

DNA VALKYRIE

A digital illustration featuring a woman with vibrant blue hair, wearing a black fedora with a red band, a black off-the-shoulder top, and a grey cardigan. She is being held from behind by a large, muscular creature with a brown, scaly, horned head and dark, scaly hands. The creature is wearing a black suit jacket over a white shirt and a grey tie. The background is dark and textured, suggesting an urban or industrial setting.

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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DNA Valkyrie

DNA Valkyrie	2
COPYRIGHTS	3
CREDITS	4
PROLOGUE	6
CHAPTER 1: NEW AGE	14
CHAPTER 2: PRIVATE INVESTIGATION	20
CHAPTER 3: HERE COMES THE BLUE HEART	26
CHAPTER 4: BACKSTAGE	32
CHAPTER 5: STANDING UP FOR SOMETHING	39
CHAPTER 6: DEATHBED	46
CHAPTER 7: A DANGEROUS CASE	52
CHAPTER 8: REALITY CHECK	60
CHAPTER 9: LATE HOURS	67
CHAPTER 10: OPPORTUNITY & DISGRACE	76
CHAPTER 11: CLOSED GATE	82
CHAPTER 12: THE SHOW IS ON	91
CHAPTER 13: PREVIEW	100
CHAPTER 14: FINALLY COMING ON	106
CHAPTER 15: THE VOTE	113
CHAPTER 16: THE SEAL	120
CHAPTER 17: THE GROUP	127
CHAPTER 18: NO WAY OUT	134
CHAPTER 19: REBELLION	141
CHAPTER 20: FAILURE	148
CHAPTER 21: DNA	158
CHAPTER 22: VALKYRIE	168

PROLOGUE

We 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.

DNA Valkyrie

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.

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

DNA Valkyrie

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?”

DNA Valkyrie

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.

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

DNA Valkyrie

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

Several 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?”

DNA Valkyrie

“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

DNA Valkyrie

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

While 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.

“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

DNA Valkyrie

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.

DNA Valkyrie

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.

“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

When they weren't busy masturbating, the crowd clapped 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

DNA Valkyrie

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

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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.”

DNA Valkyrie

“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.

DNA Valkyrie

“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

The 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

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do its job as it crashed down all over her hair and body. The palm of her 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

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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.

“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

She 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.

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.

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

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

Yes, 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.

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?"

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“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.

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CHAPTER 8: REALITY CHECK

In less than two minutes, Cynthia found herself getting tied with ropes to the useful coat hanger in her office. Speaking of which, her coat had been ripped away from her much before Richard's men even started securing her to the hanger. Two ropes tied to her arms kept her from escaping as the four henchmen seemed to be getting horny simply looking at her trying to break free.

"I need to get to work in like ten minutes... Could you please tell me how much longer this appointment is gonna take?"

"Don't worry. It won't take *too* long, but you might be a bit late for tonight's show," Richard said.

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“How late?” She asked, obviously playing along, trying to pass for an idiot, hoping that it would increase her chances of getting out of this very grim and sticky situation.

“Can we? Can we?” The four henchmen politely asked their superior. They clearly seemed to be excited about something in particular right now.

“Can they... What? Exactly?” She asked as she continued to stall for time, knowing full well what the smaller Saurius were seeking permission to do. But half-way through her sentence, she started feeling a strange sensation deep within her. This corporal sensation had been initiated long before now as she was being tied to the coat hanger, but she was too busy trying to act smoothly with the group of criminal that she involuntarily avoided it, accidentally suppressed it. Probably because she was already so used to subconsciously killing her sexual feelings for anything not Human. But recent events with Joss had shaken her resolve, and she was still incredibly wet from the bus ride home. And now, she was all alone; trapped with five horny Saurius scum in her own little office with no protection. She couldn't help but feel a little turned on in a situation such as this. To make matters worse, her ovaries had been letting out ova for two minutes straight. This forced ovulation was something she was used to, but tonight, without the protection of her fake exemption card, she was in real danger of getting knocked up. Cynthia didn't desire this of course, but it wasn't up for her to decide how her uterus responded to these reptilian brutes. The four henchmen finally confirmed Cynthia's deduction, by freeing their already

erect cocks from their pants. Four very hard looking, ten inch long dicks were staring at her as they slowly started masturbating.

