

Prince Nyze Blowjob

Overview

A short sex scene where you get a taste of the bratty hornet boi's dick. With variations for Dark knights, champions and bimbos. Mostly a way for me to practice parsers (and english).

The intro might clash with the regular "approach" scene when you talk with him. Maybe put a separate button in the same room where you encounter Nyze.

[Intro]

You spot the young prince walking along rows of buxom hornets as he inspects the hive's honey production. He stops at a particularly honey-filled girl and grabs her massive teat, making her moan under his expert touch as golden liquid trickles down over his black fingers. Although the groping is strictly professional, the pheromone-riddled honey overpowers Nyze for a moment, and he licks some of the sweet nectar from his glove-like chitin. It is enough to form a tent under his blue skirt, and when he turns around, you get a quick glimpse of his brown cock through the cut of his skirt. The sight of the princely rod is enough to make you wonder: what does a hornet [silly|boi|boy] taste like?

Realizing you need an answer to this question, you walk up to the prince and clear your throat. Nyze tries to ignore you and stops by another hornet and starts tugging at her honey-producers, but you can see his caramel cheeks turning dark brown from your presence. You tap Nyze on the shoulder, and he mutters: "What is it?"

"I was just wondering..." you pause and look around. Although the hornets aren't exactly prudes, you know from experience that the prince can be a bit cranky. "You know what. Maybe it's better to ask somewhere more private," you tell him.

"Why can't you ask it here?" the prince answers dryly as he tweaks the hornet girl's nipple and studies the golden liquid coating his chitin.

You [pc.dcb]sigh and roll your eyes as you lean closer and whisper in his ear. "I want to fuck," you tell the annoying princeling|lean closer to him and brush a strand of blonde hair from his ears, "Because I might have a follow-up question," you whisper|"C'mon cutie. You're gonna like it," you tell him and rock your shoulders. Giving the prince a show of [pc.cupRange flat B]your trim [pc.chest]|jiggling boobs] and it is enough to grab the prince's attention from the honey hornets' big tits]. Nyze turns even more dark brown as his breath becomes heavy.

"Alright, alright. Follow me," he hisses as he grabs your hand and drags you out of the production floor. He leads you towards a storage room that is filled with empty barrels and workbenches covered with sticky tools. He lets go of you as he turns around and places his hands on those wide, juicy hips. You are close to changing your mind and ask him [pc.isDK]for some ass. You dismiss that idea, you could always come back for that later.|if he

wants you to take care of that fat tush. You reject that idea, you could always ask him for that another day.]

[Blowjob]

"So, what did you want to talk about?" he asks and cocks his hips to the side. The blue skirt loosen up and part around his leg, giving you a grand view of brown hornet skin wrapped around his cushy thigh. He taps his boot-like toes to the ground and huffs to make you aware that you are staring and you tear your gaze away from the royal dick-crusher. As you look him in the eyes, he mutters, "Get to the point. I'm busy". You nod and tell him:

[pc.dcb]"I want to suck your dick. I've heard that hornets have honey-flavored cum."

The prince gasps and puts a hand on his smooth chest "Mind your manners!" he lashes at you.["I was wondering, does hornet cum taste like honey? You know, like the women?"

Nyze makes a cute puff and runs his hand through his blonde locks as he rolls his eyes.

"Is that all? Of course it tastes like—" he interrupts himself and bites his tongue. You snicker at the prince's sudden silence, has the prince been sampling some of the drones, perhaps?

The prince folds his arm over his smooth chest and looks to the side with a grumpy pout, "What? You wanna try?"

"Why yes. Yes I do," you tell him.["Y'know, I was wondering if it's true what they say about bee boys," you tell him and put a finger between your [pc.lips].

"I'm not a bee. I'm a horn... you know what, never mind."

"A horny what?" you ask, batting your eyelashes.

The prince rolls his eyes as his black antennae twitches on his furrowed brow. He sighs and asks, "What do they say?"

"That your cum tastes like honey, cutie."

Nyze freezes up as he takes a moment to process the question. "Well, uhm, I guess..." he hums. You help him along by running your tongue around your [pc.lips], presenting the silly bee with the amazing cock-pillows in front of him.

"Can I have a taste? I promise I won't suck you completely dry." you ask him, pressing your shoulders together to give him a good view of your cleavage.]

