L'ena's Kinktober Collection

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L'ena's Kinktober Collection

by Carbuncle Kisser (Punjoke)

Summary

Pregnancy

L’ena stopped for a moment, leaning against the Quicksand’s railing as she caught her breath. Once she was steady again, she looked down and caressed her swollen belly lovingly. Many things had changed since the lucky suitor’s seed had quickened within her. For one, she felt much more front-heavy, and her cat-like balance was often thrown off when she forgot the new weight she was carrying. Second, her modest breasts had firmed up, in preparation for the meals they would soon be providing. And of course, she had to stop more often to rest. The baby herself reminded L’ena of this, as the pregnancy was far enough along to kick whenever she over-exerted herself.

But some things had not changed. She had stubbornly clung to her own wardrobe, even as her belly had grown. Her short skirts and tight tops remained, and she was proud to let her pregnant belly remain brazenly exposed for any passersby to admire. And smallclothes were still out of the question. If anything, the rush of hormones brought on by the pregnancy had pushed The Miqo’te’s already healthy libido into overdrive, and the thrill of walking around town with nothing beneath her skirt had her wet practically all day.

And men and not stopped lusting after her either. As she leaned against the railing, she sensed somebody step up behind her, and felt a bold hand on her shoulder.

“Begging your pardon, young miss, but you looked as though you needed some assistance.”

She glanced over her shoulder, saw the grinning face of some handsome Highlander she’d never seen before. The Miqo’te lifted her tail, letting it tease against the stranger’s chest as he fondled her bare shoulder. “Aren’t you a gentleman?” she said, leaning harder against the railing, letting her skirt rise higher up against her hips. When she pressed her butt back against him, she could feel his stiffness already straining against his pants.

“Aye, there’s no way that I would overlook the need of a pretty mother-to-be such as yourself,” the Highlander said, letting his hand move from her shoulder to her pregnant belly.

L’ena smirked back at him, pushing her belly out a bit more. “And yet I think I shall be the one relieving you of your burden, won’t I?” she teased him.

The straps of his pants came undone quickly, and he squeezed closer as L’ena felt the heat of his cock press up against her buttocks. The Miqo’te nuzzled against the stranger, slick feminine juices already dripping down her inner thighs in anticipation. Behind them, the daily crowd of the Quicksand pressed by, unnoticing of the act of debauchery taking place in their midst; or perhaps noticing and not caring. Such wanton displays were not altogether unknown in this place.

The man’s lips brushed against the fur of her ears as he began to grind his cock against her. “The father must be proud to have laid his seed in such fine breeding stock,” he whispered to her, his hand still caressing her swollen belly. “Surely he wouldn’t mind sharing, now that he’s already won the prize.”

At the mention of her baby’s father, L’ena could only smile secretly. If only people knew, she thought to herself. What a scandal it would be.

But her thoughts were interrupted when the stranger’s head pressed urgently against her tight entrance. Leaning forward as best she could, L’ena braced herself against the railing and raised her ass up to give him better access. For a moment his grip on her tightened, and he grunted with effort as he pushed forward. Then the first three inches of his manhood slid into her velvety-soft hole,
and she felt him throb within her.

“You don’t have to be gentle,” L’ena told him. The walls of her pussy clenched down around his shaft to accentuate the point.

Still holding the pregnant Miqo’te’s bare belly, the Highlander grunted, “Wasn’t planning on it.” Then he began to fuck her with stiff, deep strokes, his cock slamming in all the way to the hilt in one go before pulling back a few inches and slamming in again. L’ena bit her lip and fucked back against him, her body responding to the rough rhythm, her inner muscles squeezing down around him with matching intensity. Each thrust pushed her rounded belly up against the railing, the weight of her pregnancy caught between the cold stone and the stranger’s warm body.

L’ena’s stiff nipples were visibly poking out of her tin top now, and she could already feel the spasms of impending release building up between her loins. The potent rush of hormones had her on a hair trigger as it was. “I’m going to cum,” she whined, her voice already unsteady.

“Pregnant slut,” the man hissed, slamming his cock all the way inside of her. She felt a familiar throb run through his thick shaft, and then he was shooting her full of cum. It filled her overstuffed pussy and began to splatter down on the floor beneath them. Then L’ena too joined him in orgasm, her body stiffening and her muscles going taught as her needy pussy clamped down and massaged the stranger’s shaft, her body begging for each milky drop it was willing to shoot into her.

“Breed me,” she begged, trembles of lust running through her body. “I’m such a bad little mommy, fuck me and fill me up!”

He did just that, draining his balls inside of her while caressing her swollen belly. It wasn’t until he’d emptied his balls completely that he finally pulled out of her. “Gods, what I wouldn’t give to knock you up a second time, miss,” the man groaned.

A waterfall of excess cum dripped from her well-fucked pussy and onto the floor, where a milky puddle had formed. Once the man stepped away from her, she turned to face him, hands on her belly as she gave him a demure smile. “Perhaps next time,” she said to him. “Thank you very much for the assistance!”

Then, as he fumbled to get his softening prick back into his pants, L’ena continued onward, letting her swollen belly lead the way as fresh cum dripped from between her legs and left a sticky white trail behind her.
Breeding

Sazanami Gakunin was young Au Ra girl; lithe, attractive, and incredibly naive. Freshly emigrated from Hingashi, she had heard travelers refer to the desert city as the “jewel of Eorzea,” and listened with rapt attention as they told her grand, romantic tales of royalty and riches, where anyone with a dream could try to make their fortune. And so she had come, alone and without a gil to her name, but full of hope that she would find a new home for herself here.

It had not occurred to her that the language barrier would be such a large problem, however, until she had actually arrived in Vesper Bay. It was only then that she realized the people of Eorzea did not in fact understand Hingashi, and her mastery of their tongue was broken at best. Nevertheless, she had managed to follow other eastern immigrants through the deserts of Thanalan until finally arriving at the grand city of Ul’dah itself.

And it was there that she had finally met a pretty Miqo’te named L’ena, who fortunately did speak fluent Hingashi. The two of them had become fast friends, owing mostly to the fact that she was the only person Sazanami could talk to properly. To the overwhelmed Au Ra, it was a small beacon of familiarity in the otherwise strange and wondrous surroundings she had managed to strand herself in.

Eventually Sazanami approached L’ena, begging for a suggestion on how to find employment, or at least how to make a few gil to feed herself. The Miqo’te had looked the pale, golden-haired Au Ra up and down and smiled deviously.

she had said, cryptically.

This had made the virginal Sazanami blush, and at first she dismissed the idea of selling herself outright.

But the next day, when she found hunger gnawing at her belly, and her room at the inn unpaid for, desperation began to set in. And so she had returned to her friend L’ena and asked if the Miqo’te how exactly one went about making gil with their body.

L’ena had found her a customer within the hour.

“Barely arrived in Eorzea, she barely even understands the language,” L’ena was telling the man. “And nobody’s ever had her before. You would be the first.”

Sitting nervously on the bed, Sazanami looked up at the two of them and smiled, doing her best to follow the conversation, but failing utterly. “Hingashi,” she offered helpfully. “I come. New.”

The Hyur looked her over, nodding in appreciation. “She’s beautiful. And those scales… I’ve never seen anyone like that.”

L’ena was already in the process of disrobing the man. As she undid his shirt and loosened his belt, she added, “She was worried about protection. I told her there was nothing to worry about, that you had taken herbs that would render your seed… infertile.”

The man looked down at her, his eyebrows raised. “I’ve done no such thing.”

The sparkle of mischief in L’ena’s eyes was unmistakable. “And she shall be none the wiser. She has no idea what we’re saying. Here, let me show you,” she said, turning to her confused friend. “You’re just a cute little breeding slut, aren’t you? Barely here a week and already looking to get
knocked up, yes?”

Sazanami recognized the word ‘cute.’ She smiled and nodded. “Yes! Cute!”

The Hyur’s rock hard cock popped out of his pants the moment L’ena undid them, making Sazanami jump. He fondled it, gave it a few pumps with his fist. “Aye, well, I won’t turn down a request like that,” he growled.

It was the first time Sazanami had ever seen a man naked, and it was the first time anyone had seen her naked since she was a child. The young Au Ra barely had time to be embarrassed, however, as the man pushed her down onto the bed and began to undo her clothing. Her tail thumped nervously between her legs as he unceremoniously ripped off her top and then pushed up her skirt, leaving her tender sex perilously vulnerable before the stranger’s rod. She glanced over at L’ena.

she said in Hingashi, as if that weren’t already obvious.

Sitting by the bed, L’ena took her hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

Her tongue fumbled the unfamiliar words, but Sazanami did as she was told. Without understanding their meaning, the Au Ra looked up at the man and said, “P-please… put your baby in me. Breed me like a… like a good whore?”

“With pleasure,” the man growled.

Sazanami jumped in surprise when the man reached down and grabbed one of her horns dominantly, then let out a high-pitched cry as he placed the head of his cock against her virginal entrance and thrust it in roughly. The man held her down and fucked her hard while she squealed and thrashed beneath him, uncaring that it was her first time and focused solely on his own pleasure. His thick shaft spread the tiny Au Ra girl’s pussy wide, and soon he was thrusting deep enough into her that the tip of his prick was hammering against her cervix.

Sazanami begged in Hingashi.

“She likes it,” L’ena translated. “Harder!”

The man yanked Sazanami’s horn and pounded her mercilessly. She reached up, pushed at him, but was helpless to do anything but lay beneath him as he used her body any way he saw fit. “Your womb is mine, whore!” the man grunted, yanking her horn and forcing her head to the side. Then he shoved himself in to the hilt and exploded, thick spurts of cum gushing into the Au Ra’s fertile body, a million seeds eager to plant themselves within her.

Sazanami lay beneath the man in a panic, still unsure exactly what was happening, and very unaware of the fact that she was in fact getting knocked up by this Hyuran stranger.

Once he’d deposited his whole load, the man let out a sigh and pulled away from Sazanami. The naked Au Ra lay on the bed, legs still spread, cum seeping out of her pussy. She didn’t even have the strength to cover herself.

“Damn good pussy,” the Hyur said, nodding at L’ena. Then he tossed a gilpurse onto the bed beside Sazanami. “I’d like to come back for seconds, I think. Let me know when she’s available next.”

And then he was gone, leaving the two women alone in L’ena’s apartment.
Sazanami asked, her head still swimming.

The Miqo’te came to sit on the bed beside her. She took the gilpurse and placed it in Sazanami’s hands.

Sazanami still could not speak Eorzean. But her money problems were over, at least for now. Little did she know that by the end of the year, she would have another mouth to feed.
Mirror Sex

Chapter Summary

I had to double down today, I mean we can't just keep to a single fetish only, right?

The Miqo’te loved the sight of her own reflection. How could she not, after all, when she found herself to be so attractive? Standing in front of her full-length mirror, she let her dress fall to the floor and took in the sight of her naked body. The sight made her wet, and she reached down between her legs, her fingers toying with herself while she watched.

Her Carbuncle seemed to enjoy the look of it as well; brushing up against her let with his sparkly tail held high, the amorous critter let out a chirp of appreciation as he sized up his mistress. L’ena ignored him at first, focusing on her own body, her pale skin going flush with arousal as her fingers rubbed against her clit. Lust was writ large across her face, and L’ena took another step towards the mirror, gazing into her own eyes as she pleasured herself. Finally her fingers weren’t enough for her, and without tearing herself away from the reflection, she gently patted herself, signalling to Carbuncle that she was ready for him. With another squeak, the summoned creature jumped up, bracing his little paws against the Miqo’te’s legs and burying his muzzle between them.

“Good boy!” L’ena gasped, her breath catching in her throat as he felt the familiar sensation of his tingling aetheric tongue probing her most sensitive spot.

She reached down and placed a hand on his head, petting him and keeping him steady as he lapped at her pink slit. At the same time she focused even more intently on the wanton look that was spreading over her face. The reflection of the sex-crazed kitty in the mirror was so delicious, so depraved, and so close that L’ena yearned to reach out and touch her.

Her lips pressed against the cold surface of the mirror, and the heat from her breath frosted the glass. Her reflection kissed back, and then their mouths parted to let their tongues push against each other. L’ena let out a sharp moan as Carbuncle’s tongue hit a particularly sensitive spot on her clit, causing slick juices to squirt into his hungry mouth. Pleased with his mistress’s response, the animal honed in on that spot, licking at it with a frenzy that made L’ena’s legs shake. When the licking pushed her over into a quick and powerful orgasm, she in turn licked the mirror she was leaning against, lathering the lewd reflection of herself in saliva just as she was lathering Carbuncle’s tongue with her honey.

Once she’d recovered from that climax and pushed Carbuncle away from her, she grasped the full-length mirror and gently laid it down on the floor in front of her. With a sense of giddiness growing in her belly, the Miqo’te then got down on all fours, straddling the mirror so that she could see the underside of her body reflected back up at her. Then she peered back over her shoulder and lifted her golden tail invitingly.

“It’s your turn now, Carbuncle,” she said, wiggling her hips. “Come and get your naughty little bitch!”

He hopped up on top of her like a flash, his sparkly little paws digging into her hips as his thick red cock poked against her entrance. L’ena’s tail curled around the summoned creature intimately, and she raised her ass up to help him find the right angle. She looked down at the mirror laid out
beneath her, saw the reflection of her Carbuncle’s stiff member pressing insistently at her horny slit, and moaned with delight at the sight of it. Reaching down between her legs, she spread herself wide for him, and watched closely as the tip of the beast’s cock slipped into her inch by inch.

“Oh, that is such a good boy!” she purred, marveling as his length spread her tight hole wider.

While she was fixated on the reflection of their illicit coupling, Carbuncle was fixated mostly on taking his own pleasure from his mistress’s willing body. Letting out a squeak of pleasure, he began to thrust into her with animalistic passion, his thrusts hard and fast. L’ena stifled a gasp as the tip of Carbuncle’s cock pounded against the back of her pussy and did her best to hold herself steady so that she could watch it all in the mirror.

“Harder,” she hissed, her insides clenching down around her four-legged lover’s cock. “Fuck me harder!”

L’ena’s pussy was soaking wet, and the slick juices began to drip down onto the mirror below, making the view look even more wanton and depraved. Then the Miqo’te saw the base of Carbuncle’s cock beginning to swell larger, and she bit her lip in anticipation.

“Get it in me,” she begged, fucking back against him.

Carbuncle tightened his grip on her and pounded her with abandon, until finally he forced his entire cock into her and held it there. L’ena’s head was spinning as she reached down between her legs again and spread her pussy wide, her eyes drinking in the reflected sight of the animal’s knot growing to full size inside of her. Even before they were fully tied, L’ena was cumming hard, her pussy spasming around the knot, milking it greedily. Carbuncle joined her soon after, his tail swishing wildly as he began to pump her full of sparkly aetheric cum.

“N-naughty boy!” L’ena gasped, struggling to keep herself balanced on one arm, her eyes still rapt by the sight of her Carbuncle knotting her. More juices dripped down her inner thighs and onto the stained surface of the mirror as the two of them came together.

L’ena’s third orgasm came just a bit later, after Carbuncle had pumped his entire load into her. They stayed tied together for a while afterwards, both of them basking in the afterglow of their illicit coupling. Then the creature’s knot began to shrink. When it popped out, a waterfall of milky animal cum flooded out after it, splattering against the mirror beneath them. The sight of so much spunk sent L’ena off the deep end one last time, and she rubbed herself to a third and final orgasm as she made a mess of the mirror once again.

When it was finally done, Carbuncle hopped off of her, and L’ena rolled over onto her side.

“Someone has got to clean up this mess,” she mused to herself, her fingers already creeping back down between her legs as she crawled down and began to lick Carbuncle cum, mixed with her own sweet juices, off of the mirror; her tongue pressed against its own reflection, sharing one last cum-filled kiss with the pretty kitty on the other side.
Chapter Summary

It's difficult not to blur the lines between the focus kink and like a hundred others. Also not every story is going to feature L'ena, it looks like!

At the bar, she’d given her name as Katherine. It was obviously not a traditional Miqo’te name, but then she did seem rather detached from her tribal roots, living in the big city and all. Or perhaps the name was fake; it wouldn’t have been the first time a girl at the bar had given Radimir a fake name. But he let the matter slide. He wasn’t really interested in her name as much as he was her body.

She’d taken quickly to him as well, either because he’d plied her with excessive amounts of alcohol, or perhaps she just appreciated his fine Hrothgar physique. Either way, he’d ended up taking the girl home and spent the night ‘breaking her in.’ In truth, Katherine was so inebriated by that point that she’d only been half aware of what was going on while Radimir undressed her and had his way with her, but the next morning when they awoke curled up together, she hadn’t run. That was how Radimir knew he had truly captured her.

The Miqo’te knelt before him on the floor, obedient and subservient. Radimir caressed her maroon hair, which framed her pretty face on either side but was cut short, and she flicked her fluffy tail in anticipation. She was still completely naked, and while Radimir enjoyed the sight of the angry red claw marks he’d left all over her, he decided that wouldn’t do — she needed to wear something.

And he had just the thing. Placing a claw gently beneath Katherine’s chin, he pushed her head up, and while she was so exposed, he brought out his spare pet collar and slipped it around her delicate neck, yanking it tight and hooking the accompanying leash to it. Katherine looked up at him, wide-eyed as he held the leash in his hand.

“Isn’t that better, my little pet?” he growled.

She whimpered in submission. “Yes.”

A small tug on the leash jerked her forward just a bit. “Yes what?” Radimir prompted.

“Yes, master!”

Satisfied, Radimir led his pet on all fours towards the large easy chair where he’d fucked her the night before. This time she remained on the floor before him as he sat down before her. Again he reached out to pet the little Miqo’te, and she closed her eyes and nuzzled up against a palm that was almost as big as her head.

Then he undid the buckle on his pants and let his thick Hrothgar cock pop out. It was very much unlike those of the other races of Eorzea; Hrothgar were more animalistic, and their equipment reflected this, being a curious mix of canine and feline. At the sight of it, Katherine drew in a sharp breath of fear and awe. Radimir smiled and pulled on the leash, urging her to come forward.

“Service me, pet,” he commanded.
With eyes heavily lidded, Katherine allowed herself to be pulled forward towards the Hrothgar’s red shaft and tapered tip. When it brushed up against her lips, she let out a soft mew and kissed it. She nuzzled herself up against it, just as she had against Radimir’s palm, letting its throbbing warmth soak into her bare skin. It throbbed against her, and Radimir shifted in his seat, fighting the sudden urge to grab his plaything and ravage it completely.

“Like this, master?” Katherine asked. Her breath was hot against his shaft, and she began to lavish it with little licks. When Radimir growled his approval, she reached up and grasped the animalistic cock with both hands, stroking it as she ran her tongue up and down, rough feline barbs catching every so often. Beads of slick pre-cum began to form at the pointed tip and drip down the shaft, and Katherine lapped the salty treat up gratefully.

Leaning back in his chair, Radimir looked down at the pretty kitty attending to him. As she leaned over onto his lap, her ass was pushed out away from him, and her fluffy tail swayed from side to side. Tapping a claw against the armrest, Radimir thought to himself. His pet deserved a reward as well.

Katherine jumped in surprise as Radimir brought his claws to his mouth and let out a sharp whistle. She looked up at him, doe-eyed, her lips glistening with saliva and pre-cum. He smiled down at her and caressed her face again. “Continue what you were doing. I was just calling my… other pet.”

There was a scratching and scrabbling of claws, and then Radimir’s loyal hunting hound ran into the room with a loud bark. Katherine bristled at the sudden sight of the dog, but Radimir stroked her until she was calm again. The hunting hound approached the two of them and sniffed the air, no doubt catching the unmistakable scent of arousal lingering around the both of them. Then he turned his attention towards the Miqo’te knelt down in front of him, her rear end thrust out in offering.

“M-Master!” Katherine gasped, as the hound thrust itself between her legs and began lapping at her tender pussy.

“You will service both of us,” Radimir ordered. He pulled on Katherine’s leash, leading her back to his throbbing dick.

Still moaning and wiggling with desire as the dog’s tongue licked at her slit, Katherine returned to her work, pleasuring the thick Hrothgar cock with her lips and hands. There was an urgency to her movements now, as her own sexual pleasure began to well up within her, and she trembled as Radimir placed his hand possessively on top of her head.

It wasn’t long before the hound had had its fill of the taste of Miqo’te pussy, and instead jumped up, mounting his prey from behind. Katherine gasped in surprise again as the heavy canine gripped her, but this time she did not stop servicing her master’s cock while the dog began to hump her, his smaller canine member slipping between her legs as it tried to find her entrance. Within moments it succeeded, and Katherine let out a little squeal as the fierce hound began to fuck her like a breeding bitch.

The feel of Katherine small Miqo’te hands and tongue along his shaft, and the sight of her being fucked by his dog began to push Radimir over the edge. A savage growl built in the back of his throat, and while Katherine kissed and stroked him, the base of his cock began to swell up into a thick, bulbous knot. The steady drip of pre-cum increased, until it was no longer pre, but rather intermittent squirts of full on Hrothgar cum, jetting up into the air before spattering down on his lap and Katherine’s face.

“Master…!” Katherine begged, pressing in close and focusing entirely on Radimir’s bulging knot.
She squeezed it between her hands, kissed and licked it wantonly, as he shot his load above her. A particularly thick rope of gooey Hrothgar cum hit her across the nose, and she blinked in sudden surprise before continuing to service his throbbing knot.

Meanwhile the dog was in a mating frenzy, his cock stabbing deep into Katherine with each thrust. He let out a bark, drool dripping from his maw and onto Katherine’s bare back, as he delivered his own doggy pre-cum straight into the Miqo’te bitch’s tender pussy. Each feral thrust pushed Katherine up against Radimir’s cock, forcing her to nuzzle the cum-streaked knot even more intimately as she mewedled and shuddered between her two lovers.

“Master, I’m going to…!” Katherine gasped, her fragile body trembling. Another spatter of cum impacted on her face; it dripped from her bangs and rolled down her cheek. “I’m going to cum!”

Deep in the throes of his own orgasm, Radimir looked down at her and bared his teeth. “Cum for me, little toy,” he commanded, as his cock continued to pump its milky load all over the collared kitty.

As if to drive the command home, the hound buried himself hilt-deep inside of Katherine, his knot expanding inside of her and tying them together. The beast’s claws dug into her supple flesh, leaving smaller scratch marks just below the spot where Radimir had scratched her the night before, as gouts of canine cum poured into the Miqo’te’s womb.

This was the last straw, and moments later Katherine began to climax as well, ripples of pleasure spreading through her. She came harder than either of the males, her ears and tail flicking back and her whole body shaking uncontrollably. Her pussy clenched down around the hunting hound’s knot, kneading it wantonly, while her hands tightened their grip on Radimir’s much larger Hrothgar knot. But even through the intensity of her orgasm, Katherine continued to service her master, kissing and sucking at the knot while he covered her in his seed.

In the same way that they bore similar equipment, both Radimir and his hound came in similar ways as well, their knots heralding a slow but powerful delivery of their cum onto and into her submissive little bitch. Finally, when both of their loads had been exhausted, they lay back and panted, Radimir in his chair and the dog on top of Katherine.

But the Miqo’te continued to cum, squirming and moaning between the two of them as she felt the head of their cum on her bare skin and inside her body. She continued to grind against Radimir’s knot until it finally began to shrink, the dog also following suit until it could pop out of her. Only then, when deprived of both knots, did Katherine’s ecstasy finally begin to ebb.

Down on all fours, her arms and legs shaky beneath her, Katherine looked up at him, her face still dripping with cum. “Did I do good, master?” she asked demurely.

