

“Come on,” you command. Grabbing the busty tanuki by the hand, you say, “I want to fuck you in the cockpit.” It’s not far.

Kiro allows herself to be led, sometimes stumbling thanks to your hurried pulling and her own inability to see her feet through the beachball-sized boobs bouncing on her chest. “In the cockpit? You really like to show off, don’t you master? We should show the whole galaxy how good you fuck. Make all the other girls jealous you’re pumping into me instead of them. Every pussy in the universe’d soak itself on the spot! You should get on the PA and call everyone in to watch!”

You hop into the chair familiarity-granted grace. It is essentially molded into the shape of your plush, ginormous butt. Of course it doesn’t take long for you to get hard under Kiro’s thirsty gaze. Your lengths pop right up with one potent surge of dizzying tumescence. A less healthy individual might have passed out from the sudden rerouting of blood flow, but you remain conscious enough to smile back at the tanuki as she begins to openly drool. With each pump of blood into your crotch, Kiro becomes more distracted, pawing helplessly at her tits in some kind instinctual lust-reflex. “They won’t bite,” you promise, using your hand to aim your favorite straight up, all but beckoning the thirsty tanuki to sit in your lap this very second.

The sluttified pirate does not prance into your lap immediately, as you expected. She fidgets, chewing on her lip before asking in her most plaintive tone, “Can your fat-assed fucktoy sit in your lap and cum all over herself from how good it is? Please, Anzu?”

She can, but do you want to make her wrap her dick so she doesn’t make a mess of your vessel’s cockpit? (L: +33)

[Use Condoms] [Bubble Buddy] **[Make Mess]**

You smile excitedly. “You cum as much as you want. Don’t worry about the mess.”

Kiro starts to say ‘really?’ before cutting out halfway through the word and nodding in apparent serenity. “I’ll cum everywhere for you, Angel, don’t worry. I’ll fill this cockpit with cum like you fill my cunt.” Shivering, she strokes two fat, golfball-sized blobs of pre on the deck. “The only thing I’m going to worry about is how tightly my pussy can milk you while I’m acting as your personal cock-sleeve-turned-cum-fountain.” Her tail sways rhythmically behind her as the scent of horny pussy and fresh pre wafts into the air. “I bet I’m wet enough to ruin your chair. Won’t that be nice?”

You assure her that it will, trying not to twitch with too much excitement as you wave the leaky kui-tan closer.

Kiro does not simply jump into your lap, nor does she rush to mount your cock. For all her excitement, she manages to hold herself back and take her time. She advances with her hips gyrating in a wide figure-eight, placing her steps with clear, salacious intent. You can scarcely peel your eyes from the edges of her bubbly, swaying ass, and when you do, they're instantly captured by the hypnotic bobbing of her bare bosom. Her tits aren't just huge - they're perfectly shaped so that they look ripe and squeezable from every angle, even without a bra. Her dark chocolate nipples beckon for you right up to the moment that one slips into your mouth.

Sweet, delicious cream might tantalize with its flavor, but not so much that you stop watching when Kiro stretches one leg up into the air, almost vertical, and shifts her beanbag chair-like nuts to the side to expose her sable cuntlips and the libidinous tide of sticky girl-juice clinging to her inner thighs. Her other hand braces on the back of her chair as she lowers her lap onto you, almost doing the splits by the time her sloppy twat stops just above your reptilian crown, poised in just the right place to kiss it.

Holding herself there, the tanuki fuckdoll whimpers, "I love you so much, Angel - for the rescues, even the slow one. And for being such a void-damned slut-queen. I jerk off most mornings thinking about how much I adore you, and even though some of that's probably programmed in, I know the core of it, the juicy wet, fuckable center of it all, was love you built up before anybody else touched my head."

Instead of letting you reply, Kiro lowers herself onto your pierced, segmented dragon-cock, allowing the sensitive organ to part her silken folds and glide all the way up to her cervix on a curtain of freely-offered pussy-drool.

