

// Continue here if it's Halloween time and the PC enters Lorelei's room. Player must have had sex with her at least once already. PC must have a gender. First time scene
// Do not display Lorelei's bust for the following passage
// (scene: Welcome To The Jungle)

You enter Lorelei's chambers... you think?

What you expected was an opulent bachelorette pad, with gems studded into the walls; its own bar, fully-stocked in the corner; and a lavish bed pushed against the farther wall. You had expected a dim room with mood lighting, plush carpets, and no shortage of places to sit.

And what you got is... a literal jungle.

Instead of marble floors and thick carpets that look like they cost more money than your ship, there's dirt – fine, loose dirt that hasn't been packed down yet, causing you to sink about an inch every time you step forward. While Lorelei kept a few plants around the room as dressing for the aesthetic, the room is positively overgrown with tall trees, each of them bearing leaves large and thick enough that they look like they could support your weight and each of them covered in a thick layer of moss closer to their trunks. There is no clearly defined pathway through her room: wherever there isn't a tall tree, there is underbrush that you're forced to wade through, and the few open clearings for you to stand in are a blessing.

To add to all of that, the lighting's been shifted to emulate nighttime: there is one lamp hanging off the ceiling, broadcasting a pale white light that reminds you of Terra's Moon as seen from the surface. And the numerous, brightly-colored gemstones had all been replaced with clear diamonds that twinkle like stars.

You call out Lorelei's name as you arduously make your way through the brush. Whenever you [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] brushes against a tree trunk or a bush's leaves, you have a tough time discerning whether they're real or fake (knowing Lorelei, though, they're all real). There's no response. In fact, the room is deathly quiet and still – the ventilation's been turned off. You're alone in the room.

Or so you think. With every step you take deeper into the room, there's an undeniable feeling hanging over you that you're being watched. More than that: you're being followed.
Stalked.

Which isn't new for Lorelei. You two first 'met' with her chasing you through the hallways of Zheng Shi, just a few levels below you. But the air is different. Before, you had movement options: the hallways were large enough that you could run away if you could spot Lorelei before she got the drop on you. Before, that feeling of you being watched was more subdued, like she was hoping you wouldn't notice. Not only is this jungle that you're in more enclosed and harder to move around in, but that feeling of you being watched is far more pronounced. You can't explain it, but it almost feels like Lorelei wants you to know that she's watching you.

You keep your eyes and ears peeled for anything out of the ordinary (or more than it already is). The leaves on the trees do not sway as you move through the room. The underbrush ahead of and around you are all still as could be. You occasionally glance behind yourself and see nothing but the near-darkness of the jungle bathed in the 'moonlight.'

[pc.reflexRange 0 50|With one more step forward, you hear a faint 'snap' somewhere nearby. You can't tell from what direction it came from, nor how far away it is. It almost sounded like a foot on a twig–

Before you have the chance to react, the bushes to your right begin to violently shuffle, and suddenly, a large, black mass flings from the underbrush, roaring at you like a wild cat.

Among the mass, you see glinting white claws; razor sharp teeth; and a pair of glittering brown eyes with rounded black pupils, and all of those features are aimed straight for you.

You don't have the chance to raise your arms in defense: as soon as the mass is in the air, it's too late. The black mass barrels into you, and you're caught for good. Although you don't see anything in front of you, eventually, you hear something: something almost totally indistinct from the pure silence of the room and the ambience of your own footsteps. A second set of footsteps. No, **two** sets of footsteps, walking just slightly asynchronously. One of them steps on a twig that couldn't have been thicker than your finger.

You turn to your right, where the footsteps are coming from. At first, all you see is an indistinct bush, exactly as unique as all the other plants in the room.

But between its large, bowing leaves and the tangled thicket within them, you see something else. Something glittering. There's two of them. They're brown, with small, black dots in their center. And, after a moment, it's pretty clear that they see you, too....

The brush begins to shake and rustle violently, and, suddenly, a massive, black mass lunges from the brush, roaring at you like a wild cat. With the brown eyes, you see sharp white fangs and extended claws, glinting in the moonlight of the room, with everything pointed in your direction.

