ready and willing for another round within minutes of dumping what feels like whole quarts of thick jizz inside of you.[lyric.hisHer] jaw suddenly clenches, [lyric.heShe] inhales sharply, and you can feel [lyric.hisHer] cunt start to contract around your [pc.cock], wringing you of all the pent-up jizz you surely have in store for [lyric.hisHer] thirsty cunt. You can feel [lyric.hisHer] claws rake against your body weakly, trying to grip onto you for support, but all of [lyric.hisHer] energy is going to [lyric.hisHer] crotch so [lyric.heShe] can have an orgasm that hits so hard that it causes [lyric.hisHer] golden

eyes to cross. Wet streams of kobold juices drip down the length of your shaft until you feel them stain the inside of your thighs, and if you focus, you can hear the pitter-patter of liquid dropping to the ground beneath you two.[pc.cockRange 0 12][pc.hasKnot]

But you can tell that it's not enough for [lyric.himHer]: you still have a [pc.knot] that isn't tucked snugly inside your little kobold pocket pussy, and that's just not acceptable. Even with all of the effort [lyric.heShe]'s putting into it, [lyric.heShe]'s coming up short thanks to [lyric.hisHer] orgasm – it's up to you to stick [lyric.himHer] on your dick like an ornament, and, with a few more powerful pumps and with your fingers [lyric.electrumRange 0 100 200]gripping[squeezing[sinking] into [lyric.hisHer] ass, you thrust one last time, and you both cross the point of no return, of [lyric.hisHer] tight pussy spreading over the thickest part of your knot before all of it comes sliding in at once. Just like that, every part of your dick is lodged firmly inside of [lyric.himHer].]]]

You're only a few pumps behind, and when you start to feel Lyric [lyric.onTop|pumping inside of you and filling you with [lyric.hisHer] kobold cream|squeezing around you, [lyric.hisHer] pussy rhythmically rolling across the length of your dick], it's all you need for the rest. [lyric.onTop|Your [pc.vagina] clamps around [lyric.hisHer] cock, squeezing and rippling around the smooth length, coaxing out every thick drop of seed [lyric.heShe] has to give you. There's a fire in your crotch, and the only way to put it out is for Lyric to cum in your pussy until you've wrung the lizard dry. Just like with [lyric.himHer], you feel the strength leaving your own legs, causing your knees to buckle and your grip on [lyric.hisHer] wrists to falter, but you manage to stay upright even as lightning bolts shoot up your spine and make you see stars – you need to stay up, if not for you both, then for your audience. But every time [lyric.heShe] dumps a new rope into your cunt, another orgasmic shock rips through you, and it gets harder and harder to stay upright.[pc.cumVol 0 1000 10000|With a few final pushes, you feel your [pc.cum] start to build and roil inside of your body before bursting into Lyric's, giving [lyric.hisHer] greedy cunt all of the thick, warm seed [lyric.heShe] had been begging you for in front of those complete strangers. [lyric.HisHer] every contraction begets another fat load; every time [lyric.heShe] feels another gooey rope of your jizz inside of [lyric.himHer], [lyric.heShe] sighs, wriggles [lyric.hisHer] hips, squeezes [lyric.hisHer] tail around your leg, and cums again, which just restarts the cycle.[lyric.HeShe] had been talking you up as '[pc.ra minotaur|the best of the minotaurs|better than any minotaur],' and it's time you proved it: with the first load alone, you cum enough to fill Lyric's tight body[pc.cockRange 0 12][pc.hasKnot], and all of that thick cream is staying nice and snug inside [lyric.hisHer] thirsty cunt], such that it starts dripping from the not-quite-watertight seal of [lyric.hisHer] pussy around your cock], such that it starts dripping from the not-quite-watertight seal of [lyric.hisHer] pussy around your cock]. Your output is far above what a normal [pc.race] is capable of, and you can feel Lyric's stomach starting to swell as it strains to hold all of that [pc.cum] in place – and you're sure that it shows to your audience as well. By your third rope, you've already cum enough to fully sate a harem, and all of that is going straight into your gibbering, fucked-senseless kobold[pc.cockRange 0 12][pc.hasKnot|before flooding down the wall [lyric.heShe]'s pressed against]] before flooding down the wall [lyric.heShe]'s pressed against].If there's any two things an output like yours is good for, the first is pleasing your partners, and the second is putting on a show.