The kui-tan cums instantaneously. Merely inserting your member is sufficient to bring to her to a squealing orgasm. Squirming in your lap, she howls with delight. Her legs wobble and flop, kicking out at random. You take a tail-sized broadside across your cheek. Each cumshot discharges casually, an unguided missile of splattering destruction. One slops onto the controls. Another splatters onto Kiro's tits. The next, following a particularly violent gyration, dumps itself into a three foot wide puddle on the floor. Kiro lashes a white-knuckled grip onto the bucking behemoth just before her climax fades into dribbling contentment, proving just how little she's worrying about the mess by splattering alien seed across different screens and hardlight keyboards without a care. Your leg catches a tumbler's worth, and your sculpted belly? Soaked.

"Mmmm, I love how easy it is to orgasm now, especially with you, Angel." (L: +46)

Next

Kiro does not take long to recover and start bouncing in your lap. Her horsedick slides joyfully across your freshly-creamed middle with her bounces. Bracing her hands on your shoulders for support, the tanuki does all the work. You don't get a chance to thrust because you don't need to. She propels herself along your length like doing so is her life's work. The instant you crave a little more sensation, her cunt clamps down and ripples like a galotian belly dancer's tummy.

You're free to sit there, stiffer than a titanium rod, and savor the torrid tightness of Kiro's velvety twat... and not much else. Perhaps it is a good time to let yourself be pampered for a change.

Or it would be, if Celise didn't suddenly slosh into the room, surging up around the back of the chair to unashamedly wave at you mid-coitus. "Hiya!" White blobs bubble up through her form like carbonation in soda, fading to the same gentle green as her body by the time they reach her head and fatten her lips to pornstar parody proportions. "Oh-my-stars, Kiro, you taste so fucking good nowadays!" She kisses the tanuki from over your shoulder. Then the goo-gal slobbers happily on your ear. "I could just eat you two up! But first, let me help with this mess!"

The galotian melts down underneath the captain's chair, surrounding your scaled legs and Kiro's - all the way up to her balls. Those overactive orbs wobble from the sudden appearance of dozens of tongues. Each appears and disappears seemingly without reason, only visible to you thanks to the goo-girl's semi-transparent nature. You can see her ruffling through the kui-tan's fur, matting it down into slick, sensitive acceptance of the infinite tongue-polishing it's about to receive.

"Celiiiiise!" Kiro whines as her toes curl and her smooth bounces turn jerky and erratic. "If you suck on my balls like that I'm gonna end up cumming all the time!" Sure enough, a blob of pre-cum so thick it's almost solid white pumps out of her, rolling down her shaft's underside and into one of several smooching maws. "I'll feed you wayyyy too much!"

"No such thing!" comes the happy reply from somewhere below. "Better keep bouncing, or Anzu might get bored!"

"R-r-right," the augmented tanuki-girl gasps, trying to continue to milk you as before. It doesn't work that well. Her motions remain a bit shaky.

Torrid tanuki cunt cradles you. It beckons you deep enough to grind on her cervix harder than a girl in a dance club. The lips, rendered chubby and taut by passion, squeeze tight around your knot. When Kiro bounces, they audibly slurp and squelch. Her inner folds ripple instinctively simultaneously. No part of your pre-slicked wyrm-dick is neglected or forgotten. When the fluffy fuckdoll rises up until your narrow tip is all that remains inside her, her copious juices freely wash across veiny bulges and swells, lapping at your nerves like phantom versions of the swirling tongues covering Kiro's torturously teased nads.

"Heyyyyyyyyy! Did you guys start the orgy without me?" calls Mitzi's indignant voice. "Mitzi knows she misses the intercom like, 160% of the time or whatever because she's passed out or schlicking in Mistress's dirty laundry, but come on!" The green gabilani bounces up onto the armrest of your chair in her typical exhibitionist attire, planting a big wet kiss on your lips before you can even think of something to say back. Her tongue spirals around your own, trapping you

in a corkscrew of hellishly arousing muscle while her thick, painted lips smooch heavily against your own.

