

# DNA VALKYRIE



CAMILLE JUTEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY: JIMJIM'S RENDERS

DNA Valkyrie

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**A Hentai, Neo-Noir,  
Serialized Web Novel**

By

Camille Juteau

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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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## **SIDE STORY: WHAT HAD TO HAPPEN**

It was like a spiral. A long way down. It made him sick.

You know that feeling when you fall in love and no matter what, it simply cannot be contained? That was exactly what Samson, a dashing nineteen-year-old boy was experiencing as he courted Michelle, a young girl of his age. Well, she was a bit younger than he was. Merely thirteen months, but the difference hardly mattered at all to this fresh-faced couple.

Michelle was a charming Saurius girl from a Dimetrodon breed. She had a large and extravagant external spine that spawned just above her plump, generous ass and spanned all the way up to the base of her neck. She had tropical dark yellow skin with beautiful silver spots all over her body. Her tail was a short fifteen inches in length with a girthy base that tapered off towards the tanned tip. Surprising, it was silky smooth to the

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touch. One of Michelle's favorite erogenous zones that Samson had become all too familiar with over these past few months of spring. The young lady was a short yet buxom one. Her ample buttocks were accompanied by her strong, wide hips and magnificent breasts that 'cupped in' at around 'RR'. Samson oft found himself lost in her large, pitch black irises. He swore that if you gazed long and deep enough, you'd catch a faint sparkle in his vixen's beautiful eyes. Michelle was simply fond of how 'mysterious' she thought they made her. No. Just innocent and cute, he figured. Her hair was yellow. Not blonde, but a vibrant citrus color. Styled lavishly in a vintage coif, it gave her a real traditional wave. An elegant look, fitting of her family's status.

In spite of her small stature, as a Saurius girl, she was more bestial and athletically built than the women of other species he had dated in the past. Samson had developed a thing for human girls from a very young age. He couldn't quite explain it. Perhaps subconsciously influenced by heroines from his favorite Saturday morning cartoons. As a Saurius himself, perhaps it was morally wrong of him to lust after a weaker, more fragile species. Their dainty, keratin-free bodies and smooth pale skin were all he had

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ever thought about until recently. He hadn't quite seen the appeal of scales, tails, fangs or horns from the typically muscular women of his own kind. But Michelle made a quick convert out of him. Even if she could actually stand a chance of kicking his ass if she wanted too. A rare thing for one of his dates. But she was far too kind, and gentle-natured for that. A guy like him didn't deserve her.

As usual on a Friday night, Samson took his girl out for a great evening he hoped she would never forget.

“What are you going to do all Summer?” Michelle asked her man as they walked down the sandy path of a valley not too far from the city. Samson brought her out here for their date. It was calm. As far as they could tell, they were the only ones around for miles. The whole secluded vista, bathed in the golden light of a setting sun, all to themselves. Romantic. Just as planned. Her question was a really good one actually. Their final semester would be over in only a few weeks and things were about to change.

“Well, I'm going to have to work... I guess...”

“Where?”

“With my Dad...”



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“At the restaurant?”

“Yeah...” Obviously lying.

“Babe... Those rumors about your Father... Are you sure he’s...?”

“Don’t worry. He’s not doing anything illegal. He really is just running a restaurant,” the charming Samson smiled to her.

“Really? But the other day, I heard—”

“Michelle. Look at me. My father is not a criminal. I know him better than anyone else. He gives off these bad vibes because he’s so tired and cranky all the time. He might come off as unlikable, but deep down he’s... Well he’s got nothing to hide. These rumors have no stock. So don’t read too much into them, okay sweetheart?”

“It’s not like I want to believe any of these things. You know that, right? But... I just keep hearing them and, well it scares me!” Samson stopped walking on the sandy path. Michelle too. They turned to each other.

“Are you scared when you’re with me?”

