

# DNA VALKYRIE



CAMILLE JUTEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY: JIMJIM'S RENDERS

DNA Valkyrie

# DNA Valkyrie

A Hentai, Neo-  
Noir,

Serialized Web  
Novel

By

Camille Juteau

DNA Valkyrie

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All the fictional characters featured in this story are 18 years old and up. None of the characters in this book are minor. Every single character featured, seen, mentioned, or suggested has the correct legal age to be part of a sexual activity which is 18 years old (minimum). Thanks a lot for reading this, understanding it, and being fully aware of it.

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# PROLOGUE

**W**e live in a world where dinosaurs roam the planet. Not just during the prehistoric eras mind you, but also in modern times. Here, they never faced extinction. Well, most of them. While those ferocious, ancient creatures were still primarily seen as nothing more than wild animal. The DNA of multiple different species of dinosaurs mutated throughout the years, slowly evolving into its own advanced reptilian race, the Saurius. A Humanoid, anthropomorphic species. Dinosaur people that walked, spoke and behaved just like Humans.

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They were often a little bigger and taller than Humans. They were a different race for sure, but they have always walked among us. Ever since they first came to be, millenniums ago.

Members of both species could even have loving and sexual relationships together. It was not unheard of. Rather, inter-species marriage and breeding had become both increasingly popular and encouraged in recent years. Despite the Saurius's long history of refusing to mate outside of their own species in fear of weakening their gene pool.

This inevitably caused the creation of a third race, a hybrid between the Saurius and the Humans. They were seen as a symbol of unification between the master races, and the next step in Human-Saurius evolution. The hybrids were called: '*Urzax*'.

They all virtually looked like normal Humans but had some significant differences to them... Their eyes didn't look Human. Instead, they looked closer to reptilian or avian eyes. Some had light scales or small horns upon their bodies. Claws instead of nails. Sharper teeth. Longer tongues. Finally, just like the Saurius, their males had much bigger genitals and the females had fuller breasts. With very generous buttocks.

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Friday, during the evening, it was a tradition in town to go to the theater. Not in-doors, but rather an outside stage where live spectacles were often

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performed. An impressively large group of theater fanatics all watched a show together. Everyone was comfortably sitting in their respective seats. Some of them were Saurius, some of them were Humans, some of them were Urzax. Everyone was accepted. Everyone seemed to be having fun.

The performance was a tongue in cheek reenactment of how the two master races made peace with one another, a few centuries ago. At least, a doctored version of what the general public were told had come to pass... A dense fog slowly started filling the area as the show was now about half-way in. It created a thick wall of gray mist between the stage and the viewers, it obviously made a little harder for people to watch the play, but surprisingly didn't prevent them from enjoying themselves. The mist kind of fit the fantastical tone and mood of this new, filled-with-liberties retelling of the classic story.

Now, what was currently happening during this particular scene of the presentation? A young Human female actress was dressed as a cavewoman. She wore classic, brown, prehistoric animal skin for her clothing that barely covered her breasts or her crotch. This portrayal of a cavewoman was pulling on a fake, plastic-made chain. Coiled tightly around the neck of a male Saurius. He was a descendant from a breed of raptors, he had an elongated head, claws, and a tail. He currently portrayed a captive creature as the cavewoman walked him around.

Despite the constantly growing mist, it actually wasn't the only element that altered and twisted the experience of the viewers. Shadows slowly started



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emerging around the area, cast down from the moonlit sky. The shadows of multiple animals or flying objects hovering high above the stage. Some people thought it was part of the light show, one possible deduction to be sure, but an incorrect one at that...

While a lot of the viewers didn't care much for this minor discrepancy, it soon caught the attention of one young woman. A blonde lady with large tits who tucked her head to the side and looked up into the sky to see what was creating these shadows. She had come here alone. She was a lonely girl that was gradually starting to feel more and more aroused as she observed the cavewoman dragging around what she perceived to be a poor, little, innocent raptor, unfairly made captive against its will. Needless to say that she was into this type of legend, classic folklore of this world. She was in need. She went to this outdoor theater alone and wasn't regretting having come thus far.

When fertile females stood in close proximity to Saurius males, they could usually feel their bodies reacting a bit. They could feel their ovaries begin to rapidly release multiple ova at once. This was their body's instinctual effort to accommodate a male Saurius's need to fertilize multiple eggs in one round of mating. Only by standing very close to a Human woman, could a male Saurius prepare a potential mate's womb for inter-species reproduction. Despite the great amount of Saurius in the audience right now, the blonde lady wasn't currently sitting close enough to any one of them to be able to feel this little, enjoyable tingling within her. Wanting to avoid this unique feeling by sitting in a remote corner of the audience seats could have been the

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reason why she was behaving a little anti-social right now. She probably had her own personal reasons for it.

Soon following the shadows, she started feeling something moving, hovering above her head, making her nervous at some point. It could simply have been birds or bats flying very close to the ground, she probably had no reason to be worried.

She went back to give her attention to the presentation, taking her mind off those strange noises she heard high above in the sky. Her attention had been focused on the show for a few minutes longer before she heard one more very loud ‘swoop’ noise and noticed a large shadow coming down, getting closer to the ground near her seat. She momentarily closed her eyes for a split moment as she turned her head to her left again – no shadow – it was instead replaced by a person who was staring right at her. A figure with a masculine looking frame. A large Human or Saurius perhaps? She couldn’t say for certain. She only briefly glanced at the dark silhouette, trying not to stare too much, behaving impolitely was not her goal here.

“Is this seat already taken?” The silhouette, still cloaked in shadows, said to the blonde woman with a handsome sounding voice. It was now a bit clearer, this person was definitely male. That much at least was confirmed for her.

“No, it’s all fine, I came here alone. No one has taken that seat yet.” She answered.

“Thanks. Are you sure it’s all fine?”

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While hesitating for a few seconds, she remembered that she felt lonely that night. She felt so lonely that she found herself very interested. Why not? She accepted.

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Not too long after sitting down next to her, the dense mist surrounded the area more than ever. The blonde's position so drowned in the mist that nobody could clearly see her from afar. She and the only person sitting next to her became nearly invisible to the rest of the audience. Too difficult for others to make out.