When she breaks it, you're breathless and gasping.

Mitzi shows no signs of fatigue, though she does have a hand buried wrist-deep in her twat. Alien pussyjuice shines on her thighs. Some of it dribbles onto the upholstery. A little gets onto your arm, but it's hard to care while you're stained with Kiro's lust, and your head is swimming, and your pet goblin is licking your ear... and she's kissing you again. Mitzi holds onto the closest equine cock for stability while she focuses on maintaining her tongue-restraining helix of a kiss.

When she shifts position to put the other hand in her cunt, you notice a sizable helping of bestial cum riding in on her fingers. Kiro's flare flexes hard against you at the sight.

"Such a fucking breeder queen!" the short, stacked sex-addict exclaims in between raunchy french kisses. "All you have to do is sit down, whip it out, and your harem comes running. You're a god!" She gasps, bumping her sopping pussylips against your elbow. "And we're like, your aco... priestesses! Yeah! Now let us worship you..."

Stars... you can scarcely bring yourself to move. It feels too good! Celise is so warm around your legs. Kiro is like a big fluffy pillow that wraps around your dick and fucks it into sloppy satisfaction. Mitzi's tongue roams everywhere. She bathes your ears in praise until it's hard to say which set of words in your head are your thoughts and which are her suggestions. You could probably cum right now, yet you don't rush to that heady apex just yet, not while bathed in such ceaseless carnal delight. You want the sex to last. Or is that what Mitzi wants? Whichever.

Penny chooses that exact moment to prance onto the bridge, stark naked with a package of condoms in her left hand. "Maaaaaate, I could smell the fucking all the way in my room, and it pretty much always smells like fuckin' in there." Coming up to your unclaimed side, the foxy camwhore pouts. "And then I heard you moaning, so I knew you'd need me and some condoms besides, right? Wouldn't want to waste all those yummy cummies!"

You manage a half-nod and affirmative gurgle.

"Great! Lemme just slip into this..." A condom wrapper vanishes like magic, and the next time you manage to look her way, Penny is jacking herself off, pumping to the tempo Kiro's lap-bounces set. "...and I umm..." She glances between you and Kiro, her dilated eyes locking onto the tanuki's turgid teat. "...And I'm gonna just suck a little of this while I fill up every one of these." She latches on, cheeks hollowed.

The unexpected breastfeeding actually shatters Kiro's concentration but only for a moment. Her whole body stiffens. The heavenly friction on your member hitches. The whole universe feels like it's spinning down to a complete stop until you hear Penny gulp. Then Kiro's cunt can

unclench, the rest of her sagging into lazy bumps and grinds while the fox harvests a creamy snack - and stuffs a different kind of milky goo into her rapidly inflating cum-bag.

A single aggressive pump of your hips jumpstarts the sagging raccoon-slut back into riding you properly, and as Penny finishes tying off the fruits of her own orgasm, she takes a moment to spare Kiro's nipple long enough to kiss you with a mouthful of milk. Your tongues swish against one another through the nutritious fluid for a perfect moment, and then the thirsty vixen is back on Kiro for more. Mitzi taps the fox's shoulder and opens wide, prompting her too to get a sloppy, milk-filled kiss for her troubles.

"Ummm," Penny drones while alabaster drops cling to her facial fur, "This is really, really good." Her fingers re-wrap her rigid, canine cock on complete autopilot. The previous load is tossed aside, forgotten. "I could watch you fuck foreveerrrr..." She shudders once, then plants herself back on an open tit, staring adoringly up at you the entire time.

It's so nice when your girls get along...