The prince wrinkles his nose and opens his mouth, and then he hesitates as the tent under his blue skirt twitches. Looks like someone is excited for a blowjob. Nyze takes a step forward and runs a hand over the bulge in his skirt.

"So... peasant. You want a taste of my royal nectar. What makes you think you are worthy of such an honor?"

"Hey. It's just a blowjob. Why are you getting so serious?" you ask him.

"Silence! Do you realize who I am? I am Prince Nyze. Descendant of..."

Nyze starts rattling about his pedigree; telling you about ancestors hailing from before the Godswar as you stand perplexed, wondering how a simple question about dick sucking turned into a history lesson. Then you realize: he *really* wants that blowjob, but he wants to show you who is in control.

[pc.dcb]You walk up to him and grab his neck fuzz, yanking him towards [pc.cupRange flat C]your lips. Shutting him up with a kiss and asserting dominance over his annoying tongue.[your chest, smashing his face into your cleavage and ignoring the princeling's protesting fists pounding on your [pc.cupRange flat C]firm chest[soft breasts]].

When you feel the resistance fading from Nyze you pull him free and stare into his black eyes. "Do you want your dick sucked or no?" you growl.

He looks [pc.height 48 60 70]down at you[at you]up at you] with a scowl as he tries to catch his breath.

"Fine, peasant. I give you permission to suck my cock", he grumbles.[You put your hands on the prince's shoulder, who seems to get more flustered for every ancestor he mentions.

"Your highness, if I may..." you interrupt. "Isn't it a prince's duty to keep a clear head when performing his tasks, such as seeing to the honey production." You point towards his loins where his eight incher is standing at attention.

"Are you really able to perform your duty with such a distraction? Let me relieve you of that pent-up arousal, so you can work with a clear head."That seemed to do the trick, as the flustered prince calms down and smiles at you. "Fine! You speak wisely for a peasant. And because of that, I will award you with a taste of my noble cock."|The prince seems to get more winded and his cheeks more brown as he keeps filling your head with stories of boring kings and queens; he is almost out of breath as he starts stuttering over his words. Your eyes are about to glaze over as you've had enough of dumb, dead people. You take action as you launch into him and wrap your [pc.arms] around his back, trapping his slender arms in your embrace. [pc.heightIs 60]You lift the flyweight off the ground and spin around, too excited to be bothered with the angry buzzing from Nyze.[You smosh him into your [pc.breasts], ignoring Nyze's angry buzzing as you rock your cleavage against his face.]

"Hey, let me go!" he shouts.

"You're sooo cuuute," you squeal as the buzzing picks up in frequency.

"Stop! Don't call me that! I'm a prince for Lumia's sake! Let go of me or I'm going to sting you!"

You finally get the hint and release him. You give the prince the best doe-eyes you can muster, and tell him: "Sooorry. I just wanted to make you feel good. I'm really good at it, y'know."

The cute bee blushes as he shakes out the neck-fluff and straighten out his hair.

"Fine. You can suck my cock," he mutters with his arms crossed.

"Yay!" you shout. Loud enough to make the prince give the door to the storage room a worried glance. But his worries disappear as you get to work.]

[Next]

You sink to your knees as Nyze grabs the skirt hanging from his corset and sweeps it to the side. You lick your lips at the treasure behind the blue curtain; Eight inches of royal cock with a cute sack filled with nectar, already semi-erect with anticipation.

"Is this what you were looking for?" the arrogant prince asks and strokes his hand over his brown scepter. "I bet a peasant like you never seen such a prestigious cock."

You don't even protest against his bratty attitude, because that is a fine dick and you really want a taste. Deciding that it is best to just play along, you put your hands on your knees and open your mouth as your [pc.tongue] rolls out.

"Waiting for my command, I see. You've finally learned some manners," the prince muses as he jerks himself to full mast.

"Well, that certainly deserves a reward." He takes his leaking cock and drags it over your taste buds, giving you a small teaser of what's about to [silly|cum|come].

It tastes like heaven, and you have to force yourself to stay put and not devour the sweet dick that is running across your tongue. Nyze notices the struggle in your face and puts the back of his hand under his chin and laughs.

"Oh my. Barely a taste of my noble seed and you are already struggling with your composure." The prince gives his dick a couple of tugs.

"But you did not succumb to your instincts. What a good [pc.mf|boy|girl] you are." He pulls away and places his hands back on his hips as his brown cock gently sways in front of your nose.