Still holding her leash, Radimir purred. “You did well, my pet. Rest now. It will not be long before we are ready to go again.”
Domesticity

Chapter Summary

I wasn't familiar with Domesticity and I had to google it. I'm still not sure I understand all of the nuances, and I'm also not sure if this story is even a particularly good example of it. I focused on the possessiveness angle of it, and just because of the characters I decided to use, it basically had to come out this way. So basically I don't know if this is a success or a failure, but it's written either way.

It had been many moons since Tallak had gotten together with all of his friends like this. The Miqo’te boy was not particularly adventurous — more than once he had even been referred to as a ‘mama’s boy’ — but he had been out traveling for some time now, and had only just returned to his home. Although he had few friends, those he did have were close, and the moment they had learned of his return, they’d dragged him out to one of the local cafes.

“Tell us all about your journey!” one of the young girls said, her Miqo’té ears perked up in excitement. The other youths echoed this, laughing and draining their cups as they crowded around the table.

Tallak scratched his head sheepishly; even among his friends, he did not like to be the center of so much attention. But he began to recount some of the more memorable sights on his trip as all of the other Miqo’té huddled closer.

“Well, m-mother and I traveled south… to the Black Shroud! I’d never seen a place so lush with greenery! It was… almost overwhelming. Oh, and then…!”

Little by little Tallak slipped deeper into the story, his anxiety forgotten. His friends nodded and laughed along with him, each of them hanging on his every word; after all, none of them were particularly well traveled either. As his confidence grew, Tallak began to embellish on his tales — just a teeny bit, to make them more exciting. The mood at the table was jovial, and another round of drinks was ordered for all of them.

But Tallak’s story stopped dead when someone slapped a hand on his shoulder, and he heard a voice, sassy and familiar, behind him.

“Why don’t you tell them everything, Tallak? Why aren’t you telling them about me?”

The laughter died immediately as the whole table stared past Tallak, towards the white-haired Miqo’té standing behind him. She smirked, a trace of cruelty flitting across her freckled face. Tallak swallowed, his whole body falling extremely still as the woman gripped him.

“You weren’t going to leave me out of your story, were you, my sweet little Tallak?” she asked, her eyes jumping between each of his friends in turn.

Tallak shifted nervously in his seat. “N-no, Taika, I was just…!”

She cut him off, bending down low. “Tallak here is mine, do you all understand? He belongs to me.”
All of Tallak’s friends looked at each other, unsure of how to react. Tallak squirmed, his confidence drained. “Taika, please,” he whined.

“Well? Isn’t it true?” Taika taunted him. “Go on and tell all of your little friends. You belong to me, right?”

Looking down at the table, Tallak nodded. “I do…”

The white-haired Miqo’te licked her lips and pressed closer to the smaller boy. “That’s right. None of you forget that Tallak is mine, and I can do with him whatever I please.”

Then, as they all watched, Taika reached around and put her palm of Tallak’s chest; it sank lower and lower, until it was hidden below the table. Several of the other Miqo’te sitting across from Tallak began to flush red when they heard the unmistakable sound of his pants being unbuckled. Tallak couldn’t look at any of them. But Taika did not avert her harsh gaze.

“Whatever I please. Right, Tallak?”

His shaggy bangs hung down over his eyes as he nodded in assent. To drive the point home, Taika reached into the youth’s pants and pulled out his stiff cock. Just barely hidden beneath the rim of the table, Taika began to jerk him off, the motion of her arm betraying what was happening, even though none of the boy’s friends could see.

“Good boy,” Taika praised him, her tone smug. She was still staring at his friends, her fierce gaze meeting them each eye to eye, daring them to challenge her, or even to look away. None of them did. “When I want him, I’ll come and take him. And none of you are going to get in my way.”

She jerked his cock faster, harder, until the table shook slightly. Despite his mortification, Tallak began to push his hips upward with each stroke, fucking the white-haired Miqo’te’s fist as she staked her claim over him in front of all of his friends.

Taika’s smirk was deadly as she pleasured the boy in front of them all, and although the table had fallen completely silent, everyone’s attention seemed just as rapt as it had been when Tallak was telling his story — perhaps even more so. Soon Tallak was clinging to Taika, his breath coming in ragged pants, his eyes still cast down at the table.

“Alright, little Tallak,” Taika said, her voice like sweet poison, “I want you to cum now.”

He let out a strangled groan, and just like that he popped off, a thick jet of cum blasting out of his cock and splattering onto the table top in front of him. As he blushed bright red and trembled in embarrassment, Taika milked his cock dry, thick white seed gushing down over her fingers and Tallak’s pants and onto the tabletop, where all of his friends could see.

“See? I told you he’s mine,” Taika cooed at his friends, whose eyes were wide as they watched him climax in front of them. “He does whatever I tell him to!”

When he was done, Taika pulled her hand up to her mouth and licked the spunk from her fingers. Then she tucked him back into his cum-stained pants and re-buckled them.

“Alright, you’ve played with your friends for long enough today, Tallak,” she announced. “Come along home and let’s get you cleaned up!”

Still too ashamed to look at his friends, Tallak muttered a quick apology and stood, doing his best to cover the mess he’d made of his clothing. With Taika tugging him along, he left his friends there, still stunned silent and looking at the pool of cum he’d left on the tabletop opposite them.
Chapter Summary

Uh oh, plot twist! It's a sequel to yesterday's.

Taika’s cruelty did not abate after she’d gotten Tallak home and away from his friends. If anything, it escalated. She pushed her little brother against wall, hard, and loomed over him with a sneer.

“When they know I’m your sister? What would they think if they all knew how you’re always following me around with that stiff little cock of yours?”

When he tried to look away from her, she grabbed his chin and squeezed it, forcing him to look at her again. Then she gave him an aggressive kiss on the lips, her tongue forcing its way into his mouth. He whimpered and struggled against her, but it was hard to deny her taunts when his cock was already straining at the confines of his pants again.

She broke the rough kiss, saliva stretching between their glistening lips, and he gasped for breath. Taika regarded him with an icy gaze. “You’re really pathetic. But then you know that already, don’t you?” She grabbed his ear, twisted it until he cried out in pain. “Lucky for you you’re such a fun little toy.”

Taika pushed her younger brother to the ground and straddled him. The white-haired Miqo’te pulled her shirt off, baring her supple breasts before him. Tormenting the poor boy really did make her wet, and she started to grind on his crotch as she held him down beneath her.

“Gods, the way you lust after your own sister’s pussy really makes me laugh, Tallak,” she teased him, rolling her eyes as she rolled her hips. Then she began to undo her own pants, lifting off of her brother just long enough to pull them off. Now it was just her bare pussy against his bulge; she felt him jump in excitement beneath her. “You’re not going to blow it already, are you?”

She fiddled with his pants until his young cock popped straight out of them. Now their sexes brushed against each other tantalizingly, their heat and their juices intermingling. Tallak’s cheeks were still burning, but he couldn’t look away from the forbidden fruit of his cruel older sister’s naked body while she sat on top of him.

Taika grabbed his modest shaft and guided it into her, raising her hips and then lowering them again as he slid inside of her. Then she was riding him, her movements savage. She grabbed his shirt in her fists and yanked him up hard, letting him know that she was the one in charge.

“Don’t cum until I do,” she growled, her nails digging into his soft flesh, “or I’ll never let you touch me again, you little brat!”

Tallak nodded and did his best to hold back. It was easier said than done, however, as his big sister’s tight hole clenched down hard around him. Taika hunched down over him, her breasts swinging in his face, as she used his frail body for her pleasure. Just when Tallak thought that he was at his limit and could take no more, his older sister began to shudder. The look of pure malice in her eyes as she climaxed made him shiver, but her grip on him was like steel; she slammed her spasming pussy down violently, grinding her hips as her juices soaked him.
“Blow it inside me now,” Taika hissed. “Show me how much you appreciate your sister’s pussy!”

He let out a strangled cry and did just that, thick jets of incestuous cum rocketing deep into Taika’s womb. The taunts ended now, both siblings entirely focused on their coupling. Taika drained her little brother dry and continued to grind on him, until finally both of them went slack.

For the moment, all of Taika’s aggression seemed to have melted out of her, and they shared the closest thing to an embrace that either of them ever had. Then the hardness came back to Taika’s eyes, and she straightened up, once again towering over Tallak.

“All right, I’ve had enough,” she said, pushing Tallak back onto the ground and rolling off of him. With her back to him, she dressed in silence and without turning around, said, “You can go on and run back to mama now.”

After Taika had left their apartment, Tallak did just that, despite his sister’s cruel teasing.

His mother was reclining on her bed, a large book spread open before her. When she saw Tallak approached, she smiled. “Tallak, my son, you’re back! Come here, baby.”

Sniffling, he crawled onto her bed and snuggled up against her. The older Miqo’te threw her arms around him and pulled him close. She gave him a look; despite his best efforts to hide it, she could tell that he was on the verge of crying.

“Did Taika pick on you again?” she asked him, her voice soft and motherly.

Burying himself against her soft warmth, Tallak nodded silently.

His mother let out a sigh. “I’m sorry, kitten. Let mommy make you feel better.”

Gently, lovingly, she slipped her hand into her son’s pants and began to stroke his semi-erect dick, still damp with Taika’s juices. Tallak shifted and turned towards her, burying his face against her chest, as she began to nurse him back to life.

“That’s a good boy,” she coaxed him, her whole body radiating love and affection. “You know I love you and I’ll always be here for you!”

Tallak pawed at his mother’s shirt, pulling it open and exposing one of her breasts. Taking her nipple into his mouth, he began to suckle on it while she jerked him off. Unlike Taika’s pure aggression, she was slow and methodical, nurturing instead of forceful. Soon Tallak was throbbing wildly in her hand, but she did not increase the speed of her strokes.

“Do you want to cum, kitten?” his mother asked, her own voice shaky now. Tallak was still sucking desperately at her tit, and it was starting to take its toll on her stamina; but she didn’t want to finish just yet. “Why don’t we finish together, okay, Tallak? Just… a little bit more… and then…!”

She gasped, and that familiar feeling of tumbling over the precipice built up and broke in her loins. At the same time, Tallak’s cock jumped in her hand, and began to shoot another load of cum in his pants. Mother and son held each other tight, each of them helping each other through their respective climaxes, the crescendos of their pleasure hitting at the same time.

By the time they both began to cum down, Tallak’s anxiety had faded into the background. His mother squeezed his spent cock lovingly as he curled up against her, her breast still pressed up against his cheek.
“Thank you, mother,” he said, as he began to drift off to sleep. “I love you.”

She smiled and hugged him closer. “I love you too, sweetheart.” He was always welcome here in her bed — and, when he awoke again, between her legs.
L’ena held out her staff, the blue-green glow of aether illuminating her face as she drew in surrounding ambient power and focused it into a stream of healing energy. The Paladin’s wounds began to close, his body rapidly regenerating under the torrent of soothing light. He sighed as the pain began to ease. It had been a pitched battle, but all of them had made it out alive; in fact, they would be without a scratch, after L’ena finished attending to all of them.

“That was a fine job, lass,” the barrel-chested Roegadyn told her, rubbing the spot on his arm that had just sported a deep gash. “I believe I speak for all of us when I say that we would gladly accept your healing aid any time.”

Their other companions nodded in agreement.

“A more skilled physician I’ve never met,” the Elezen said.

The Hyur stretched, his eyes looking L’ena up and down. “And quite the looker, too, I’ll say.”

L’ena gave them all a demure smile. She was dressed far more conservatively than was normal for her — in the iconic red and white robes of a White Mage — and yet somehow the innocence of the outfit seemed even more provocative than if she had been wearing her usual short skirt and tight blouse. Holding her simple staff before her, she gave a small bow.

“It was my pleasure looking after you all. I hope I did not disappoint,” she said to them. Then the hint of a smile passed her lips, and she looked up at them. “And perhaps… there is more that I might do… to service you boys?”

She sank down to her knees before them, as they adjusted their armor and shared glances between one another. L’ena’s tail swayed gently behind her; she looked up at them, waiting patiently and obediently.

Finally the Roegadyn cleared his throat and grabbed the buckle of his steel tassets. “Well, little lass, if you insist…!” There was a clatter as plates of armor dropped down, freeing his massive, throbbing erection.

L’ena’s eyes went wide with feigned innocence as she looked at him. “Oh dear, is that because of me? Please, let me make things right. Let me relieve you all of your burdens!”

In a moment, the Elezen and the Hyur had begun to doff their protective armor as well, each of them whipping out stiff members that could not quite match the Roegadyn in stature, but were at least impressive enough within the confines of their respective race’s size. The three of them crowded around their submissive healer, the adrenaline of the battle they had just won still roaring through their veins.

L’ena’s ears lay flat against her head as she reached out and grasped the Elezen and Hyur, her hands stroking their thick shafts slowly and steadily. She leaned forward and laid a gentle kiss against the tip of the Roegadyn’s member, then stuck out her tongue and gave it a long lick. “Am I doing a good job?” she asked sweetly, before opening her mouth and sliding it several inches down the male’s oversized manhood.

“Aye,” he grunted. “Now let’s see you go deeper!”

L’ena kept eye contact with the Roegadyn as she forced herself down further, until her throat was
bulging around his girth. She gagged, but did not withdraw, allowing the clenching of her throat to milk the Paladin’s cock. Finally, her want for breath forced her to withdraw, and she coughed as spit and pre-cum dripped from her lips.

The moment she recovered, she turned to give similar attention to her Elezen and Hyur companions. First one, and then the other, she opened her mouth and slid their throbbing pricks as deep into herself as she could. They, at least, she could manage to deepthroat all the way down, and she took turns bobbing up and down until all three of their cocks were glistening with her saliva. Her hands, too, were busy, jerking off whichever thick shaft was not currently jammed all the way down her throat.

“That’s a good little healer slut,” the Hyur told her, his cock ramming against the back of her throat.

The Elezen’s length was hot in her hand. “The duty of the group’s whore fits you well, little kitty,” he added.

“Please,” L’ena begged, her eyes watering and her chest heaving as she gasped for air. She was drooling on her pretty White Mage robes. “Let me be your good little whore! You can use my holes whenever you’d like! Just please, give me all of your cum!”

“If… you insist…!” the Roegadyn said, his voice strained.

She could feel that all three of them were on the edge now, and so L’ena gave each of them another round and then sat back, her mouth open expectantly. The three men pressed in closer around her, their fists a blur on their cocks as they pointed themselves at the obedient healer’s face.

“Gods!” the Roegadyn cried out, a powerful blast of cum shooting out and hitting L’ena hard enough in the face that she jumped in surprise.

Then the Hyur and the Elezen joined in, their spurts also hitting L’ena’s face from each side. The Miqo’te closed her eyes and stuck out her tongue as together the three of them painted her with their seed; it splattered against her cheeks, made a mess of her hair, and filled her waiting mouth almost as quickly as she could swallow it down. Streaks of errant cum stained her White Mage robe, betraying its seeming purity with the evidence of their wanton lust.

Beneath her cum-stained healer’s uniform, L’ena’s own body burned with desire. But she ignored that for now; after all, attending to the needs of her group always came first. She felt their sticky loads smack against the bare flesh of her face again and again, tasted their mixed flavors, savored the heat of their love as it lay heavy on her. By the time that the three of them were done with her, there was not a spot of bare skin untouched by their cum.

Unable to open her eyes, L’ena swallowed what was still in her mouth and opened wide to let them see. “Am I a good healer?” she asked them again.

She could hear their ragged breaths, and the sound of leather and metal as they each buckled their pants back up.

“Lass,” the Roegadyn said to her, “I can only hope you teach the rest of the healers to be so… accommodating.”

L’ena smiled, cum dripping from her ears and nose and chin. “It was my pleasure, boys. I promise that I will take care of you all… any time you need me!”
One Carbuncle was already more than a handful, L’ena knew. She generally had enough on her hands trying to keep her rambunctious Emerald in control, especially when she needed him to do more than just hop up and mount her.

But when there were two Carbuncles, it became increasingly apparent that she was not the one in charge. They were.

L’ena hit the floor hard as both Emerald and Topaz tackled her together, their stiff red cocks already poking out from between their hind legs. At first they both converged on her face, and L’ena couldn’t help but giggle as she squirmed and tried to turn herself away from their wet, licking tongues.

“Okay, enough, stop! Just slow down,” she cried, trying to get a hold on the situation.

Instead, she got a Carbuncle tongue thrust into her mouth, silencing her. She moaned around the invading tongue, but ultimately surrendered to it, sucking on it while it probed the inside of her cheeks. While this deep kiss continued, one of the Carbuncles — Emerald — jumped away from her face and moved in between her legs. When she felt him begin to lap at her pussy, L’ena pushed her fingers down towards her sex and spread the pink slit open for him.

She mewled and twisted anxiously between the two Carbuncles as one tongued her mouth and the other her pussy. Her body betrayed her earlier commands to stop, sweet honey dripping into Emerald’s mouth, causing him to lick her more greedily. Finally, having had his fill, he hopped up and mounted her. His paws gripped her thighs and the tip of his tapered red prick pushed its way into her well-lubricated entrance. L’ena closed her thighs around him, drawing him closer, and he began to hump her with unbridled excitement.

Having lost his chance at her pussy, Topaz pulled back, saliva coating his muzzle, and squeaked indignantly. He glared at Emerald and wiggled his hips threateningly, but his brother ignored him and stayed focus on ramming his animal cock as fast and as hard into the Miqo’te as he could manage. When it became clear that Emerald would not be dislodged from his prize, Topaz stomped his paws in displeasure.

“D-don’t be like that,” L’ena moaned at him, her voice only somewhat steady while Emerald pounded her. “You’ll get your turn right after him!”

But Topaz could not wait. The sparkly critter’s dick throbbed against his belly, pre-cum dripping onto the floor. He needed succor, and if he could not claim his mistress’s pussy, then any other hole would do.

L’ena started in surprise as Topaz jumped onto her face, mounting it the same way Emerald had mounted her down below. When the Miqo’te opened her mouth to protest, he thrust forward, ramming his engorged cock along her soft tongue and against the back of her throat. The sudden intrusion caused her to gag, but this only seemed to further entice the unruly Carbuncle. Still clinging to her face, he used her mouth like a pussy, each thrust driving the tip of his engorged member deeper down L’ena’s throat.

She could barely breathe. The muscles in her throat clenched down erratically around Topaz’s dick, inadvertently squeezing and milking it in their quest to restore L’ena’s airflow. Despite her struggles, the relentless oral assault continued. The taste of Carbuncle cum hung in her mouth as
Topaz squirted his load against her tongue and directly down into her belly. Tears rolled down L’ena’s face, and she pounded her fists on the floor below her in desperation. Stars exploded behind her eyes, and her head began to spin.

She didn’t even register Emerald’s knot swelling inside of her pussy, the second Carbuncle load being pumped into her womb while she choked on Topaz’s dick.

Finally Topaz pulled his cock out of L’ena’s mouth. She coughed and gasped for air, filling her lungs as quickly as she could, knowing that Topaz was not finished with her just yet. Sure enough, she had only a few moments to recover before the rebellious Carbuncle began to fuck her mouth-pussy again with quick, hard strokes. This time, at least, she was prepared for him, and instead of choking she relaxed her throat and allowed him to have his way with her wet hole.

But Topaz had one more surprise for his mistress. With his paws wrapped around her head, he let out a squeak and buried his shaft entirely within L’ena’s mouth. The base of his cock began to grow, and as L’ena let out a plaintive whine, he gleefully knotted her mouth. L’ena opened her mouth as wide as she could, thankfully preserving her ability to breathe around the swollen ball of ecstasy, but it was too late to prevent herself from being tied orally to the horny creature.

L’ena lay beneath the two Carbuncles as they pumped their cum into her womb and her tummy. She took shallow breaths, drool flowing down her face, and allowed the beasts to use her as their personal cum dump. Somehow, despite her best efforts to keep them contained, it always seemed to end up this way.

Sighing and resigning herself to her current predicament, L’ena decided to at least make the best of it. Reaching down beneath Emerald, her fingers found her clit and began to rub it vigorously. The pressure teased the swollen knot inside of her, causing Emerald to yip and shoot an especially strong spurt into her. Soon L’ena joined them both with a climax of her own, her pussy and her throat closing down around the twin cocks filling them while she shivered in her own ecstasy.

Eventually, both of the knots began to shrink, and the two brothers extracted themselves from the well-fucked Miqo’te. Wiping drool and cum from her lips, L’ena sat up and frowned at them. They stood side by side and looked up at her innocently.

“You know, if you guys are really going to be fighting over which holes to use,” she told them, “can one of you at least use my ass instead of my mouth?”
Body Modification

Chapter Summary

Despite being wildly popular in the online space, futanari is not one of my interests. For those who are a fan of it, today's story will be the exception.

“I’m a little nervous,” the young Hyur admitted. “I’ve never done something like this before.”

Playing the part of the wicked temptress came naturally to L’ena, and she gave the teen a mischievous grin as they embraced. “Darling, you’ve nothing to worry about,” she reassured the girl. “All you’ve got to do is lie back and let me do all the work!”

She pawed at the girl’s chest, squeezing them through the thin fabric of her woolen blouse. The brown-haired Hyur was a waitress at a local cafe, and L’ena had delighted in flirting with the pretty and overworked little thing all evening. When the girl had reached for her generous tip, L’ena had placed a hand over hers and invited her to spend the evening together.

And so here they were now, on L’ena’s bed. It was obvious that the Hyur was nervous and inexperienced, but L’ena could also tell she found the idea of falling under the sway of a much more experienced woman very enticing. And so L’ena decided to give the girl a surprise.

“Let’s get you out of this cute little uniform,” L’ena purred, her fingers unbuttoning the Hyur’s waitressing blouse. The girl blushed fiercely, but allowed L’ena to pull it off of her, revealing her modest but perky breasts, nipples already stiff from the over-the-clothes foreplay. L’ena nodded in approval at them, which caused the girl to relax a bit. Then she started working on the skirt, undoing the clasp and pulling it down the girl’s gentle hips, leaving her fully naked.

“No panties, hmmm? I’ll bet the men are always trying to catch peeks up that skirt of yours, aren’t they?” L’ena teased, sliding her hand between the teenager’s legs and going right for her tender pussy.

The Hyur gasped and bit her lip at the touch of L’ena’s fingers. “No, I’m not like that! I just... I don’t know!” she insisted.

Pushing two fingers up into the girl, L’ena cocked her head. “Really? But you’d make so much more tip money if you just hiked that skirt up a little bit. You know, gave the customers something to really come back for, hmmm…?”

Despite her protests, the young girl’s body responded to the lascivious idea. “I wouldn’t…!” she moaned, her slit growing wet and squeezing down around L’ena’s fingers. “A-and if I did, what if they wanted to…? I’ve… never been with a man before!”

“Oh, my dear little thing,” L’ena said. “You mean to tell me a girl as delicious as you has never taken a cock before?”

The Hyur gasped and shook her head. “I’ve only ever fooled around with a few other girls before… n-never a boy!”

Perfect, L’ena thought to herself. She wiggled her fingers inside the girl, teasing her a bit more,
before finally pulling herself free. Her eyes half closed and her face flushed with arousal, the teenager looked up in confusion, wondering why her partner had stopped so suddenly.

“Well, I’ve a surprise for you, sweetheart,” L’ena said. She began to undo her own clothing, joining the young girl in her nudity as it slipped to the floor. Then she took a step back from the bed. “I’ve learned a few tricks from my studies of arcanistry, you see…”

Tracing elegant geometric symbols on her stomach, L’ena began to channel aetheric energy, and her fingertips began to glow, the lines she traced remaining as the power built up and soaked into her body. Once the design was complete, she slid her finger downward, towards her own dripping sex, and the power flared up, bright enough that the Hyur girl had to squint her eyes for a moment. When the light faded, the girl gasped in shock.