Kiro holds up well to the barrage of attention. No matter how pleased she gets, or how many times she helplessly spurts into your cockpit, onto your chest... wherever, she always manages to give your pre-soaked, tapered wyrm-tool a loving squeeze or caress. Meanwhile, her tail flops around uselessly. It slaps into things with less care than excited dog's. Your third favorite coffee mug falls casualty to her libidinous rutting. The chair's cushion squelches on every downstroke, dribbling pussyjuice from every side like a squeezed sponge.

[Next]

Dane walks in, halfway through eating a burrito. "Oh, well... wow, damn. That's pretty fucking hot, boss." He gently adjusts himself through his equipment. "I guess... I'll uh, be in my bunk if you need me. Have fun!" The burly ausar beats a hasty retreat, struggling a little with his bulging loins.

A high-pitched gasp from the cockpit's entrance signals another arrival: Emmy. The jumpsuit-clad jackaless drops her codex with a worrying clap of metal on polyglass, but it's the sudden creaking of her distending jumpsuit that really catches your ear.

"Anzu! You're... you're... oh stars, is that why they call it a 'cockpit'?" She giggles faintly. Her toe-claws click on the deck as she advances from behind you. "That means..." she steps up beside you, staring hungrily at Kiro's breasts. Even now, Penny's suckling gulps seem to echo about the cabin. "That means that as a crew member, I should be allowed to use the cockpit too!" She winks and grabs your Codex, popping open the app to control her hidden sex-toy harness. Her moan announces that she's found a suitable setting. "Mmm, but next time, you should plug into my cock pit."

Mitzi mumbles, "Mmmm, cawwwwk..." while leaking torrents sex-juices in the process.

Emmy kisses your cheek, and your ear, and your face, grinding her latex-clad crotch into your bicep hard enough for you to feel the secret toy's undulations up and down the length of her swollen canine cock. Somehow the jackal makes you feel wanted and desired without having to so much as touch your groin, but after that moment of semi-tender ardor, Emmy joins you in using your fluffy tanuki sex-toy, sealing her muzzle around the remaining free nipple with raucous glee, pumping her hips against an invisible partner while her toy rapidly brings her closer to a self-stuffing climax.

Kiro's head lolls back in delight from your furry harem's forceful suckling. "Yessssss," comes the faint hiss of her voice as she hefts her heifer-grade tits up higher, better presenting them for drinking. "Milk meeeeeeee~!"

The jackal doesn't need the encouragement, but it does produce a sizable, almost spherical bulge near the base of her cock... and a slight pooching out of her belly while she drinks, either from the milk or the toy's efficient routing of her own sperm into her uterus. Emmy's eyes close, though she never quite stops humping.

Neither does Kiro.

Or Mitzi...

The door hisses open as another crew member arrives.

"Oh shit, are you guys trying to make me less homesick? I told you not to worry about it." Shekka bounces over to the copilot's chair and launches up and in with a saucy smile. "...though there is something to be said about watching some high quality cockpit-rutting. Isn't there just something magical about all that tech and all those gizmos? Doesn't all that wondrous technology, packed into a tight little console... doesn't it make you wanna just jizz a girl full of eggs?" She shivers, as her tail begins to buzz. "Hope ya don't mind if I just watch and jerk off a little bit." The raskvel wipes the grease off her hands and fiddles with the seal on her suit. "Because I'm going to... and if you want me to stop, you're gonna have to come over here and start fucking me."

The raskvel's augmented tail plunges into her hungry cunt with a lurid squelch and an unashamed moan. "Ooooh, that's the stuff." Her dick slaps hard into her cute beestings. "You'll just ha-have to come over here and f-f-fuck me silly if you want me to stop!" Shekka watches you hungrily, almost drooling over the sight of your exposed form. "Or just enjoy yourself, and I'll enjoy myself."

Muffled buzzing faintly radiates from Shekka's cunt, punctuated by the occasional squelch. "Fuuuuuuck I love offworlders!"