The enjoyable, egg-producing, tingling feeling was suddenly felt deep within her. As a result, the young, blonde woman came to the logical conclusion that the being who she had just invited to sit next to her was indeed a male Saurius. Someone ignited the engine of a vehicle in the parking lot, illuminating him with their headlights for a brief moment and finally revealing who he was. A Saurius from the Pteranodon breed. He had a spiky head and tucked in wings. He was incredibly large, almost couldn't fit his wings next to her properly. Speaking of 'large', she quickly noticed his member, a freaking huge cock, about twenty inches long! She was surprised to see that he seemed to be not only naked, but fully erect right now. This girl hadn't had sex with a Saurius in a very long time. This could be her

chance, she thought. This was probably her best opportunity to get some prehistoric action again.

“Is this for me?”

“What?”

“Your junk...”

“I’m sorry, I think it got like that when I first spotted your breasts before landing...” The tingling feeling only grew stronger as he mentioned her boobs.

“I see...” She said while nodding and looking at his crotch. Without asking permission for it, she went down on him and started licking his dinosaur dick. A blow-job quickly followed as she placed her hands all over the base of his member. A solid hand-job helped shape the foundation of what would begin their sudden adventure within the wall of mist, as ‘probably’ no one could see them right now. The Pteranodon accepted everything she offered him. He placed one wing on top of her head, therefore, covering most of her body with his left wing. The tingling feeling grew stronger again, her own body telling the blonde woman that the ovulation process was nearing completion. It seemed as if the two lovers were now fully ready to mate with each other at any time.

It turned her incredibly on to finally be having sex with a Saurius once again. This is something she had put on the back burner for so long. Something that she always came extremely close to doing, but ultimately avoided for the longest time, preferring to remain in ‘safe’ relationships with

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Humans. She had, had sex with Saurius before, but it had been so long since the last time. It had taken the woman many years to feel somewhat ready to have inter-species sex again. She started changing her mind it recently, as it had become highly encouraged among her social circle of friends.

The Pteranodon truly seemed to be enjoying this sudden moment as well, as he ultimately ejaculated inside of the big titted, blonde woman's mouth, mid-blow-job, flooding her insides with his fertile, dino seed.

Creator's Thoughts: *Thanks for picking up this new project and reading the prologue for it. Hope you continue for at least to first two chapters as this was planned as my introduction for the entire story. Thank you again. - Camille.*

## CHAPTER 1: NEW AGE

**S**everal nights later, burning hot steam rose up out of the sewer drains on the street. Grass erupted out of cracks in the pavement as if a jungle was desperately attempting to rise up. But despite its best effort, nature would never truly succeed while society continued to thrive.

While it was a cold night, two people still made the effort to remain outside. There was a restaurant, some kind of cafe with exterior tables. Sitting together, a man and a woman enjoyed a late conversation. The lady appeared to be Human, but the gentleman was not. Rather, he was a Saurius. His breed was that of an Ankylosaurus. He wore a nice business suit with a black hat.

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“Are you sure you don’t want to go inside?” He asked her.

“No. I’m fine. I swear.” She soon answered.

“It’s getting late and starting to get freezing.” He looked up and took a good look at her after finishing a sip of his vodka. The woman wore with a thick beige trench coat that could barely contain her large triple, M-Cup breasts. She wore a revealing black tank top underneath it, allowing her massive cleavage and her shoulders to be fully seen. She also wore a black fedora which couldn’t fully hide her long, beautiful, cobalt blue hair that ended after her shoulders. She had piercing, emerald green eyes. Still, underneath her coat, she could be seen wearing an ultra mini-skirt, her clearly visible, bright blue thong, and sexy high-heeled shoes.

The woman recently started to feel a familiar tingling sensation in her ovaries. It first originated as she sat down across from this man when their date began. Unlike a lot of women of her age, she couldn’t bear this feeling, she hated it. She was currently fighting against it internally as not to make it ‘too obvious’ to the Saurius on the other side of the table with her.

“I said, I’m fine.” She made very clear while keeping a sexy, youthful voice.

“Okay, okay. It’s not every day that I meet a lovely Human just like you.”

“You usually go on dates with Saurius I presume?” She asked him.

“You could say that. But I don’t limit myself to one race. Please tell me... Are you single?”

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“Absolutely.” She said with a soothing smile on her face.

“Interested in a manly Ankylosaurus bred Saurius?”

“Like you?”

“Like me.”

“Sure. But, I’m not really into chit chat, why don’t you take me home?”

“Interesting. Let’s go.” He said, getting ready to get up from their nice exterior table.

“Just one second. Before we go.” She said while softly grabbing his hand before he could ever stand up.

“What is it?”

“You never said your name...”

“Wouldn’t you prefer keeping it a mystery for now and learning it during...” He offered her after thinking for a short moment. Sadly for him, the fedora-wearing woman never seemed interested in this compromise. She simply ignored his offer and opened her trench coat wider instead. His attention and sight automatically shifted from her vivid eyes to her cleavage as she pulled down the fabric of her tank top, revealing a lot more of her ample breasts to him.

“Your name, and I follow you wherever you want me to go...” She sensually whispered to him. The Ankylosaurus bred Saurius chuckled for a few seconds and then, switched his eyesight back to her face.

“Richard. Why?”

“Well... *Dick*... Would you say that your last name is... Peterson?”



“How do you know...?”

*Click. Click.*

In a flash, while his surname suddenly dropped during the conversation, and due partially in thanks to him still being focused on her generous boobs, the cobalt haired lady handcuffed the Saurius. She had just enough time to handcuff him to herself so that he wouldn't get away.

“Hey, what is this?”

“And you fell for it. Thanks for confirming your identity to me.”

“Who are you? A cop?”

“Nope. I hate cops...”

“Then, you can't handcuff me. What is wrong with you?”

“*Can't handcuff you?* What do you mean? I thought you were into kinky things. Right?”

“I've done nothing wrong.” He angrily said as he aggressively stood up, forcing the lady to do so as well. He brought her a lot closer to his body. She could feel a heavy bulge push up against her body. This Saurius was so tall, strong-looking and acted so violently right now that he could possibly hurt her in order to get his freedom back. Standing so close to him immediately and naturally increased the rate of her ovulation.

“Well, speaking of cops... Turns out they've been looking for you. There is quite the enticing reward for bringing you to them.”

“So, you're a bounty hunter or something?”

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“Not exactly. I suppose I have been referred to as a private investigator once or twice.”