The first load by itself is enough to dislodge Lyric's grip on your body slightly, causing [lyric.himHer] so shift upward. [lyric.HisHer] abdomen quickly swells to the point that it pushes against your body as it's totally overloaded with semen; [pc.cockRange 0 12][pc.hasKnot|even despite your [pc.knot] being so firmly lodged into [lyric.hisHer] cunt,]]high-pressure streams of your [pc.cum] jet from [lyric.hisHer] pussy to make room for more seed, which is itself dislodged once you fire off another fat rope of cum. Lyric's fingers and toes flex on nothing, unable to stay straight, much less keep their grip on your body. You have more cum inside of you than could rightly be stuffed into any kobold – into dozens of kobolds – and it's all going into just Lyric... at least until it washes down the wall you're pressing [lyric.himHer] against.]]]

By the time you[pc.cumVol 0 10000|| finally] start to wind down, you're both panting and exhausted, and despite you having the strength in your back to carry Lyric for extended periods of time, you're suddenly rather thankful that there's a wall for you to be leaning against. Lyric's thighs[lyric.onTop|| and hands] cling to you too loosely to provide any sort of stability, and it's just you, the wall, and your hands [lyric.onTop|around [lyric.hisHer] wrists|sunk into [lyric.hisHer] butt flesh] keeping [lyric.himHer] aloft.

Lyric is panting like [lyric.heShe] had just been running for [lyric.hisHer] life, but as soon as [lyric.heShe] starts to catch [lyric.hisHer] breath, the pants transform into purrs loud enough that you can hear them echo off the brick walls surrounding you – which means that your audience can probably hear them, too. If Lyric's rather-vocal sluttiness wasn't enough to convince them, maybe that will.

Weakly, you glance to your right, towards the mouth of the alleyway. Now that the show is over, all but three of them – the two that had paired off, and one straggler by herself – had cleared out, giving you and Lyric whatever amounts to privacy here in the alleyway. The paired two, a male [rand|human|lupine|catfolk|orc|minotaur] and a female [rand|human|harpy|marefolk|salamander|taeleer|elf], watch with the girl's right hand firmly and decidedly down the guy's pants. Once the show is over, she leans into him and whispers something in his ear, but you can't make out what.

"Should have asked that before they finished," the guy answers with a laugh before slapping his girl's ass. "Let's leave them be."

The guy grunts, clears his throat, slaps his girls ass, and whispers something else to her before they turn and leave, the girl momentarily forgetting to withdraw her hand from his pants for a few steps. The straggler, a modestly-young-looking elven woman, has turned beet red from the display – but rather than turn to leave like her watching partners had, she gathers her courage and steps into the alleyway with you and Lyric.

// Continue here if this is the first time the player fucked Lyric explicitly in public

"So," she says, her voice unsteady. You can barely hear her over Lyric's purring. "You, uh... you two... cum here – uh, visit here often?"

You laugh and heft Lyric upward once. Maybe you should.

[=Next=]

// Return to the square the player last left on

// Continue here for subsequent times

You recognize her: it's the fan you had made before.

"So," she says, her voice unsteady. You can barely hear her over Lyric's purring. "Um... when's the next showing...?"

[=Invite=][=End=]

[=End=]

// Tooltip: There can be too much of a good thing!

You laugh and heft Lyric upward once. Whenever the mood strikes you, you suppose.

"I'll, uh," she says, her face turning even redder, "I'll... well... I guess... I'll see you when I see you," she stutters, before turning and awkwardly leaving the alleyway.

[=Next=]

// Return to the square the player last left on

[=Invite=]

// Tooltip: You got one more in you. Maybe your newest fan will want a VIP tour. You'd be sharing Lyric with her – but you're pretty sure neither of them would mind.

It can be right now, if she wants.

The elven woman – deep brown eyes; pale skin with a perfect complexion; wearing a green top with tight beige leggings; straight, blonde hair that reaches down to her upper back; a modest bust that's tightly done up and leaves everything to the imagination – turns even redder than before, but she doesn't immediately turn to leave. She's already built up the courage to approach a total stranger and [pc.hisHer] kobold in an alleyway; she'd be lying to you both if the idea of getting a more up-close-and-personal seat to the show wasn't something she wanted.

Still, you and Lyric are both spent. This wouldn't be a full event like she's probably looking for: it'd be more of... an epilogue of sorts[pc.isDK].

What you're trying to say is: [lyric.onTop|you and her are going to clean up Lyric. The little champion deserves it after all the effort [lyric.heShe] just went for you, and for the effort [lyric.heShe] he went through to put on a show for her|she and Lyric are going to clean you up. You went through an awful lot of effort to put on that show, and the least she can do is show some appreciation for it.]. And it's going to involve [lyric.onTop|you and her cleaning Lyric up, and not with a towel|her and Lyric cleaning you up, and not with a towel].]