Luckily for you, though, your reflexes are better than that. As soon as you spotted something amiss, your body sprang to action, leaping to one side so that the mass could sail harmlessly through the air and into the brush across from you. But the blackness of the mass blends in too well with the dark light of the room, and although it's not particularly graceful as it scampers away, you lose it almost as soon as you dodge it.

All the same, though: that was Lorelei. You're sure of it. You don't know what she's done to herself to look like that, but there's no doubt in your mind that that's her. She would have the resources to transform her body like that – hell, it's not a particularly challenging thing for **you** to transform yourself, although, knowing her, all of her adjustments are aesthetic and not physiological.

Once things have calmed down, you feel it again: that watchful presence of hers, watching and studying and judging your every movement, waiting for the perfect time to pounce and try again.

Whatever this is, it's clearly a game. She's not trying to reenact how you two first met – if she were, she'd simply stalk you in Zheng Shi's hallways, as she had before. This is something else, and you're not sure if you're ruining the fun by being too good for her to get the jump on, or if you being an excellent hunt for her is making things sweeter.

When you sense that she's nearby and ready to pounce again, you don't put as much effort into it. You've already proven that you're better than that. Just before she pounces a second time, you raise your arms in defense, but you don't dodge, allowing her to barrel straight into you and tackle you to the ground.]

[=Next=]

// Reveal Lorelei's panther bust starting in this passage

Your back is pushed against a nearby tree, and you knock the back of your head against its smooth bark. You're dazed and your vision is swimming from the impact – before you can regain your senses, you feel a warm, heavy weight on your front, keeping you pinned against the tree. It takes a moment longer for your eyesight to focus, and when you do, you're face to face with a pair of large, brown eyes, each of them with slitted pupils, staring directly into yours.

The thing you're staring into has a dark face, covered from the forehead to the neck in thin, fine, bristly, pitch-black fur, complete with long, sturdy whiskers just above the mouth. It has a cute, pink button nose and a pair of tall, thick triangular ears, the inside of them lined with light-grey fur. Atop their head is a long, flowing head of white hair that reaches down to their upper back and wraps around their neck like a mane. For all the world, you'd think you were staring into the eyes of a panther, a large, feline apex predator from Terra...

... But there are a number of small differences. While the nose and the mouth are convincing, the cheekbones are still reminiscent of a human's. While the whole body is covered in thick, dark fur, the skeletal and muscle structure is still explicitly humanoid – if rather flexible. The panther's 'paws' are clearly humanoid hands and feet with the tips of the digits capped with sharp, claw-like extensions. Further adding to the confusion is that you can feel the heavy weight of a pair of breasts pressing into your stomach as the panther leans into you, and out of the corner of your eye, you see the sway of an errant, curious, prehensile tail, swishing back and forth.

For a moment, you both stare into each other's eyes, sizing up the situation you both find yourselves in. There are just as many human qualities as there are panther qualities... but the depth and intensity of the eyes are a dead giveaway. And so are the breasts[silly|. Well, as is the fact that you're in Lorelei's room].

{first time|“Lorelei?” you ask.

Lorelei leans in closer until her nose touches against yours. Her eyes narrow slightly, hiding the ends of her slitted pupils behind her eyelids. “Roeliel,” she whispers, her voice coming out throaty and gravelly, as her tail gives a particularly strong flick from one side to the other, causing her whole lower body to swish with it.

Right. This persona of hers is apparently named Roeliel.|You hesitate before opening your mouth to speak. “Roeliel?” you ask.

The only response she gives you is a particularly rough flick of the tail, causing her whole lower body to swish with it.} A low, throaty growl emanates from her neck as she leans in, her nose pressing gently against the nape of your neck and taking a few quick, dainty sniffs, accommodating herself to your scent. And almost as soon as she recognizes your smell, she turns her head and starts repeatedly rubbing herself against your neck, collarbone, and upper chest, pushing against you insistently as she does so.