“A detective? Then, let me go. You have no right to do this.” Without listening to a word he said, she gracefully slid her right hand behind his neck, down to his very muscular back, she then caressed his dinosaur ass as she moved her fingers. This also caused her to amplify her ovulation further. The more physical contact, the more she felt the powerful tingling sensation in her ovaries. She finally reached for one of his back pockets and grabbed his wallet. She brought it very close to her chest, had a quick but rather informative look at the interior of it, noticing that he had a lot of cash in there. She closed his wallet and sensually slid it down between her charming, generous rack. It was hers now.

“Come on. Let’s go. We need to hand you over to the police.” She said while smiling to him some more.

“You’re no detective. You’re a thief.” He calmly said to her while quickly spinning around, swinging his powerful and heavy Ankylosaurus tail at her. The rounded tip of it came really close to striking her stomach but she luckily avoided it just in time, stepping back from it while remaining handcuffed to Richard.

“Close,” she said, keeping her playful tone in her voice no matter what.

“You’re such a fool to be messing with me. There is still time to go back on your actions. You sure you don’t want to go and have sex with me instead

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of doing this? I'm sure your womb must be perfectly prepared for impregnation right about now," he said.

"Wow! You really believed me earlier? I've never once let a Saurius fuck me, and I don't intend to start allowing your kind to ravage me now. Not now, or ever." She answered.

"Heh, is that so? Well, I suppose there's always a first time."

Creator's Thoughts: *Thanks for continuing to read the story. Hope you enjoyed the introduction of our main character. -Camille.*

## CHAPTER 2: PRIVATE INVESTIGATION

**W**hile she was a **hardworking woman and constantly applying for new cases every day, she was quite the mess as well.** Despite having just caught the guy that she'd been after for weeks now, and instead of taking care of him right away and getting it over with, she went back inside the cafe. Walked right up to the bar counter while tugging the hulking criminal behind her, who followed without any resistance since he was rather curious to see why she was going back to order another drink before leaving. The drink she asked for was a: 'sex on the beach'. She drank it all up, swallowing the sweet liquid. Visible bulges moved down her throat as she rushed herself to finish it.

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“Can I have another one?” She asked the bartender soon after placing the glass down gently on the bench top. Unfortunately for her, the bartender was currently busy with another client.

“One sec.” He said to her.

“No problem.” She answered with a kind voice.

“You’re a train wreck,” Richard told her with a rather mean but honest voice. She turned to him while playfully biting the tip of an orange slice that came with her drink.

“Such a messy train wreck,” Richard kept telling her.

“Thank you. At least, I’m something I suppose,” she rifled back at him. Nobody in the bar seemed to pay much attention to the fact that the odd couple was handcuffed to one another. Perhaps a few patrons noticed it, but didn’t care too much or simply thought they were a very ‘kinky’ couple as Cynthia had joked a little earlier.

“You really think I’m going to follow you to the police station without resisting? Look at my tail. I was just trying to scare you earlier. If I wanted it, you’d be on a hospital bed by now. I could kill you right away if that was my desire. Free me and let me fuck you right now or I’ll get mad,” Richard angrily, but softly, whispered into her ear. She listened to what he had to say but seemed far more interested in molesting the slice of orange with the delicate tip of her tongue.

“Wait a sec, hold on, you really think I’m going to waste my precious time by walking you all the way to the police department myself? I’ve got

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another job waiting for me tonight. I'm quite busy. No. I've already been paid. See..." She told him while grabbing her cellphone and turning it to him.

"What?" He then saw what she wanted him to see. It was a transaction receipt. A payment had just been made into her account. A reward for capturing him. She had earned one thousand credits for completing this job.

"See? I just got paid. And you're done." And as soon as the word 'done' had finished escaping her sensual lips, a full squadron of S.W.A.T. officers stormed the place. The customers within the bar entered into a full panic, screamed, ran, and hid. The S.W.A.T. agents all had their assault rifles pulled on them.

"Put your hands in the air!" They ordered the Saurius criminal. Some of the officers were Humans and others were Saurius from different dinosaur species. The whole squad had Richard in their sights. He was trapped.

The Ankylosaurus raised both of his arms in the air and noticed that he was still handcuffed, but no longer felt the weight of the cunning broad. He turned his head only to discover that she had disappeared. She was completely gone, and Richard was left dumbfounded and handcuffed to a metal pole on the side of the bar.

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Speaking of a metal pole, there were plenty more of them awaiting her at the location of her second job. After closing the case with that criminal, she made sure not to be 'too late' for her shift at the strip club.

Lots of bright lights pulsed and illuminated the dark, back end street. Tonight, there appeared to be several photographers flashing their cameras at the front of the establishment. Probably preparing media material for the club's upcoming promotions. While she always made a decent effort at arriving on time, as usual, she ended up 'clocking on' nearly twenty minutes after the scheduled start of her performance. Much to the ever-growing dismay of her boss, of course. He menaced to fire her again... Which wasn't even a possible outcome in her mind. She walked to him after undressing, removing her detective clothes and putting on her stage outfit. She kissed her boss on the cheek while finishing to dress herself. Her boss wasn't Human, he was a Saurius with green skin. He mostly looked like a salamander. A dirty Amphibian looking creature that stood much shorter than the muscular, Ankylosaurus she had dated earlier that evening. This was the second time tonight that she stood this close to a Saurius. While the tingling sensation she felt earlier in the bar was gone, for the most part, she was still in an incredibly fertile phase. Her womb was still very much ready for inter-species breeding. If something was to happen tonight, it would be extremely dangerous for her, an impregnation would be unavoidable.

"Don't worry, I'll make a *bigger* effort next time not to be late again," she said to him.

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“Don’t play with me, darling. Kissing me on the cheek won’t do it this time. The price for *getting here this late* will be...” He told her before getting accidentally interrupted by the booming voice of the club’s announcer over the speaker system.

“And now, I need you all to get excited about our next star...”

“Sorry, that’s my cue. Need to work. See yah.” She said while kissing him again, this time on his other cheek. She turned around with a spring in her step, left the tiny backstage of the establishment and truly went to work this time.

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“Let’s all get ready for: *The Blue Heart*.” The announcer continued to hype her initial arrival to the stage. This stage name was of course inspired by her naturally blue hair and the also natural, yet odd shapes of her areolae. She didn’t run. She sensually walked on stage, swaying her hefty hips, as the bright lights of the club were shone strongly on her almost naked body. She walked towards the metallic blue striptease pole she usually picked for her dancing.