With a bit of exaggerated effort for effect, you [lyric.onTop|slowly pull Lyric out of your cunt, making it look as though it takes more effort than it does. Frankly, it's just nice to get a bit of weight off of you.|slowly extract yourself from Lyric, pulling your still-hard-but-softening cock from [lyric.hisHer] cunt with a long, lurid 'slurp.']. The motion causes [lyric.himHer] to shudder in your arms, and then [lyric.heShe] snaps awake: from your climax until now, [lyric.heShe] had been only half-there, but the sudden [lyric.onTop|chill around [lyric.hisHer] wet dick jolts [lyric.himHer] to attention|empty, vacuous feeling in [lyric.hisHer] cunt jolts [lyric.himHer] to attention].

[lyric.onTop|Although [pc.strengthRange 0 80|even your arms, for all their strength, are starting to get a bit weary from holding your position for so long|your arms are a bit fatigued from holding your position for so long], you manage to heft Lyric upward, and you instruct the elven girl to stand directly beside you. With a bit of maneuvering, you get Lyric to straddle both of your shoulders at once: you and the girl are pinched between [lyric.hisHer] [lyric.electrumRange 0 100 200|comfy|thick|thick, heavy] thighs, both of you facing inward.

“Wha,” [lyric.heShe] stutters, [lyric.hisHer] hands coming down on you and your elven fan's, and as soon as [lyric.heShe] feels your [pc.tongue] rake across the inside of [lyric.hisHer] thighs and along the thick fold of [lyric.hisHer] vent, [lyric.heShe] gasps and sighs. [lyric.HisHer] conical cock had been receding into [lyric.himHer]self at a steady rate, but, suddenly, it flexes and stops, and another white bead of kobold cum forms at its tip.

Your elven companion hesitates at first, but, taking a deep breath (and, perhaps unintentionally, getting a deep lungful of spent musk), she gets to work alongside you, wetly slurping everywhere from Lyric's thick thighs to [lyric.hisHer] crotch, aligning the length of her tongue along [lyric.hisHer] cock and grinding it top to bottom. [lyric.HisHer] cock tastes just as much like horny kobold as it does your own cunt; that your new friend is working [lyric.himHer] over so fervently says a lot about her immediate attraction to you both.

Still, you're both gentle with [lyric.himHer] and you take things a bit slowly – Lyric did just nut, after all, and [lyric.hisHer] cock can only take so much stimulation. But

you'd by lying to yourself if this was purely for [lyric.hisHer] benefit: you would not have invited a total stranger, no matter how cute she was, to clean Lyric's crotch if this were just a one-time silly fling. You fucked Lyric in this alleyway to put on a show and get some attention, and that's exactly what you got.

By the time [lyric.hisHer] shaft fully recedes into [lyric.hisHer] crotch, you and your elven friend have cleaned [lyric.hisHer] inner thighs and pelvis spotless. You both lap at [lyric.hisHer] shut genital slit, your [pc.tongue] meeting with and roaming all over hers and hers responding in kind, both of you sharing your accumulated kobold flavors with each other. Lyric must feel like some kind of [lyric.mf|king|queen], sitting on the shoulders of two people and sucking up [lyric.hisHer] leftover cum like a pair of thirsty sluts – and in public!

“Okay, okay,” Lyric pants, tapping you both on the head with [lyric.hisHer] hands. “No more. I can't take it anymore.”

Despite [lyric.hisHer] pleas to stop, it takes you and her another few moments to stop kissing and licking and slurping and sharing. When you eventually get Lyric onto the ground, [lyric.heShe] immediately loses [lyric.hisHer] footing and resorts to leaning against the nearby wall. A dopey smile's spread across [lyric.hisHer] face since [lyric.heShe] nutted in you and it's only gotten wider and dopier since you and the elf started.

Unbidden, you kiss the elven girl one more time, and all the earlier apprehension is gone, replaced with a woman that just wants to act like a carnal slut for a bit. Her tongue surges into her mouth, the bottom raking across your buds, and you can taste the all-too-familiar taste of kobold crotch mixed with your own particular tangs in there. [pc.strengthRange 0 80|Although you're certainly not lacking when it comes to strength-of-arm, it's still nice to give your aching muscles a break from carrying [lyric.electrumRange 0 200|Lyric|a bottom-heavy kobold like Lyric] for so long.]You set Lyric down and you openly, and brazenly, instruct [lyric.himHer] to start cleaning you; [lyric.heShe], in something of a trance, complies without needing another word, pressing [lyric.hisHer] snout against your crotch and snaking [lyric.hisHer] pink tongue out to lap at your [pc.cock]; you've been going flaccid since you nutted inside [lyric.himHer], but the extra stimulation keeps your flagging erection steady.