“No, never! I know you’ll always protect me!” She was honest. She was fully confident in her man. She embraced him

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and placed her arms around him. She was currently wearing dark, denim overalls. The sexy kind. The leg slots were almost non-existent. Shorter than even the skimpiest of daisy dukes that Samson could recall. More pockets than they were shorts. Her entire back, sides, upper torso and arms were entirely visible, save from two flimsy, weak looking shoulder straps that held what little material there was up. He could tear through them with ease at any moment and watch everything spill out right before his very eyes. There was no need though, as these overalls had a series of silver snap-buttons that lined the center of the torso and extended right down to the underside of her groin. The type that you could pop open with just a simple tug. Even then, the vast majority of them weren't even buttoned up to begin with. Especially in the chest region. Michelle intentionally showcased a major amount of sensual cleavage and tightly abbed belly. Just the way her man liked it. Despite the thickness of the denim, her firmly erect nipples could still be seen poking through beneath the rough material. Other than that, she also wore a pair of khaki brown high-heeled boots.

“You know I love to hear you say that.” they hugged, her huge RR cup tits pressed against his broad, vest-covered chest as

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a solid trouser-coated bulge rubbed up against her exposed abdomen. At this proximity, her ovulation would usually be at a fiery peak, but Michelle's close contact with her lover over these past few hours had left her ovaries spent for the day. Her womb was already fully loaded and ready to be seeded. Perhaps tonight would finally be the night? Their special night.

Michelle had never allowed him to cum inside of her pussy before. She knew as well as any girl did, that with the fertility inducing presence of an adult male Saurius, an internal ejaculation was essentially a guaranteed pregnancy. So she had to be careful. To make sure that it was the right choice for her at this stage in life. They were still so young... But in Samson's muscular arms, she felt so safe, warm and relaxed. She trusted him completely. Yes. It had to be him. He was the one for her.

"You're so unique, I don't know any other girl that would wear overalls to a date," he teased her. Michelle burst out laughing almost immediately. She couldn't help herself. He always made her giggle uncontrollably like the schoolgirl she was when they hung out together.

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“No kidding. I know how much you loved his one,” she said as she jumped in place, intentionally making her huge rack bounce up and down. As anticipated, this turned him on. Like clockwork, Samson’s long, armor-plated shaft began to grow inside of his fortunately loose fitting pants.

“You’re right...” He said just before the horny pair of teens locked lips. Just before things could get too sloppy with the introduction of interlocking tongues, they were suddenly interrupted by the aggressive growling of a creature coming their way. Ceasing their passionate display, Samson pushed his lover behind him, naturally wanting to protect her. The couple turned to face the source of the bestial noises just in time to witness a wild Smilodon emerge from the dense thicket a few paces away. The large saber-toothed cat stalked low, minimizing its hulking presence while poising itself for a strike. It was rare to see such a feral beast encroach this far into protected imperial territory, but not unheard of. The border patrol regiment was far more concerned with the much larger, carnivorous theropods which still roamed the outer plains in frightening numbers. And rightfully so when considering the vast magnitude of damage they could potentially inflict upon society if left unchecked. Not

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that the two lovers appreciated the Empire's tireless security efforts when face-to-face with this comparatively small blunder.

Slowly but surely, the hulking mass of fur, muscle, claw and fang began to make it's way towards them. Eyeing the mouthwatering pair up from bottom to top. The female looked soft and juicy, but at this point he'd even settle for the tougher looking male. He hadn't eaten in days...

Samson tensed up as the beast took one more step in their direction.

"Don't try to fight it, let's run away instead..." Michelle begged her boyfriend not to risk his life.

"Stay back! I'll protect you!" He told her. Samson patiently waited for the creature to make the first move. He had always been big for his age and quite confident in his strength, albeit untested against this particular breed of opponent. More used to yard fights and alleyway brawls, a wild cat was something new for him entirely. It was one big feline... Still, there was a reason why he was living in a house and walking upright, while this beast remained a primitive and savage being, he rationalized. Perhaps foolishly so.

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Right when he was certain that the Smilodon was rearing for a pounce, Samson unsheathed a hidden blade from within his jacket. Whipping it out in a flash as his attacker sprung into action. The nine and a half inches of sharpened steel shimmered in the afternoon sunset, causing the beast to hesitate for a split second as it processed this new element. Although it swiped it's paw anyway, vicious claws extended, Samson now had just enough time to avoid this opening strike. Sparing his lower ribs in the process.

Not wanting to waste this slight advantage, the young Saurius man lunged in for a stab aimed directly at the side of it's thick neck. But the cat was even faster than he had anticipated. Much faster. Slinking back into itself, the flexible Smilodon quickly recovered from it's earlier blunder and realized just how agile it was compared to it's opponent. Samson arrived at the same conclusion.