This almost instantly caused the stern, usually unwilling private investigator to show some level of interest for what was currently in front of her. When the four Saurius started fapping before her, Cynthia's face suddenly got all red, she blushed a deep red and even found herself sweating a little. She dismissed the feelings, instead choosing to believe that it was simply getting progressively warmer inside of her tiny office with so many people cramped inside. Which wasn't entirely false either...

"So? Tell me... What are they hoping to do to me?" She asked again to her current nemesis, the one that she was unfortunately unable to send to prison in the end, Richard.

"You tricked me, Miss Widdowfield. Despite your *career* as a strip dancer, I now understand that this performer thing was only a facade, an appearance. You used your *Blue Heart* stage name to make me believe that I would have some fun with you. You made a big mistake. As punishment for crossing me, we'll be having some fun with you now instead, slut. While this strip dancer thing seems to be your armor, it is now more than obvious that this detective hobby of yours is what you really aspire towards. Too bad that you sucked at it. Sucked so hard, that you made the grave mistake of messing with me..." Richard explained to her.

"Get to the motherfucking point, would you?" She said, interrupting him.

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“... I will, oh, I will... So, you dance for a lot of Saurius people but use that little fake card of yours to avoid performing your proper duties. All these years, and so many missed opportunities. How many years have you been of age now? How many Saurius children does a whore like you owe the Empire?” Richard said as he walked closer to Cynthia, grabbed her tank top, and pulled it down to reveal her big, braless breasts.

Bong! Bong!

The pair of huge titties heavily dropped down in the air, bounced up and down for a few seconds until they eventually lost their momentum and hung still. Cynthia blushed some more as she noticed that everybody in the room could see her breasts which simply triggered the four henchmen to masturbate a lot faster than ever before, more thoroughly.

“Hey! Urgh, look. I don't owe the empire anything. As far as they're concerned, my exemption is legit. I don't need to fulfill any breeding quotas.” She said as he pulled down her tank top which was still on her body but slid down closer to her belly. “Besides, why the fuck do you care? Your activities are way more illegal than mine. Some nerve you have acting like you give two shits about the laws of the Empire!”

“On the contrary, I care quite a bit about progress of this great nation. I have quite a lot of stake in it. Some laws simply need to be broken from time-to-time in order for any real progress to be made. But what you're doing? Pffff! You've got no good reason to violate these laws. You're just a selfish bitch, Cynthia. You're not pulling your weight. But that's all about to change,

now that I'll be taking this and turning it in to my old friends at the Imperial Registry.” Richard whispered into her right ear as he fished around in her pockets and retrieved her exemption card. He then turned around to make room for his men. Three of the Saurius gathered around her as the fourth one manipulated the two ropes in order to position Cynthia closer to the ground until she was at the right height for what was to come.

“H-hold on! Why do all this though? Can't we at least keep this between ourselves? You don't benefit at all from turning me in!”

“Heh, well. It's simply more fun this way. I want to see what a true slut like you will do when pushed into a corner. How far will you sink I wonder?”

Three heavily erect reptilian penises were fighting among each other to be the first one to get to her. With wide opened eyes, Cynthia suddenly felt the urge to touch them. She attempted to move both of her arms toward the bumpy dicks, unfortunately for her, the ropes prevented her from reaching them.

“So, finally showing your true colors, slut? Do you want them? You want Saurius cocks?” Richard asked her.

“I'm not usually like this...” Cynthia painfully answered.

“Well, better get used to it. Think of this as some light practice before the empire sends you your long overdue quota to fulfill,” he said. Two of the three henchmen facing her pushed their dicks closer to her. One softly hit her right tit, one caressed her sweet lips, and the other was squished against her

left cheek. The three cocks were all over her. She wanted to touch them with her hands. To be granted access to them, but she couldn't.

Meanwhile, the henchman that was 'operating' the coat hanger so his friends could easily swing their members all over her face couldn't resist being apart of the fun as well. He grabbed his own erect cock with his left hand while keeping the coat hanger in the appropriate position using his right one. He swiftly unclipped the skimpy skirt of the torn detective with his hard dick, pushing it down her legs, making it slide down them till it dropped to her beautiful ankles. With her skirt out of the way, and only the tiny blue thong remaining to '*defend*' her vagina, the operating henchman contented himself with rubbing the tip of his glans all over Cynthia's left, large hipbone.