You sit there and do nothing as Roeliel rubs her head against you, twisting herself so that she can reach different spots with her own forehead. She's being insistent, yet soft: her motions are smooth and gentle, but her body weight is against yours, making sure that you're not going anywhere until she's satisfied that her work is done. You recognize this motion – it's something that cats do when they're marking their territory. That must be what she's doing: she's marking you as hers for anyone else that might come near you.

You hesitantly lift your left hand up and wrap it around her shoulder, your hand drawing down the length of her arm and feeling the bristly fur between your fingers as it goes. It feels as real as could be: it bends realistically with your hand and then snaps back into place once your hand has passed by. It's only about an inch thick, but that's more than enough to at least trick your mind into thinking that it's legit.

As soon as you start running your hand down her arm, Roeliel leans harder into you, resting more of her weight off her knees and into your body, and a continuous vibrating purr starts rolling from her throat. You stroke along her arm, petting her, and with each pass of your hand, the purrs come out with renewed intensity and her long tail gives another heavy flick before limply coming to rest. {PC is not naked|

As Roeliel continues to nuzzle affectionately against you, you start to feel her hands explore your body a bit; they come up behind you back and towards your shoulder, her pointed claws raking gently across the [pc.skinFurScales] of your neck until they find the opening to your top. Her right hand goes to pulling on it, insistently getting it over your head with a few tugs, while her left goes lower, searching for the waistband of your bottoms; her message is clear, and you help her get yourself undressed, baring yourself as much as she is to you – at least, underneath all that fur.}

Soon enough, the nuzzling escalates: once Roeliel is satisfied that she's got her scent good and marked on you, her tongue extends, lapping at your naked body, starting at the side of your neck, where she had started her nuzzling. {first time|You flinch, expecting the coarse feeling of a cat's tongue against a part of you that's more sensitive than others, but the sting of a rough tongue against your body doesn't come: it's just her normal tongue, and any roughness you feel is just from her tastebuds.|Even though you know it's just a normal human tongue, you still can't help but shiver a little bit, and not (just) from the feeling of a woman openly licking at your body.} She licks at you again and again, wetting the spot she had been nuzzling and working her way across your neck and along the top of your chest in long, broad strokes. All the while, her purring doesn't stop and her tail continues to sway, occasionally distracting your eye.

Her questing tongue reaches up and around to the other side of your neck, giving it all the same amount of attention; when she's done, she reaches upward, her tongue lapping at the edge of your jawline {PC is Sweaty|. You haven't showered since you last did some extraneous work, and you're covered in a thin layer of dried sweat... but Roeliel doesn't seem to mind. In fact, the deeper and harder she goes against you, the more you can feel her nose huffing against you, taking in more of your scent with every excited breath she makes. Maybe she's okay with a bit of natural musk} {PC is Cum Covered|. On every other pass that she makes, her tongue picks up the leftover flavor of your previous lover, having left their own mark on you. Whenever she finds a particularly 'thick' spot on your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], her tongue pauses, slips back into her mouth, and then resumes. You know that she knows: you let someone else cum all over you, and here she is, cleaning up the mess you haven't cleaned off yet. Luckily for you, she doesn't seem to mind}.

Your left hand has gone from stroking the side of her arm to down the side of her body, from her ribs to the swell of her hips. Your fingers scratch and dig into the fur lining her form, particularly along the meat of her buttcheek: she's leaning on her right side, exposing her left cheek for you to grab onto, and not only is she twisting her hips to give you more room to grab onto (perhaps unconsciously), but her thighs are grinding together with steady, rhythmic pacing. Not that you blame her: it's difficult to not get into the mood yourself when you have a horny panther with big boobs licking all across your neck, but Roeliel is doing everything in her power to avoid touching your crotch. She must want to save that for last.

Her eyes meet yours once her tongue makes it to your chin, where she coyly laps at it, continuing with her dutiful grooming now that you're her... prey? Property {collared by Lorelei| (not that that's part of the roleplay)}? Whatever it is you are to her, she's being very thorough in making sure you're clean as can be. It's only a matter of time before her questing tongue reaches your [pc.lips], which you keep closed for the first few strokes – but your [pc.willpowerRange 0 30|willpower can only hold for so long|teasing can only go for so long] before they part, and Roeliel's tongue darts into your mouth, to make sure that you're clean in there, too.