"Go ahead. Suck," he commands through gritted teeth.

You waste no time taking his sweet rod into your maw with such enthusiasm that the prince can't help but close his eyes and moan as the sounds of a sloppy blowjob fills the storage room.

It could be the pheromones, or it could be the precum tasting like a mix of sweet honey and earthy wine, perhaps it is the fact that the arrogant prince is so damn cute. But something is making you able to throat the hornet cock all the way down without the faintest gag reflex. You go at it like a starving [pc.manWoman], making the adorable prince lose his composure. He gives another blissful moan and leans his head backward, giving you another trickle of his honey.

It is not enough.

You drag your hand over his warm, smooth thigh and reach towards his perfectly round ball sack, small enough to fit snugly in the palm of your [pc.hand]. They are perfect for producing the delicacy trickling down your throat, coaxed on by your gentle caress. Your other hand isn't staying idle either as you place it on the naked parts of his thigh above the boot-like chitin.

The prince's skin is unbelievably soft and warm, and you sigh through a dick-filled throat as you run your hand all over the vast expanses of his chocolate-brown thigh, giving it a gentle squeeze and a playful brush with your fingers. Then it dawns on you through your honey-buzzed mind; there is one part of him that probably feels even better.

You slide your hand to the back of his thigh and carefully travel upwards, feeling up the cushy butt under the hem of the prince's blue skirt. Suddenly a delicate hand stops your intrusion.

"Where do you think you're going? I did not give you permission to fondle me!" the prince snaps at you and grabs your hand.

[pc.dcb]You slow your pace and look up at him without removing the honey-covered rod from your mouth and give him the evil eye, a look that says *who is the real conqueror in this room?* [It takes all your willpower, but you manage to take out the royal cock from your mouth. "I'm sorry, my prince. But you are just so beautiful and your body is just amazing. I can't help myself. I want... No. I need to worship you." You hit the silly cutie with another dose of your lethal doe eyes, pleading [pc.eyeColor] looking up at him as you give the prince a long, world-class suck.]

"F-fine," the prince stutters and lets go of your hand, even guiding it back to his bun. "But only because I'm a generous lord."

Generous indeed, as he even reaches back and unhooks the blue skirt hanging in your way. It drops to the ground, leaving the pretty-boy with only his corset and the chitin around his arms and legs.

Seizing on the prince's approval, you run your hand along the lower curve of the royal butt. It is just as you imagined it and a little more, a soft expanse of warm flesh that molds like

dough in your hands. As you knead his buns, you notice the prince has closed his eyes and is solely focused on the pleasure you're bringing with your cocksucking combined with the butt massage. Feeling a bit frisky, and wanting to get back at the prince for his arrogance, you give his butt a quick pinch and the prince wakes from his stupor with a girly "Ah!"

"D-don't try your luck, peasant," the prince snaps and glares down at you.

By all means. You let go of his butt, leaving it unworshipped, cold and alone.

"Hey! Why did you stop..." he whines, and you answer with a cock-filled grin.

"Shay please," you mumble with your mouth full.

"I command you to worship with my butt!" he shouts, not caring that someone might hear outside the storage room. Close enough, you guess, as your hand returns to the comfy expanse of his ass.

Your combined butt-groping and cocksucking soon gets the better of the prince as Nyze's legs start to buckle, and he places his chitinous' hands on your shoulders. He even leans into your ass-exploring fingers, practically begging you to go all out in your groping.

"That's it, my subject. Serve your prince. Savor every moment you get to touch my body. It's the result of generations of noble work."

Maybe he is a bit full of himself, though you must agree that the princely butt truly is something else. You give it another light pinch, soliciting more girly squeals from the prince. Too horny to get mad, Nyze can only rub his butt in your hands and hump your face.

Soon the prince's sweet nuts begin to churn as you speed up your sucking, preparing yourself for the ultimate gift from your prince. As you plunge your face all the way down and rub your nose against the smooth skin above his tool, he erupts, and your tongue is bathed in a plentiful bounty of sweet nectar. The taste is just like the pre except more full, with a mixture of sweet wine and the pheromones mixed into the nectar is enough to send you into your own orgasm, staining your [pc.lowerGarments] with [pc.cockOrVag][pc.cum][pc.girlCum].

Nyze moans and pants with his eyes closed as he leans on your shoulders for support. When the prince finally calms down from his sweet orgasm, he brushes his hand through your [pc.hair].