“Like it?” L’ena purred, her hands gripping the penis she’d summoned for herself. “Formed from aether, but once it’s in you, you won’t even be able to tell the difference!”

It was, of course, impossible for L’ena to know how exact a replica of a real male member she was able to fashion, at least as far as her own sensations went. But she could stroke it and feel pleasure, and she could certainly give others pleasure with it as well, so as far as she was concerned, it was just as good as the real thing.

Taken completely by surprise, the Hyur sat stunned as L’ena spread her legs wide and pressed the tip of her cock against the girl’s delicate, virgin entrance. She leaned down, caressing the girl’s body, and kissed her on the lips as she thrust forward. The girl let out a high-pitched whimper, her mouth opening involuntarily and letting L’ena’s tongue enter at the same time as the Miqo’te’s cock also did so.

Pinning the Hyur to the bed, L’ena fucked her with the summoned tool. She was incredibly tight; it was doubtful that the inexperienced girl had ever even played around with anything other than fingers, and here she was suddenly taking her first cock. Confused, overwhelmed, she simply lay beneath L’ena and let it happen to her, allowing both her mouth and her pussy to be penetrated in tandem. Then her body began to respond instinctively, her hips rocking back and forth in time to L’ena’s aggressive rhythm. She blinked and moaned, and even tried kissing back a little bit.

When the kiss broke, L’ena straightened and grabbed the Hyur’s legs, pushing them further apart to give her deeper access. “So, do you like it?” she asked, the tip of her cock pressing against the teen’s cervix. “It can cum just like a real boy’s, too!”

The Hyur had fallen completely under L’ena’s sway now. She raised her arms to the sides of her head and grabbed a fist full of bedsheet, yanking at them as the older Miqo’te broke her tender pussy in. “It’s so big…! I… I like it!”

“Good girl,” L’ena said. Still keeping up the rough thrusts, she reached down and began to rub the girl’s clit. She wouldn’t last much longer with this cute little thing beneath her like this, and she wanted to make sure the Hyur got off as well.

It didn’t take much more effort. “Hnnnn…!” the girl whined. Her mouth fell open, and she panted desperately as she gazed up at L’ena with glassy eyes. Her teenage pussy tightened even further around L’ena’s cock, her first ever, and she began to cum hard. Slick feminine juices dripped out of her well-fucked hole, aiding L’ena’s overpowering thrusts even further. It was enough to push L’ena over the edge as well — deep inside the young girl, L’ena’s summoned cock began to pulse and throb with impending release.

When L’ena came, she came hard. Hilting herself in her little Hyur plaything, her cock began to
blast aetheric cum in thick, gooey spurts. Even though she had just created the thing from magic, L’ena came as though she’d been pent up for months; it rocketed through the young girl’s cervix and into her fertile womb, and for a moment the Miqo’te wondered if she could knock the girl up. Shrugging the question off, she gave another quick thrust, and the two of them rode out their orgasms together.

When it was finally over, L’ena pulled her cock out of the girl and slumped down in exhaustion on the bed next to her. She still wasn’t as accustomed to these types of orgasms, and they always winded her after she’d drained herself. For her part, the Hyur lay on her back, legs still spread wide open, cum dripping from her pussy. She was a virgin no longer, even if she had still not technically been with a boy.

“So,” L’ena said finally, propping herself up on one elbow. “How was it?”

The girl swallowed hard. “I think…” she said, toying nervously with a loose strand of her messy hair. “I think maybe I’ll try that thing you said. Wearing a shorter skirt to work. You know, to get the boy’s attention.”

L’ena smiled, satisfied that she’d been able to corrupt the pretty girl. “Oh, I’m sure they’re going to be all over you in no time,” she said. Then, as she reached down between her legs to release the summoned cock and return herself to her original form, another incredibly devious thought hit her. “You know, this isn’t the only thing I can summon with arcanistry…!”

Looking over at L’ena, the curious girl asked, “Oh? What else can you do?”

Still so innocent and naive. L’ena had only just begun to lead her down the dark path of lust and vice. “Let me introduce you to my adorable little Carbuncles!”
The maroon-haired Miqo’te was a practiced drinker. She downed her first tankard as a warm-up, and when somebody bought her another, she drank it down too. The deeper she got into her cups, the more flirtatious she became, and the more men she teased, the more drinks they tried to ply her with. To Katherine, it seemed like the perfect cycle.

Within the hour, she’d been responsible for hardening the dicks of nearly every male in the establishment. They fawned over her, competing for her attention, even as her steps became unsteady and her words began to slur. Furtive glances were exchanged between her admirers while gin and ale flowed freely. When the shoulder strap of Katherine’s shirt fell down, there was a palpable intake of breath from around the room, and when she drunkenly pushed it back into place, a collective sigh.

But the men were patient, and Katherine was very indulgent. Polishing off another tankard of strong booze, her eyelids began to flutter, and the top of the table rushed up to meet her. Someone took her shoulder and shook her gently, but the Miqo’te was thoroughly passed out.

No sooner had Katherine fallen unconscious than someone grabbed her wrists and hauled her across the table. Someone else grabbed her skirt and her tail and flipped them up to reveal that she was not wearing underwear. There were whistles of appreciation and catcalls, but Katherine was deaf to the world as the men propped her up against the edge of the table and began to form a disorderly line behind her. She had teased them all mercilessly throughout the night, and now that she had finally blacked out, everyone was determined to get their turn.

The first one to take her was a battle-scarred Hyur. He stepped up and unceremoniously jammed his cock into the helpless kitty, and as the crowd hollered and cheered, he pounded her against the table until his load shot deep inside of her. When he stepped out of the way, a burly Roegadyn still brandishing a mug of beer took his place. His thick member forced its way into Katherine, and by the time he’d finished his drink, the Miqo’te had two loads mixing inside of her womb.

The line continued at a rapid pace, each horny male taking his turn behind the drunk cat before dumping his spunk into her a few minutes later. By the time that the eighth person moved up to take his turn, there was a pool of cum dripping out of her mess of a pussy. Looking down at his prospects, the Hyur frowned and shook his head.

“Someone’s gone and given this pussycat too much cream,” he jeered to his friends, “but don’t worry, there’s still a hole that’s nice and fresh!”

He grabbed Katherine’s tail and yanked it up, his eyes fixated on her tight little asshole, which so far had been untouched. Hunching himself over her, he placed the tip of his rather large prick against it and began to push. With no lube, it was an incredibly tight fit, and the man grunted at the effort. Finally, he reached down and grabbed the back of Katherine’s head and rammed into her with as much force as he could muster.

The sudden intrusion shocked the Miqo’te back to semi-consciousness. She let out a drunken yowl and blinked, groggy and confused but sure that something was wrong. When she tried to rise, the Hyur currently mounted on top of her slammed her head back down against the wooden table top and held her there, pinned face down and ass up.

“Nn...nyyyaagh,” Katherine stuttered, unable to form words. Her head was still spinning, and she was only barely aware of her surroundings.
Still holding the vaguely struggling Miqó’te down, the man grinned. “Just sit tight, lass, me ’n the boys are still getting our pay back from all those drinks we bought you!”

He fucked her ass hard enough that the entire table shook and groaned beneath them. Splinters dug into Katherine’s cheek as she was pressed down against the creaking table, her tail being yanked up and her rear end stretched wide around some stranger’s cock. She moaned and submitted, drunkenly pushing her ass up against the pounding member, her mind still not even registering the fact that cum was streaming from her well-used pussy.

“Tight little fuckhole you’ve got,” the man said, his fist buried in Katherine’s short hair. He used her savagely, holding nothing back, his full length hammering hilt-deep into the Miqó’te over and over while everyone else watched.

Katherine’s eyes fluttered as she came solely from having her tender ass fucked. Her vice-like muscles clenched down, a thick river of cum oozing from her pussy. At the same time, the man cursed and pushed himself all the way into her ass; his shaft throbbed and he dumped another thick load of seed into her.

When he pulled out, he gave Katherine a smack on the ass that made her squeal and then stepped aside. Still completely out of it, she tried to push herself up and off of the table — only for another strong hand to slam her back down. A grinning Hrothgar moved up behind her, his red cock glistening and ready for action.

“You’re not even half done with us,” the bestial man growled. And that wasn’t even counting those who were lining up again for a second round.

Restrained against the table, Katherine purred and let her fuzzy eyes close. She pushed her ass up, too far past inebriation to care what was happening to her. When the tip of the Hrothgar’s cock poked against her puckered asshole, she flicked her tail and arched her back in submission.

This time the ass fucking she received was even more brutal. Pain and pleasure mixed, and her entire body rattled under the assault. Claws dug into her cheek, and then she felt the Hrothgar’s knot expand inside of her. She mewed and came again as the male knotted her ass, tying them together while he filled her insides with cum. Then another pearly white load hit her square in the face — delivered by some drunken man too horny to wait his turn in line — and she opened her mouth, her tongue pushing out hungrily to taste the salty treat.

“Mmmmore,” she slurred, the knot in her ass triggering another burst of orgasmic pleasure. “Tell them to put mmmmore in m’ ass.”

“You hear that, boys?” someone cried out. “The naughty slut’s practically begging us to take her ass now!”

Not that they would have refrained even if she hadn’t asked. For the rest of the night, the drunken Miqó’te stayed pinned down against the table, stranger after stranger fucking each one of her holes, long after she had passed out again.
"Like this," L’ena instructed the little dragon.

Taking his rough claws in her hands, she guided him to wrap them around his throbbing cock. A shiver went through Ohl Deeh's body, and he dipped in the air as his wings missed a beat. L’ena smiled and laid a kiss upon his scaly snout.

"N-now what?" Ohl Deeh asked.

"Now you can play with it... like this." Her hands still resting on his, she began to move his claws up and down the ridged shaft. "Start slow, but you can go faster when you want."

Through gentle coaxing, she helped the youngling find his rhythm, until he was stroking his cock almost on his own. It was clear he was enjoying it; thick dollops of creamy pre-cum began to drip from the tip of his member, a precursor to what would be his very first load. L’ena coddled close to the boy, pressing up against him and sharing the warm softness of her body while his excitement grew.

But when his movements became too frenetic and needy, she stopped him. "Okay, that's enough. Have you ever seen... these?"

The obedient dragon allowed her to peel his claws off of his cock with some disappointment, but then his eyes flew to her as she began to undo the buttons on her shirt. It fell open, revealing her pert breasts before him.

"Um, I've never seen what's under a person’s clothes before!" the curious dragon admitted.

Taking his claws in her hands again, L’ena moved them towards her breasts. "Women like it when you do this. Just be gentle with them, alright?"

Surges of pleasure rippled through L’ena’s body as the dragon's claws raked over her sensitive flesh. His interest zeroed in on her nipples, and she had to bite her lip to stop herself from gasping.

"Yesssss, like that," she told him, pressing herself against him. Then she took over where she’d stopped him, wrapping two hands around his throbbing dragon dick and stroking it slowly, lovingly.

The feel of her soft grasp on his ridged member seemed to push Ohl Deeh, and soon he was squeezing the Miqo’té’s tits with glee. "You like this?" he asked, more than eager to please.

L’ena's head was spinning. "Yes, I... really like that!" she moaned. She liked it more than she wanted to admit to the little dragon; the Miqo’té's panties were already soaked through, and a moment later her legs threatened to buckle beneath her as she began to cum, solely from the feel of the youngling's claws pinching at her nipples. She leaned against Ohl Deeh for support, her hands still stroking him back and forth, and rode out her climax with a minimum of whimpers.

"L’ena, I feel strange," Ohl Deeh said, his voice strained.

The little dragon's wingbeats had become irregular, and he pitched to one side in the air. L’ena took her hands off of his cock, not wanting him to get off too soon.

"Okay, one more lesson then. And I promise you'll like this one. Come down, onto the ground with
The dragon did as he was told and watched impatiently as L’ena stripped off her short skirt and soaked panties. Laying down in front of the boy, she spread her legs wide and offered the pink lips of her pussy to him. "Climb onto me, carefully, and put it right here," she told him.

Although small for his kind, the youngling was in fact the perfect size for L’ena as he crawled over her. Rough scales dragged against her heated flesh, and then he was atop her, his wings raised and his eyes wide with excitement. She could feel the tip of his peculiar cock pressing against her abdomen, and she reached down to grasp it.

"Just like this... be gentle now," L’ena said, guiding the tip of his member towards her entrance.

Ohl Deeh thrust his hips forward just a bit, and the tip sank in. He stopped, as if frightened. "It doesn't hurt, does it? Should I keep going?"

"Keep going," L’ena told him. Letting go of his dick, she wrapped her arms around him and hugged the youngling to her. "Just do what feels natural now."

He pushed again, harder this time, and L’ena's body went stiff as two more inches of dragon cock slid into her. She'd barely just recovered from her first orgasm, and now she felt each ridge as they dragged on her sensitive insides. Her pussy clenched down hard, welcoming the cock deeper into her.

Ohl Deeh was clearly enjoying it too; she felt him throb inside of her, and his wings began to beat. Then the tip of his cock slammed against L’ena's cervix, and she let out a moan. "Yes, like that," she mewled, grinding herself against him.

The dragon needed very little coaxing after that. Instinct took over, and he began to fuck his cock deep into the Miqo'te woman while she writhed and mewed beneath him. It barely took a minute for L’ena to climax again, her tight pussy quivering violently around Ohl Deeh's dragon cock. She could feel the heat of the dragon's breath as he panted on top of her, slamming his full length into her over and over.

"L’ena, I don't know...!" he hissed, but L’ena stopped him.

"Just do... ahhh... what feels natural! Hnnn! Just let it go!" she whined, squeezing the young dragon between her thighs.

His cock battered her cervix mercilessly, and then with one final thrust, pushed through and into her womb. L’ena felt the dragon's shaft throb and bulge, and then he let out as loud a roar as she'd ever heard from him. Lost in the throes of passion, the youngling at last shot his very first load, directly into the Miqo'te’s most fertile spot. The base of his cock began to swell up into a knot, tying them together as he filled her up with his thick, draconic seed.

"Good boy," L’ena mewled, her orgasm dragging on into a third. She could feel her womb swelling with his potent cum.

They stayed locked together for several more minutes, until their mutual orgasms finally began to fade. Ohl Deeh's wings fluttered, expanded to their full span... and then folded gently on his back. He huffed and sagged on top of the Miqo'te.

"Miss L’ena... did I do alright?" he asked innocently.

Still wiggling with the last vestiges of her own pleasure, L’ena caressed the rough scales on the
back of Ohl Deeh's head. "Very good," she reassured him, as her pussy continued to squeeze down around his knot, milking every last drop.
“Well, what do you think? It looks just like me, doesn’t it?”

The little wind-up doll did, indeed, look just like L’ena, only much smaller and with the typical exaggerated features that were a hallmark of the small toys. It had her same golden hair and eyes, and was dressed in a wispy pink yukata and thigh high leggings, an outfit L’ena herself often wore, recreated painstakingly in miniature. The clockwork within the doll clicked and whirred softly as it turned its head back and forth until it laid eyes on the Miqo’te that L’ena was holding it out towards.

“Go on, take her,” L’ena urged, before she practically pressed the doll into his hands.

L’ena had little contact with her tribe these days, but when a missive arrived suddenly, she had considered the request they asked of her. The Miqo’te boy, who had delivered the message himself, was her nephew, and due to some sort of mischief he’d found himself temporarily expelled from the tribal village — what else could one expect from a fourteen year old boy with hormones running wild? — and in need of a place to stay until things calmed down. It was an imposition to be sure, but not much of one, and it was always good to be owed a favor back home.

Plus, it seemed like a wonderful opportunity to tease the young Tia-to-be mercilessly.

The boy held the wind-up doll gingerly, both of his hands wrapped around its waist as if he didn’t know quite where to put them. It looked him in the eye and wiggled its ears, causing him to blush.

L’ena laughed. “You don’t have to hold her like that, she’s not fragile. I assure you that she’s quite durable. In fact, I had this one custom made to exact specifications.”

She reached out and ran her fingers along the folds of the doll’s pink yukata before pulling the hem up. The little doll was not wearing underwear, and between its legs was an expertly crafted, if exaggerated for size, recreation of L’ena’s sex.

“She’s quite accurate, see? Just like me,” L’ena said, winking.

Her nephew’s grip on the doll had tightened like a vice as he gazed wide-eyed at the doll’s perfectly serviceable pussy. Its clockwork gears clicked, and it waved at him, not the least bit minding that her privates were on display.

Finally the boy spoke. “I don’t, uhh… I mean, wh-why exactly are you showing me this?” he said, tripping over his words as quickly as he could form them. The fur on his ears was standing on end and his cheeks were burning red.

L’ena shrugged and let the doll’s yukata fall back into place as she stepped away. “I’m not showing her to you, I’m giving her to you. Maybe she will help keep you company while you stay here, and help you keep out of trouble. You can do whatever you’d like with her. Don’t be shy.”

Her nephew clutched the doll in trembling hands. He seemed to be somehow out of breath already. “Th-thank you,” he sputtered.

“Oh, there’s just one thing though,” L’ena said, swishing her tail and tapping her chin thoughtfully. “I’d like to see you break her in for me. She was expensive, after all, so it’s the least you could do. Now come on, take off those pants of yours and let’s get you comfortable, shall we?”
It didn’t take long for the fourteen-year-old Tia to shake off his performance anxiety. In fact, his makeshift bed shook as he pounded his cock hilt-deep into the wind-up toy’s tight fuckhole. He was hunched over on his knees, the doll laid out on its back with its yukata pulled all the way up and its clockwork legs spread wide, its furry tail wrapped around the base of the Miqo’te’s member. The throbbing shaft probably filled the majority of the doll’s chest each time he slammed it in, but the doll did not break, or even show any distress at all as he put his full force into it. Instead, her wind-up pussy squeezed and massaged him intimately while he was inside of her.

L’ena watched in satisfaction as her nephew fucked the wind-up version of herself with wild fervor. She had to admit, watching him enjoying the toy, that he had quite a handsome cock for a boy his age. “Go on, give it to her harder,” she purred. “Treat her just like she’s me!”

The lad grabbed the wind-up doll by the waist and squeezed it as tight as he could, no doubt constricting its silky smooth insides around his cock. The rough treatment didn’t seem to bother the doll at all; in fact, it laid a tiny hand on the Miqo’te’s larger one and caressed him while he fucked it. The doll’s ears wiggled, and as if sensing the Tia’s growing desire, its clockwork mechanisms began to whir, and its slit began to shiver and spasm in a mechanical facsimile of an orgasm.

Her nephew was so absorbed in his own pleasure that he didn’t even notice that L’ena had crept up on him. He yelped in surprise as she reached up and pet one of his ears, and then she was snuggled right up next to him on the bed, her body pressed up against his. “I think she likes you!” she teased him. “You’re gonna cum in her, right? Go on, fill her up!”

The boy’s tail went rigid, and his thrusts were urgent as the little doll’s pussy convulsed around his shaft. L’ena rubbed his ears, and he stole a quick glance at her, his attention momentarily split between the doll and his aunt as her robes fell open just far enough to give him a glimpse at one of her bare breasts.

Yeah, I’m gonna…” he panted breathlessly. “I’m gonna…!”

“Cum!” L’ena urged him, either unaware or unbothered by the fact that her nephew was ogling her while he jammed his dick deep into the doll made in her image.

Finally he threw his head back and buried every ilm of himself inside of the doll. His body shook and he echoed his aunt, moaning “Cummm!” His cock throbbed and bulged, and a thick blast of potent Miqo’te cum shot up into the little doll. It clicked and whirred happily, its pussy milking the Tia as he shot several more spurts of his seed. Even though the doll had been designed for just this thing, eventually the horny Miqo’te had filled her to capacity, and excess cum began to ooze out of it as it just kept coming.

When he had finally blown his entire load, he relaxed his deathgrip on the doll and slumped over. L’ena was impressed. “That was quite a lot! Either you’ve been saving it up for the whole trip out here, or you must really fancy your aunt!”

The Tia blushed and looked away, suddenly and intensely reminded of L’ena’s intimate proximity. Its duty done, the wind-up doll wiggled its way out from underneath him and, cum dripping down its little legs, it straightened its yukata and bowed sweetly to him.

Finally pulling herself away from her nephew, L’ena stood and likewise fixed her disheveled clothing. “Anyway, this will be your room while you’re staying here. Mine is just down the hall.” She pointed at the wind-up doll. “She’ll stay in here with you, of course! I hope you two have lots
of fun at night!”

On her way out of the bedroom, she turned and winked at her nephew again. “Oh and don’t worry about making a mess of her. She’ll clean herself up nicely!”

And then she shut the door, leaving the Tia stunned and exhausted, staring at the little doll and wondering how exactly it was going to manage that feat.
Prostitution

The Moonfire Faire was a great excuse for Zhloe to get everyone out of the stuffy confines of Menphina’s Arms. The occasional trip across Eorzea did the orphans good, and she knew that her sister Khloe especially loved the beach. Costa Del Sol during the festival was the perfect getaway spot for them.

But budgeting had never been Zhloe’s strong suit, and it wasn’t until they had actually made it to the beach that the absent-minded Miqo’te realized the problem.

“I’m so glad I could bring them here. Wait… have they eaten yet?”

They had long since finished their rations of pineapple pudding, and as Zhloe opened her purse to find not a single gil to her name, she realized they were in a bit of a bind.

Most of the orphans had already dispersed across the beach, leaving her with an overexcited Khloe and her friend T’kebbe. She had to think of some way to keep them all fed for the duration of their week-long stay at the festival. This was going to be a problem, she thought to herself. Her gaze wandered across the shoreline, where adventurers frolicked at the water’s edge, and then down to the two kittens, jumping and cheering in anticipation, and a desperate idea came to her.

It was not a particularly moral idea, but she was sure that it would work. And they really did need the money, after all.

She knelt down between the two of them. “Um, so, girls… I’m going to need your help. I’ve got a biiiiiig job for the both of you. And after we’re done, then you can have some fun in the water, okay?”

Zhloe gave them both the most persuasive sales pitch she could manage, which mostly consisted of pleading and begging. When they heard what Zhloe wanted them to do, T’kebbe’s face had at first gone pale, then bright red. Khloe was ever eager to please, however, and so she had immediately begun suggesting ideas on how to advertise.

“Oh, can Khloe make a sign, please? And stickers! People love when Khloe gives them stickers. Oh, this is going to be so exciting!”

With a great sigh of relief, Zhloe let her sister drag T’kebbe off to go prepare. It wasn’t as though she wanted to prostitute the two of them. But they really did need the money fast, and this was a guaranteed way to get it. “Plus,” Zhloe thought to herself, “there’s no risk of pregnancy if they do it. The last thing we need is another mouth to feed!”

She found a secluded spot on the beach, behind a rocky outcropping - far enough out of the way to keep them out of trouble, but close enough to entice in a steady stream of customers. It wasn’t long before Khloe and T’kebbe came racing back, their hand painted wooden sign at the ready.

‘KHLOE’S KITTEN KUNNY’ it read, in the neatest print that that little Miqo’te could manage. Beneath it was a little doodle of a Mandragora, and a listed price - “Ten gil for ten summers!”

“One gil per summer, see?” Khloe said, beaming. “Isn’t Khloe clever?”