The door pops open as another crew member stumbles into your sordid bridge-rut. Gianna does not falter at the erotic spread. She does not blanch (not that she would without the effort of manually adjusting her skin pigmentation) at the gooey slaps of Kiro's cunt on your crotch. She pads forward with confidence. Situations like this are a companion droid's bread and butter. Jealousy doesn't even enter into her mental equations.

"Oh, look who's a getting her dick milked!" She observes with a voice full of love and lilting delight. Her fingers settle onto your shoulders, gently rubbing while she continues speaking with throaty purrs, "Let me help you relax, love." Knots of stress untangle more easily than neatly tied shoelaces under the gynoid's touch. "Why carry all this tension in your shoulders when it belongs in your dick?"

Gianna isn't entirely wrong. Your crotch is quite tense at the moment, clenching and squeezing with every jump of your dragon-cock inside the lusty tanuki.

"That's the beautiful thing about companion droids, Anzu - we don't need access to your loins to pleasure you." Her massage infuses your muscles with thrumming satisfaction. "Especially ones like me. Ones that are more than a programmed slut. Ones you helped make the best version of themselves. Now... you just enjoy yourself. Bathe in the pleasure. Let Kiro's pussy and my fingers{ and... everything else} help you melt into a puddle of molten bliss. Let me help you feel as good as your jackal friend."

You nod. Your head wobbles almost like a bobble-necked toy's.

"That's a good girl. Every second you spend with us makes you harder. It makes that slobbering kui-tan cunt better. Harder to do anything but relax and clench, your balls flooding with cum." Gianna coos encouragingly. "Don't even worry about when you orgasm. Just let it happen. Kiro will love it. I'll love it. And you... you'll feel so wonderfully satisfied, won't you?"

You nod, so perfectly pampered and tended to.

Anno arrives with a squeak of surprise. "B-b-boss! Why the hell are you banging that trash-panda in the pilot's seat? You know what? Nevermind. Don't answer. You're busy," she says, her voice growing closer with every word. "But while you're slumming it with the kui-tan, let me remind you that you have a top-class ausar pussy on call, day or night." She leans close enough for you to feel her breath on your ear, playfully slapping Gianna's ass while she's there. "But if you insist on soiling yourself with b-tier twats, well..."

You squirm while Kiro works your dragon-phallus with unceasing care and devotion, utterly ignoring the busty ausar's jibes.

Anno grabs your nipples and pinches them teasingly, working her way down each row in sequence. "Then I'm just gonna have to punish you with these." She twists gently. "You can do

better, Boss.” Rubbing her thumbs around the outer edge, she allows them to cool down while the sharp tips of her nails pluck and poke. “You’re not getting off on this are you?”

She turns to Gianna. “Is she actually getting off on this?”

The gynoid answers enthusiastically in the affirmative, sure to point out that your nipples are quite sensitive to stimulation.

“I guess I’ll have to keep doing this, and my boss will have to lie there, hilt-deep in pirate-trash until she breaks his dumb furry pet into an even bigger cum-dump than she is now.” Anno’s fangs flash in the cabin’s artificial light. “Give it to her whenever you’re ready. I’ll be here.”

Kiro cums again. This time it impacts the ceiling. Where it makes contact, the cummy blob detonates into a web of salty goo. Creamy droplets rain over the cockpit as your kui-tan piles more and more genetic material into the mess. Just as you suggested, she’s not worrying about where she shoots at all. When some catches you in the chin and back-breaking breasts, she stares in rapt fixation, unable to look away from the powerfully erotic sight of her jism drenching your body.

Fortunately Mitzi is there to wrap her lips around the tip and siphon the rest into her cum-hungry tummy. One salty burp later, she returns to Kiro’s distended nipple, brewing an ambrosial milk-and-cum slurry in her belly.

This is too much. Overwhelmed by eroticism, you find yourself unable to endure the constant cock-squeezes a single second longer. Grabbing onto Kiro’s ass with both hands, you drive yourself in all the way to your knot, instantly spurting to the sound of your breed-bulb popping inside. Your vision grows spotty from how hard your enormous, tapered dragon-tool flexes. Your entire body locks up as all of your organs work together to paint the tanuki’s womb chocolate as violently as possible. Every lance of virile seed radiates an intoxicating wave of ecstasy behind it.