The elven girl watches Lyric clean you dutifully, worshipfully, but she stands and stares like a deer that's been spotted by a predator – but as soon as you put your hand on top of her head, she jerks to motion, falling to her knees in front of you and joining Lyric in getting you clean.

You sigh and lean against the brick wall, spreading your legs so that the two have easier access to your body. To think, all you needed to do to have a little extra fun on the side was to fuck your favorite kobold in a public space – Savarra is more full of willing and eager sluts than you thought. They take turns sharing your cock, and when one of them isn't busy fellating your member or licking it clean, they're at the inside of your thighs[pc.hasBalls|, or at your [pc.balls|, gargling your sack and washing it just as clean as the rest of you| and as high up as your abdomen, making sure that no part of you is left unclean].

[pc.cumVol 0 1000 10000|For all their enthusiasm, though, you're not honestly that 'dirty.' You have your spent jizz, and Lyric's pussy tang clinging to your shaft (something the elf girl has no doubt noticed), but what this is, is obvious to all three of you: just a little bit of extra fun to get a stranger all riled up. The elf fellates you like it's her first day on the job and she's trying to make an impression, while Lyric goes at you like [lyric.heShe] can't get enough of your taste – which is about the same thing, really.|And with output like yours, they both have their work cut out for them: your cock occasionally dribbles leftover cum, letting it drool and spill from your tip, where it's quickly lapped up by one eager mouth or another. Your crotch, your inner thighs, and as high as your abdomen are all soaked in spent [pc.cum|], and both of your partners are eager as could be to find every trace of flavor for themselves. Whenever one of them gets a particularly heady dollop, they're quick to share, this strange elf's tongue going

into Lyric's mouth to snowball your cum for a bit before returning to the task at hand.[Which is going to be a tall ask: with an output like yours, nothing short of a proper bath (or maybe some more partners) is going to get you totally clean. You're so over-productive that cum still fountains from your [pc.cockHead] with every other beat of your heart, coming out in ropes thick enough to shame an average [pc.race]; if it lands on the elf's face, Lyric is quick to turn and lick it off her before returning to you, and vice versa. Cum gets in each of their mouths and drips between their lips whenever they kiss and share your ambrosia between them. Getting you 'clean' is a slow, arduous task that only gets you dirtier as time goes on, but they're both so lost in [silly|your sauce|the moment] that neither of them earnestly care – and you're not about to interrupt them.]]

All of this, though, was only meant to be an epilogue to what was the real thing. Despite [lyric.onTop|your combined efforts, Lyric's cock eventually disappears into [lyric.hisHer] genital slit, and the party is officially over... unless you three want to take things elsewhere.|their combined efforts, your [pc.cock] only has so much stamina to burn so quickly, and your cock [pc.hasSheath|recedes into your [pc.sheath], which your two sluts continue to lap at impishly before finally conceding|goes limp and soft, signaling that the party is officially over... unless you three want to take things elsewhere.]]

The elf girl, showing some lust-hazed initiative, kisses [lyric.onTop|you one last time, sharing the last bit of Lyric's spunk she collected on her tongue with you. When you two pull away, a saliva-mixed-with-cum strand connects your lips before eventually snapping|Lyric one last time, sharing the last bit of your spunk she had collected on her tongue with [lyric.himHer]. When they pull away, a saliva-mixed-with-cum strand connects their lips before eventually snapping] – and with it, the girl's attention comes to, and she realizes where she is, what she's doing, and with who.

As before, her pale skin suddenly turns beet red. "Um," she stutters, looking between you and Lyric a few times. She stands – her nipples are very obviously visible through her tunic[lyric.onTop|[pc.cumVol 0 10000], and parts of her collar are stained with your cum as it fountained onto her face before Lyric licked it off]]. "Thanks," she mumbles, before turning to leave–

And embarrassingly muscling her way through three other showgoers that had assembled at the mouth of the alleyway, her face hidden behind her hands.

Lyric sighs [lyric.onTop|and reclines against the brick wall another moment|and leans against your [pc.leg]], lazily watching the elf girl leave. "That was fun," [lyric.heShe] says. "Do you think she'll be back if we do this again?"

A girl like that? That dresses like she's just trying to go to the grocer, but then turns into a cum-guzzling slut the second she sees something she likes?

There's no doubt in your mind.

[=Next=]

// Return to the square the player last left on