Zhloe forced a smile. “Oh, dear, I was hoping we could get a little bit more than this… but the paint is already dry, and I’m sure it will be enough.”
T’kebbe’s face was still flushed crimson. She shuffled her feet in the sand. “Are you sure it’s okay to do something like this, Miss Zhloe?”

“O-oh, of course it’s fine, as long as I’m in charge!” Zhloe lied. “Just do what Khloe does, and you’ll probably even have some fun, okay?”

There was nothing left to do but to set the sign down and herd the two kittens back behind the rocky outcrop, where they waited in nervous anticipation for their first customer. At first the sign got a few glances from festival-goers, but everybody seemed wary. As time dragged on, Zhloe began to wonder how tenable this plan really was. Just as she was about to give up and call the girls back, their first set of customers approached.

A group of bare-chested men made their way down the beach, each of which had already had several glasses of Costa Del Sol’s alcoholic offerings. When they saw the sign, and Zhloe standing beside it, one of the Hyurs called out, “Oi, ten gil for a roll in the sand, ey? With you?”

Zhloe clasped her hands together in front of her and gave them all her biggest smile. “N-no, not me, I’m sorry! It’s my sister and her friend! But yes, it is only ten gil a person. Perhaps if you could just step back here, and…?”

The inebriated group shared glances. One of them mumbled, “Last time some pretty lass lured me behind a rock, ‘er friends bopped me on the head with a club ‘n I woke up without me coinpurse.” But there was safety in numbers, and so their curiosity and their libios won out over their suspicion.

Behind the rock, two blankets had been laid out on the sand, with Khloe and T’kebbe standing nearby in their bathing suits. When the rabble of men passed into their sight, T’kebbe quailed, but Khloe’s ears perked up. “Oh, hello everyone! Are you all here to become friends? Khloe promises, we’ll be ever so good to you!”

“Hell’s teeth,” one of the Roegadyn men spat. “They’re just kittens!”

“That’s right, Khloe is ten summers old,” the Miqo’te stated proudly. “One gil for one summer! It was Khloe’s idea. Do you like it?”

A moment of silence washed over the drunken group of men. Then they exploded into action, each of them grabbing for their money in an attempt to be the first in line. As the one ostensibly in charge, Zhloe stepped up and did her best to wrangle them, collecting money from each of them and holding the rest back as the first two lucky men stepped up towards the young girls.

Looking up at the adult Hyur standing over her, Khloe smiled. “What would you like Khloe to do first, mister?”

Fiddling with his shorts, the man pulled out his rock hard cock and presented it to the youngster. “Let’s see how you are with that mouth of yours,” he sneered.

The kitten had no idea what she was doing, of course, but she made up for this fact with her sheer enthusiasm. Reaching out, she grabbed the man’s shaft with both hands and gave the tip a big kiss. When it became obvious that she wasn’t sure how else to proceed, Zhloe knelt down beside her and began to give instructions.

“Use your tongue,” the woman told her kid sister. “Then open your mouth and try to fit as much of it as you can. Be careful with your teeth!”

And so Khloe learned how to give her first blowjob. When the man reached down and began to stroke her ears, the kitten giggled in excitement and looked up at him with wide, innocent eyes. She
licked his dick until it glistened with saliva, but her mouth was too small to slide down further than an ilm or two. Still, she did her best, the peculiar taste of cum seeping onto her tongue as pre-cum dripped from the man’s tip.

When he’d had enough foreplay, the man told Khloe to stop and lay down, which she did so with equal enthusiasm. Now following his directions rather than Zhloe’s, she spread her legs wide, and he got down on his knees between them. Then she had obediently pulled them to the side, giving him a look at her smooth pussy. The man took a moment to smear his pre-cum all around the outside before he’d hunched over the kitten and forced his dick into her.

“Ah, that hurts!” Khloe cried out, but she put on a brave face anyway.

T’kebbe’s lover, meanwhile, had been in much more of a hurry. As the pink-haired kitten had stammered nervously before him, the Roegadyn had silently pushed her over onto her stomach and unceremoniously pulled down her bathing suit. T’kebbe buried her face in the sand as the huge male gripped her hips and forced himself into her undersized hole, ignoring her pleas for mercy and fucking her with quick, fast strokes.

Side by side, the two drunk men fucked the little kittens ragged, until both of them grunted and came. Her cheek pressed against her blanket, T’kebbe sniffled as the Roegadyn filled her with cum; Khloe spread her legs wide and maintained her smile all the while, not really understanding what was going on but proud that she could help her big sister make some money.

“Okay, that’s the first two,” Zhloe said, motioning to the crowd as the first two men stumbled away from the half-naked kittens. “You two are next, then! Have fun!”

While the men shuffled into position, Khloe took a moment to collect some of the white goo dripping out of her slit and tasted it. T’kebbe simply lay there by her friend, a look of dull resignation on her face as she looked at the crowd that now seemed to be growing. Then the next customer blocked her view, and she looked up at him helplessly as he tore at what was left of her bathing suit to reveal her flat chest.

Not to be outdone, Khloe also pulled off her top. “Zhloe says they’ll start growing any day now!” she announced, sticking out her underdeveloped chest.

Time passed, Zhloe’s pouch began to bulge with coin, and men came two by two to have their way with their two little kittens. After being fucked about five or six times, Khloe began to get into it; she fucked back against the older men, and when she realized that her words could make them fuck her even harder, she began to encourage them.

“Do you like Khloe’s little pussy?” she would ask them, her eyes shining with immature lust. “Khloe wants you to shoot your stuff up in there, okay, mister? I would be ever so grateful!”

T’kebbe was still not enjoying it, on the other hand, but her lack of enthusiasm did not seem to bother the men. If anything, her reluctance and her frailty goaded them to be even more rough with her, and she whimpered as they abused her young pussy one after the other.

“More! Khloe wants more!” the kitten begged, and her small body began to shake with desire as she had her very first orgasm.

Soon the crowd was too much for Zhloe to hold back, so she simply stepped to the side and kept her collection pouch open, letting the men toss their gil in before pushing forward towards the two kittens. Someone shot a load all over Khloe’s face, and she smiled all the while as more men came forward to paint her naked body with their sperm. Someone grabbed T’kebbe’s nubby tail and
shoved his cock into her tailhole, causing her to shriek. The orgy continued for several hours, everyone taking at least one turn with both of the kittens before returning to the festival, revitalized.

When it was finally over, both Khloe and T’kebbe were cum-soaked messes. T’kebbe shivered and collected her bathing suit, but Khloe still seemed to be overcharged with sexual energy. She embraced her little friend, the cum coating their bodies squelching lewdly between their exposed skin, and kissed T’kebbe on the mouth. As the last few men cheered and gave her some more directions, she pushed her tongue into her unwilling friend’s mouth and swapped cum with her for the benefit of their spectators.

“That was fun!” Khloe announced to her sister after everyone else had left. She jumped up and down in excitement. “And I bet we made lots of money, didn’t we? Enough so that we can finally eat!”

They had indeed made much more than they needed. Zhloe hefted the bag of coins proudly. “That’s right, girls! We can afford more than just pineapple pudding now! But… before we head back to the festival, I think the two of you had better clean up.”

As the two of them raced down towards the water to wash the cum off of them, Zhloe began to ponder things. Perhaps she now had another way to fund her orphanage...
It had been years since L’ena had given up the life of an adventurer. Nowadays she devoted herself to the role of mother. It was no less difficult a job, but so far it had proven just as rewarding. Shucking off the traditional tribal naming scheme, she had named her daughter Emmy, and today would be her first day of school.

“Emmy?” she called out from the front room. “Do you have your school uniform on yet?”

L’ena looked the young Miqo’te up and down. She looked adorable in the collared white shirt, short pleated skirt, and baggy knee-high socks. “And your underwear…?”

“No, mommy!” the kitten said, lifting her skirt to show off her bare pussy.

L’ena smiled at her daughter. “That’s my little girl! Now you be sure to do everything your teacher asks you to do, okay?”

“Yes, mommy!” Emmy’s head bobbed up and down. She had always been an obedient child.

And so L’ena gave her daughter a kiss goodbye — on the lips, of course — and sent her off on her way. The little kitten’s stubby tail wagged in excitement as she raced through the streets towards the schoolhouse, eager to meet all of her new friends.

As it turned out, Emmy was the only Miqo’te in the class. This made her very popular with the other children, who were fascinated by her ears and her tail. She was happy to indulge their curiosity, allowing them to touch her and pet her to their heart’s content, or at least until the teacher finally told them all to stop and focus on their studies.

The children weren’t the only ones being driven to distraction, however. The teacher himself, a young Hyur man, kept finding his gaze wandering back towards Emmy all through the day’s lessons. He hadn’t meant to be looking, but while the children had been playing together earlier he’d noticed Emmy’s short little skirt rise up just high enough to reveal that she wasn’t wearing anything underneath. And when she sat down at her desk for the daily lesson, the teacher had been given a view that readily confirmed this fact.

At the end of the day, the teacher dismissed the children, who all ran home hooting and hollering. But as Emmy went to leave, the teacher called her back. She approached him, hands behind her back, a big smile on her innocent face.

“Emmy, I wanted to talk to you about something…” the teacher started, clearing his throat awkwardly.

The kitten twisted back and forth in that way overly energetic children tended to do. “Yes, teacher?”
“Ah, well, it’s just… you know you’re supposed to wear smallclothes underneath that skirt, don’t you…?”

If the teacher had expected Emmy to react, he was quickly proven wrong. “Oh, mommy said not to wear that part because the boys would like it better.”

It was now impossible for the teacher to hide the growing bulge in his pants. He shifted nervously. “W-well, she wasn’t wrong I suppose. Was there, ah, anything else your mommy told you?”

Emmy beamed and nodded her head. “Mommy told me to do anything you said!”

“A-anything?” the teacher asked, his heart pounding in his chest.

“Yes, sir!” the kitten confirmed. “Did I do a good job today? I did everything you told me too, didn’t I?”

The temptation proved too much. “Y-you did,” the teacher told her, trying to keep his voice steady. “But there’s one more thing that I need for you to do before you go home. Okay?”

“Okay!”

“W-would you step up on that stepladder in front of the chalkboard and, ah, review the notes I wrote up there?” the teacher asked her.

Without any hesitation, Emmy bounced towards the ladder in question — a tool to help the children reach the board, as they were all too short to do so without it yet — and dutifully climbed up it. Leaning against the board, she squinted at the figures that had been written there.

“Umm, mister teacher, I can’t read yet,” the kitten confessed.

Unbuckling his pants, the trembling Hyur stepped up behind Emmy. His throbbing cock practically exploded out of its confines, the tip already dripping with pre-cum. Standing on the stepladder, the kitten was almost the perfect height for him to step up behind. When he brushed against the stub of Emmy’s little tail, he was afraid she’d whirl around and flee, but she did not. Emboldened, the teacher leaned forward a bit, his cock slipping beneath the youngster’s skirt.

“That’s okay, Emmy, you don’t need to read it all yet,” he reassured her, as the tip of his penis touched her thighs. “Just… stay on the stepladder and keep looking at them for me, okay?”

Determined to do just as her mother had instructed, Emmy nodded her head. “Yes, teacher!”

The kitten’s inner thighs felt like hot silk as her teacher slid his member in between them. Still focusing on the chalkboard in front of her, Emmy closed her legs down around the thick shaft, but didn’t resist him. The Hyur placed a hand on her shoulder, holding her in place as he began to fuck his cock between her thighs. He could feel the soft cleft of her bare cunny rubbing back and forth against the top of his dick with each movement, and he shuddered with forbidden delight.

“That feels funny,” Emmy laughed, wiggling against the man.

He groaned and tightened his grip, fucking between her legs faster. “I’m almost done,” he whispered to her. “Just another moment, and…! Ahhh!”

His climax was so intense that his head began to spin. Still hammering his dick between the kitten’s legs, he throbbed and quaked and shot a huge wad of cum directly onto the blackboard. Emmy kept her thighs clamped down tight around the man, her young body giving him the most
powerful orgasm of his life. Cum began to drip down the wall as the man pumped out a dozen more spurts, until finally he was spent.

With some reluctance, the teacher finally pulled his semi-erect cock out from between the kitten’s soft thighs, smearing cum all along them and the youngster’s tender pussy as it withdrew. Then he let her go and stepped away.

“A-alright, Emmy. You’ve been a wonderful student today,” he said, tucking himself back into his pants.

When she was sure that the man was done with her, Emmy hopped down off of the stepladder and smoothed out her little skirt. “Thank you, sir! Are you going to ask me to stay late tomorrow, too?”

His cock twitched in anticipation. “If you don’t mind, yes. But let’s keep it a secret from the others, okay?”

Clasping her hands together and jumping in excitement, Emmy cried out, “Okay! I promise I’ll be a good girl, just like mommy said!”

And then she raced off home, her little tail nub wiggling in excitement, leaving her teacher still stunned and in disbelief over what had just happened.
Somnophilia

The boy huffed and pulled his cock out of the Wind-Up toy fashioned to look like his aunt. A line of fresh cum stretched out between him and the little doll’s synthetic pussy, drooping under its own weight. He had been fucking the toy nightly since it had been given to him, sometimes several times, and it had held up remarkably well. But as much fun as it was, he was beginning to crave the real thing.

Even though he had just cum, the self-styled Tia had the libido of a teenager. Hastily pulling up his pants, he slipped out of bed and crept into the hallway, his thoughts already on his next orgasm.

It was already many bells deep into the night, and the moon hung high in the window as the Miqo’te boy made his way towards his aunt’s room. He pressed his feline ear to the door and listened intently. There was only silence from the other side. After a moment’s hesitation, he tried the doorknob and found it unlocked.

L’ena was strewn about on top of her bed, the silken sheets wrapped haphazardly around her body. Her young nephew knew she had been out late and had come back drunk, as she did from time to time. Whenever she did so, she tended to pass into a deep sleep until late into the next morning. Now he would find out just how deep that sleep really was.

“Aunt L’ena?” he whispered into the silence. When there was no reply, he tried again, slightly louder. “Aunt L’ena?”

When she did not stir, he boldly crept towards her bedside. With a trembling hand, he reached out and shook her gently. Still there was no response; the older Miqo’te was definitely fast asleep.

Being so close to the pretty woman was already making his young cock stiffen yet again. As the hormones went to his head, he lit the oil lamp sitting on the bedside table. A pocket of light illuminated them both, and he stopped to admire L’ena’s face as she slept. Gingerly, he reached out again, pulling down her silk sheets. She wore a lacy white nightie that clung tantalizingly to her body. The young boy swallowed hard as he contemplated the fact that there was nothing else between him and his aunt’s body but that thin fabric.

Back with the rest of the L tribe, he’d convinced a couple of girls his own age to strip off their clothing, something which had ultimately seen him exiled temporarily. Since coming to stay with his aunt, he’d caught glimpses of her body from time to time. But he’d never before set his eyes plainly on a grown woman’s body. Anticipation thundered through his adolescent brain as he reached out and pulled at the straps of his aunt’s nightie. He froze, still as stone, when she shifted in her sleep, turning onto her back from her side. But she did not wake. Holding his breath, the boy closed his eyes and grabbed the thin gown, pulling it up all the way.

When his aunt did not cry out, grab his arm, or slap his face, the boy relaxed. And when he finally risked opening his eyes, he saw L’ena lying there on the bed, still sleeping. This time he did not catch a glimpse of pink flesh out of the corner of his eye, but rather saw her breasts fully exposed before him. He reached out and touched one, letting his finger play in a circle around one of her nipples as it hardened. L’ena let out a small mewl in her sleep, and her ears twitched, but she remained unconscious and ignorant of her nephew’s lascivious activities.

His aunt’s panties were next; slipping his fingers underneath the sheer band hugging L’ena’s hips, he awkwardly worked them down her legs. The boy’s cock jumped in his pants at the sight of her sex; a strip of blonde hair pointed down towards her tender pink lips. When he ran his finger down
her labia, they were damp, and incredibly warm. Again, L’ena murmured something and shifted slightly, but she did not wake.

Realizing now that she was completely at his mercy, the young Tia began to pull off his own clothes. Once he was fully naked, he knelt by the bed and took one of the older woman’s breasts into his mouth. Her chest rose and fell gently while his tongue flicked her stiff nipple. He suckled at her greedily and pumped his cock with his hand.

Finally he could wait no longer. Crawling up onto the bed, the boy carefully spread his aunt’s legs and hunched down between them. She lay there just as he had placed her, sleeping spread eagle, his for the taking. The boy grabbed his cock and nervously pressed it against his aunt’s sex. Even though she was unconscious, her body had responded to the foreplay — her slit was wet and ready. The young Tia placed his hands on L’ena’s slender hips and thrust forward.

The bed creaked noisily as the boy fucked his sleeping aunt. At first he tried to remain quiet, but soon the pleasure was too intense, and he began to whimper softly. The older woman’s pussy was like hot satin around his throbbing cock, a thousand times better than the little doll had been. Under different circumstances he likely would have finished almost instantly, but since he’d already cum several times earlier in the evening, he was able to hold out and savor every moment inside his sleeping aunt’s tight hole.

But even he had his limits, and as his passions rose, so too did his recklessness. He began to hump her harder, faster, until the bed practically shook beneath him. When L’ena still did not wake, he reached up and grabbed one of her tits, squeezing it possessively while he hilted his young dick deep inside of her.

“Aunt L’ena,” he whispered frantically. “Aunt L’ena, I w-want to cum inside!”

The sleeping Miqo’te did not answer, and the young boy decided to take that as consent. Tightening his grip on her, he pounded the sleeping woman as hard as he could manage, no longer caring if she woke up and caught him, so long as he was able to finish first. L’ena’s eyes fluttered for just a moment, and she mumbled something in her sleep.

Then she stretched, inadvertently squeezing the boy between her thighs and driving him wild with need. He gasped, and without warning his cock throbbed and exploded. Cum blasted into his sleeping aunt’s womb, and as the young boy’s orgasm hit its most intense peak, his mind was filled with the thought, “Tias breed their cats!” He fucked his cock into her, desperate to plant his adolescent seed inside his aunt’s sleeping body.

When it was finally over, the boy huffed and rolled over for the second time that night. L’ena lay beside him, her panties discarded and her top disheveled, cum leaking from between her legs. Suddenly mortified, the boy jumped out of bed. Hastily, he tried to pull her nightie and her sheets back down. Then he snuffed out the candle and dashed out of the room as silently as he could, creeping back to his own room.

“She slept through the whole thing!” he thought to himself. He couldn’t believe how lucky he had been.

And indeed L’ena had been fast asleep the whole time. But the next morning she woke to find her panties gone, and a sticky mess still left between her legs.
The Lalafell was cute as a button and as sweet and bubbly as could be. Kind and caring to a fault, Tewawa Tewa was a model Conjurer. Always quick to make friends, she'd taken to L'ena immediately upon hearing that the traveled Miqo'te used to be a Conjurer as well. When L’ena had offered to buy her a drink, she’d accepted politely, but had ordered the weakest one on the menu.

“So you left the Twelveswood to see more of the world,” Tewawa was saying between dainty sips. She kicked her feet under the table as they talked. “I’ve thought about it as well. There are so many people who need help these days!”

L’ena offered her new companion a calculated smile. She’d been filling the Lalafell’s head with stories for the past hour now. Everything she’d told Tewawa had been true, of course, but they had also been but a fraction of the full story. The more sordid details she’d kept to herself for now. She sensed that the time was almost right to make her proposition.

“Well, funny you should mention that,” L’ena said, looking down at her drink. She ran her finger along the rim of the cup. “I’ve been working with the Twin Adders while I’m back in Gridania. Putting together my own little task force. I think they could use someone like you. Someone adept at soothing mind and body.”

The innocent Lalafell’s eyes widened. She gripped her cup with both hands and leaned forward in her seat. “Really?” she asked.

L’ena nodded. “I’ve been given leave from the Conjurer’s guild to pull someone from their ranks. It would be a fun adventure. Are you perhaps interested?”

Tewawa’s face exploded into the widest smile L’ena had ever seen. “I want to help! Yes, please! I’ll join!”

L’ena raised her hand towards a passing server, and another mug was dropped down onto the table in front of her. She pushed it towards Tewawa, the puff of powder she’d dropped into the drink expertly concealed beneath her hand. She’d been slipping the mixture into the Lalafell’s drinks all night, to ensure that the little Conjurer was in the right state of mind by the time they left the tavern. “Another round then,” she said. “To celebrate?”

Tewawa nearly jumped up onto her seat as she grabbed the mug and took a big gulp, her dainty sips forgotten. “To adventure!” she squeaked. Her eyes already looked slightly clouded, her cheeks flushed. The aphrodisiac was slow acting but powerful, and Tewawa Tewa had fallen deep into its grip without even realizing it.

Her eyes sparkling, L’ena raised her own cup and took a drink. “To adventure, and new friends. Let’s finish these drinks and I’ll take you to meet the team, yes?”

The Lalafell swayed a little on her feet and tipped her cup all the way back. L’ena watched her and
“Well? How do you like working with your new team?” L’ena asked.

Tewawa didn’t answer immediately, but when she did so it wasn’t with words. Instead the little Lalafell let out a long, high pitched moan. She was down on the wooden floor of the training room, her cheek pressed against the smooth planks and her ass pushed way up in the air. Her Conjurer’s robes had fallen away to reveal her plump little body, smallclothes having been discarded long ago.

One of her new teammates, a fierce looking Au Ra warrior named Saiun, was currently holding onto Tewawa’s hips and plowing his thick cock into her overstuffed hole with as much force as he could muster. Each aggressive thrust slammed Tewawa’s face down against the floor, but the little Lalafell was so worked up on the aphrodisiac she’d been slipped that she barely seemed to notice the inconvenience. Instead she just squeaked and moaned and let the large male used her. Her mouth hung wide open, tongue pushed out, a small puddle of drool forming beneath her.

Saiun grunted and buried himself hilt-deep inside the trembling girl. The walls of her pussy closed down around him as he began to shoot his thick load of cum into her. Tewawa’s womb was filled in an instant, the excess cum seeping out of her and running down her round tummy. She babbled incoherently and pushed herself back against the Au Ra, encouraging him to use her as a cumdump, until finally his load was spent and he stepped away. In his absence, Tewawa slumped to the ground, her legs still spread wide open.

“Yes, I think we can work together,” Saiun stated with a straight face.

A short-haired Miqo’te with blue-and-teal hair sauntered up to him and wrapped her arm around his waist. “Was she better than me?” she pouted up at him.

He glared at her. “J’ludaba…”

But J’ludaba giggled and pulled away from him. “Just kidding! You know this pussycat loves sharing.” And to prove her point, she knelt down between Tewawa’s legs and gave them a big lick.

Then the next member of the squad stepped up, his Elezen cock standing straight and proud before him. J’ludaba finished cleaning the fresh cum off of Tewawa’s pussy and helped roll the overwhelmed Lalafell over onto her back for him. “Just make sure you’re ready to give me some later, too, Labronit,” she purred, pushing an exploratory finger up into Tewawa. “Gods she’s a tight thing though!”

Wriggling around on the floor, Tewawa looked around. “L’ena? My body still feels… so hot! What’s going on?”

L’ena knelt down beside the Lalafell. “You’re here serving your new squadmates. I needed somebody to look after them body and soul, and having you here for them will do wonders for morale! It’s fun, isn’t it?”

J’ludaba pulled her fingers out of the smaller girl and moved to allow Labronit to have her. The Elezen grabbed Tewawa’s hips and slid his cock into her with ease, fucking her while she and L’ena talked.