“Samson! Don't do this!” Michelle kept begging him. The saber-tooth tiger stood up tall on it's two hind legs, towering over his foe as if to challenge him to a contest of strength. Shit. The animal was so much larger than he had first appeared. Lean as it was, those raw muscles were no joke. Lashing out, the beast

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attempted to strike down at Samson's scaled face, but failed to reach in time. Without thinking, the burly Saurius had discarded the knife, dug his feet in and went for a low tackle, wrapping his arms around the bristly fur coat of his assailant and pulling himself close. At first, it looked as if Samson was pushing back the beast. Almost managing to uproot it before it regained its footing. The longer their struggle dragged out, the clearer it became that this was not a good position to attack from. He was strong, but this huge cat was heavy and wailing endlessly from above. Impossible to restrain or control from this angle. Too ferocious to overturn. Samson grit his teeth as his knees gave out. Sure enough, the Smilodon sunk its dagger-like claws deep into the exposed back of its prey as the two of them came tumbling down.

The sandy earth turned red beneath them as the young Saurius roared in pain. Apparently his armored skin was worthless here. As the cat roared back, louder and with more violence, he could just make out the sound of what little bird-life remained vacating the surrounding trees in sheer terror. There was no time to recover as the cat was on top of him once more.

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The situation was dire. Back to the ground, his jacketed chest was slashed open before Samson could grab a hold of both it's frontal paws. Another stalemate. But not for long. If he couldn't stop the bleeding... No. He wouldn't even make it that far. To the hulking Smilodon, Samson's lightly scaled neck looked like nothing more than a mouthwatering appetizer before it's main meal. The creature was already opening it's jaws wide. Saber toothed indeed.

“Michelle... Get the hell out of here... Run away... Gonna try my best to hold him back while you escape...” He was serious. He was about to sacrifice his life for his girlfriend. “... Michelle...?” He couldn't hear or see her from this angle. Perhaps she was gone already? Probably for the best.

Desperate, he frantically darted his eyes around his limited field of view, searching for even a glimpse his knife, but it was nowhere to be found. Fuck. If only he wasn't stuck on his back he could have used his... But there wasn't time for that now. He had to come up with something. Anything. What kind of pathetic man would he have to be to die like this? If only his father could see him now. Oh, how he would be loving this sight. That prick. Damn it. He couldn't bear to leave Michelle in



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his filthy hands. There was no way he could afford to die here and leave her to that cruel fate. He had to save her. He had to set things right before...

But Samson was out of time. Lunging straight for the jugular, the wild Smilodon went for the kill. The steeled Saurius shut his eyes tight and let out one final, deafening roar before embracing the darkness...

Only, it never came.

As he opened his eyes, his chest felt much heavier than it did before. The large cat had collapsed on top of him, blood and brain matter leaking from a hole between his wide, piercing eyes. Samson hadn't heard the booming gunshot that had rung out in the valley just moments ago, but he looked up now to see the smoke trail exiting the end of a magnum revolver. It took him a few moments longer to recognize the quivering arms of the girl who held it. Tears streaming down her pale face, Michelle was too frightened to move. She had never killed anything before. Not even insects.

"M-Michelle, you... Where did you... Urgh! G-get that thing?" The tired young man grunted in pain as he pulled himself

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out from underneath his attacker's lifeless corpse. More blood seeping from his wounds. This sight snapped the young girl out of it.

“Oh... Oh my lord! Samson. I was so scared! Ar- Are you okay!? We have to get you patched up right away!”

In a hurry, she dropped the revolver on the ground and keeled down to help her wounded man. Of course, the couple had no medical bandages on them, but since Samson's vest and shirt were all torn up already, Michelle figured they could settle for something makeshift with that if they shredded it into strips. She would need to see how bad his wounds were anyway. And clean them too? She did her best to recall what little they had learnt in first aid class. Trying her best to keep her mind focused on something productive, and avoid thinking about the life she had just taken. And also, the life she had almost just lost. But before she could get properly started on stripping his chest bare, Samson firmly grabbed her still shaking hands.

“Babe... Look at me. You know those are illegal! Where did you even get a hold of that let alone learn how to use it!”