Many Saurius and Humans filled the seats surrounding the stage. Indecent exposure, and public masturbation was perfectly legal in the city. However, the strip clubs had a special rule enforced. ‘All audience members *must* freely pleasure themselves during the live performances’. It was



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intended to help maintain a highly sexual atmosphere. Most of the viewers already had their erect cocks in hand and almost simultaneously began to stroke as The Blue Heart first touched her favorite pole.

She smiled to her dear audience as she jumped in the air, spinning around her pole.

## CHAPTER 3: HERE COMES THE BLUE HEART

**W**hen they weren't busy masturbating, the crowd dapped and cheered for

**her.** While she wasn't the biggest dancer of this club, not even close to it, she was still one that people often got excited to see perform. There was nothing wrong with her, but the biggest thing going against her was that she wasn't a Saurius. The club had many performers, but it catered to one specific fetish in particular. All the popular strip dancers of this club were Saurius women. This simply made her more of an underrated performer by happenstance. She usually had to work a little bit harder for it. It sure didn't help that she was often (basically always) late for the job. It wasn't only something that damaged her relationship with her boss, but also had an understandingly

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negative impact on her fan's perception of The Blue Heart. They were starting to grow accustomed to her tardiness, which unfortunately for her, only drove them to be more excited for the other girls instead.

Nonetheless, the patrons were very excited to see her tonight. They clapped, cheered, and screamed her stage name loudly as she first spun around her favorite pole. The crowd all quickly went back to take care of their dicks, masturbating while gazing at her mesmerizing performance.

Tonight, she wore a full-on fishnet bodysuit that covered her from neck to toes. The mesh material was black nylon and made most of her skin easily visible, especially while standing right under the bright neon lights that illuminated the stage. However, while most of her body was practically naked, a pair of blue pasties had been stuck on top of the fishnet and covered her large areolae and nipples. Also over the bodysuit, she wore her regular blue thong. While her feet were still clad in strappy high heels, these shoes were different from the ones she wore during her detective work earlier. These high-heeled shoes were of a very particular shade of silver: *winter mood silver*.

Her long, cobalt blue hair smoothly flew through the air as she started pole dancing for real. She descended down onto the surface of the floor, sliding on the side of her big, rounded butt before picking herself up by quickly grabbing the pole behind her. Putting her upper body strength to the challenge, she lifted herself into the air, causing the faint illusion that she was hovering in midair for a few seconds. She then spun around the pole again

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before climbing up it, beautifully holding herself to it like a koala with a eucalyptus branch.

She opened her eyes that were momentarily closed during her recent display of agile prowess. The crowd got excited as she looked down upon them, making direct eye contact with many of the audience members and even winking seductively to a few lucky fans. Despite being partially blinded by the bright spotlights aimed at her, she was still able to catch a few of her viewers masturbating during the show. It helped put her in the mood as well, even if there were a lot of Saurius men in tonight.

Then, she managed to support her entire body only by holding the pole between her thick, voluptuous thighs and crotch. Her arms were now fully free and she used them to sensually caress the blue pasties that prevented the crowd from seeing her nipples. She intentionally made her big breasts bounce a lot by pushing them up and down with her palms. She then smiled as she slowly, but surely, peeled off the pasty from her left nipple.

*Boom.*

It was done.

Her left nipple was fully revealed to the audience. They only masturbated faster and stronger.

She then, slid down the pole till her butt touched the floor of the stage. Now standing up again, she walked closer to the edge of the stage. Closer to the patrons and showed them a much better view of her left nipple. Her large tits kept bouncing up and down as she walked. She now held the pasty in

both of her hands and directly showed it to them, almost about to throw it into the crowd as a special souvenir, but something a bit different caught her eye... She saw one tall man standing between two tables. Now, most people were sitting, drinking, and masturbating while enjoying the show, but not this man. No, this tall, lonely looking Human male was standing there like a robot while staring at her.

“Hummm... What’s the matter, sugar? You don’t have your cock out?” The Blue Heart asked the creepy-looking man.

“I require your services,” he simply replied.

“*My services?* You are receiving my services right now, honey. I’m dancing for you. I’m dancing for all of you,” she tried her best to incorporate this awkward interaction into the performance in order to maintain some level of professionalism. The show must go on, after all.

“No. I am in need of your real services.” He said to her as she was just about to turn around to continue the show.

“Look, I’m sorry, dude. I’m not providing private shows or seances at the moment. Just sit back, pull out your dick, and enjoy. Okay?” She said while sensually removing her second pasty, finally revealing her right nipple to the people in the club. She held the two pasties high in the air as she intentionally made her huge boobs jiggle from left to right... Left to right... Over and over again...

“No. Not your *performer* services, your detective ones.”

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“Detective? How do you know...?” He obviously caught her attention with that.

“I need your help.”

“Okay, I get it! Though as you can see, I’m not currently available at this precise moment, darling. I have no idea how you know about my other gig, but now is not the time. Come to my office tomorrow and we might be able to have a little chat about it. For now... Take these...” She knelt down at the edge of the stage and handed him the two blue pasties. He took them. He had a confused expression on his face. He clearly had no idea what to do with them. Actual patrons around him quickly got jealous and expressed as much out loud.

The Blue Heat then stood up and finally turned around to go back to work. She moved behind her pole, sensually rubbed her ass against the side of it as if she was in heat and that pole was a long, metal penis. She then began to slowly remove her tight, blue thong. The last piece of clothing remaining on top of the fishnet bodysuit. She slid them down her legs, dropped them on the floor and knelt to pick them up. She threw the skimpy piece of cloth on a watcher’s table as she had her neatly waxed pussy revealed to her clients.

Meanwhile, the tall creepy man remained frozen in place. Still looking very confused while staring at the two blue pasties in his hands, a Saurius audience member suddenly placed one hand on his right shoulder. The Saurius then forced him to sit down on an empty chair at his own table. Sharing the table with the Human stranger.

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“Come on, mate. Sit down and pull out that puny, Human dick of yours already. Security will kick you out otherwise. Besides, you’ll enjoy the show better. This little harlot is only just getting started...”

## CHAPTER 4: BACKSTAGE

**T**he night was over, the show was done. The Blue Heart had worked hard, **really hard.** She was currently showering in the backstage bathrooms of the strip club. Plenty of hot steam surrounded her body as she shampooed her beautiful, natural blue hair.