“Ahhhh…!” Tewawa moaned, her body responding instantly to her comrade mounting her. In no time at all she was shivering with yet another orgasm. “It’s fun, it’s lots of fun! Please, let them all use me, L’ena! I’m here for them!”
Reaching into her pouch, L’ena procured a bit of the powdered aphrodisiac and sprinkled it on the floor beside Tewawa. “Then sniff just a little of this, and you’ll have even more fun…!”

Panting and moaning on the Elezen’s cock, Tewawa turned her head and snorted up the powder. Taken directly, the powder had a much quicker effect, and almost instantly the little Conjurer was a mess. “I’m on fire! Please fuck me! Harder!” she begged, tears rolling down her cheeks. Labronit obeyed.

“Good doggie… good doggie!!!” Hunched underneath a large Twin Adders hound, Tewawa was nearly incoherent. Having thoroughly satisfied all of her new squad mates, L’ena had shown her to the kennels, where she’d been mounted and fucked silly by half a dozen of the big dogs. As it turned out, the one-innocent little Conjurer got along quite well with them.

As the last of the pack growled and shoved his knot into her tight Lalafell cunt, pumping her womb full of another load of fresh canine cum, Tewawa began to shake and shiver. Her mouth hung open and her eyes rolled back as she climaxed beneath the horny animal, the walls of her slit clamping down around the swollen base of the dog’s penis and massaging every last squirt out of it.

L’ena watched the proceedings quietly. The Lalafell put on a good show, she had to admit. But she was beginning to wonder if she’d perhaps used too much of her aphrodisiac powder. After Tewawa had been gangbanged by the entire squad, L’ena had admitted her use of the drug. To her surprise, however, Tewawa had seemed far from displeased. On the contrary, the little Lalafell had begged her for yet another hit of the stuff, to which L’ena had obliged. All the better to get her in the mood to service the kennels, she’d figured.

“I’ll take care of you… take care of you all!” Tewawa was moaning, her face pressed against the ground. The big hound licked the back of her head and pumped the last of his load into the Lalafell. The Conjurer probably had no idea what she was saying at this point, but L’ena knew that she would indeed take good care of the squad nonetheless. Smiling, she closed the door and left, leaving Tewawa to play with the hounds alone for the rest of the night.
Bloodplay

Chapter Summary

It's sort of strange to say this considering all of the other kinks people would consider 'extreme' that I've already covered, but in my opinion this one goes even a step further than that. I guess I'll just give a snuff warning up front. Uhhhh, enjoy?

The Lihzeh girl had a dangerous look about her — a certain hardness that lurked behind her eyes, and a smile that was more predatory than pleasing. It scared many men away. But today, her prey was far too inebriated to sense his peril.

“C’mere and sit on my lap,” the Tia said, taking a swig of his bottle and patting his thigh. “I’ve been looking fer a fellow Miqo’te all night, and I think yer the prettiest one I’ve ever seen.”

Lark obliged him, wrapping her arms around his neck as she settled in close. “And what’s your plan for me now, then?” she purred. It was already somewhat obvious — they’d moved from the bar to his apartment, away from prying eyes — but she wanted to humor him.

Taking the bait, he peered down at her cleavage. “Well, I was hoping to see a lot more of you, if ya ken what I mean.”

She followed his gaze downward and matched his smile. As she began to undo the buttons on her blouse one by one, she flirted back at him. “And do I get to see some more of you?”

“Aye,” he said, not taking his eyes off of her while she stripped down.

It was only after Lark’s shirt fell open that she put one finger below his chin and tilted his head up to look at her. “Let’s move this over to the bed then, shall we?”

Once they had moved to the bedroom, Lark began to drop her demure facade. She shoved the Tia down onto the sheets and straddled him, pulling her shirt open all the way and baring her breasts for him to stop his protests. Once he was silenced by the sight of her perky chest, she leaned down over him and ripped his shirt open, tearing the lacing as she did so.

“Well now, yer a lively one after all, eh?” the catboy said.

Lark gave him a devious smirk. “You don’t mind if we spice things up, do we?”

Placing his hands on her breasts and giving them a squeeze, he shook his head. “Spice away, lass!”

While her drunk partner satisfied himself with her body, Lark reached down and drew a hidden knife from her boot. This gave him pause again, but she maintained her smile as she played with the blade in front of him. Then she lowered it down… and cut the straps of her pants. The Tia gave a nervous chuckle, but his libido overcame his reluctance after Lark had pulled off her pants and sat on top of him, her pussy rubbing against the bulge in his pants.

“You’ve certainly a way with the theatrics,” the Tia said.

Still holding her knife in one hand, Lark unlaced the man’s pants and pulled his cock free. It
slapped against her bare skin, throbbing with desire in her hand.

“I think we’ve had enough with the foreplay, yes?” she said, lifting herself up and positioning his tip directly at the entrance of her slit. He groaned when she slid down, burying him inside the velvety confines of her pussy.

The Tia’s earlier bravado seemed to have vanished completely, as it became increasingly clear that Lark was in control now. She began to ride him gently at first; he grunted but lay still beneath her. Lark licked her lips and stretched herself over him, one hand falling onto his naked chest, her fingernails tracing lines against his skin. Then she slammed herself down on him hard, digging her nails in at the same time until they drew blood.

“Easy, lass,” the Tia hissed, but his cock was still hard as a rock inside of her.

Lark laughed, her rhythm quickening. “Where’s the fun in that?” she asked, bringing the knife out again and letting the steel blade tickle the man’s chest. Her inner muscles clenched down around him. “Don’t you want to finish inside of me, lover?”

He glanced down at the weapon, both fear and desire playing out behind his eyes. “A-aye,” he moaned.

“Then just relax,” Lark purred. “Pleasure and pain is one, after all. One heightens the other…!”

As she spoke, she slid the knife down, slicing a small cut on his chest. Red blood began to trickle out, and the Tia hissed in pain. But his cock reacted by pulsing inside of her, and she continued to ride it faster, harder.

The man looked up at her. “Please,” he whimpered.

She responded by drawing the knife against his flesh again, this time causing a longer wound. Blood dripped down his chest now, staining the sheets beneath them. Lark ran her hands through it, her eyes glowing viciously as her pussy contracted around the bleeding Tia’s cock.

“Almost there now,” she said, licking blood from her fingers. “Be a good boy for me now, won’t you?”

The warmth of the Tia’s lifeblood flowed down over their conjoined sexes, and Lark moaned in ecstasy at the feel of it. Her ears went flat and her tail curled as an intense climax hit her. Hunching down over the overwhelmed male, she sank her teeth into his shoulder, biting deep enough until the coppery taste of his blood filled her mouth.

Then he joined her as well, his cock pulsing and erupting inside of her, cum blasting into the Miqote’s womb. It trickled out of her as she slammed herself up and down on top of him, white and red mixing intimately. The Tia’s breath was ragged, and he held onto Lark gingerly, as though she might cut him again at any moment.

Finally their coupling came to an end. The Tia’s orgasm finished first, but Lark continued to ride him all the way through her own waves of pleasure, until finally she too began to come down. She pulled back from him and licked blood from her lips.

“Such a good boy,” she told him, looking down at the crisscross of angry red lines she’d sliced across his chest.

He looked up at her weakly. “Th-that… I think I need… t’clean up a bit…”
But Lark put a blood-smeared finger to his lips, hushing him. “No, darling. We’ve had our fun, but I’ve a job I need to do. I do hope it was fun for you too.”

Once again fear gripped the Tia’s eyes as Lark brought the blade to his neck. He reached up weakly to stop her, but there was nothing to be done. His blood flowed freely.
They had been fighting for so long that the relative peace they now enjoyed still seemed unreal to Ryne. The young girl couldn’t help but smile as she kicked out her feet and stared up at the starry night sky — something that would have been an impossible dream not too long ago. And yet here it was, the darkness covering Norvrandt like a blanket of jewels.

After she’d had her fill of the sight, Ryne stood and made her way back into the warmth of their personal suite in The Pendants. She rocked forward on her toes and ran her hands down her dress, straightening it. Thancred was sitting at the deck, book and inkwell pushed to the side as he tinkered with the mechanisms in his gunblade.

When she approached, he looked over his shoulder at her, a faint smile traced on his lips. “Had enough stargazing? If so, there’s work for you to do.”

Lined up on the side of the desk were several spent canisters, their aether waiting to be refilled. Ryne knew she out to get to it, but first she put a gentle hand on Thancred’s shoulder.

“Of course, I will,” she said, looking past him at the disassembled weapon he was working on. “But I thought that first I might spend some time with you, daddy…”

Her heart lept in her chest every time she said it. It was something secret between them, a word used only when the two of them were alone, and it made her knees feel weak.

Looking away from her, Thancred set his tools down carefully. Then he pushed his chair away from the desk and stood. “Well, now… perhaps there are some other things for you to attend to first.”

He placed a firm hand on top of her head, and Ryne’s legs turned to jelly. Obediently, she sank down to her knees and began to unbuckle Thancred’s belt, a soft murmur of, “Yes, daddy,” as she reached inside and pulled free his stiffening member. The feel of its warmth pressing against her cheek made her shiver, and she looked up at him with wide eyes.

“Be a good girl now, won’t you, dear?” he asked.

She nodded and looked back down at his cock. The tip pressed against her lips, and she parted them to let it slide in. On the outside, Ryne’s demeanor was calm and submissive, but inside of her was a churning volcano of excitement threatening to overwhelm her. She pushed her mouth down on Thancred’s cock, tilting her head and letting it slide down her throat with practised ease. Gone were the days where she gagged on his thick shaft; she’d had many nights to train herself since that first time.

Thancred left his hand on Ryne’s head, but he allowed her to do most of the work. She bobbed back and forth silently, her mouth and her throat warm and wet around him as she sucked his cock. No more words were needed, no more commands; they both knew each other’s desires intimately,
and how to satisfy them. Thancred’s fingers ran through Ryne’s hair, and she whimpered, holding him deep in her throat until she regained her composure.

Finally, she felt Thancred’s grip on her head begin to tighten, and she pulled back suddenly — it was too soon for him to finish. His cock flopped out of her mouth, the thick shaft dripping with her saliva. She wiped her mouth with her arm and looked up at him again.

“Was that okay, daddy?” she asked him.

He cupped her face lovingly in his hand and smiled faintly down at her. “You’re always the best, Ryne. Now, let’s get that pretty little dress off of you.”

She turned around and allowed Thancred to undo the lacings along her back, and the dress fell to the floor around her feet. The cold night air bit at Ryne’s bare skin, but she was not cold. On the contrary, she felt as though she were burning up. The heat only intensified when Thancred ran a hand down her shoulder.

“Should I get on the bed?”

Still standing with her back to him, she felt Thancred’s member pressing against her lower back, making his desire for her plain. “I think you’d better,” he told her.

She let him lead her over to the bed, where she lay down on her back. At first she clutched her arms over her chest, hiding her modest breasts from him. But her pussy, crowned by a tiny little tuft of reddish-orange hair, was on full view. He slid his hands down her belly and between her legs, making her whimper again as she obediently spread them for him. Her slit was already dripping wet, and he pushed two fingers up inside of her, priming her for what was to come next.

The yearning in her had built to a frenzied pitch, and just when Ryne thought she might cry, Thancred crawled up onto the bed. Looking up at her, Ryne moved her arms, letting them lie on either side of her head, surrendering her young body to him. The tip of his cock teased her tender opening, making her squirm desperately.

“Is this what you want?” he asked her.

Her lip quivered. “Please, daddy…!”

She gasped when he pressed himself into her, the tight walls of her pussy stretching wide around him. One hand grabbed her hip, pulling her down into a better position; the other he placed on her shoulder, holding her firmly in place as she shifted and mewled beneath him. His strokes were stiff and powerful, the head of his cock battering against the back of the pussy, their size mismatch doing little but heightening the forbidden pleasures they shared.

A heavy silence hung over the room as Thancred fucked her, punctuated only by the sound of their panting and the slap of flesh against flesh. Every once in a while a high-pitched whine or whimper would escape from Ryne, but otherwise they simply stared into each other’s eyes and focused on the feeling of their bodies pressed together.

Then Thancred’s grip on her tightened, his fingers digging into her supple flesh, and she cried out from the beautiful pain. His breathing became ragged, and his eyes piercing. She felt his cock throb within her, and her body responded in kind. She was on the edge of orgasm now; all she needed was for Thancred to join her.

“Beg me for it,” he told her, his first verbal command to her.
She gripped the sheets in her little fists and arched her back. “I... need you to… cum inside me… daddy!”

Thancred grit his teeth and grunted, slamming himself all the way into Ryne until he could fit no more of his cock. Then she felt his warmth inside of her, spurts of vital seed coating her quivering insides. Her mouth fell open in a silent cry, and then she too was cumming, her lithe body a shaking mess beneath Thancred. It was only his iron grip that kept her in place as he pumped her young womb full of cum.

“Pleeeease!” she whispered at last, wishing that this feeling of the two of them joined together would never end.

But some time later, it did. Thancred, his energy spent, sagged over Ryne, and she felt him begin to soften inside of her. She reached up and put one hand on his chest, revelling at the feeling of his strength on top of her. They stayed like this for some time after their shared climax. Then Thancred rolled off and sat on the edge of the bed. Ryne stayed where she was, her naked body still exposed to the cold air, cum dripping from her well-used pussy.

“Alright then,” Thancred said, clearing his throat. “I had better put this thing back together. And you had better see about those cartridges.”

He stood, buckled his belt, and made his way back towards the desk. Halfway there, he paused, and without looking back at her, added, “And keep the dress off, will you? We’d only have to take it off again after we’re done.”

With one of her hands down between her legs, idly rubbing her tender pussy, Ryne couldn’t help but smile. “Yes, daddy. I’ll do whatever you say!” She loved being his good little girl.
This one really borders more on Exhibitionism than simple Public Sex, but let's not split hairs here. Listen, we're two thirds of the way through this and I'm running out of both time and ideas, so we're going with what we've got.

Also if you didn't do the Doman Adventurer's Guild quests in Revenant's Toll, or you did and you don't remember it, you're probably going to be confused. Oh well!

It was as pleasant a day in Mor Dhona as it ever was. The horizon was a lovely shade of purple as aetheric mist floated off of Silvertake Lake and into the sky. The people of Revenant’s Toll went about their day as normal, going to and from Rowena’s Market and the Seventh Heaven, unpacking carts of foodstuffs and construction supplies and generally ignoring the gloom that hung all around them.

L’ena sat on one of the walkways overlooking it all. From here she had a perfect view of the city square as the citizens conducted their daily business. She peered down at them lazily, amusing herself by watching customers haggle, women washing clothing, men hammering up boards and setting stone for new buildings. The trappings of civilization in the making.

Her Carbuncle stirred beside her. Curled up into a sparkly ball, he kicked out his feet, squeaking and stretching as he roused himself from a midday nap. L’ena reached down and stroked his belly affectionately. “Had a good sleep?” she asked him. He scratched his ear and ruffled his body, looking up at her with beady little eyes.

Now that she had his attention, L’ena casually pulled up her dress. “Maybe this will rouse you?” she said impishly.

It did indeed. In a flash, Carbuncle jumped to his feet and pushed his nose between the Miqo’te’s legs. His little tongue flicked rapidly against her bare pussy, sending jolts of erotic electricity through her body. L’ena purred, scratching the critter between the ears while he ate her out.

Suddenly her ears perked up, and she caught the sound of footsteps on stone approaching her. Quickly, she pulled her dress back down, covering Carbuncle completely while he continued to lap at her wet slit. No sooner had she done so than two men walked by; they smiled and saluted at her, and she smiled back politely.

“Fine day, madam,” one of them said.

Carbuncle pushed his tongue deep into her pussy, searching her warm, wet depths for every taste of honey that he could get. As though nothing were happening at all, L’ena smiled back at the two men. “A fine day indeed,” she called back to them.

L’ena waited several moments after they had passed her by and turned towards the restaurant on the top floor of Rowena’s House of Splendors, just to be safe. When she was sure that the coast was clear again, she pulled her dress up again and spread her legs wider. Now she let out a little whine of pleasure and pushed herself up against her Carbuncle’s tingly little tongue.
“You like that, don’t you boy?” she said, reaching down and stroking his back until his tail stuck straight up.

She looked down again at all of the people walking about below her, completely unaware of the sheer bliss L’ena was receiving at the tongue of her little pet. How many times had she been bent over the stone walls while her Carbuncle fucked her from behind just above them? More than she could remember. The thrill had always turned her on, and for Carbuncle’s sake, well… it was all that L’ena could do to stop him from mounting her regardless of where they were and who else was around!

It was nearing that point again, where L’ena needed to feel more than just Carbuncle’s tongue between her legs, when she again heard footsteps running towards her. They were lighter this time, and more numerous, and the Miqo’te barely had time to pull her dress back down before the four members of the Doman Adventurer’s Guild came running down the stone walkway at full speed.

At first L’ena thought they might pass her by, but when they saw her, they came skidding to a sudden stop. “Miss L’ena! You’re back in Revenant’s Toll!” Yozan called out.

Sitting perfectly still, L’ena forced a smile and nodded at them. “Getting into mischief as always, are you? Well don’t let me keep you. Go on now!”

But they were having none of it. The four children crowded around her, eager to hear of her latest adventures and tell her of theirs. Carbuncle, of course, did not slow down his pace — hidden beneath her dress, he continued to go at his mistress’s pussy at full force.

It wasn’t long before the four Doman children realized that something was amiss. Leaning forward, curiosity written all over her face, Rokka asked, “Umm, Miss L’ena, are you… hiding something from us?”

Now all attention was on her, as the excited Carbuncle hidden beneath visibly rustled her dress. Fighting to keep her smile, L’ena shook her head unconvincingly. “I’ve no idea what you’re talking about!”

“Come on, Miss L’ena! What’s the secret?” Shiun asked. “Is somebody playing Hide-and-Seek?”

All of them laughed and called out together, demanding an answer from their Miqo’te friend. In the back of her mind, L’ena knew that she had to be firm and send them all away so that she could finish her fun. But then Carbuncle’s tongue flicked against her clit, and a deviant chill swept through her head to toe.

Well, if they were really so curious, she thought to herself, what harm could it do?

“Well, if they were really so curious, she thought to herself, what harm could it do?

“Okay, but it’s just between us members of the Doman Adventurer’s Guild, you promise?” L’ena told them, and they all nodded their heads vigorously. Their words given, L’ena took a deep breath and pulled her dress up again.

The four of them gasped and their eyes went wide. Koharu raised a hand to cover her gaping mouth, but Yozan and Shiun took a step closer. As they watched closely, L’ena spread her legs again, allowing Carbuncle to press his tongue deep into her sex.

“Carbuncle and I like to come up here and be alone sometimes,” L’ena explained, her breathing heavy now that she no longer had to hide the illicit activities taking place beneath her dress. Then, turning her attention to the little critter in question, L’ena patted her inner thigh and said, “We’ll just do it like this today Carbuncle. Now h-hurry…! Before anyone else comes!”
Not minding the audience in the slightest, Carbuncle pulled his muzzle out from between L’ena’s legs and followed her instructions. Hopping up and wrapping his front paws around her hips, he pushed his red cock up against the Miqo’te’s pussy and began to thrust. Still in awe, the two Doman boys knelt down to get a better view, and after a few moments, the girls did as well.

“Are you two going to…?” Rokka asked.

Ignoring the four of them, L’ena focused entirely on Carbuncle. She reached down and grabbed his cock, helping guide it right towards her entrance. It thrust into her with little effort, and she moaned in relief as she finally felt his thick warmth. His paws still clinging possessively to the woman, Carbuncle began to fuck her at full speed, his cock hitting the back of her pussy with each thrust. Her toes curling in her sandals, L’ena wrapped her arms around the critter and pulled him tight against her belly as he had his way with her up on the upper walkways of Revenant’s Toll.

“Harder,” she whispered to him, her body responding and fucking back against each of his animalistic movements. Carbuncle shut his eyes and squeaked again, furiously putting all of his energy into satisfying himself and his mistress. His foreplay had done its job, and in no time at all, L’ena was cumming underneath him, her pussy milking his dick for all it was worth. He responded by burying himself inside of her, his knot expanding and tying them together. The two of them clung together, L’ena shivering while he pumped her full of cum.

The two of them had become so wrapped up in each other than L’ena had momentarily forgotten where they were, and who was watching them. Some time passed before the fog of orgasmic pleasure finally lifted from her mind, and she looked up at the four young faces gawking at her.

“They did…!” Yozan said, finally answering the question that L’ena had ignored.

Still hugging her exhausted little Carbuncle, L’ena gave them all a weak smile. “Well, I suppose some explanations are in order,” she said, shrugging. “Rokka, Koharu… by any chance do you girls like Carbuncles…?”
Non-con

Chapter Summary

Yeah, this one's mean. But I don't mess around with non-con.

The edge of a knife bit into her throat — not enough to draw blood, but enough to let her know that its wielder was serious. L’ena stopped struggling immediately and let the man pull her hands together behind her back. She knew when she’d lost a fight.

“Smart cat,” the thug chuckled. “You made a big mistake coming here, but I’ll admit that I’m glad for it.”

The second Hyur bound her wrists together. Then they shoved her forward. She stumbled into the dingy room, barely managing to keep her footing. Her two captors stepped in after her and closed the door behind them. L’ena turned to face them, her attitude neither defiant nor submissive, but rather accepting of the fact that she was now at their mercy. It was not an optimal outcome by any means, but she’d gotten herself into worse situations.

“Kitty came snooping around for info, did she?” the thug with the knife said, keeping his weapon low as he circled around L’ena.

She shrugged. “They told me there wouldn’t be any look-outs this way,” she said. Clearly, however, she had acted on bad intelligence.

Closing in until he was just ilms away from her, the man brought his knife up to L’ena’s throat again. “Too bad for you,” he taunted, looking down at her. The point of the knife traced a line downward towards her shirt. The first button went flying as the man casually sliced it off. L’ena stood with her back straight, offering no resistance as the man peered down her shirt. “But like I said, I’m glad for it.”

She stifled a gasp when he grabbed her shoulder roughly and brought the knife down quickly, tearing her shirt wide open. Cold steel pressed against her skin as he pushed the tattered shirt back to reveal one of her breasts. The knife point teased at her nipple, and L’ena winced. But then the man pulled his weapon away.

“Do a good job and we’ll even let you walk outta here, I think,” he said.

He shoved her again, and she went tumbling down onto the hard stone floor, rolling and landing on her stomach wide open. Cold steel pressed against her skin as he pushed the tattered shirt back to reveal one of her breasts. The knife point teased at her nipple, and L’ena winced. But then the man pulled his weapon away.

“Looks like our prize is shy,” the man said, snickering. Then she heard the telltale sound of his clothing being undone. “Guess I’m going first then!”

“Oi, why do you get to go first?” the second man said; by the sound of it, he was also beginning to disrobe.
She felt the full weight of the first man as he lay down on top of her. While his prick pushed against her entrance, he once again brought the knife to L’ena’s throat. “Because I’m the one with this,” he growled, and slammed his full length into the captive Miqo’te.

L’ena lay silently beneath him, her face pressed down against the floor, as he rutted her like an animal. Her lack of enthusiasm didn’t seem to bother him one bit, and he kept the sharp blade on her neck the entire time.

“You’re tight for a whore,” he grunted, his tip battering against her tender insides. “Hells, you probably even like being raped by a strong man like me!”

When still she failed to respond, the man pressed the knife closer. Pain lanced through her neck, and L’ena felt a drop of blood trickle out of the fresh cut. She knew that he could slit her throat with a thought. “Please don’t,” she whispered.