“Is... Is that really what's important right now? If we don't stop this bleeding then—”

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“Michelle...”

“It's Daddy's, okay? He said I needed to be able to defend myself in case... It's not like I ever expected to actually use it, you know?”

“Your father... I see.” It was a pain, but he managed to put one of his big hands on her exposed shoulders to comfort her. Try to help calm her down a little. Though really, he needed her comfort too.

“You... You're not mad at me, are you!”

“Huh? N-no. Of course not! Michele, you saved my life! But hey... listen, these wounds are nothing. It's all going to be okay. I'm sorry I raised my voice...” Of-course, he was lying through his teeth. It hurt like shit and he was getting kind of lightheaded out here. But he needed to be strong. For both of their sakes.

*Fuck... This wasn't the time for it. But her big watery eyes were so damn cute!* Even in this state, he could help but feel blessed. What an angel. It was impossible to be mad with her. Gosh, he didn't deserve her...



The moon was out by the time the young couple stumbled back into Michelle's place. Now shirtless, save for the makeshift bandages, Samson slowly hobbled his way up the central stairwell with the support of his doting girlfriend. It was tough for her though, given how heavy he was by comparison. While it varied greatly depending on the species, the vast majority of Male Saurius still greatly out-sized the average female, and it was no different here. Of course, that was just one of the many things she loved about her man. She didn't mind one bit about his muscular arm wrapped around her petite shoulders, or clutching onto his leathery, scaled abs either. Being this close to him for this many hours, rubbing up against him, inhaling his sent, did a real number on her ovaries. She selfishly hoped these injuries wouldn't negatively impact his sex drive. Although by the visibly throbbing bulge in his pants, she wagered he was doing just fine.

Upon reaching the second floor of her family's lavish, two story mansion, Michelle let out a sigh of relief. They had almost made it. Once she got Samson into her bedroom, they should be

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able to keep this little incident under wraps even if her parents did return. There's no way her strict daddy would have let her bring a rough boy like Samson into the house, even if it was an emergency. Luck was on their side, however. While she had no recollection of her parents mentioning an outing to her earlier, it was a blessing in disguise. The later they stayed out, the better. After all, Michelle was a screamer...

Pulled through the door to his girlfriend's bedroom, Samson took a moment to take it all in. Given the secrecy of their relationship, he had sparsely seen this place. It always looked a little different from each time before. And not just minor changes either. New posters, new furniture, new accessories atop her cabinet and as per usual, a fresh coat of paint to top it all off. Hot pink walls this time. Michelle's daddy sure loved to spoil his baby girl...

"You know what?" Samson said.

"What?"

"That Smilodon might have been a good thing in the end..." He said, grunting a bit as each and every bit of his broad torso still hurt from his combat with the beast.

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“How could it have possibly be a good thing?”

“Because... Our date... I was hoping to make love with you out there in our special spot... But for all the times we’ve done it in that valley, we’ve never taken each other here in your room...” He pointed out. It made her blush almost automatically. She hugged him. Thankful her man was still alive, and in as good a spirits as she had pervertedly hoped.

“So, you’re not too hurt to...?”

“Not at all,” he quickly responded.

“... Because I was strongly considering sending you off to the hospital first just to be safe!” She teased.

“No need for that...” He reassured her just before kissing her on the side of her neck, making butterflies flutter about her stomach, before rapidly making their way down to her womb. Then, Samson sat back on the edge of her absurdly comfy bed and Michelle followed. While she partially crawled on top of him, she made sure not to apply too much weight, mindful that it could exacerbate her boyfriend’s injuries. Michelle was a light girl, but she still made a conscientious effort to do whatever she could to ease his suffering. As she crawled over his body, her big jugs softly brushed up against his face, just like pillows being

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tossed around. Despite his earlier convictions, this horny Saurius teen could have happily died in her arms right there. Died in her avalanche of boob pillows. He pervertedly sniffed her deep cleavage, taking in her perfumed sent, before wetting as much exposed tit flesh as he could with his long reptilian tongue. Luckily for him, the sexy overalls she wore couldn't hold the vast majority of her colossal boobs, giving him a fairly large target area to coat with his thick, musky saliva. Michelle widely spread her legs, swallowing her battle-scarred man's tight abdomen and sinking him further down into the rich silks of her quilt cover. The day she first encountered Samson was the day she had started masturbating, in this very spot no less. Every night since for as long as she could remember, the young Saurius girl had rubbed one out while fantasizing about this very moment. The night she would finally allow herself to be ravaged by this brute of a boy in her very own bed. The night they would finally go too far...