Once her tongue touches yours, it surges into your mouth, wrapping around your own and grinding against the inside of your teeth and along the inside of your cheeks. Her purring stops and her eyes close; she's so focused on heavily making out with you that she's forgotten her roleplaying entirely. Her breathing comes out of her nose in long, ragged breaths; her focus is on her tongue dancing with yours, her buds gliding across your own, and her body pushing against yours and holding you still against the tree.

Her tongue was dry when it first entered your mouth, but you could hardly tell the difference after only a few seconds. Her tongue tastes like you {PC is Sweaty| and all of your most intense flavors} {PC is Cum Covered|, and she tastes a bit like the spunk you still had clinging to you when she got to you}. After a few more moments, Roeliel stops making out with you just long enough to roll her body on top of yours, her heavy breasts bearing down on your [pc.chest] and her crotch grinding wetly against your own[pc.hasCock|, sandwiching your [pc.cock] between your bodies as her hot, wet cunt glides wet streaks along its underside|, her pussy bearing heavily down onto your [pc.vagina|, her wetness mingling with yours. The bristles of her fur {skin is fur|brush and press against your own|tickle against your body} as she pins you down and presses herself harder into you; she's not humping you, exactly, but she's on a hair trigger, and you're pretty close to jumping the gun, yourself.

Roeliel's tongue presses and twists and mingles with yours with a feral sort of intensity; like she has a mission to accomplish, or a goal to achieve. Every breathless moan is a break in character, which she quickly tries to correct by wagging her tail. Her tongue brushes along the roof of your mouth; it pushes against the inside of your cheeks; her tip finds your own and she presses and touches and tastes you and yourself, hungry for you like a predator on a fresh kill after not having eaten for days.

Just as you're starting to lose breath yourself, Roeliel pulls back, gasping for air through her nose, her pink tongue extended with a thin strand of saliva connecting your tongue to hers before snapping as she pulls it back into her mouth. Her deep-brown slitted eyes remain on yours, and the throaty purring from before resumes with much more intensity than before. Her tail swishes behind herself with such force, it pulls her waist along with it – causing her pussy to [pc.hasCock|frot against the base of your rapidly-hardening cock, her pussy's juices dripping down its length|grind against your own|, feeling her juices drip down the inside of your thighs|. Her tongue slips out to lick at her chops, and her pupils shrink like she's about to strike. She wants more.

That begs the question as to what you are in this game of hers, though. Are you the prey? Have you been caught by Roeliel and she's free to do to you what she wants? Or are you a participant, a second player in her game, capable of making your own decisions?

[=Continue=][=PlayAlong=]

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// Tooltip: Let Roeliel continue as she likes on you. There are worse fates than being thoroughly groomed by a sexy panther.

You opt to continue playing the part of the prey: you're a meek deer, caught by the big, powerful panther, afraid to do anything other than stay totally still and hope she loses interest in you over time.

Or, at least, that's the message you wanted to get across. Roeliel is a powerful hunter, and you're in her territory; playing into her instincts as an apex predator would really help with the immersion. That, and you're not about to say no to a more thorough tongue-bath by a sexy lady panther.

Still, when you shift to make yourself a bit more comfortable, Roeliel's right paw reaches up and slams into your stomach – not hard enough to hurt, but her claws are extended, and their pointed tips poke against your body as a warning. Her eyes focus on yours, her slitted pupils narrowing further, and a low, menacing growl sounds from her throat. You are they prey, she is in charge, and you will act like it.