The knife moved no further, but neither did he remove it. Instead he grabbed L’ena’s hair with his free hand and yanked it upward, baring even more of her neck to his steel. At the same time he plowed his cock harder into her, each thrust pushing her forward against the blade that threatened to steal her life. L’ena’s entire body tensed, and she struggled not to move a muscle under the man’s vicious onslaught, lest it prove her undoing.

Her captor’s stamina was mercifully short, and after only a few more minutes of this he growled, and she felt his cock beginning to throb inside of her. Keeping up his brutal thrusts, the man began to cum, thick spurts of his seed being pumped into the unwilling Miqo’te. L’ena shut her eyes and endured it; it was a small price to pay for her life.

When he was done with her, he withdrew the knife and then cruelly pushed her head down against the cold floor, hard enough to leave a nasty bruise and to shake her thoughts. She made as if to rise, but the wind was knocked out of her when a boot pushed itself down on her back, pinning her against the floor again. While the first man held her there, her second captor took his turn, pulling L’ena’s tail up and shoving his cock into her abused hole.

This time she was spared the knife, but the man kept his foot on her the entire time his friend raped her. Every once in a while he would laugh and grind his heel against her until she cried out in pain. Not to be outdone, the second man kept a firm grip on her tail and yanked it periodically.

“How about this, then?” the first man said. The weight of his boot lifted from her back, and she had a moment’s reprieve — before he kicked her hard in the side. Once again she lost her breath, her lungs working in a panic to draw in air that did not seem to come. Before she could recover, the man kicked her again, and she whimpered.

Still pumping his cock into the battered Miqo’te, the second man cried out, “Aye, she didn’t like that, but my member sure did!”

He too came soon after, hunching over her and grunting as he added his seed into the mix already filling her belly. When he withdrew, L’ena curled up into a ball and rubbed her bruised ribs quietly. The men pulled their spent cocks back into their pants and regarded her with mocking sneers.

Then the first man strode over and picked L’ena up by the collar, hauling her back up onto unsteady feet. While she struggled to stay upright, he pulled her over to the door and opened it again. “Maybe next time you’ll learn not to snoop where you don’t belong,” he told her, and then
he tossed her out.

She hit the ground hard. When she heard the door slam shut behind her, she slowly pulled herself to her feet and looked down at herself. She was bruised and cut all over, and her clothing had been torn to ribbons; worse yet, she would have to get herself home this way. She would avoid the public streets and stick to the back alleys, of course, but it would be impossible to hide the state that she was currently in.

“Any job you can limp away from,” she muttered grimly to herself, and she began to do just that.
I'm not sure if I overestimated or underestimated either race's tail flexibility, but enjoy it regardless.

“So, which tail is better? My fluffy kitty tail…?” L’ena punctuated the question by running her tail up the man’s shaft, her fur soft and smooth against his hardened member. “Or do you prefer something with a few more scales?”

Nobody moved for a beat. Then L’ena remembered that, although she’d improved dramatically since she’d first come here, Sazanami still had limited understanding of Eorzean. She nudged the Au Ra with her elbow, letting the far eastern immigrant know that she’d missed her cue.

Sazanami blinked at sat up straight. “My… my tail?” she said, her tongue struggling around the unfamiliar Eorzean words. Then she mimicked what her friend had done and ran her scaly tail up alongside L’ena’s. Compared to the Miqo’te’s furry tail, Sazanami’s scales were a bit rough.

Sitting naked before the two women, the man chewed on his bottom lip. His eyes flicked from one to the other, and then down between his legs, where their tails continued to tease him playfully. His hands flexed eagerly, as if he was fighting back the urge to simply grab himself — or them — and be done with the foreplay. But he remained in control for now.

“I don’t think…” he muttered. Almost as if to emphasize his dilemma, L’ena’s tail curled around the top of the man’s cock, while Sazanami’s more rigid tail stroked against the lower half. “It’s that… perhaps… ah sod it all, there’s no way I could choose!”

Feigning disappointment, L’ena pouted. “Oh, and here I thought I would win easily. The boys always tend to go crazy for my cute little tail!”

Sazanami had no such subterfuge about her. She smiled and nodded, adding, “Cute tail!”

“I guess we’ll just have to punish you for your indecision,” L’ena told him. “That means no touching. Anything. And you can’t put it in us yet!”

The man shifted anxiously, his cock throbbing with need. “Not even meself? Then how am I supposed to, you know… finish?”

“Well, I didn’t say we couldn’t touch,” L’ena purred. Turning towards Sazanami, she pulled the Au Ra into a kiss.

As their tongues pressed against each other, L’ena’s tail resumed tickling the man. Soft, warm fur brushed all along the tip of his member, the pre-cum that had been beading at the tip leaving a sticky smear. Sazanami seemed to be completely absorbed in the kiss, but when L’ena began to fondle her tits, she began to move her tail reflexively; it pressed up against the man’s cock, rubbing it up and down.

“Mmmnnn…” L’ena moaned into her eastern friend’s mouth. With one hand manipulating one of the girl’s pert little nipples, she reached out with the other to stroke the Au Ra’s horns as well.
Sazanami moaned back, a shiver of pleasure running through her body at the intimacy. She had all but forgotten the man who was supposed to be the target of their affection right now, but that barely mattered; her scaly lizard tail rubbing and slapping his cock with increasing vigor seemed to be all he needed to keep him going.

“Twelve above, please spare me,” the man muttered. He grabbed at empty air, desperately fighting the urges welling up inside of him.

L’ena pulled away from the kiss and licked saliva from her lips. “No, tails only,” she told him.

He whined, and so she wrapped her tail more snugly around his cock, its soft fur offering him a tight embrace. Sazanami could not manage to do the same, but L’ena looked over at her.

“Oh alright,” L’ena said. “Sazanami, sweetheart, turn around.”

The Au Ra looked confused at first. “Turn?” she asked. So L’ena repeated the command, this time in Hingashi, and her face lit up. She nodded and shuffled around, so that her backside was towards the man.

Once she was properly positioned, L’ena reached down and grabbed the end of her scaly tail, pulling it gently around the man’s shaft and squeezing gently. Looking up to smirk at him, L’ena began to jerk him up and down, making sure that only their two tails were actually touching him.

“I’ll bet these rough scales feel amazing on your cock,” L’ena whispered to him. “Imagine grabbing this tail and pulling it up. Two tender little holes hidden beneath, just waiting for your love…! Are you imagining it?”

The man fidgeted, his hips pushing upwards with each stroke. “I can’t take much more…!” he warned her, but instead of slowing down, L’ena pumped her hand quicker.

“You can get it in my fur if you’d like. It’s alright,” she told him, her tail drawing along his tip like silk.

He popped off suddenly, a geyser of cum rocketing straight up into the air before splattering down. Dollops of cum hit the two tails, both L’ena’s and Sazanami’s, as another spurt shot skyward. Tightening her grip on the tip of Sazanami’s tail, L’ena continued to stroke him all the way through his orgasm, eager to squeeze out every last drop from him. His seed matted the fur of her tail, and dripped along the Au Ra’s scales.

“Warm!” Sazanami said in Eorzean, the feel of the man’s cock throbbing against her tail and the warmth of his cum telling her what was happening, even as she had her back turned.

L’ena serviced the man until his load finally stopped coming. Then she let go of Sazanami’s tail and licked the sticky mess from her fingers. “Hmm, judging by how much you had in you, I’d say you were telling the truth. You really couldn’t choose which tail was better! Lucky that you got to enjoy them both.”

The man slumped down, his prick already beginning to soften. “I’m so dizzy I can barely think straight,” he said, shaking his head.

L’ena gently turned Sazanami back to face her, then kissed the Au Ra on the lips, her tongue carrying with it a thick present of cum that she’d licked off of her fingers. Sazanami accepted it obediently and swallowed. “Hmmm, I guess we’ll just have to play while he recovers,” she said, speaking in Eorzean for the man’s benefit. “Then when he’s ready, he’ll have to tell us which pussy he likes best!”
Sazanami smiled and nodded, still barely understanding what was being said. “Cute pussy!”

“And tight, too,” L’ena said, grabbing Sazanami’s tail and pulling it between her own legs. Coarse Au Ra scales coated with cum rubbed against her pussy, making her shiver with delight. It would serve as a fun little toy while she waited for her turn to ride the man’s cock.
Chocobo races were a big business at the Gold Saucer. And where champion racers were in demand, the demand for breeding services followed. A thoroughbred chocobo stud with several important wins under his belt was an invaluable asset even after their racing days were behind them.

L’ena’s own chocobo, Final Fortune, was one such stud. With an immaculate breeding lineage and a perfect rating from the Gold Saucer, he had not only competed in but dominated countless racing circuits at the highest levels of competition. And although the bird had not yet retired, L’ena received countless requests for his stud services.

She was not one to turn down a lucrative source of gil, of course, and she was certain that Final Fortune himself would have been more than happy to mount each and every one of the fertile hens on offer, there was simply no way to respond to all of the requests she received. And so L’ena had started to sell the next best thing.

Sequestered in her private stable, L’ena placed a large metal pail beneath her bright red chocobo. The large bird scratched at the floor and peered at his owner, letting out a “Kweh!” as he regarded her. L’ena walked up next to him and stroked the downy feathers on his neck. Final Fortune bent his head down to butt it against her affectionately, and she kissed his beak.

“Getting excited already, are you, champ?”

The racing chocobo ruffled his feathers and cried out “Kweh! Kweh!”

When L’ena pulled up a stool and sat down, she saw that he was indeed already very excited — the chocobo’s cock was massively thick, and was already hanging down between his legs. He knew that the pail and the stool meant only one thing: it was ‘milking’ time.

She grabbed him with both hands, and took a moment to marvel at just how impressive he was. Her chocobo had, by a wide margin, the largest cock she had ever seen — even using both hands she could just barely get her fingers all the way around it. L’ena gave it a squeeze and felt the thick pink shaft grow even harder. Then she began to jerk him off.

“This is your reward for being such a good boy!” L’ena cooed to him.

It wasn’t long before her double-fisted handjob bore results. Final Fortune threw back his head and rustled his wings, and a thick jet of cum blasted forcefully from the tip of his oversized member. It hit the bottom of the pail with a metallic ping, spattering everywhere. Chewing on her lip, L’ena put her back into her work, vigorously stroking the bird’s cock with both hands while he filled the pail with his prized seed, one powerful jet after another.

As much as she tried to stay focused on her task of collecting the milky bounty, L’ena found it impossible to keep her thoughts from straying. Each shot of cum was so strong that Final Fortune’s
cock practically jumped in her hands, and the sight and smell of his raw virility was beginning to make her extremely horny. Leaning closer, she licked the chocobo’s shaft, and felt it contract as more cum rocketed through it.

Blinking away her fantasies, L’ena looked down and saw that the pail was beginning to overflow. “Oh my, I must have really let it build up, didn’t I!” she said, still jerking the stud’s cock.

She’d collected as much of his seed as she could, but Final Fortune didn’t seem to be satisfied just yet. Licking her lips, L’ena let go of the spasming cock and began to fumble with her skirt. It wouldn’t do to let the rest go to waste…!

Final Fortune let out a plea of “Kweh!” when he felt her hands leave his prick, but L’ena quieted him.

“J-just give me a moment and I’ll let you have something better,” she said, her voice quivering with excitement.

Her skirt fell away, and the Miqo’te pushed the cum-filled pail out of the way. She took its place, pushing her ass way up into the air and bracing herself on the floor of the stable. For a moment, Final Fortune’s cock dangled between his legs, spurting cum wildly against the floor.

L’ena reached down and grasped the thick member, pulling it up towards her. “I’m your reward today, boy!” she told him.

The moment his cock pressed against L’ena’s tight little opening, Final Fortune surged forward with the strength of a thoroughbred. L’ena’s eyes shot wide open, and her mind went completely blank, as the massively oversized member forced its way inside of her. Looking down below herself, she could see her belly distending outward in the shape of her chocobo’s cock. A powerful spurt of birdcum impacted against her cervix, and then the male slammed himself deeper into her.

“Kweh!” Final Fortune cried in triumph, as he forced his owner’s slender little body to make room for him.

L’ena saw her belly swell and retract, grow and shrink, while the chocobo slammed his cock deep into her and pulled back for another thrust. Cum exploded out of her in a waterfall as her insides filled to overflow with the stuff, and still he had more to give. L’ena grit her teeth and braced herself against each of his powerful lunges, afraid that he would break her but also craving more at the same time. She began to cum almost immediately, her already overfilled pussy clenching down even tighter against the bulging birdcock that had pushed her well beyond her normal capacity.

“B-breed me!” she cried out, and her tummy bulged obscenely. “Give me everything you’ve got!”

The brutal fucking continued until L’ena’s head became cloudy, and her vision blurred. A second orgasm hit her, and then a third, and she reached down to stroke the swell of her tummy while Final Fortune had his way with her. She had no idea how much time passed before he finally hit his limit.

L’ena said with her ass up, panting in exhaustion, when Final Fortune finally pulled his cock out of her with a wet sucking noise. A stream of thick cum continued to drip out of her while she lay there. Then she remembered something.

Pushing herself up onto all fours, she crawled over to the corner of the stable where Final Fortune’s grooming tools were piled and dug through them until she produced a second pail. Placing it down, she sat down heavily on top of it, letting the stud’s cum drain out of her and into it. Looking at the
first pail, still filled to the brim with its milky treasure, L’ena smiled. Two pails meant twice the payout, and nobody had to know that this second supply hadn’t come directly from the bird!

To speed the process along, L’ena reached down between her legs and began to rub her clit until she had one last orgasm. Her body shook and her inner muscles squeezed, forcing more of Final Fortune’s seed from deep within her, and a healthy supply of her own slick juices with it. Again, that second ingredient would remain her little secret.

Looking up at her chocobo stud, she licked her lips. “I think we’ll do it this way every time,” she purred.

Final Fortune ruffled his feathers and preened before her. “Kweh! Kweh!” He was excited too.
Chapter Summary

Uhhhhhhhh let's go for a twofer (like my stories aren't filled with extra kinks anyway.)

Warrior of Light is written intentionally ambiguous, just self-insert yours in here as long as it's a girl and you wanna, you know, do this to Alphinaud. You know who you are.

The tips of Alphinaud’s ears burned. He could feel eyes roaming all over him, and he tugged nervously at the end of his tunic. It still felt strange, having so much of his thighs showing in public. Normally the poor Elezen boy didn’t even like stripping down in private, and yet here he was, practically baring it all for every stranger who cared to look!

“You promised Tataru you would help refill the Scion’s coffers, did you not?” the Warrior of Light had chided him earlier. At the time, he had agreed wholeheartedly, and swore again that he would do so by any means necessary.

How was he to know that this was what the Warrior of Light had in store for him? And worse yet, what would Alisaie do when she found out that he had borrowed and worn her clothes?

His thoughts were interrupted by a sharp slap on his ass, making him jump and yelp in surprise. Whirling around, he saw the Warrior of Light smirking at him. “Having lewd fantasies again?” she teased him.

“A-absolutely not! I would never be so untoward as to… as to… well…” he protested.

The Warrior of Light pressed herself up against him. “Is that what you weren’t doing that time I found you admiring Y’shtola in her sleep? Those sketches of yours I found were nudes, by the bye…”

A look of primal fear overcame the young Scion’s face. “She must never learn of that.”

Her smirk deepened. “Then you have no choice but to enjoy yourself today, do you?”

And so Alphinaud turned around and began to walk stiffly down the street, his friend glowing with amusement and tailing just behind him. The lad must have made an attractive girl, and much to his dismay, lust-filled eyes seemed to follow him wherever he went. A cat-call rang out, followed by the laughter of a group of men standing at the street corner. Alphinaud went to turn away, but the Warrior of Light nudged him.

“Those boys think you’re cute,” she told him. “Why don’t you lift your tunic and show them that you’re a good girl?”

Averting his gaze, Alphinaud did as he was told, giving the men a peek at his lacy panties, his telltale bulge tucked neatly between his legs. At this, the men clapped and jeered at him, calling for the “pretty lady” to come over and find out what a good time was. But the Warrior of Light threw her arms around Alphinaud and led him away.
“That was fun, but you do belong to me, after all,” she reminded him, slapping his ass yet again, in full sight of the men he’d just flashed. “And on that note…!”

Alphinaud glanced at her with a questioning look, but she just shook her head at him. Then, without warning, she turned down a small side alley, bringing him along with her. Once they were out of view from the common street traffic, she pushed him up against the side of a building and kissed him on the lips.

“I think this is as good a spot as any,” she said deviously. “Turn around and stick that little butt out for me, won’t you, cutie?”

The Scion looked from side to side in a panic. “H-here? Right in the streets? Surely not, someone may come through at a moment’s notice…!”

“Then you’d better make it quick,” the Warrior of Light said, brushing off his excuses. Undoing the buckle on her pants, she let them drop down around her ankles, revealing the impressive strap-on dildo she had been hiding underneath them.

The sight of it made Alphinaud quail. “Is that one b-bigger than the last?”

“Heh, just turn around already!” the Warrior of Light ordered.

He did so with some reluctance, bracing his slender hands against the warm stone while the Warrior of Light flipped up his tunic and pulled his girly panties down. She ran her hand along the smoothness of his backside and teased it with the tip of the strap-on. Alphinaud’s legs wavered.

“You’re more obedient than your sister,” the Warrior of Light whispered, her lips brushing against the tip of his pointy ears.

She grabbed his hips firmly and pushed against him, and he grunted as the thick strap-on forced itself into his tender ass. Despite his protests, the young Scion’s cock was immediately rock hard; it poked upwards out of the front of his sister’s stolen panties, pre-cum already beading on the tip.

Focusing intently on the pattern of the stone in front of him, Alphinaud balled his hands into little fists. “You will be gentle with it, won’t you?” he asked.

“Of course I will,” the Warrior of Light told him.

Then she tightened her grip and thrust into him hard, eliciting a gasp of shock from him as the toy pressed against his prostate. Each time she slammed the toy in, he was pressed hard against the wall, caught between it and the soft body of the Warrior of Light while she fucked him.

“A girl with a hole this tight could make back all of that money you spent in no time at all,” she teased him, her hips slapping against his butt. “Shall we tell Tataru how you plan to make it all back? Shall we tell Alisaie?”

Alphinaud wiggled helplessly under the onslaught. “I-I’d prefer if, ahhh, we didn’t…!”

The Warrior of Light flicked her tongue against one of his over-sensitive ears. “But you are enjoying this, aren’t you? Better not leave any cum-stains on your sister’s clothing!”

His cock strained against the confines of Alisaie’s silk panties. It was too late for that; there was already a damp spot where his pre-cum had dripped down onto them. The Warrior of Light’s strap-on pounded into his ass, milking his prostate, and his cock throbbed. As the young Scion let out a strangled cry, he exploded. Cum shot straight up, splattering against the front of the red tunic he
wore and the side of the building he was being fucked up against. He raised one fist to his mouth and bit down on it, trying to silence himself lest his cries lured passersby into the alley.

“Oops, looks like you’re already making a mess,” the Warrior of Light said. She reached up and grabbed his braid, yanking his head back while she continued to pound his rear end. “Just like a good girl!”

She rode him hard, each thrust drawing another spurt of virile cum out of him, until finally the flow began to ebb. Only when the last of his cum dribbled from his spent cock did the Warrior of Light slow her movements. Then she kissed his neck and pulled out. Spinning him around, she dropped to her knees in front of him and began to lick the leftover cum from his softening cock.

“Delicious,” she said, licking his essence from her lips. She looked up at the mess he’d made of Alisaie’s tunic. “But I suppose we’ll have to take you back home and wash that thing now. Then later tonight we can head on down to the bar, and we can make some gil!”

The dazed Elezen boy tucked himself back into his — or rather, Alisaie’s — panties. His legs were like rubber, and he leaned against the Warrior of Light as she led him home. He only prayed that his twin sister was too distracted by her studies to notice him when he passed by her room.
Chapter Summary

Not very lore friendly at all, but let's just say Katherine the Miqo'te found her way to the First and then this happened.

The room was dimly lit, but even through the shadows it was easy to tell that there were practically a dozen spectators sitting and waiting for the show to begin. They murmured amongst themselves, a dull undercurrent of barely caged anticipation for what they were about to see. Entertainment like this was extremely rare, even for the infamous Beehive, and all of them had exchanged a significant amount of favors to be here tonight. None of them were expecting to regret their attendance.

Ryne could feel the blush creeping down her neck and shoulders as she peered carefully into the larger room where the crowd waited. The butterflies in her stomach threatened to overpower her, and her legs shook ever so slightly. A fist was balled against her stomach by the time Katherine came up behind her and placed a soothing hand on her shoulder.

“Getting stage fright?” the Miqo’te asked, teasing her.

Ryne forced an unconvincing smile. “I never thought I would do something like this…”

Katherine’s fingers played lightly against her heated skin, leaving goosebumps in their wake. She toyed with the buttons keeping Ryne’s dress in place. “I bet you’ll be a natural up there in front of them all,” she said, her gaze following Ryne’s into the room ahead. “Plus I’ll be right there with you. Don’t you think it will be fun?”

Silence was her answer. But inside of Ryne, somewhere deep beyond her pounding heart and her nervous breath, something whispered secretly, Yes.

The crowd fell silent with one combined intake of breath as the two women strode out of the back and into the candlelight that illuminated the front half of the room. The Hume and the Miqo’te stood side by side, hand in hand, and smiled sweetly at the strangers; only a modicum of terror could be detected in Ryne’s eyes. But then the silence broke as the men hooted and hollered their approval at the two girls, and a sense of relief crept into Ryne at the sound of it. The crowd liked what it saw; and things were only just beginning.

Turning towards the Hume, Katherine embraced her friend intimately, hands pawing at Ryne’s dress once more, until this time it fell open. Cool air swept over bare skin as the Miqo’te carefully and methodically stripped the wispy garment away, revealing first Ryne’s shoulders and then her breasts, followed by her tummy… and then the dress dropped away completely, leaving her fully naked. Ryne’s hand nervously fluttered between her legs for a moment out of habit, before she remembered that she was in fact here to be seen and removed it.

Standing beside the nude girl, Katherine smirked and let her hands explore along Ryne’s curves. She cupped the Hume’s breasts and teased her nipples until Ryne shuddered with embarrassment and lust. Then Katherine stepped away and began to remove her own clothing, stripping off her skin-tight top and pushing down her skirt, until both of them stood shamelessly before a dozen sets
of hungry eyes.

“Where are my boys!” Katherine called out.

There was a sparkling and a chittering, and then from the back room emerged two Carbuncles, one Ruby red and the other (for a reason known only to Arcanists) Emerald blue. They scampered out into the light to the sound of the crowd chuckling and whistling, their tails brushing up against the two women’s bare legs as they soaked in the limelight. Katherine prodded Ruby with her foot and reached down to stroke the wiggly little creature’s tail, giving the audience a good look at her swinging breasts as she did so.

“There’s my good boy. Are you ready for me?” Katherine cooed, petting Ruby all the way down his back. Lowering herself onto one knee, she rolled the Carbuncle over and began to stroke his belly. The thick red cock already beginning to poke out from between his hind legs proved that he was indeed ready for the show.

Somewhat unsure what to do next, but feeling uncharacteristically too tall at the moment, Ryne awkwardly knelt down on her knees next to Katherine. She went to give Emerald his share of pets as well, then jumped and gasped in surprise as the aggressive Carbuncle pushed his way between the Hume’s legs and began to sniff at her sex. When she felt the slick wetness of his tongue lap against her outer lips, she let out a sharp moan - and stopped abruptly as she realized just how loud she had been in front of so many strangers.