The glans rubbing on her hip quickly morphed into a sensual rubbing against her inner thigh. The Saurius wasn't rubbing his glans on her underwear but it was extremely close to it.

It only triggered Cynthia to feel more *teased* than anything else.

But it also teased this specific henchman as well. Constantly rubbing himself against her soothing Human skin quickly caused him to accidentally spout a little bit of white, dino pre-cum all over her inner thigh.

Cynthia felt it sliding down her skin as her ovaries released the last ovum for now. Her womb was ready. Many eggs were simply waiting to be fertilized....

When she was finally done looking at the Saurius rubbing himself near her crotch, she looked up to the three other henchmen and was very

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surprised to receive one of their cocks pressed between her lips. An unintentional kiss.

Just when she was about to speak once again, this fresh Saurius dick was forcefully rammed straight down the back of her unprotected throat.

CHAPTER 9: LATE HOURS

Without even getting a chance to speak, the surprisingly nonchalant detective was sucking one of the four Saurius henchmen that surrounded her. A solid blow-job, almost as solid as the intense texture that was the skin of his shaft. It was much, much harder than a Human's penis but ultimately wasn't unpleasant at all. It was rather enjoyable and it reminded her a bone, or perhaps polished pebbled, though the surface had small cracks in it that oozed a lubricative substance to assist with the ease of penetration.

It was borderline torture for Cynthia. Not due to the intense skull fucking though, but instead because she seemed desperate to get her hands on

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it as well. To feel it between her palms. But she simply couldn't. No matter how hard she would pull on the two ropes tied to the coat hanger, she couldn't break free. It's not that Cynthia was weak. She worked out quite a lot, and kept in good shape. Compared to one of these small gecko-like men, she could probably hold her own in a fight against the lot of them simply due to her size advantage. Richard on the other hand, towered far above Cynthia. Like most Saurius men derived from the larger species, he could best her in a second flat if she tried to resist. So she didn't.

What these four henchmen lacked in their size, they made up for it with their knot-tying skills at least. The ropes were wrapped around her wrists so tightly that it was useless no matter how much she struggled. She had no choice but to accept her fate.

Ironically, this punishment was turning out to be more of a pleasurable affair. Though perhaps that was punishment enough for Cynthia who was not supposed to be enjoying this at all...

Thrusting back and forth, back and forth, traveling from her lips to the very back of her throat, the rough, bumpy dick ravaged her entire mouth. This new blow-job experience caused Cynthia to make a mental connection between this very moment and what the detective had experienced the previous night in the backstage shower compartment of the strip club.

While she was now voluntarily sucking the Saurius she had in her mouth, all by herself, she still felt a lack of control. The henchman literally fucked her mouth, doing everything, all the correct thrusting movements. Even if

she wasn't actively engaging, the blow-job would still mostly have had the exact same effect.

A minute or two into the skull fucking action, for the first time since this deep-throat had begun, the private investigator shifted her eyes and her overall attention to something other than this Saurius in her mouth – the two other henchmen gathered around her upper torso. One of them knelt down to have the perfect height to play with her generous tits. He slid his big, fat, dino cock between her large rack and started to fuck her chest.

One of the most, beautiful thing about her boobs; their size, shape, and buoyancy, were that he didn't even have to press them together to actually fuck them. He simply had to slide penis between the hefty mounds and there was already a great deal of friction getting naturally produced, as if her huge jugs were clamping down on his dick.

Slip! Slip! Slip!

The Saurius feverishly fucked her titties.

His glans accidentally hitting the spot under her chin when he thrust up through her chest.

Meanwhile, the other henchman stood on the opposite side of Cynthia, almost behind her but not quite. He simply stood there at her left ear and pressed his Saurius cock up against it. Not in a way that would hurt her. He simply rubbed his glans around the inside of her ear, pushing up against her ear canal, but of course there was no way that would fit. It made Cynthia cringe a little, she'd never had a dick around her ear before. It tickled her a

bit and caused her to giggle despite having a cock firmly lodged down her tight, but wet throat. The henchman reached as deep as he could into her ear and seemed to be enjoying the physical sensation of having his entire glans rubbing all over her ear.

With everything else that was going on at the very same time, having someone fucking her ear was merely a minor annoyance as if someone was prodding or poking her head with a big, hot, wet rod.

“Now, remember. No vaginal or anal penetration,” Richard carefully instructed his men.