The first thing Roeliel does when she disengages from you is hone in on your [pc.chest|, seeking out [pc.cupRange flat C|your [pc.nipples] and lapping at them with equal parts tender care and horny aggression; her tongue swirls around the bud of your left nipple before her lips

purse to suck on it gently. She goes in a wide circular pattern, making sure to wet every inch of your breast tissue before moving on to the next one; she's nothing if not thorough in her duties to make sure you're good and bathed[the expanse of your fat tits; she finds the left one first and wastes no time in lapping at the upper curve of your boob less like a proud and proper huntress of the jungle and more like a woman starring in a porno. She takes her time zeroing in on your nipple, opting to bathe the width of your breast, from the top to the sides, before finally coming in on your bud and flicking the tip of your nipple with her tongue. She does everything from tease it until it's erect to pressing the flat of her tongue against it like she was pressing a button, all before pursing her lips to gently suck on it – and when she's finally done, she makes her way across your chest to the other tit, but not before putting herself in between your cleavage and tasting everything in between your boobs there]. All the while, Roeliel's tail wags errantly behind herself, swishing this way and that, causing her ass to wiggle with its motions; between her butt dancing back and forth and the way she's going at your chest, you aren't sure where it is your eyes should be drawn.

Every time her tongue brushes against a particularly sensitive part of you – your [pc.nipples], or an erogenous zone along the breadth of your chest – you want to fidget or moan. Your muscles leap and respond to the stimulus: everything from a crunch of your stomach to the twitch of your fingers. But Roeliel isn't having any of it. Every time you make even the smallest movements, you feel the sharp tingle of her claws against your body, threatening you with something a bit more intense if you act out-of-line.

Your teeth start to unconsciously nibble into your bottom lip as Roeliel really works your chest over, getting every inch of you nice and slick with her saliva. It's a wonder how she's keeping her tongue so moist through it all. When she's finally had her feel of sucking on your nipples and making out with your [pc.cupRange flat C|chest|tits], she starts making her way lower, towards your abdomen; her tongue goes along the lower rim of your ribs, tickling at the sensitive [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] there, before heading down to the [pc.toneRange 0 50|flat spread of your stomach. From there, she repeats the same patterns: going in large circles, starting from the outside and going in, licking at your body with wide swaths of her tongue before eventually focusing in on your belly button|chiseled abdominals of your stomach. She breaks her pattern of normally starting on the outside and working her way in so that she can instead pay special attention to each bulging muscle on your stomach, cleaning and tasting them in succession, starting at the top one and working their way down]. When she reaches your belly button, she breaks character to pucker her lips and kiss at it a few times before resuming her act.

The lower Roeliel gets, the harder it becomes to keep your reflexes in check. From your belly button, she starts going lower, her tongue reaching the flat plateau of your pelvis and dangerously close to your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock], trying to stand erect but pressed underneath Roeliel's fat tits|[pc.vagina], moist enough that it'd cause the air to condense around it]. You let slip a little sigh through your teeth, still nibbling into your lip, and in response, you feel Roeliel's teeth graze against your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]. When you look into her eyes, her expression gives you exactly one command: <i>'move, and I'll bite you.'</i>

On the one hand, you believe her. She's playing the part of the hungry predator looking to get her next meal (in the form of a sexual thrill, anyway), and you willingly gave yourself to her for her to play with. On the other, you don't believe that she'd make it a truly negative experience... but you're also not willing to risk it.

You can feel her beath wash down between your [pc.legs], the heat and moisture adding to the heat building up at your crotch. Roeliel takes another heavy sniff at the spot on your pelvis just above the dip between your midsection and where your [pc.legOrLegs] meet; with her eyes still sternly on yours, her tongue slips out to brush at the sensitive [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], brushing at it like it's too hot, but she still wanted a taste.

It's a game to see how long you can last before you crack. Roeliel is doing everything in her power to make you fidget or flinch or moan, but as soon as you do, you lose, and the

punishment is implied to be unpleasant. [pc.willpowerRange 0 50|Unfortunately for you, with one particular, low-angled glance of her tongue, you reflexively jerk underneath her, kicking your [pc.legs] from beneath her body.

Her eyes widen and the growling returns, much louder and deeper than before. Suddenly, you feel a slight pinch on your pelvis, hard enough to make you inhale sharply, but you fight to keep from doing anything more. Roeliel's upper lip has lifted out of place, revealing a sharp, white incisor that glows in whatever little light there is in her jungle-room – she's bitten you! Not hard enough to leave a mark, but hard enough to know that she could have done much worse if she wanted. Fortunately, you're made of sterner stuff: no matter what Roeliel tries, short of going down on you, you refuse to do anything more than exhale a little unevenly. Your whole adventure up to this point has trained you for this moment.