The froth of the shampoo slowly and softly slid down her long hair till it touched her glossy skin. The foam kept sliding down her wet body, down onto her generous breasts, down onto her towering, thick legs... She didn't really do too much to clean herself right now. She simply applied the shampoo, mixed it in a bit, and then waited for the warm, flowing water to do its job as it crashed down all over her hair and body. The palm of her



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hands both rested on the humid wall that stood before her in the cubicle. She took a brief moment to rest after her long night of work.

The detective-strip-dancer was currently alone in the backstage area of the club. The other performers had already showered and left the place. All the other employees had done the same thing as well. As was usually the case, she had been given the keys yet again tonight. As she was once more the final employee remaining in the building, she had been charged by security to lock the place up which was perfectly okay with her. She didn't mind having to do this if she could take all the time she wanted, showering for an extra long time.

This was probably why she enjoyed working at this local strip-club so much (without mentioning her good paychecks, of course). The young, twenty-seven year old woman didn't even have a functioning shower back home at her crappy apartment. She had running water from her taps but not in her shower. It was a huge problem. She'd already had many, many fights with her landlord about it. However, those sorts of arguments never seemed to resolve into anything positive for her in the end, so she couldn't really clean herself at home. Only while at work at the club.

"How about we pick up where our previous conversation left off?" A masculine and gross voice made her jump as she was pretty close to being done, rinsing off the last of the shampoo out of her hair. She quickly turned around and noticed her boss. He was still here. What was he doing here? He never usually stayed here so long after closing time. It was very unusual. Was

he here to perv on her while she showered? No, he'd already seen her naked body a billion times before. Her nudity was no secret to him. He was after something, more...

"Still here? What do you want, Joss?" She asked her boss while automatically trying to cover her massive tits along with her pussy. She was used to people seeing her naked, especially Joss, but not like this. Not during her private time, long after her work hours had passed.

"Remember our discussion from before you went on stage earlier tonight? I told you it was the last time I could afford and accept you being late yet again. I told you that a simple kiss on the cheek wouldn't do it anymore, bitch!" Joss, the vile, disgusting, green-skinned salamander looking Saurius said while finally entering her shower cubicle. While stepping closer to her, he soon revealed that his dick was out of his pants. He was semi-erect and he pointed his cock at the showering girl while stroking himself. Even though her womb had been thoroughly prepared for breeding earlier in the night, the mere sight of such a large Saurius penis made one of her ovaries release one more ovum, as if out of excitement.

"What do you want? You already know that I'm allergic to any form of Saurius bodily fluid due to my rare condition. If that huge thing touches me and oozes even just a tiny bit of your stuff on my skin, the allergic reaction would put me in the emergency room. I might even die!" The Blue Heart said nervously.

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“Liar. You’ve been lying to me all along. Your job is on the line right now. *I will* fire you... Unless you let me...”

“What!? N-No way! What are you even talking about...? It’s a real medical condition I was born with! You’ve seen my exemption card before. I know you have. I can go and get it for you if you’d like to see it again?... Please?” She argued and protested.

“You’re a lying cunt, Blue Heart! Lying to your own boss, how despicable. That little plastic card won’t save you this time! I watched. I’ve been watching you for so long now. I paid close attention to you during the last few weeks and noticed *multiple* occasions in which you accidentally received small splashes of your client’s cum all over your exposed skin while dancing. My theory is that you falsified the medical files you sent to the Empire so that you wouldn’t have to do your part and get bred by Saurius license holders. Now here we are! You either fuck me or I get rid of you. It’s as simple as that. It’s up to you, so decide right now. But if you choose not to cooperate, then I’ll have no choice to denounce you to Empire officials.”

“I’m... So... Fucked... I should have been more careful...” She said out loud, but still very quietly.

*Alright... I don’t truly care that much about the job itself, I could probably find something similar elsewhere, but... I can’t risk this fat salamander exposing me to the Empire... I would be in so much trouble... I would probably have to bang Saurius, non-stop, everyday for the rest of my life! Well... Also... The fact that without this job, I would also lose access to*

*the showers of this club... It's the only place I can get a hot shower that's right around the corner from my apartment. And if the landlord won't fix the water... I can't afford to have a plumber come around out of my own expenses... Come on, come on... I know, I freaking hate the idea of having sex with these repulsive Saurius, but perhaps I could do it just with Joss, in order to preserve my current lifestyle uninterrupted... Or... Maybe I can come up with some sort of compromise?*

She thought as her boss kept getting closer and closer to her in the shower compartment while masturbating his ever-hardening cock.

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“Heh, I have no problem with such a compromise. Hell, my whole business motto is ‘compromising’. Besides, my cock loves compromises, too,” Joss teased as The Blue Heart was now sitting on top of her knees in between her boss’s legs, sucking his fully-erect Saurius cock. This blow-job was their agreed upon compromise. A decent substitute for her pussy.

The twenty-one inch long dinosaur dick was heavy in her hands as she desperately tried to keep it stuffed between her plump lips. It was almost as hard as a rock. She sadly couldn’t push it very far into her throat, otherwise, it would cause her to gag a little, which indeed happened once or twice towards the beginning of this oral act. Joss kept wanting more. He kept

forcing his dick deeper and deeper into her, hitting her right in the back of her throat, provoking and unleashing her gag reflexes.

“At this rate, you’ll definitely keep your job here along with your pathetic, fake exemption card, whore!” He teased as she continued working her ass off to keep this damn job and the freedom that meant so much to her. In the very back of her mind, a discreet but real new-found love for sucking Saurius cock slowly sprouted within her. She would never admit this to herself, she probably wasn’t even conscious of this, but it was there. The seeds were already firmly planted in her subconscious. The more she sucked his member, the more she got used to it: to the moist, yet solid rock-like texture of it as well. She noticed Joss’s stamina fading as she accelerated her novice, yet talented, technique and sucked a lot faster than earlier. The salamander-looking Saurius moaned and quickly warned his employee that *something* was coming.

He aggressively grabbed her head, pulled his cock out of her mouth and fapped vigorously. After a few shakes, he quickly achieved a somewhat premature ejaculation. He shot his thick semen all over the exterior of his performer’s face. Her head was entirely covered in his dinosaur sperm. From her wet, freshly washed hair to her chin. Despite the premature ejaculation, the density and the consistency of the sperm would have been more than enough to knock her up tonight. She was lucky he had settled for this.

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“Alright, it’s over. My job and secret are both secured, right? Can I finish showering now?” She said while accidentally tasting the Saurius sperm dripping into her mouth as she opened it.