With his girl's wonderful, fat ass grinding on his ever expanding bulge from above, arms and legs locked around him, nibbling one of his four horned facial protrusions,

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Samson didn't ask any permission to start stripping his girl down. Except that he didn't exactly do it in a very calm and civilized way. Instead of unbuttoning the skimpy, denim he simply brutally pulled on one of the flimsy shoulder straps, tearing it right out of it's seams and sending all but one of the buttons flying across the bedroom in his wrath. Without them to hold the massive weight of her gigantic breasts, her chest exploded out of the restrictive piece of clothing, almost entirely freed. Her areolae and her nipples burst out of their thin denim restraints breaking new boundaries.

After remaining in animated suspension for a short while as Samson resumed devouring her ample chest, motor-boating her cleavage—the final straw was pulled. Letting out a deep and uncontrollable moan, Michelle's flushed, moist and heaving breasts were far too much for the last button standing to handle. The tiny metal disc holding everything that was left together cracked under the pressure and exploded. Thud! Her overalls fully opened up on all sides and her big, round titties were fully unveiled. Same for her beautiful, slender, yet toned stomach. Of course, with how erotic the design of her outfit was, the buttons had gone all the way down. As what remained of her overalls



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now fell apart in pieces around them, Michelle's sopping wet pussy was entirely revealed. She went all commando. No underwear. The horny girl had a thin, dark-yellow tuft of pubic hair right above her pulsating clitoris which had of course come out of its hood to play, fully erect and dripping. She leaned forward, intentionally allowing her huge breasts to bounce and flop all over Samson's shoulders, imprisoning his head. He grabbed the sides of her cow udders, rubbed them against his face as his now raging hard erection could no longer be contained, even by his custom-fit pants. Without warning, over twenty three inches of armor-plated cock meat tore through the fabric of his trousers and slapped his little vixen right in her plump, moistened labia. Even something that tame was more than enough to set her off, her body experiencing the first of many micro orgasms that night.

“OH, FUCK ME!” she exclaimed, in both the figurative and literal sense of the expression. As very young adults, both Samson and Michelle still had a long ways to go before their bodies were fully matured. Case and point, Samson had been around twenty two inches in length the last time they'd fucked.

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He had left her ass gaping so wide that night that it had taken her almost two full days to recover. Kind of difficult to explain that one to her daddy, but it was totally worth it! The two of them were so incredibly fertile it was ridiculous. Definitely a perfect genetic match. Michelle felt a sense of pride knowing that their potential offspring would be perfectly endowed specimens. Perhaps even giving the carnivorous, soldier-class Saurius a good run for their money...

Now free from his pants at last, Samson's fully erect cock kissed his girlfriend's clitoris. Michelle was already so wet. As was he. A constant flow of pre-cum leaked profusely from both of them, intermixing, lubing each-other up with ease. Samson relentlessly started sucking on one of her three inch thick nipples, as if he were feeding off of it. Meanwhile, as she was blushing and moaning, Michelle grabbed her man's dick, rubbed it up and down her vaginal lips before inserting it inside of her. It slipped straight in.

A perfect fit.

It was a first for both of them. Samson had never been inside a Saurius girl's raw pussy before. It was hard to describe,

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but it felt.. Different? Like it was made of tougher lining, had more bumps and crevices, and yet still just as soft as any of the Human or Urzax girl's he'd been in. On the other hand, Michelle was a virgin, (vaginally speaking) yet thanks to her heavy-duty masturbating over this last year (all in preparation for this event), there was no pain and no blood. Only intense, electrifying pleasure. Greater than anything she had ever felt. Both of them were in bliss. Especially as Michelle hungrily lowered herself down her favorite toy, until Samson's tough glans knocked on the door that was her cervix. The two sex organs appeared to make out for a few seconds, exchanging some more precursor bodily fluids, before the slutty young minx couldn't wait any longer. Slamming her thick booty down on her man's rigid pelvis as hard as she could, Michelle screamed in ecstasy as the cock that she would spend the rest of her days riding breached her womb and pounded her right in the back wall, stretching her out with it's full length and creating a far bigger belly bulge than any of her sex toys could have ever dreamed to.