"That was a decent job, peasant," he murmurs as you clean up the remainder of his load stuck to the side of his dick. He ruffles your [pc.hair] and says, "You're dismissed."

[pc.dcb]That's it. You've had enough of this brat. You take the hornet cock out of your mouth and surge up and grab him by the neck, giving him a deep kiss as you snowball the royal nectar between your lips. The startled prince freezes, leaving him defenseless as you conquer his soft lips. Soon, he relaxes and places his hands on your shoulders, allowing you to make out with the pretty boy to your heart's content.

You finally release him and whisper, "Thanks for the meal, princess." Giving his cushy [silly]tushy[butt] a final slap that echoes around the storage room.

Nyze snaps out of it and blushes. Again. He stomps his feet and shouts, "Do not think I like you just because I let my guard slip. You... You... Brute!"

You chuckle and exit the room, leaving the prince to his seething rage.[You reluctantly let the sweet dick fall out of your mouth, giving it a couple of cleansing licks in the process. When you're done, you place both your hands under his butt and surge up, lifting the pretty prince in your arms.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" he shouts as he starts blushing. Despite his complaints, he wraps his legs around your [pc.hips], giving you a hint that he's been in this situation before.

"Or you're gonna do what?" You retort and clap his butt with your hand.

The adorable prince looks at you with a grumpy pout. Then he shoots in for a kiss. The first one is just a small peck, and he follows that up with another kiss. You are prepared for the third one, catching his soft pillows with your own [pc.lips]. You start tongue-wrestling your prince, all the while keeping a firm grip on the royal butt as Nyze rocks his body against yours.

"Dumb. Stupid. Peasant," slips from Nyze's bratty mouth between the kisses.

You chuckle and ignore his insults as you continue until both of you are out of breath. You carry him over to a table and place him down, letting him rest those shaking legs. When the prince calms down from the make out session, he crosses his arm over his chest and looks away.

"You did fine, [pc.name]. But don't think I will let you touch me like that again."

You shrug and turn around to leave the room. Right before you step out the door, you can hear a faint: "See you again." You turn around, but all you see is Nyze putting on his skirt. "I-I- I said nothing," he stutters.

You smile and wave him goodbye, leaving the prince alone to deal with his emotions.[That's it. That's all your cum-addled brain can take. You pop out the honeyed cock and grab the femboy by his shoulders and fall on your back, dragging the silly prince along with you.

"Sooo cuuute," you shout as you pinch his blushing cheeks.

"Hey stop mphg—". You silence Nyze's protests by pushing his face between your [pc.breasts]. Keeping him there until the prince calms down. An angry hum fills the room from his fluttering wings that gets weaker by the second.

After the angry buzzing fades away, you pull him out of the boob valley; that did wonders. The silly buzz-brain of his can only think about boobs and [pc.lips], just as it should [silly|bee|be]. He moves up to your face and presses his soft lips towards yours. You start making out with him as the cute boi fondles your [pc.breasts]. You moan when he alternates between firmly groping your tit flesh and teasing your rock-hard nipples, showing you why he is entrusted with the honey production in the hive. [pc.isMilky]Your ample chest starts gushing out your own [pc.milk] and Nyze releases your lips to test your product. He nuzzles down on one of your teats, making you moan from his oral expertise as the prince takes a mouthful of your [pc.milkColor] treasure.

Licking his lips, he says, "Not bad. You could almost compete with one of our own honey hornets."

You rub his head and chirp, "Aw. Thank you, honey."]

He stands up and wipes some of the cummy mess you left on his face. "That wasn't bad. You certainly have lips fit for some royal cocksucking."

You giggle, "Of course I have. And you tasted great. I really need to get myself my own bee boy one day."

Nyze is in the middle of putting on his skirt, giving you a last view of that wonderful cock. "Why a bee when you can have a hornet?" Nyze asks. He notices your confused look and sighs.

"Maybe one day. But I think you are busy saving the world right now," he tells you.

You light up at the thought of spending your days with horny bees and horny... something. But the prince is right, first you need to go and kick that red bitch's fat butt.

"Oh right. You're so smart!" you tell him.

Nyze huffs. "I know. Now get going. We are both busy."

You give the prince one last, [pc.breasts]-smothering hug. Then you bounce off towards new adventures.]

[End]