“Not yet, slut. I’m still up for a second round. I want to try your pussy now. I’ve been waiting for so long to get a good chance at your Human baby maker!” said Joss said while approaching closer to her when she quickly stood up, backing away from him into the corner of the shower compartment.

## CHAPTER 5: STANDING UP FOR SOMETHING

**S**he fell backward as the imminent danger of needing to have full-on sex with a Saurius in order to keep her primary job and the secret of her fraudulently obtained exemption card was about to become a reality. Everything appeared to be doom and gloom before a tall, shadowy figure suddenly interrupted Joss's intentions. The Human man from earlier, the creepy one that requested her detective skills during the show, jumped into the shower compartment with them. He no longer seemed as creepy to her as he did earlier while grabbing Joss by the shoulder and throwing him out of there, sending him tumbling back into some lockers. Cursing under his breath, the lecherous salamander, clearly shaken, took one last remaining look at the

detective-strip-dancer, and the size of the Human standing between them, before scurrying out of the room. He'd remember this...

"Sorry for interrupting your shower, detective. I only came back to return these," The man said while handing over the two blue pasties she'd gifted him earlier. "I appreciate the gift, really, but I thought they would be better put to use with you. You know? Reusing them seems like the better idea to me," he continued.

"Thank you..." She said.

"Don't mention it, Blue Heart. Or would you prefer it if I used your real name?" he asked.

"... Cynthia Widdowfield... My name is Cynthia Widdowfield."

"I know. I'll be waiting for you at your office tomorrow then. Later."

The man nodded, turned, and left.

"Thank you," Cynthia said watching at him walk away from her shower cubicle.

"Wait, hold on, do you know the address?" She said after thinking about it for a few seconds. However, the man was already gone. He probably didn't hear her anyway.

*Well, I guess he does know quite a lot about me...*

She thought as she turned off the shower, dressed herself, and promptly left the premises as well. Not taking the risk to finish washing herself, or even finishing to clean the fresh Saurius semen off her face. She had no intention



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of remaining here, all alone with Joss, probably still sulking and lurking around the backstage of the club.

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The following morning, the tall man that had saved her last night was already there at her office, sitting on a chair in the waiting room of her workplace. He'd probably been waiting there for some time now. Apparently he was an early bird.

Cynthia finally came in. She was late, of course. She'd slept in this morning primarily due to her late night. Though that didn't seem to affect her guest so much... She was about an hour late to her own, self-set opening hours. Chances are that he might have been waiting a lot longer than that. Cynthia wore her detective outfit again. She sipped on the warm mug of coffee she held in her hands as she passed in front of the man who remained patiently seated. When arriving at the door of her tiny, disgusting, pitiful office, that she could barely afford to rent, she grabbed her keys out of the pocket of her coat and unlocked the door.

"Alright, come in, come in..." She said with a very tired voice as she sipped more of her coffee. She threw her fedora on top of her scratched and lived-in desk and draped her trench coat over the back of her squeaky chair. She also unclipped her ultra mini skirt and threw it on one of the many hooks of her office coat rack. Thus leaving her in nothing but her tight black

tank top, her tiny blue thong and of course her favorite pair of heels. Her normal, relaxed, office attire. She sat down, and gestured towards the closest chair for the man to sit once again. He did.

“Okay, I’m all ears. What can I do for you, mister?” She said.

“Well, let me start by thanking you, detective Widdowfield, for agreeing to meet and making this appointment possible...” He said.

“We’ve already met,” she interrupted him.

“That’s true. And it was a real... Honor...”

“Stop trying to be polite, and get to the point. As I just said, we’re beyond pleasantries. We’re cool. So just get to the point already,” she abruptly interrupted him once more.

“Very well then... My master is in need of your services.”

“Oh boy... *Your master?* This is off to a great start. Why am I always ending up with such weird cases?” She continued sipping at her coffee.

“I’m sorry for interrupting you again. Please, go on.”

“My master is dying.” He continued.

*Yikes, definitely a tense case...* She thought.

The man looked down, trying to find the courage to keep talking.

“He no longer has much time, and is in desperate need of your assistance with something. An investigation very close to his heart.”

“What is it?” She asked.

“My master’s daughter was abducted not too long ago. We hoped that the police would help us, but they were unable. They didn’t get very far at

all... We tried with other investigators and detectives as well, but nothing good came of it. Then, we recently heard about you.”

“You heard about me? Where? How? When?”

“We heard some favorable things about you. Despite your... Very peculiar way of doing things, you apparently have a surprisingly high success rate of solving your cases. We’re desperate. We want to try going with you. We need your help, detective,” he practically begged her.

“Okay, okay, I’ll see what I can do. But it’s impossible to make any promises at this stage of course. What is the name of your... *Master...*?” She said while quickly pushing her cup of coffee out of sight, and pulling a notepad out from the pocket of her coat which was still hanging off the back of her chair.

“I can’t tell you this.”

“Why?”

“I just can’t...”

“Okay. What is the name of his daughter then?”

“Can’t tell you that either.”

“But, why? I need information.”

“I can’t tell you anything more here. You’ll have to come to my master’s residence to get the details of this case.”

“No, no, no, that’s not how I do things...” Before she could properly begin her rant, the tall man stood up and threw a pile of cash on top of her filthy desk, interrupting her.

“Follow me and you’ll have double that.”

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Obviously she accepted. A new chapter of her life was about to begin. Cynthia followed the creepy-looking man to his master’s home, as if he didn’t look strange enough for her to second guess his proposal. She was definitely putting herself in a dangerous position. But times were tough, and money was money. Besides, he had just saved her last night, so it was probably fine...

The man brought her to what could only be described as a castle, on the far outskirts of the city. The place was huge and it looked possibly royal. It was a mansion. The interior was decorated just like a classical manor. The owner was surely a very wealthy and powerful individual. Cynthia followed the tall man to a large bedroom where she was introduced to his ‘master’. Things were slowly becoming a little clearer for her. This creepy man that came seeking her help, appeared to be some kind of butler here.

“Detective Widdowfield, allow me to introduce you to my master, Gerald Langstorm.” His master barely seemed awake. He opened his eyes as they came in. He was probably in the middle of a light nap by the look of it. While this appeared to be his real bedroom, the place looked more like a hospital room to her. The old man was connected to large, expensive looking

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machines. He had tubes all over his body. Just like his butler had told Cynthia earlier, he was dying, and he really looked like it.