This was it. Tonight was the night that she took his seed. Much to the enjoyment of her long since starved uterus. She

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didn't care about the repercussions. Or what her daddy would say when he found out. This felt right. It was what she wanted. What she needed. She needed to be bred like the animal she was. Michelle rode her boyfriend, fucking him, glad there wasn't anyone else home that night as she let out yet another wild, unashamed wail. But now that she thought about it, she wouldn't have even minded it too much to have other people hear them moaning at the top of their lungs. Having her sweet daddy hearing her fuck her loved one was an interesting fantasy that had never once occurred to her before. There was no guarantee that her parents wouldn't come back at any minute and catch them in the act. And nothing turned Michelle on more than that very thought right at this moment. Another micro orgasm as Samson selected her other nipple to latch onto as he continued pumping her cunt, picking up the pace. Fuck!

She hoped her daddy would accept Samson for the kindhearted soul that he was. But she figured it wouldn't be so simple... It never was with him. He was too overprotective for his own good. She was constantly telling him off for being paranoid. Nothing bad was going to happen. That's right. There were only good things to come now that she was to become a

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mother. Daddy did always say he wanted grandkids one day, after all...

Putting that out of her mind for now, Michelle continued to up the intensity, jumping up and down as she continued to ride him strong.

Reaching down behind her cute bubble butt to grab her boyfriends balls, she began to caress them with a passion. Molesting them. They were just as solid as his cock, but even more sensitive to the touch. And of course, each of them were fully loaded with billions of fertile sperm cells just waiting to let her ova have it!

Meanwhile, Samson didn't let up, continuing his savage assault on both Michelle's raw cunt and her right nipple which he now had trapped between his teeth. Despite being a herbivore, this was one snack he simply couldn't resist. Biting down playfully, he pulled this teat out as far as he could, stretching it before allowing it to bounce back sending her right jug into a jiggling frenzy. The incessant moaning encouraged him to continue, so he went back in. This time sucking her nipple as far into his mouth as he could. As if his life depend on it. He felt

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it tickle the back of his throat before he let it go, causing another micro orgasm from his girl. Or perhaps that was a full one? He was so intoxicated by her in this moment that it was difficult to tell. Not that it mattered, they'd both be cumming buckets before this was all said and done.

Samson always loved it when Michelle played with his balls. It triggered him to get even harder which was something she was well aware of. It was like pressing down on a magic button. It *always* worked.

“Oh fuck, you’re so hard... You’re so hard... I want you to do me doggy-style...” She said as she moaned loudly between each burst of words.

In no time at all, the horny couple had switched up their position. Michelle had even hungrily sucked on the fat head of his cock for a brief minute to ‘make sure it was still wet’, but Samson knew she just liked the taste. Unlike his species, Dimetrodon breeds did eat meat. And his cock had quickly become her favorite kind. She didn’t blow him too long though, it was just an appetizer. Besides, neither of them wanted to waste a single drop of cum by accident. They wanted all of it to be reserved for her highly fertile womb...

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Michelle was now lying on top of her chest on the edge of her bed, her butt sticking out in the air, her knees resting on the far end of the mattress, perfectly allowing her pussy to be accessible to her man. Slowly waving her thick ass from side-to-side as if to tempt him (like that was necessary). Standing behind her, Samson made his girlfriend's desire a reality as he shoved his entire length back into her without remorse, his hips harshly slapping against her juicy behind making both cheeks ripple with glee. It felt a little different now that her insides were used to his shape. Not worse though, far from it. It was like her body had truly accepted him, shifted and molded into the perfect fuck tunnel with the singular goal of extracting as much sperm as possible from his girthy, jagged shaft. From this position, he could spear even deeper into her womb, making her entire body jiggle as he did her. Her big boobs, squished against the surface of her bed, gyrated back and forth with each powerful thrust. She was close enough to the side of her mattress that her left tit spilled out over the edge of it. Her raw, elongated nipple standing out as stiff as a rocket, pointing directly towards the door of her bedroom. An unlocked door whose knob was slowly

turning around in a clockwise direction. Quietly swinging open to reveal none other than Randall Peterson. Samson's father.