But, looking out at them all and seeing their attention rapt on her, Ryne decided that maybe she didn’t mind being watched after all. So, she took a deep breath and spread her legs wider, giving Emerald better access to her damp slit, and the crowd a better view as well.

For his part, the Carbuncle had momentarily forgotten the crowd completely and was entirely engrossed on lapping up as much of the teen’s sweet juices as he could manage. When his tongue lashed against Ryne’s clit, her whole body stiffened and she let out another shamelessly loud cry. Placing her hand on Emerald’s head, Ryne moaned, “Uhh, r-right there, Carby! Mmmm, lick my pussy! That… that feels so good!”

Katherine was hunched over Ruby, one hand wrapped around the little creature’s stiff red dick, stroking it mercilessly. Slick strands of sparkling aetheric pre-cum criss-crossed her fingers and dripped down onto the Carbuncle’s belly as he kicked his feet and twisted happily. Her own tail sticking straight up into the air, Katherine bent down and gave the tip of her pet’s cock a kiss, her tongue darting out to catch a small spurt of his love juices while she was down there.

“Don’t shoot it all too quickly,” she warned him, and Ruby chittered a response that made no promises.

There was a rustling of cloth and leather as the crowd, unwilling to simply watch passively, began to get into the mood by undoing their own clothing. Already several of them had their cocks out and in their hands; the rest of them were feeling around in their pants. “Bend over and let them mount you!” someone cried to a host of cheers.

Leaving Ruby to his own devices for a moment, Katherine stole up next to Ryne and, while Emerald continued to lick fervently between the Hume’s wide-spread legs, kissed her friend full on the lips. Their tongues caressed, and the tingling taste of Carbuncle pre-cum passed between them. Overtaken by the moment, Ryne shut her eyes tight and began to buck her hips wildly, a sudden and surprising orgasm overtaking her. She whimpered and moaned into the kiss, and grinded her slit against Carbuncle’s eager muzzle, embarrassed that she’d gotten off so quickly, but already shaking and ready for more by the time it began to ebb.
So the two found themselves down on all fours, facing the excited crowd as both Carbuncles circled around behind them. Katherine raised her tail, and Ryne wiggled her behind, each of them doing their best to entice the sparkly little critters to take them. After poking their noses one last time around the two women’s sexes, both Carbuncles hopped up simultaneously, their paws squeezing at their mate’s hips and their cocks thrusting blindly to find purchase. Katherine reached down expertly between her legs, grasping Ruby’s member and guiding him in; Ryne laid her head down on the floor and did the same with a greater degree of difficulty.

Once they had both found their mark, the two Carbuncles squeaked with relief and thrust forward, driving their throbbing shafts deep into the two women that trembled beneath them. Their pace was quick and needy, each of them desperate to sink as much of their lengths into Ryne and Katherine as they could manage. It only took a half dozen strokes before they had bottomed out, the tips of their cocks smashing brutally against the back of the two women’s pussies.

At the feeling of Emerald’s thick cock impacting hard against her cervix, Ryne’s eyes shot wide and her mouth fell open with something in between a high-pitched moan and a yowl. Beside her, Katherine was purring and biting her lip, pushing her butt back against Ruby each time the Carbuncle hilted himself balls deep inside of her. As both women squirmed and moaned in rising ecstasy beneath their Carbuncles, Katherine’s hand snaked out to find Ryne’s, and their fingers entwined tightly.

“Harder,” Ryne babbled, her body shaking with each stroke she took. “By the Darkness, breed me harder!”

Katherine’s tail had curled around Ruby’s, and she panted and mewed alongside the Hume. “Such good boys,” she encouraged them, her tight slit clenching down like a vice around Ruby’s rock hard cock.

The two sparkly creatures fucked the women at a frenzied pace, squeaking and scratching at them as they did so. As they did so, their strokes began to shorten, leaving more and more of their cocks buried deep within their moaning mates. Their knots began to swell up, tying them to Ryne and Katherine and making the two women squeal even louder with pleasure. Once they were both firmly knotted, the Carbuncles’ cocks began to bulge, shooting thick blasts of creamy cum deep inside of them.

“He’s filling me up,” Ryne mewled. She could feel Emerald’s cock pushing forcefully against her cervix, and then the tip pushed its way *inside*, each powerful blast of aetheric cum shooting directly into the pretty Hume’s womb. This pushed her over the edge, again, and into yet another intense orgasm (Her third? Fourth? She had lost count.) It was all too much for her, and the poor girl’s eyes began to roll back in her head, tongue hanging out and dripping drool onto the floor below her, almost completely but not quite oblivious to the crowd that sat and jerked themselves off to the show that she was giving them. Her pussy squeezed Emerald’s dick, milking it for every drop of milky cum the creature could shoot into her already overfilled womb.

Katherine was cumming as well; the side of the Miqo’te’s cheek was pressed flat against the floor and her ass was raised way up in the air as Ruby fucked her, his knot pushing and pulling desperately against the tight entrance to her shivering pussy. The lithe kitty’s tummy pushed out slightly each time her pet fucked into her, the tip of his cock distending the female even as he pumped her full of his sparkly, tingling load. She moaned and whined and rubbed her pussy frantically, bucking beneath her aggressive little pet as wave after wave of climax washed over her. She gasped for breath, and her vision began to fade, slowly… slowly… until the Miqo’te closed her eyes, passed out beneath the still thrusting Carbuncle, his knot still buried deep inside of her.
There was a short lull in the action, as both Carbuncles finished shooting their loads and came to rest atop their girls. Ryne panted and wiped tears from her eyes, while Katherine lay completely still beneath Ruby.

But the crowd wasn’t yet satisfied. After several long minutes, some of them stood, their dicks still stiff and pointing the way in front of them, and advanced on the lit part of the room. They looked between Ryne and Katherine and, after another short moment, turned towards the unconscious Miqo’te. Ryne watched as the men knelt down by her friend and began to feel her up, their hands roaming all over Katherine’s naked body, even as Ruby sat tied on top of her.

Holding Katherine’s hair and rubbing his cock against the black out woman’s lips, one of the men glanced over at Ryne. “You don’t mind if we have a little bit of fun with your friend while she’s out, do you? After all, she never said no…”

Ryne looked up at them, doe-eyed. “O-oh, umm, I guess not,” she said meekly.

Ruby’s knot worked its way free with a wet pop, and the Carbuncle jumped away to attend to himself as the men rolled Katherine over onto her back. One of them wasted no time in getting down between her legs and jamming his dick into her freshly-fucked hole. He hunched over her and began to fuck her unconscious body while the others began to line up to their their turns. “Fucking tight bitch,” the man growled as he hilted himself inside of her, “even after she took the knot.”

Ryne watched silently as the group had their way with her friend, one hand hidden between her legs and idly rubbing her clit as Emerald’s knot sat lodged within her. Finally, it too slipped out, and Emerald stepped away, leaving both women alone and surrounded by men. Ryne sat up, grabbing at her dress and pulling it up to cover herself. But this simple act of modesty in itself drew attention towards her. Her breath caught in her throat as several men turned to gaze at her.

Then she heard her own voice, tight and nervous, saying, “Umm.. i-if you wanted… you could… with me too…”

That was all the consent the men needed, if indeed consent had ever been important. Ryne felt the dress pulled away from her, leaving her naked again as they lay her down on the floor beside her unconscious friend. Then her legs were pushed wide open, and somebody whose name she didn’t even know was slipping his cock inside of her. Every muscle in her body felt tense as the man began to fuck her with slow, measured strokes - nothing like the way Emerald had roughly used her, but with a certain power to it all the same.

“You’re a sweet little thing,” the man said to her, his cock pushing against her abused cervix.

“Th-thank you…” Ryne gasped, shrinking back into herself. “You can go harder… if you want.”

He did want to go harder. Soon he was fucking her so hard that she felt the air might be knocked out of her lungs. Her cervix ached from his cock head pounding against it, and then he grunted, shooting a thick load of his cum into her as well. Not a moment after he pulled out of her and crawled away than another man took his place, holding her down and shoving his thick member inside of her.

Katherine was faring no better; the Miqo’te was already unknowingly servicing her fourth fan, three of them already having filled her up alongside Ruby’s cum. She lay on the ground, limp and silent, her vulnerable form just begging more of them to take advantage of her. They squeezed at her tits; one of them slapped her face and then blew his load all over it, leaving her a dripping mess. Soon her tits and her face, her hair and her ears, were all dripping with sticky cum.
After the second man came inside Ryne, the third and fourth rolled her over onto her side and lay down on either side of her. She glanced back and forth over her shoulder, panicked for a moment as she felt both of their cocks poking at her at once. But it was too late to protest; she let out a high-pitched squeal as they fucked themselves into her pussy and her ass one after the other, thrusting in an alternating rhythm that left first one hole filled and then the other, a non-stop barrage that left her head spinning. Soon she had surrendered completely to it, and she heard her voice speaking again, needy and wanton in between moans.

“Oh gods, fuck me harder. Please, please fuck me, use me,” she begged. She was cumming again, both of her holes screwing down tight around the dual cocks fucking her. “Please, Gods, fill my womb up again!”

A third man knelt down by Ryne and, grabbing her by the hair, pulled the mewling Hume’s mouth onto his cock. “This many cocks shooting into ye and you’re sure to walk out of here with a full belly and more,” the stranger promised her, fucking her throat even as the teen looked up at him with pleading eyes and suckled at his shaft. He didn’t last long, shooting his load directly into the smaller girl’s stomach at the same time as the other two men swelled up and filled both of her other holes with their virile seed.

Once was not enough for the men. Even after each one had cum, they took turns, those that finished first coming back for a second round with the other girl. Ryne and Katherine were fucked in every hole multiple times, human and Carbuncle cum mixing within them. Eventually Ryne was pulled up onto all fours and found herself hovering over Katherine’s cum-spattered face. At the urging of some unseen stranger’s hand pushing gently on the back of her head, she leaned down and kissed the unconscious Miqo’te full on the lips, cum swirling between their mouths as each of them were fucked raw.

Then the two women found their pussies empty for the first time in what must have been over an hour. Ryne moaned in frustration; she had been just on the cusp of another climax. That was when she heard a chittering, and caught a flash of sparkling Ruby out of the corner of her eye before the Carbuncle hopped up onto her. Emerald was prowling around Katherine, sizing up the blacked out Miqo’te before he hopped between her legs and mounted her missionary.

As the two Carbuncles knotted the girls one more time, Katherine moaned in her sleep, and Ryne’s eyes rolled back in her head. She opened her mouth and cried out, not caring who heard her cries of passion, desperate for someone else to step up and fill her mouth with their cum.
Ageplay

Chapter Summary

Today we get a two parter. Stay tuned for the thrilling conclusion, coming up next.

Little Emmy gagged on the thick cock filling her throat. Her teacher’s fingers twisted in her hair, preventing her from pulling away when she instinctively tried to do so. After a moment she regained her composure and sat there obediently, her little nub of a tail wiggling happily as she serviced the adult man with her mouth. Even though she was still too small to penetrate down below, she had become a very well trained little kitten in every other respect.

The sight of the little Miqo’te child looking up at him with such an innocent expression while he had his cock rammed down her throat was too much for the schoolteacher to bear. Grabbing one of her ears, he grit his teeth and began to cum. Thick, gooey seed blasted directly into the kitten’s stomach, and she sat there, holding her breath, determined to do a good job for him.

By the time he was finished, Emmy’s face was beginning to turn red. The teacher let out a sigh and stumbled backwards, his cock sliding out of her mouth with a wet sucking noise. Emmy coughed as leftover cum spilled out of her mouth and dripped downward. Her uniform shirt was unbuttoned and pulled wide open, a mess of drool on her flat chest, and now her teacher’s cum flowed down to mix with it.

Nevertheless, she blinked her big eyes up at the man and said, “Did I do a good job, sir?” White foamy cum hung in long strands from her chin.

“That was excellent,” her teacher praised her, and she began to beam with pride. “Now you should get cleaned up and head straight home before your mother wonders what you’ve been getting up to.”

The little kitten jumped up and grabbed the handkerchief her teacher offered her. “Oh, mommy already knows!” she said, wiping herself off and buttoning her shirt back up. She handed the cum-stained scrap of cloth back to her pale teacher and turned around, running out of the school building despite the fact that her shirt still had several obvious wet spots all over it.

“See you tomorrow, sir!” she called out, her pleated skirt flaring up to give the man a glimpse of her bare bottom. Then she was gone.

When she saw some of her schoolmates gathered on the street outside, Emmy ran towards them. It was a group of six Hyur boys, and they turned to look at Emmy as she came to a skidding stop next to them.

“Hi!” she called out cheerfully. “What are you all doing? Are you playing a game?”

The oldest boy answered her. “Naw, just talking. What about you, Emmy? Why’d the teacher ask you to stay after class?”

“He asks her to stay after class every day…” one of the other boys mumbled.

A third chimed in, asking “And why’s your shirt all wet?”
For the first time, Emmy realized that she’d buttoned her shirt up before wiping the cum and drool off of her chest, and it had begun to soak through the white fabric. Seemingly unbothered by this, the kitten looked back up at the boys and smiled at them.

“Teacher likes to play games with me after school!” she said.

The boys all exchanged confused glances. “What kind of games?” someone asked.

“He tells me to take off my shirt or my skirt and then we touch each other!” Emmy announced.

They stared back at her, eyes wide, stunned expressions on their faces. “Y-you take your clothing off for him?!” the oldest boy asked in disbelief.

Emmy nodded. “Of course! Mommy tells me that I should always do what I’m told!”

For a moment, everyone seemed to have been rendered speechless. Then one of the youngest boys spoke out. “Ummm, could we play those games with you too…?” Suddenly she was met by a cacophony of boys, all asking — or pleading — if they could play too.

The group of boys had moved closer to her now, and she looked at them all. “Sure, you can all play with me too!” she said, her little Miqo’te ears wiggling back and forth. “What do you want me to do?”

At this, the boys all started yelling louder, but the oldest boy looked around. “We shouldn’t do it here. Let’s go behind the school.”

And so they all rushed off, Emmy following close behind them. The spot behind the school was out of sight of the streets, and it was where everyone came to play in between lessons. Now that school was out, it was empty save for them. The group of boys quickly cornered Emmy, who stood with her back to the school building.

“Okay, so…!,” one of the boys said. “Ummm… would you pull up your skirt?”

Emmy beamed at them. “Like this?” she said, pulling her little school skirt up to reveal her hairless cunny beneath.

All of the boys began to fight each other for a closer look. Giggling, Emmy kept her skirt pulled way up, letting them all get their fill. Then, realizing that they had the real deal on their hands here, the boys all began to shout out requests again.

“Take off your shirt!” someone cried.

“Touch yourself for us!”

“No, let me touch you!”

Still holding her skirt up, Emmy tilted her head to the side and frowned at them. “When I play with teacher, he gets his thingie out, too.”

Suddenly the air was filled with the rustling of six pairs of pants being unbuckled and pulled down. When it was done, the boys were all standing in a line, each of their young cocks stiff as can be and pointed straight towards their adorable little Miqo’te classmate. This got Emmy smiling again, and her ears perked up.

Realizing that none of them really knew exactly what to do, one of the boys said, “So, after he got
Finally letting her skirt fall, Emmy clasped her hands in front of her. “Today he told me to put it in my mouth!” she told them. “Oh, did you want me to do that for you, too?”

The boy who’d asked the question stepped forward towards Emmy, his little penis still standing at attention. “Yeah! Show us all!”

Playing with somebody closer to her own age proved to be slightly different than playing with her teacher. For one thing, Emmy was already standing at the right height to get her mouth onto the adult’s penis. Now, however, she had to get down onto her knees. Once she’d done so, she leaned forward and laid a little kiss on the tip of the boy’s member. Then she opened her mouth and slid her lips down the shaft.

Whereas the child had to struggle to take her teacher’s thick penis, this boy seemed just the right size for her. Emmy pushed herself down all the way to the base, until her lips kissed his hairless pelvis. Then he pulled back again and smiled sweetly at the boy before bobbing her head all the way back down. It seemed almost too easy!

After a bit of this, Emmy pulled her mouth off of the boy completely and looked up at him. “You can put your hand on my head if you want,” she told him, and then returned to sucking him off. The boy did as she suggested, placing one hand on top of the kitten’s head. Her ears wiggled with delight, and she began to move faster.

While she worked, the kitten’s hand wandered down beneath her dress, and she began to play with her pussy while the rest of the boys crowded close to see what was happening. Soon the boy was moaning, and he bucked his hips forward sharply each time Emmy slid her lips down his shaft.

Without warning, his grip on her head tightened, and the boy threw back his head. “Emmy!” he cried out, his voice tight with strain.

Emmy could feel the boy’s cock pulse against her tongue, and she redoubled her efforts. But the salty treat she was expecting to fill her mouth never came — the boy was still too young for that just yet. Even so Emmy did her best to please him, as unbeknownst to her, she gave her classmate his very first orgasm.

When his climax finished, and the pleasure turned to discomfort, the boy pushed Emmy away from him. She sat there, a proud smile on her face, her hands on her knees and her skirt still pulled up far enough to let all of the boys see her wet slit.

“And that’s the game we played today!” she told them all. “Sometimes he also likes to rub his thingie on my chest or between my legs, until he shoots his stuff all over me.”

His eyes wide, the older boy pushed his way to the front of the group and asked, “Does he ever put his, uh, thing inside your… place down there?”

“My hole?” Emmy responded, looking down at the spot between her legs. “No, it’s too big for that!”

“Well, I bet I could fit…” the older boy said, his cock in his hand.

Emmy looked at him and thought about it. “Okay!” she said finally. “You can all try putting your thingies in me then!”

The group of boys exploded again, each of them pushing and shoving each other to be the first in
line to claim their little classmate’s hole.
Against a Wall

Chapter Summary

Today's story picks up right where yesterday's ended! Go back a chapter and read that first if you haven't.

Emmy leaned back against the wall of the school, her hands pinned behind her back. The oldest of her classmates stood over her, his hands shaking as he undid the buttons of her school uniform. The other five boys stood a few fulms away, far enough to give the two of them their space, but close enough so that they wouldn’t miss any details.

When the older boy pulled Emmy’s shirt open, all of them got their first ever look at a girl’s chest. The little kitten was completely flat and undeveloped, of course, but that didn’t seem to matter. They still knew that they were seeing something they were not supposed to see, and that fact alone enticed them.

“I can touch them…?” the boy asked.

Despite the fact that Emmy was the youngest and smallest of them all, none of them wanted to risk her running away, and so she was in charge whether she knew it or not. Regardless, she nodded her head and smiled sweetly up at him.

“That’s okay!” she told him.

So he reached out and put a finger on one of Emmy’s pink little nipples, and she giggled. He’d seen men grab at women before, but his little classmate had nothing to grab, and so he did his best to improvise, rubbing his finger in circles around it. Happy that she could play this game with so many of her friends, Emmy proudly pushed out her chest against the boys hand.

After a little bit more of awkward foreplay, Emmy’s ears wiggled, and she asked, “So are you gonna put your thing in me now?”

The older boy looked down at his throbbing cock. The tip brushed against Emmy’s pleated skirt, and he felt a peculiar jolt of excitement shoot through him. When he nodded, the little girl pulled her skirt up, and suddenly he could feel the warmth of her bare flesh against him. His virgin cock rubbed against the kitten’s hairless slit. He blinked.

“It’s wet!” he said.

Emmy nodded. “It always gets wet there when teacher plays with me!”

The crowd of boys stirred behind them, and someone called out, “Come on and hurry, so we can go!”

Taking the initiative, Emmy grabbed the older boy’s cock in her little hand and helped it slide between her thighs. “Teacher puts it like this,” she explained. “His is too big to go inside, but you can try!”

The boy couldn’t believe how good Emmy’s hand felt on his penis, and the feeling of her warm,
silky thighs pressing down around his shaft was even better. Not entirely sure what to do, he let the feelings of pleasure guide him, and began to thrust himself back and forth between her legs. As his movements became harder, faster, his cock slipped and pointed upwards, the tip nestling between the folds of Emmy’s immature pussy. The next time he pushed forward, there was some resistance, but then he slipped inside.

Without even realizing it, the two children transitioned from foreplay to fucking. The older boy slid his dick into her, the extreme tightness of her slit beckoning him deeper. He was panting now, strange and unfamiliar sensations flooding through his body, instinctively making him thrust harder. Little Emmy was breathing harder too, and the boy became intensely aware of how soft and fragile her body felt as he pressed up against her.

“Emmy…!” he groaned. “Open your legs… a little more!”

Despite all of Emmy’s experiences, the kitten had never before been penetrated anywhere other than her mouth. She struggled to accommodate, the feeling of the older boy’s cock spreading pleasure throughout her body in ways she’d never experienced with her teacher. But she couldn’t quite spread her legs quite far enough.

“Hang on, we’ll help!”

Suddenly two of the other boys pushed forward. Standing on either side of Emmy, they each grabbed a leg and pulled. At the same time, the older boy reached out and grabbed Emmy by the waist, and together the three of them hoisted the tiny little kitten up off of the ground. Now her legs were spread open as wide as they could go, allowing the older boy to thrust his entire cock into her.

Grunting and squeezing her tight, the boy pinned Emmy to the hard stone wall, almost crushing the breath from her chest with each desperate thrust. But the kitten did not complain at all; she had, after all, been trained to be completely obedient. So she simply clung to him as tightly as she could and let him play this new game with her, his cock pounding against the back of her young pussy over and over.

“It feels so good…!” the boy said breathlessly.

Then his body began to shake, and his rhythm became erratic. Emmy felt the boy’s dick pulse inside of her, the same way that her teacher’s did before he shot all of his milk all over her. Burying himself balls deep in the little kitten, the boy had his first proper orgasm, stars exploding in his head until his vision blurred and his knees went weak.

When the pleasure had finally peaked, the boy stumbled backward. His cock slipped out of Emmy’s tight little hole, and a thin rope of boycum stretched out between them. It was a far cry from the loads Emmy was used to receiving from her teacher, but he was at least old enough to produce something.

The other two boys let Emmy back down onto the ground, and she immediately sank back down onto her knees. “Teacher likes to make me clean him up,” she said, and then she took her older classmate’s softening cock into her mouth. Her little nub of a tail swayed happily as she swallowed down her own juices, mixed with the meager amount of cum he’d produced and not left inside of her.

After she was done, she licked her lips and beamed her brightest, most innocent smile at the other boys. “Okay! Who wants to go next?”

By the time they all left that evening, none of the boys were virgins anymore. And Emmy had
suddenly become the most popular girl in class. She skipped home excitedly, knowing that from this day onward, she’d be playing games with her whole class, and not just her teacher. Mommy would be proud.
Outdoor Sex

Chapter Summary

In the sequel, L'ena collects the rest of the kamuy and then hooks up with Tamamo-no-Gozen as well.

The mountains of Othard stretched out before L’ena. She had started her journey down in the valleys of Doma, where rice paddy farmers had paused in their harvest songs to answer her questions about the land as best they could. From there she had headed up along increasingly perilous inclines as the air grew thinner and the vegetation more wild. At times the path would flatten out and afford her a bit of respite, but the soaring plateaus that surrounded her promised ever further heights.

She stepped through the tangle of undergrowth with a spy’s grace, her footfalls as silent as they could be among such an unkempt path. Here and there a branch would snap, betraying her movement, but most of her passing was lost in the wind as she choose each step with care and purpose. This was unfamiliar territory and, if intelligence reports could be trusted, she was not alone here. Someone, it seemed, was concerned that the recent sightings of people in the unpopulated regions could have been evidence of Garlean spies. It was a remote possibility, but not one to be ignored outright without an investigation, and so L’ena had been sent to find answers.