Gerald Langstorm wasn't Human. He was a Saurius.

## CHAPTER 6: DEATHBED

**“It’s an honor to meet you, detective. I would stand up to greet you if it**

**were possible for me.”** Gerald said to her as he woke up from his nap. His butler invited her to come closer, to fully enter the master bedroom.

“Just so you know, I initially refused this case. I’ve only come this far because of the reward.” She said to the old, deathly-looking Saurius.

“Oh? Is that so... Tell me. What aspect of this case do you take issue with so far?” He asked.

“It’s... It’s just weird.”

“What is weird exactly?”

The frowning detective carefully remained at the edge of the room, near the entrance. She crossed her arms together and quickly placed them under her big, jiggling breasts as she tried to come off as serious as possible.

“Really? We’re gonna do that?” She said.

“Whatever do you mean?”

“Okay, I don’t know who the fuck you are. I have no idea. I more or less don’t care either. But, look... You are rich. Filthy rich. You have a butler and this big, luxurious house.” She said while motioning towards the tall, looming butler with her head.

“And?” Gerald asked while she took her breath back.

“It makes no sense. Why would a rich guy such as yourself even bother going out of his way to consult a crappy, small-time, unsuccessful private investigator like me?”

“Is this your honest opinion of yourself, young lady?” Gerald said while coughing a little.

“No. It’s not about that. I’m not attempting to fish for compliments nor have you convince me of the contrary. I’m simply putting things in perspective. The few clients that actually wind up hiring me are all poor...”

“Up to this point...” Gerald said, interrupting the young woman who now unconsciously started pacing around the middle of the room. Staying far enough away from the old Saurius to keep from triggering an unwanted ovulation.

“Always have been, always will be in my personal opinion. What I’m saying is that you, old man, could get a real, decent private investigator, especially with your kind of money just judging by the look of this house.”

“It’s actually a manor,” the butler interrupted to correct her.

“Whatever. I don’t care what it is. My point is that you don’t really need me for my detective skills. That’s obvious. I don’t need to be one myself to figure that much out.”

“Okay. If this is your theory...” Gerald said.

“Not a theory. The truth.” She corrected him at her turn.

“Alright. If this is what you believe to be true... Tell me then, why would I go out of my way to ask for you specifically?”

After listening to this new question, Cynthia turned to the old man on the bed and observed him as much as possible in order to make a judgment call. When looking at Gerald, at the rest of his room, it didn’t seem to give her any more clues regarding what his reasons might be. She looked down at herself and she noticed her body as something that Gerald might not have access to with other detectives. Though surely he could hire any whore he wanted for that, with all his apparent riches. She saw a glorious and very generous boob crack, her deep cleavage, as she stared down.

“Um... I don’t see any women around here...” Cynthia said which almost immediately caused the old Saurius to open his reptilian eyes wide open.

“... Which leads me to believe that my appearance could have something to do with why you or your butler picked me... Like I already said, I don’t



think you need me as a private investigator. Your butler right here saw me at the strip club. I imagine what you're in need of is a private dancer more so than a private investigator, right? Is that it?" She concluded.

"... No... Not at all... I promise you, Miss Widdowfield... This whole thing has nothing to do with your looks or charms..."

"What is it then? Please speed this up, I have to go back to the club in a few hours. I don't even know what's going to happen with my job since your *lovely* butler took care of my boss." She said while looking up at a clock on one of the walls.

"No offense. Thanks for helping me out, but I really need my job," she continued talking as she turned to the butler to directly communicate with him.

"None taken. But, please... For the love of God, listen to my master." The butler pleaded in desperation.

"Fine, let's hear it. I'm listening." She said.

"Thank you. Like you might have been already informed: my dear, precious, one and only daughter recently disappeared. We strongly suspect she was abducted by someone. She is everything to me. The rest of my family have long since left me. She is the only one I have left." He softly said while keeping his head down, looking at his own bed, seemingly resisting the urge to cry. While Cynthia already knew this much, hearing it from the old man himself had a greater emotional impact. She truly sympathized with what the old man just delivered to her.

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“I see... And I’m sorry to ask it again, but, why me?” She said.

“Once again, it’s not because of your looks. I promise you, Miss Widdowfield. No. It’s because of your local reputation for being a true detective that is not covering for the police and... Because of your other strong reputation for not having sex with any Saurius men.” He said.

“Wait? What? I actually have a *strong* reputation for avoiding sex with male Saurius? And I thought I was the detective here... In any case, it’s nothing too special. I have an approved exemption card so most sections of the ISRA don’t apply to me. The mandatory breeding provisions at least. Is it really that rare?”

“Well, that and the fact that you work as a detective. But let’s be honest... It *is* kind of a big deal. It’s really rare to see a Human female at your age who hasn’t produced scores of Urzax offspring already. I mean, even if they aren’t all that interested at first, most sluts simply can’t resist—”

“—Whatever. Let’s stop discussing my sex-life in detail, okay? Instead, tell me why it matters to this case? Why not having sex with Saurius men is going to help?” She said, interrupting Gerald before he could elaborate further on the sexual superiority of Saurius males. She heard it all before. She wasn’t tempted by it. She had her reasons...

“Because we have a lead. We might have an idea regarding who took Master Langstorm’s daughter... We are beginning to suspect that a secret, black market, sex slave ring may have targeted her.” the tall butler informed to the busty detective.

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## CHAPTER 7: A DANGEROUS CASE

**Y**es, private investigator, Cynthia Widdowfield was so desperate for cash to make ends meet that she often accepted very dangerous and sketchy cases, but this was something greater than anything she had taken on before. A rich, abducted young woman? Okay. Not too bad. A rich, abducted young woman that was by now, probably imprisoned as a part of some underground sex slave ring?

*No way.*

She thought as she finally uncrossed her arms to stand up to the two men in the room, emoting defiance and resistance.

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“No. No, thank you.” She said as she turned around on them and started walking towards the exit of the room.

“You will be paid, of course. This isn’t a free gig if this is what you’re thinking. Look at this place, look at how luxurious this manor is, we can give you a home of this scale if it’s what you want. Please help us find her. Please...” The butler begged her.

“I’m sorry, it’s out of my hands. Even if I truly wanted to, I would only be a fool to take on this job.” She said, directly referring to the fact that it would be virtually suicide for a lone woman such as herself to single handedly stand up against the powerful, organized crime syndicates that ruled the underworld sex trafficking scene. Hell, the police even had a solid deal with the slave trade to keep things protected, silent, and hidden in the shadows. Corrupt cops could kill you just for trying to fish for info on these places. It was one of the many reasons that Cynthia despised the Empire’s law enforcement.