With a smug look on his face, and a buttoned down, bloodstained shirt with suspenders (yet no tie), Randall continued to roll up his ruffled sleeves and he took his first steps inside. His steel capped boots, ironically fashioned from weathered reptile skin, made no noise on the soft carpet of Michelle's room. A twenty inch long flaccid penis hung out of his black suit pants, wet and still dribbling some leftover cum across the floor. It was clear to Michelle that not only was that not his full size, but he had clearly just finished ejaculating some minutes ago. Though his shrunken, armor plated balls were already starting to refill. As she happened to be facing that direction at the time, she was the first to witness him entering the bedroom. Her bedroom. This was an especially unreal shock for her. Not even her daddy entered without knocking!

"M-mister? Fff-fuck! Wh-what are you doing here?" That's when, Samson broke free from his sexual frenzy and saw his Dad standing a few steps back from the bed's edge. Of course, his rock-hard dick was still wedged deep inside Michelle's continuously purring cunt.



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“Dad?”

“Hello, son,” he simply said as he walked closer to the bed, closer to Michelle. Not interested in slowing down, Samson kept fucking his girlfriend’s pussy. Grabbing tightly onto her tail and tugging on it to increase her stimulation. While she meant stop enjoying it, meant to cease moaning like a drunken whore, she simply couldn’t help herself right now. Michelle felt extraordinary pleasure emanating from every corner of her overstuffed vagina and uterus.

“What the hell are you doing here, Dad?”

“Well, plans changed. We had to accelerate things with this slut’s family before the authorities smoked us out. I guess you didn’t get the memo as usual, you useless dolt. But it’s a good thing you ended up here nonetheless. I wouldn’t have known if not for this bitch’s moaning, though. Could hear her squealing from all the way down in the cellar. How can you fucking stand it? Anyway, come on, play time’s over and I need your help with the body.”

“Dad... Don’t tell me you... Who’s blood is that!?”

## DNA Valkyrie

“Look, I know it’s not what we talked about, but we don’t always get what we want, kiddo. Things got ugly. Malcolm’s leg got shot to shit, so he can’t help. I nailed the bastard though, right between the eyes. I’m telling you, you’ve never seen anything like it. Knocked his cunt wife up too just for sport. Don’t worry though, it’s your kid that’ll take over in the end. You did at-least remember to get her pregnant, right?”

“I... I’m still working on that part...”

“Holy mother of fuck, are you for fucking real? You’ve been at it for how many months? And you call yourself a man? Pathetic! Do ya seriously need me to do this for you too? Well, Dick?” The young Ankylosaurus Saurius pressed his fingertips deeper into the skin of Michelle’s hips. Digging into her as he came in and out of her juicy vaginal opening.

*“Wha- What the fuck is he talking about, babe? Mmmnnnn!!! What does he m-mean by ‘Dick’?”*

“I’m sorry, honey...” Samson said, hanging his head in shame.

“Tell me!” She demanded an answer.

“*Samson* isn’t my real name... *Richard* is...” He had a hard time telling her the truth.

## DNA Valkyrie

“Huh!? B-but I don’t... Ahhhhn!”

“I *bad* to... I’m sorry...”

“He’s right. Don’t blame your pathetic boyfriend, Michelle, he’s just following orders like the sad dog he is. What I said was simple: use a fake name; tame that stupid bitch; and put a baby in her. But apparently, he’s not even good enough for that,” Randall sat down on the edge of the bed, right next to the young, scared, embarrassed girl, “But I suppose it’s all my fault in the end. Not even I thought you were the sort of soft push-over who would actually fall in love with a someone of her ilk. I guess I just thought too highly of you, boy.” Richard couldn’t say anything. He had never wanted it to happen like this. It took every fiber of his being not to break down in front of his abusive father in this moment. And yet, his body continued to move. Like a drone on autopilot, he pounded Michelle harder and harder. The only thing he felt like he should or could do in this moment was to make love to his woman as passionately as possible. His goal was to make her reach her orgasm. To make her feel good. To make her feel safe. To numb her out so that she didn’t have to come to the same gruesome realization that

## DNA Valkyrie

Richard had. Though perhaps, he was really only doing it for himself...