It was nearing midday when she heard it: a voice on the wind, coming from somewhere above her. Keeping one hand on the hilt of her dagger, L’ena paced her way uphill in the direction that it had come from. Upon reaching the top, where the ground once again leveled out, she found a copse of pine and bamboo, and pushed her way through to a grassy clearing. Someone had built a small wooden shrine here in the shade of the trees. It looked ancient and weather-worn; a long time had passed since anyone had come here to make offerings, if they ever had. And yet there were people here now, L’ena saw. But they were certainly not Garlean spies. Melting back into the bamboo shoots, the Miqo’te watched.

The woman, mysterious and pale, was dressed in a traditional Othardian kimono. Her white hair was run through with streaks of bold red. The scales and horns around her neck and face identified her as a Raen, which would explain her presence so far up in the mountains... were it not for a few extra details. She was suspiciously adorned with the ears and the tail of an Othardian fox, which was not a trait common among Au Ra of any clan, as far as L’ena knew.

Her companion was no less fantastic. The canine was easily three times the size one might expect of his kind, and his white fur was streaked with blue. Moreover, he was wrapped in pale red flames that twisted and waved as if by some wind only they could feel.

The woman lay by the shrine and raised her hand to the large dog’s face, stroking his muzzle and speaking in hushed tones. L’ena leaned in, her Miqo’te ears straining to catch whatever she could.

“Such a handsome Auspice come to visit me,” she was saying. “I am Mikuzume. Have you come to keep me company in my solitude?”

The great beast nuzzled and licked the woman’s hand with a tenderness that belied his size, and despite the fact that he appeared capable of tearing her apart if he so wished, something about his
demeanor seemed deeply respectful, almost reverent. When the Au Ra (if it was indeed an Au Ra at all) pet him, he lowered his head in deference to her. She rewarded him with a calm smile and pulled at the silken obi wrapped around her waist. As her kimono fell open, she spread her legs demurely. L’ena’s pulse quickened at the sight of the woman’s pale slit.

“Stay with me a while then, and allow me to share in your divine essence,” the woman purred, stroking the large dog’s chin as she offered herself to him.

The Auspice, as she had called him, lowered his head between the woman’s legs and began to lick at her sex with his long, beastly tongue. Soon the mysterious woman’s nethers were slathered with a sheen of saliva, each lick seeming to awaken greater need in the dog. She kept her hand on his head, petting him softly, her demeanor remaining graceful and relaxed even during this decidedly sordid act. Her kimono fell open further, exposing her breasts, and she did nothing to cover them.

“Loyal kamuy,” the woman who called herself Mikuzume said, the cadence of her voice betraying her own growing desire, “Will you not take me here, by my shrine?”

Watching carefully from her hiding spot, L’ena saw the great canine’s thick red cock hanging down between his legs. The sight of it made her knees weak, and she couldn’t help but wonder just how big his knot would be.

The opportunity to find out would be soon coming, L’ena saw, as Mikuzume parted her legs further, and the Auspice climbed on top of her — not from behind, as an animal would do, but rather face to face, as did those on two legs. The woman lay down by the shrine and embraced the beast, her hips rising up to meet him. Her curious white-and-red fox tail splayed out flat in the grass, giving L’ena a clear look at the red canine dick sliding into her tight pussy. Mikuzume let out a low mewl, and buried her fingers in the large beast’s fur. Now firmly inside of her, the dog lowered his head and licked Mikuzume’s face affectionately.

Their coupling was slow and gentle at first, and the woman gazed deep into the Auspice’s eyes. “So lonely have I been, with just the beasts of the mountain to pleasure me,” she gasped, her hips gyrating in time with her four-legged partner’s thrusts. “Long have I waited for one of your kind. Ahhh…! One with wisdom behind their eyes… a proper mate!”

Her words, and her body, seemed to stir something in the large dog, and he began to rut faster and harder. Soon he was pounding the fragile-looking woman with all the savagery that one might expect of a creature his size, and she clung to him, enduring it all with a look of graceful rapture painted across her face.

“Such a… virile lover!” she panted. “Please…! Give me the gift of your divine seed!”

With a fierce growl, the Auspice hilted his canine cock within the begging woman. The base of his shaft grew and swelled, his knot as thick as a Roegadyn’s fist. It stretched Mikuzume’s pussy to an obscene degree and locked them together as the dog began to pump his cum deep into the woman’s womb. All the while, he licked at her face, the two of them sharing in this moment of divine intimacy.

L’ena waited and watched the whole way through their shared orgasms, her own desire running wild. By the time the canine’s knot had shrunk enough for him to pull out, Mikuzume lay sleeping peacefully beneath him. The dog gave her one last lick and stepped away from her with great care.

It was at that moment that a twig snapped underneath one of L’ena’s feet. The great dog snapped in her direction, his ears up and his teeth bared in a protective snarl. Knowing that she had been caught, L’ena came out from her spot among the bamboo with her hands raised.
“I was only curious,” she said, assuming that the great beast could in fact understand her.

The look of aggression did not fade from the great dog’s face. But he did sniff at the air, and L’ena realized that her own arousal must have been obvious. Shrugging caution to the wind, she slowly undid her belt and let her pants fall.

“Perhaps a little quickie while your, ah, mate is sleeping?” she asked.

With a low growl, the dog began to stride towards her. His thick cock bounced between his hind legs, indicating that he would indeed take the Miqo’te up on her offer.
Chapter Summary

Like 90% of my stories have been public sex already, but we're right at the end and I'm so tapped for ideas, man.

So this story is a little bit meta, but it's still FFXIV related. A couple of reminders, although I'd hope this is obvious:
1) The character's name was chosen completely at random.
2) Always be respectful to everyone at conventions.

“Slow down a bit, one at a time. And don’t rip anything, it took a long time to make.”

Annette was no stranger to conventions, but this was her first one devoted exclusively to Final Fantasy XIV, and she had spent long hours laboring over her Miqo’te costume in the months leading up to it. The work had paid off, and from the moment she’d left her hotel room and made her way down to the main gathering, she’d been drawing the gaze of everyone she passed. Every time someone looked her over, a secret thrill ran up her spine; the outfit itself was slutty enough, to be sure, and left little of her figure to the imagination. But her biggest secret was that beneath her tight skirt she was not wearing underwear.

The convention room was packed with people, and it felt like everywhere she went, all eyes were on her. Annette played into the attention, smiling sweetly and posing for pictures whenever she was asked. She could tell what they were all thinking when they looked at her, and it made her wet.

But soon she wanted to push the limits even further. “Five dollars and you can take a special picture of me,” she whispered to one would-be photographer. The man looked nervous, but slipped her the cash, and when he pointed his camera at her she quickly pulled her skirt up to reveal her bare pussy beneath. A brief moment passed as the man blinked in surprise; then his camera shutter clicked, and Annette let her skirt drop down again. As quick as it had been, she was sure a few people in the crowd had seen.

Her suspicions were confirmed when she was approached a few minutes later by several men, each offering her money for their own ‘special pictures.’ She wiggled her hips at them, her makeshift Miqo’te tail swaying behind her, and told them that they should try to find a less crowded part of the convention first.

Annette had heard the term ‘getting lost in the crowd’ before, and it seemed apt now as a crowd of men gathered around her in the corner of the convention room. Beyond them, the bustle of gamers chatting and laughing and waiting for the next keynote address seemed both immediate and distant at the same time. With as much privacy as one could get in such a public place, Annette leaned back against the wall as the group of strangers pressed in closer.

“I was a bad kitty last night,” she admitted to them as she began to pull her skirt up. Her pink slit was dripping wet. “I ran roulettes with my toy in last night. It was really hard to focus on healing!”

At first she merely posed for the pictures, but as her arousal grew, she began to rub her clit for them, moaning and grinding her butt against the wall. Pushing two fingers deep inside of herself,
she pulled them out and brought them to her lips, tasting her own sex. She’d had enough of teasing.

“Who’s fantasized about fucking a sexy little Miqo’te before?” she asked. “Now’s your chance. Everyone can take a turn, if they want!”

They all wanted a turn. Annette ended up turning around and bracing herself against the wall, sticking her ass and tail out as someone stepped up and began to fondle her. Then she felt several hands touching her, roaming over her hips and belly and groping at her tits. Her skirt was pushed up all the way, exposing both of her holes to the crowd.

“Slow down a bit, one at a time. And don’t rip anything, it took a long time to make,” she told them as hands pushed their way beneath her costume.

Someone gave one of her nipples a rough pinch right at the same moment that the first person pushed his cock into her; Annette bit her lip to stop herself from squealing and drawing even more attention to the little gathering. Letting her furry tail droop over his arm, the person behind her began to pound away at her pussy, pushing her up against the wall of the convention room with each needy thrust.

“Meow, that feels good,” she said, encouraging the man behind her by pushing her ass back against him.

He didn’t last long; soon he was hammering her at full speed, pressing himself up so close to her that she could feel the heat of his breath on her neck. Then he went stiff, his grip so tight on her hip that it almost hurt, and she felt his cock swell up inside of her a moment before he released the thick warmth of his gooey load. She let him drain his balls inside of her until every last drop was spent, and he finally relaxed and pulled away from her.

But there was quite a line waiting behind him, and Annette didn’t have any time for a break. No sooner had the first man stepped away than another moved in to take his place. At the same time, someone yanked down her top, letting her bare tits break free for everyone to see, at least until the second person put his hand firmly on her back and aggressively pushed her up against the wall again. She mewled and moaned as he began to fuck her, her nipples rubbing harshly against the wall while he used her.

It wasn’t until she’d let half a dozen people fuck her, each one pulling her fluffy tail out of the way before depositing their seed into her, that she turned and looked at the gathered crowd. Several of them had their phones out and pointed at her, recording videos now instead of taking pictures. She opened her mouth, intending to tell them all to stop, but then the tip of the cock inside of her slammed against the back of her pussy, and another moan came out instead. As a wave of naughty pleasure began to flood through her, she decided to let them do what they wanted; it would hardly be the first video of her that had made its way onto the internet, after all.

That thought, of the video of her in her Miqo’te outfit, being fucked mercilessly by a group of strangers, being passed around the internet while hundreds or even thousands of people beat themselves off to it, triggered a sudden orgasm in her. Suddenly she was shivering and whimpering, and her pussy clenched down tight around the cock thrusting in and out of her, just in time for it to explode as well, thick cum blasting deep into her already-drenched womb in a potent torrent of warm lust.

By this point the larger crowd of the convention had almost been tuned out completely. Somewhere beyond the ring of people that had closed in around her were thousands of unknowing people, all wrapped up in the trappings of the game they’d come here to celebrate. Annette, and those lucky enough to have stumbled upon her, celebrated it in another way.
She had turned around now, facing the crowd with her skirt up and her tits out, people hoisting her back up against the wall and slamming their dicks in between her wide-spread legs. Her tail drooped down, swinging beneath her in time with the rough thrusting she was receiving almost non-stop.

Most of the crowd were men, but a few women had wandered in as well; one pretty girl pushed her way forward and latched onto Annette’s breast, suckling the nipple deep into her mouth while Annette was fucked. Another girl, herself in costume, had a hand pushed down beneath her skirt; out of the corner of her eye, Annette saw her being pushed down onto her knees and a cock shoved into her waiting mouth as she looked obediently up at the man. For a moment it almost made her jealous that someone else would be servicing the men, but she shrugged the feeling off. By now there were enough hard cocks around her for everyone to enjoy.

And it was just as well. She ended up lying down on the floor, one person fucking her pussy and her head turned to let another man use her mouth; the other girl, whoever she was, had lay down beside her and was also getting fucked. The line moved from Annette to the other girl, each of them satisfying their dicks with whichever hole was available. Some of them couldn’t wait and simply jerked themselves off, blowing their sticky loads all over Annette’s tits.

Whoever Annette had been sucking off groaned, his fingers twisted in her wig as he filled her mouth with his salty seed. When he pulled out, Annette didn’t swallow the load, but instead turned to look at the girl gasping and moaning on the floor beside her. As their eyes met, Annette opened pressed their lips together and opened her mouth, her tongue shoveling cum into the girl’s mouth in a gooey kiss.

As they both came together, then tight slits squeezing the cocks pistoning in and out of them, Annette’s thoughts began to wander. It was only the first day of the convention; she had one more full day ahead of her. What further kinds of mischief could a Miqo’te like her get into by then?
Chapter Summary

One of the shorter stories. This month has really tapped me. But we're almost to the end.

She’d been caught again. The muscle-bound Roegadyn looked down at her with a sneer while he decided what to do with her. After having her dragged up to his room, the boss had dismissed his men, leaving the two of them alone. L’ena’s hands were already tied behind her back, and her ankles were bound too. For the moment, she was completely at his mercy.

“You know what’s coming next then, right?” he asked her, cracking his knuckles.

L’ena looked up at him, her ears flat against her head in an attempt to look even more helpless. “I do as you say and you’ll let me walk out of here?”

The Roegadyn guffawed and rolled his shoulders. “More like you’ll be tossed outta here, but yeah, that’s the general idea. So, sweetheart, are we gonna do this the hard way? Or the harder way?”

He was already unbuckling his pants, making it clear that there was little room for choice here. L’ena met his gaze. “You can do it anyway you want,” she told him, yet again resigned to her impending fate.

Without warning he slapped her, hard enough to leave her face stinging but not hard enough to do any real damage. Then, just when it looked as if she’d finished processing what had just happened, he slapped her again and grabbed her by the hair. L’ena grit her teeth and hissed in pain as he pulled her closer to him, and then his thick cock was right in her face. His grip on her tightened.

“Open wide,” he taunted her, “it’s a big one.”

Her head still reeling from the slaps, L’ena did as she was told. The moment her mouth was open wide enough, the Roegadyn jammed himself inside. His oversized shaft filled her mouth immediately, flattening her tongue and pounded against the back of her throat. She squirmed against her bindings and tried to pull back, but the ropes were too tight and the Roegadyn’s fist was like iron in her hair — there was no escape.

He began to ram his cock into her with brutal strokes, each thrust pushing its way deeper, ilm by ilm. “I like it when they struggle,” he said, still holding his new Miqo’te toy by the head while he pleasured himself with her mouth.

Finally he forced his cock down her throat. L’ena’s neck bulged, and she gagged immediately. The feeling of her velvet insides clamping down around him in a struggle to clear her airways seemed to drive the Roegadyn wild, and he held his cock there until L’ena’s eyes began to water. When he finally pulled out, she gasped for breath. She was light headed.

“That was just the warm-up,” the Roegadyn said, letting go of her hair for just long enough to give her another slap, then grabbing it again. When L’ena opened her mouth to take another deep breath, he filled it again with his member. This time he went straight to the throat-fucking, and
again L’ena began to gag on the cock that was clearly too big for her.

When he pulled out again, L’ena doubled over, coughing. “I c-can’t…” she stuttered, caught between begging her captor and trying to catch her breath. “No more or I’ll…!”

The Roegadyn grinned. “Or what? You’ll pass out? That sounds like it’s your problem, not mine.”

L’ena went to protest again, but she caught another hard slap, and then he was bearing down on her again, his cock forcing its way back into her abused mouth. She felt her throat bulge obscenely, and she struggled to endure it. As the Roegadyn continued to fuck in and out of her throat, she turned her eyes up towards him, a silent plea for reprieve.

But this time there was none coming. The Roegadyn yanked her by the hair, pulling her even further down onto his cock. L’ena’s whole body jerked violently, and she began to see stars explode behind her eyes. She blinked up at him, her eyes wild now, and bucked helplessly against him. She gagged again and again, her chest heaving and her throat constricting around the throbbing cock filling it completely. But there was nothing she could do, and her vision began to fade to black.

The Miqo’te went limp, but even still the Roegadyn did not stop. He fucked the unconscious woman’s mouth with a fierce need, not caring that she was still choking on his cock. Thankfully for her, however, the muscles of her throat desperately fighting against him had done their work, and he was nearly at the threshold of orgasm. Holding the unresponsive woman tight, he grit his teeth and hammered himself as deep as he could, jets of cum blasting directly into her stomach.

Once he was spent, he pulled himself out of her and dropped her heavily onto the floor. She collapsed, unconscious but still breathing. The Roegadyn looked down at her, his grin turning to a frown.

“Expected you to last a bit longer,” he said. “Ah well. A promise is a promise, I suppose you’ll be free to go whenever you wake up from your little nap.”

But his eyes continued to roam over her body. There was a glint in his eye.

“In the meantime, you wouldn’t protest to me havin a little bit more fun with you while you’re passed out? And the men downstairs too? No? Good girl.”

L’ena lay on her side, unable to answer or even comprehend, as the big Roegadyn called for his boys to come back up and join in on the fun with him.
Sin Eater

Chapter Summary

It's the last day of Kinktober, and that means I get to choose anything I want! So why don't I do something terrible that everybody will hate?!?!

Spoilers for some of the earlier Shadowbringers quests. You don't have to like this one. No, seriously, a lot of people are going to hate this. But come on, it's Halloween. We have to go out with a bang.

The sacking of Holminster Switch had started out as an absolute disaster; one more village gone in a world that had precious little left of it. The Crystarium guard had been dispatched to do what they could, even though the situation seemed hopeless. And yet here they were, having won a victory that none could have foreseen. Not only had there been survivors, but the Lightwarden itself had somehow been extinguished, and the heavens had opened up to reveal the return of the vast darkness of night.

Still, many of the residents of Holminster Switch had been killed, or worse, turned into Sin Eaters themselves. Most of them had been cut down where they stood — no doubt a mercy compared to whatever shell of a life they would lead once transformed.

But one of them had been taken alive. She had been mistaken for dead at first, but the detachment of guards sent through to begin cleaning up had been surprised when she had let out a pitiful cry and begun to move. The guard nearby had moved to silence it, but his sergeant had stopped them.

“I heard about this one. Captain Lyna’s group encountered it during the first wave. Used to be a Hume named Tesleen, apparently, though dark knows how anyone knew that,” he said. Then he spat. “She’s not one of the ones that transformed here, though. She’s one of the ones what started the attack. That makes her responsible for everything that happened here, by my estimation.”

They were all looking for someone to blame, and when the sergeant named the creature once known as Tesleen, they were quick to cry out in support of the idea. “Chain her up and let’s take her alive!” the sergeant ordered, and his men set about doing the deed without complaint.

There was nothing more dangerous than a Sin Eater, but this one could no longer put up a fight of any kind. She struggled uselessly as the men dragged her towards the cart that they had meant to pile the dead onto. Once she stood before it, they wrapped chains around her wrists and her legs, and then one final one around her long, lanky neck. They pulled the chains tight and tied them off on the cart, binding her where she stood.

The Sin Eater stared at them with empty eyes that bled black and opened her mouth in a silent howl. She lifted her wings, but the last of her strength was fading; she did not even attempt to break her bonds. Instead, she simply collapsed, pulling the chains taut as she lay on the ground, utterly defeated.

“Well, what to do with her now…?” one of the guardsmen wondered.

“We make her pay, somehow,” one of the younger men said, stepping forward. He circled around
the creature once known as Tesleen, sizing it up with a curious look in his eyes. Then he laughed
and turned back towards his companions. “Hey, there may not be much of her left after she
transformed, but it looks like she’s still got a few good bits back here.”

He stuck out his boot and lifted up one of the Sin Eater’s long legs, until all of the men could see
the pale slit of her vagina, still intact. Some men frowned and looked away. Others just stared,
dumbfounded.

The sergeant spoke up. “Are you daft, boy? You’d stick yours in that?”

The brash young guardsman shrugged. “She’s not liable to fight back in her condition, now is she?
Why not take a prize while we have the chance?”

Shaking his head, the sergeant said, “Well don’t say nobody warned you, I suppose. Go on then
and satisfy your loins if you must, I won’t stop you. Just pray it’s not your last lay.”

Most of the guardsmen turned away to return to their tasks, but several continued watching as the
young man doffed his uniform and pulled out his cock. He bore down on the captive Sin Eater, and
she tried to shrink away from him without success. Grabbing her pale leg, the man pushed it even
further open and positioned himself between them. Tesleen’s long neck turned to gaze at him, the
chains around her limbs pulling tight, keeping her at his mercy. Her skin was smooth, and cool to
the touch, but the man rubbed the tip of his dick against her entrance, and after only a moment’s
hesitation, he pushed himself in with little difficulty.

“Not as warm as a willing maid, but she’s damn tight,” the man grunted, slamming himself all the
way in to the hilt.

Still lying on her side, Tesleen squirmed and cried out, but the young guard was past the point of
being deterred. Keeping a firm grip on one of her legs, he began to fuck her with hard, fierce
strokes. The force of his thrusts made the chains clank, and Tesleen began to reach out with the
only limbs that were not bound — her wings. They opened up and flapped helplessly while the
young man pounded away at her.

As his libido began to take over, the man reached out with his other hand and grasped one of the
Sin Eater’s ivory breasts. “Let’s see if these are still soft,” he said, squeezing it hard. She tried
again to pull away, but could not.

The sounds of their coupling had drawn a few more spectators, their jobs and their earlier distaste
forgotten by the sight in front of them. “If he pulls it off, I’ve got next!” someone called, and then
they began to argue among themselves, all without taking an eye off of the show.

“Sin Eater slut,” the young man hissed, with a fist full of pale tit and his cock slamming against the
back of Tesleen’s pussy. He hunched over her, giving it every ounce of strength that he had, until
finally he drove himself balls-deep and held there. A shudder ran through his body, and then he
was cumming inside of her, his thick seed filling whatever was left of her transformed womb.

When he was done, he pulled out and stumbled back. Tesleen lay there with her legs still parted,
cum dripping out of her hole. There was a moment of awed silence as the rest of his companions
realized that he had indeed gotten away with it.

After that, it was like a dam had broken loose. The men swarmed Tesleen, overpowering the
defeated Sin Eater and pinning her arms and legs while the next person took his turn with her. Her
struggling continued, but she did not have the strength to fight the men off, let alone escape her
chains. One by one, they took turns using her, their stiff cocks slamming deep into her abused
pussy until they deposited another load of cum inside of her. When that became too sloppy, one of the men grabbed her tail and yanked it up to reveal her asshole, and the Sin Eater cried out as they began to take their turns with that too.

Someone grabbed one of the wings protruding from the side of Tesleen’s head and yanked her to face him. “Here’s somethin’ for you to eat,” he taunted her, jamming his cock deep into mouth. She stared up with her empty, black eyes while he fucked her mouth like a pussy. Once he was done, he pulled out and blew his load all over her face. Her mouth still hung open, and the man’s seed dripped down into it.

By the time everyone was done with her, Tesleen was a cum-covered mess. It dripped from her face and matted her hair; it glistened on her bare chest and her unnaturally elongated collarbones. All of her holes were overflowing with the stuff, and it even dripped down her tail into the dirt below. Then men let her go, and she collapsed onto the ground again, her chest rising and falling in exhaustion.

As they pulled their uniforms back on, the guards all looked around at each other. “Well, what do we do with her now?” one of them asked.

All eyes turned towards the sergeant, who’d also ended up taking a few turns along with the rest of his men. He looked over at Tesleen and shrugged. “It’d be a shame to do away with such a prize,” he mused. “And I don’t think she’s paid enough for what happened here. Let’s fasten those chains and make camp with her, aye? I’m sure we can find some out of the way place to keep her until we’re done.”

Cheers went up, and the men returned to their business. The Sin Eater that had once been Tesleen simply lay by the cart, her chains weighing heavily on her, and waited for whatever would come next.

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