Despite all the dangerous and questionable things Cynthia had done in the past, combining her private investigator and striptearer lifestyles, she wasn’t heavy headed to the point of risking her life. And yet again, while all the promises she was given right now seemed very rewarding, this was all far too weird for her. People had played her before when she was a little younger, golden promises like those often meant that something unpredictably bad would be lurking around the next turn. Did she want to have lots of money? To get rich? To get her own manor? Yes. Yes. And yes.

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But, not to the point of risking the precious life that her Momma gave her.

“Please, please, we can make you a millionaire...” The tall butler persisted. She continued walking out of the room.

“Leave her, Sebastian. Let her go. She’s made her choice,” Gerald, the sick, old, Saurius said softly to his loyal employee. After hearing his voice, Cynthia stopped moving forward. She stopped at the entrance of the door. At the threshold, she unintentionally recalled the sweet taste of Joss’s semen from the night before...

“I don’t want to be cruel or anything like that, but did you ever considered this? What if she was never abducted? What if no one took her away and it was instead all her own free will? Most women enjoy getting fucked and bred by Saurius men correct? Perhaps she simply wanted to indulge her primal instincts like a true whore? ... N-not that I would know anything about that of course... In any case, I’m sure it’d be a lucrative business venture for someone who went to that industry willingly. Just some food for thought... Later” Without even looking at either of them, she left. She vanished from Gerald’s manor.

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It took her a while to get back to her crappy office, no longer having the benefits of Sebastian, the tall butler, as a chauffeur. No free ride home. She

had to walk for a bit, then take a bus to finally get back to the disgusting building where her office was. She had to come back there to finish a few things, do some paperwork, and collect her makeup to get fully ready for her shift at the club that was just about to start in no more than twenty minutes from now.

On the many public transport services offered by the Empire, female passengers were required to make a choice as outlined under the 'Inter-Species Reproduction Act'. The first option was to sit on the specially designed seats that were installed with retractable, water-cooled dildos for the girls to insert. They were used as tools to monitor the fertility levels of the general populace, and even ejaculated a substance that helped improve vaginal durability, further preparing females of all races for their large, Saurius mates. These cooling sex toys were enjoyed and highly popular among women during the especially warm Summers. Alternatively, women could instead choose to stand in the middle of the vehicle, holding on to handrails for support. If a female chose that option, it would automatically signal her consent to be molested, to any Saurius license holder in the vehicle. It was not uncommon for this option to result in many new Saurius and Urzax children being conceived.

While Cynthia's faked exemption card allowed her to avoid contact with a Saurius's sexual organ, license holders were still free to molest her if she chose to stand. Therefore, she opted to sit. She usually avoided public transport during peak traffic hours. Right now, she was just thankful that

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some seats still remained. Besides, the dildos did feel rather refreshing as they pulsed and released their supplemental gel inside of the seated female passenger's womb. It would certainly help get Cynthia in the mood for her performance tonight, if she still even had a job...

When she finally arrived at the office, she noticed that something was wrong, very wrong. The front door of the building was unlocked. Cynthia locked it herself before leaving with Sebastian, earlier. She was nervous. The busy detective was the only one who had the key to get in.

The lone, private investigator did what she thought was the smart thing to do and circled the entire building to use the backdoor. If someone was truly inside, perhaps she could surprise them or at least take a chance to analyze the situation. She had never been robbed before. But there wasn't anything of real value in her office. Why would someone break in? A homeless person using the building as a shelter perhaps?

Cynthia unlocked the backdoor as silently as she could, and slowly pushed it open. She took a sneak peek inside: nothing. She didn't see nor hear anything.

She silently walked in, looked around, advanced through the main corridor of the place till she entered her office where she was surprised to see Richard, the Ankylosaurus Saurius, casually sitting on her cracked desk, waiting for her to return.

"Well, well, finally back, huh, bitch?" he said.

"Dick? What are you doing here?"



“Told you, slut, you couldn’t bust me. Come on, come on. Don’t be shy. You are free to come into your own, little office: if we even call a dump like this an office.”

She slowly, fully entered the room and confronted the man she had ‘apparently’ caught for the police last night.

“How can you not be in jail right now? I saw all those cops storming the bar,” she recalled to him.

“True, but may I ask you why you thought they would lock me up? I mean, yes, you caught me, they brought me with them, but *if* I am a criminal, what are the crimes I’ve committed? Can you kindly inform me?”

“Let’s see: You sell drugs, you kill people that get in your way, or rather, you pay other people to commit murders for you... During one of my recent investigations, I found out that you drugged your own Mother and paid someone to kill her... You had an imperial bounty on your head for goodness sake! Do I need to say more?” Cynthia asked him.

“Oh, that was just a clerical error. The station's chief apologized profusely for this little misunderstanding all day. It was nothing a bit of money couldn't solve after all. After I got out, I did a bit of investigating of my own, had a look at some of your files on the imperial records. Turns out your an ISRA exemption card holder. I was pretty surprised. It's a rare medical condition indeed. One in a million. Only trouble is, I didn't recognize the name of the doctor who authorized your exemption papers. Some old guy who hadn't practiced for a number of years it seems. Strangest

thing is, his handwriting on that application form looks an awful lot like the writing we found in journals all over this office. So how about that, Cynthia? Now I'm not a professional like you, but if I had to come to some kind of conclusion, well, I'd say you've been a real naughty little whore. Am I right?" he said.

"I- I don't know what you're talking about. My exemption card is totally legal. You can't do anything to me, or..." She said. Richard looked at her in the eyes as he slowly and menacingly stood up from the desk.

"Or what? Gonna call the police again, slut?"

"Shit... Look, I got paid to turn you in, and you got off scot-free. Can't we just call this a win-win situation and move on with our lives?"

"Please...?" Cynthia softly begged and insisted.

"How about no, bitch!" He said with a cold voice while stopping his walk a few inches away from her face. He then grabbed his cellphone from his coat pocket.

*Click!*

Richard clicked one button and his henchmen entered into the small room. Four dark-brown skinned, Gecko looking Saurius calmly walked into the room and surrounded the trapped detective.

Cynthia's ovaries were on fire as she saw the four, horny Saurius coming closer and closer to her.