But through her uncontrollably lewd and passionate moans, Michelle continued to press on. Still totally dumbfounded by what was being said.

“Gaaahhh!! B—but why me!? Sh—shit! I—I still don’t... Oh yesss!”

“What a stupid question. You two really were made for each other. Obviously because of your family.”

“M-my family!?”

“Drop the act, you dumb whore! You know all too well that your chicken-shit father was a part of a powerful gangster circle. So am I. And with your offspring, we can unite our families together and create a criminal dynasty unlike anything this Ecstasy City has ever seen before. Your daddy wasn’t too fond of me though, so we had go and do things the hard way...” he explained as he stood up to leave the room. “You’ve got three minutes, Dick. Impregnate this dirty slut or I will. Then get your sorry ass downstairs and help me with that damn body before the cops arrive.”

## DNA Valkyrie

The young girl, couldn't help but cum. Randall's voice reminded her of Samson's... of Richards... She loved degrading dirty talk, and in this case it was true. She was a slut by nature. She couldn't help it. She'd been cumming and moaning like a filthy porn star this whole time when she probably should have been in tears with all these shocking revelations. All of it was lie! A sham just to get inside her womb and plant his family's seed? Just because her daddy was...

And that's when it clicked.

“W–wait!!! Fffuuuccckk! Wh–whose body are–Ahhhhnnn! Are you t–talking about!?” Liquid finally streaming from her eyes, although it was hard to tell if they were the result of pain, pleasure or both. Michelle already knew the answer, but she had to hear it for herself.

“Michelle, don't–” started Richard before his father interrupted.

“Whose do you think, you stupid sow?” Randall spat before turning heel and slamming the bedroom door behind him. Almost as soon as he left them alone, Richard made her

girlfriend reach one final orgasm with all the strength he had left. Before the dam burst...

Cum gushed out from his urethra with such force that even he was taken aback. Thick, densely packed, Saurius semen was blasted directly into Michelle's womb at point blank range. All of her ova instantaneously doused and coated in virile sperm that assaulted them from every possible angle. Each of them unanimately inseminated. Impregnation successful. It was done.

Michelle moaned louder than ever before, squeezing the mattress as she came in unison with her so-called 'man'. Her naughty cunt clamping down tightly on his pulsating dick, milking him for everything he was worth. As far as her body was concerned, that seed was all hers, morality be damned It was the best orgasm that either of them had experienced.

What seemed like minutes passed and the couple did nothing but moan softly together. They remained interlocked, sweaty and tired. His balls almost completely drained. Her belly completely inflated with so much cum that you could no longer make out the bulge where his cock should have been. Richard didn't want to unsheathe his cock from it's sleeve... Her body. He felt that if he did, this moment of bliss would end, and he

## DNA Valkyrie

wasn't prepare for that at all. At least, not yet. Not until he said what he had to say. So he stayed inside of her. Still hard.

“It's true that he told me to get close to you. That at first I was just following orders, but that was only at the beginning. These last few months have been the best time of my life. I love you, Michelle. I love you more than anything in the world. And that's the honest truth. I swear,” he said as he slowly pulled his still rock-hard, yet raw cock out her juicy pussy. Face down, ass up, Michelle quivered with yet another micro orgasm as gooey cum began to bubble out of her stretched out cunt. Richard stroked himself for a bit longer before proceeding to ejaculate all over her butt, back, and even in her messy yellow hair. It was the absolute last bit of love he had to give her. In total, there were nine thick and long ropes of semen that sprawled from her ass to her forehead. She was dripping in his cum.

“Knowing all of this...” She sobbed “I don't know if we can be... If we can stay together any longer...” She said while moaning some more as cum continued the seep down her legs, the mattress, and finally forming a vast puddle on the ground beneath them. Between them.

## DNA Valkyrie

That sinking pit in his gut from earlier. From before their night began. It was back and falling faster than ever before. Drowning him. He didn't even know it was possible for it to get this deep. He felt like shit. He was shit. The worst of the worst. Worse even than his bastard father. There had been so many opportunities to set things right. To make this work. To save Michelle and her family from this fate... But he hadn't. He really was weak. He really didn't deserve a girl like Michelle. He would never surface from this ocean of regret.

This was the first and last Saurius that Richard Peterson had ever been with. The only woman he had ever truly loved.

Until...