Fortunately, Kiro’s improved pussy is there to wick the spunk right out of you. You could probably relax and let those powerful undulations milk the slippery goo straight into her uterus. You don’t, of course. She can help you inflate her belly to a fully pregnant state, but you’re in a rut, for the moment. You hump like an animal, pounding her pussy raw until your muscles feel like jelly and your cum-shots slow to sloppy dribbles.

“I love you Angel…” the quivering kui-tan murmurs a moment before slumping heavily onto you, quaking with post-orgasmic aftershocks.

Mitiz looks up in annoyance when she disturbs her. “Awww, is it over already?” Her fist pops out of her snatch with a lurid pop, granting you a brief glimpse into the capacious tunnel before it

snaps closed, tightening up for the next visitor. "Mitzi only came like... thirty... uh... ah whatever. My pussy needs a break anyway! Gimme a whistle if you need that python tamed, Mistress!"

The goblin prances out, careless of the trail she leaves behind.

Penny separates from the tanuki's tit. She noisily smacks her chops and sighs with contentment. The weight of the condom-captured load bows her pointed tip down, dangling between her legs. "That was fuckin' - urp! - 'mazing!" The weak-kneed fox-girl grabs a few condoms by the neck and stumbles up to you. "You got the best taste." She shares a milky kiss, then tugs the captive loads towards her quarters, the trip made easy by Mitzi's efficiently distributed deck lubrication.

Emmy also looks pregnant, though with her own load. At some point she slumped to the floor, and now she just sits there, whimpering while the herm harness continues to relentlessly torture her hyper-sensitive cock. She puts a hand on her belly and moans lustily, fattening with semen before your eyes. She's still cumming! Emmy gasps and contorts powerfully, flopping herself onto her back as her cock pumps her nearly pregnant with twins, and only then does the toy relent, allowing her to pass out onto one of Celise's many well-gorged pseudopods with her knot gently throbbing.

Anno tweaks your nipples one last time. "Nice shooting, stud. Now make sure you shower and clean up the mess. If I smell her pussyjuice on you later, I might have to replace it with mine." She pauses at the door. "Seriously though, I don't wanna slip in cum when I race in here to help fight off some pirates..."

Shekka gives a bleary wave from the copilot's chair. Animalistic jizz absolutely drenches her face thanks to her synthsheath, and she's rocking a pretty paunchy belly that makes it clear where the rest of her load wound up. "You're wasted on the Rush, Cap'n. You'd make a killing in porn. Or whoring, I guess, if you wanted. You'd get my frakking creds." She zips up without a care for the errant fluids, squelching as she makes her way off to parts unknown.

Only when you've fully spent yourself does Gianna stop massaging your shoulders. "Wonderful work, Anzu. If you don't get a shower after all of this, I will pin you down and bathe you myself." She winks. "You'd be surprised what fluids I can intake and output..." Reluctantly peeling away from you, the gynoid blows you a kiss and heads for the exit.

Celise wobbles and sloshes underfoot. No longer an active participant, the nearly white ball of goo-and-cum appears content to lie there gradually digest your mess, one sperm at a time.

[Next]

If it wasn't for celise, you might of come to regret your decision to let Kiro hose down the cockpit, but the thirsty goo's already devoured the worst from the floor, and you're sure she'll sop up the

offerings on the consoles, walls, and ceilings in the hours to come. You doubt much can be done for the chair, unless she can permeate the fabric and padding foam to wick up vaginal fluids.

“Anything else, Angel?” the breathless kui-tan asks, dutifully ignoring the strands of cum dangling between her legs from the back of her significantly deflated ballsack.

You wave the pregnant-looking tanuki on her way for now.

~Fin~