Not to say that it's easy. Roeliel is a skilled panther that knows exactly how hard or how light to tease you, so it takes every trick in the book to keep your cool.

Still, Roeliel looks up at you with narrowed eyes, the ambient light of the jungle-room glinting off her irises. She exhales through her nose and kisses your pelvis one final time: she's impressed, and she's letting you know it.]

Roeliel pauses her 'cleaning' of your upper pelvis, her cheek resting against your thigh for a moment. The bristles of her fur {skin is not fur|itch against your [pc.skinFurScales], but|press gently down against your own;} it's nice feeling her against you like this.

But, just as suddenly as she stops, she leans back and presses her face in against your crotch, her mouth against your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock]]|[pc.vagina]]. Although you feel the plumpness of her lips against you, she doesn't move: you're left to throb against her pursed lips while she does nothing to stimulate you further. Which is all a part of the game: the raw anticipation of what happens next has your heart beating faster than if she'd just start going down on you like a whore doing it for free.

[pc.hasCock|Her lips are pressed right up against the cap of your [pc.cock], your tip throbbing against her mouth. She parts them ever-so-slightly, and your tip slips between her lips by less than quarter of an inch – not nearly enough for you to get any real stimulation, but enough that, when next you throb against her mouth, a fat splurt of your pre shoots against the broadside of her tongue. When it does, her nostril flare and her slitted eyes refocus on you, but she does nothing more... until her tongue slips into her mouth and you hear her swallow. Her lips are slightly parted as they press against the sensitive petals of your vulva; the plushness of her lips meet with yours, and her every breath washes heat against your body. Her upper lip presses against the bud of your [pc.clit], nudging it just enough out of place that it makes your fingers clench, but not hard enough that it's unpleasant. She provides no real stimulation for you, but that's the whole point – and you can't help but quiver as you feel your own juices drip down the length of your cunt and towards your taint. Roeliel licks her bottom lip, deliberately trying to avoid touching your petals with her tongue, but you can tell, she tastes you, and she likes what she tastes.]

Again, Roeliel pauses, waiting for something. A part of you is impatient and wants her to make up her mind on whether or not she's going to do anything, and another part of you is excited for how this situation is going to develop and what might happen next.

Apparently having decided that you've waited long enough, and that you've proven your stability as her prey, Roeliel finally, blissfully closes the gap: [pc.hasCock|her head cranes forward, sucking in inch after inch of your throbbing [pc.cock] into her warm, waiting mouth. Her cheeks hollow and there's a tight suction all around the meat of your shaft, and her tongue goes at you with all the same intensity as if she were still cleaning other parts of your body. And that's all only on the first pass: with every bob of her head, she goes down deeper and deeper onto your shaft, sucking more of your meat into her mouth and rubbing more of her tastebuds

around your cock, making sure that no single part of you is left naked and unattended.|she tilts her head forward and you feel her tongue spear into your [pc.vagina], reaching deeply into your body on the first pass. Her motions from there are slow, but deliberate: she bloats her tongue to press against either side of your tunnel, and when she withdraws, it's with a belabored, lazy slowness that has her buds press and grind against your walls. When she finally withdraws her tongue, she forcefully thrusts it back in, repeating the process but tilting her head one way or another just slightly enough that she reaches a different part inside of you with every pass. It's less like she's eating you out and more like she's tasting you, in the same way that a chef tastes a soup to determine if it needs something.]

Now that you're being given some real attention, it's harder than ever to not fidget and moan while she works you over. You can't help but let out the smallest of moans – more of a gasp, really....

... And Roელი responds by stopping suddenly, her ears perking up, and you feel the sharp nibble of her teeth against your sensitive [pc.hasCock|shaft|folds]. She, in response to your moan, lets out a little growl of her own as her tail whips behind herself. This is a game of give-and-take: Roელი is going down on you, but you need to give her the satisfaction of letting her stay in control.

It's not going to be easy.

[=Next=]