“We don't want to go spoiling this prime slut with everything we can throw at her up front.”

“Everything else is fine, sir?” One of the four henchmen confirmed with him.

“Everything else is very much fine.” He responded while smiling. For a short moment, the henchman that was constantly rubbing himself all over her inner thigh meat, came really close to sliding his cock under her blue panties. Unfortunately, for Cynthia's unfertilized ova at least, he stopped himself after their boss confirmed their boundaries. After forfeiting his ambitious intentions, he resigned himself to rubbing his glans all over the exterior of her thong, causing a lot friction on her clitoris through the soaking wet fabric. The pre-cum he had spouted all over her hip and inner thigh was still visible, still dripping down her leg.

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Feeling his dino cock all over the exterior of her underwear and her clitoris made Cynthia go into an even more restless state than what she was previously in. She blushed some more. Sweated some more. She was audibly moaning, alternating between her pleased cries and gagging sounds as the oral-bound cock continued to kiss the back of her throat. Although this particular henchman was no longer doing so much of the work having grown tired. He instead opted to let the detective take over. Cynthia had been moving her head so fast and so aggressively that it had reached the point where the henchman was convinced that he should let her do as she pleased to him. He simply stood there, enjoying the premium oral service that this natural slut was providing him with.

Meanwhile, the other Saurius that was proactively fucking her rack without much difficulty kept going no matter what. He lowered himself so he could tightly fit right under his colleague who was receiving some delicious head.

This resurgence in strength and vitality caused the private investigator to quickly gain momentum. Without even being aware of it herself, she had unconsciously applied a great deal of strain on the two ropes that still maintained her prisoner status to this vicious group.

But not for much longer...

Snap!

Surprisingly, Cynthia broke one of the two ropes, the right one. The rope was still wrapped around her wrist, but it was no longer connected to the coat

hanger behind her. She did this while continuing to savagely suck the Saurius she currently had in her mouth.

“Sir?” The henchman who was violating Cynthia’s ear told his boss, pointing out the obvious, as if the sound wasn't loud enough... Richard wasn't fazed. The amateur detective posed no threat to him. Besides, the wild look in Cynthia's eyes told him all he needed to know about her current desires.

“Keep going,” Richard simply said with a commanding tone, before returning his attention to some case files that were scattered atop Cynthia's desk. The four Saurius quickly went back to what they were doing a few moments ago with a renewed sense of confidence. Happy to enjoy this prize, granted to them by their tyrant of a boss.

The deep-throat Cynthia was providing the Saurius in her mouth was simply too fast-paced and powerful for him to hold out any longer. The henchman ultimately ejaculated inside of Cynthia’s mouth, down her throat. When he was done shooting his dino semen into her, he pulled out and retrieved his dick from between her soft, fat lips. Cynthia came really close to coughing it all up. She rode the edge between pleasure and disgust, but in the end, managed to keep everything inside her mouth.

Meanwhile, the henchman that was rubbing himself all over the interior of her ear masturbated some more following the recent ejaculation of his buddy and quickly reached the same conclusion.

Spout! Spout! Spout!

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Three powerful blasts of cum flooded the interior of her left ear before spilling over and running down the side of her face.

While Cynthia would normally be bothered by this type of stuff (especially with Saurius' semen), she was aroused by it right now. When the henchman who just ejaculated all over her ear stepped away from her following the massive ejaculation – the detective had another resurgence of strength and suddenly broke the second rope.

Snap!

She was finally freed from her own coat hanger. The man continuously fucking her huge titties came in unison with her liberation. He was the first to realize that the detective was now free, but was far too focused watching his jizz paint her chest to do anything about it.

Three out of the four henchmen were more or less spent at this point. The Saurius who fapped himself against her thong, was the only one yet to ejaculate. He stood there, holding onto the now useless coat hanger slightly nervous about where this was going.

Meanwhile, with nothing holding her up, Cynthia had fallen to her hands and knees on the cold floor of her office. Due to the shock, She accidentally swallowed some of the semen she was still holding in her mouth as she went down. She was free, but that didn't matter much to her now. Something else took precedence. She had to ensure that she got some much needed relief as well. Looking up, Cynthia stared the remaining henchman's

boner right in it's eye. She quickly grabbed his hard cock in a hurry, almost as if she was afraid it was going somewhere.

“Don’t cum! Please, don’t cum just yet!” She yelled while *finally* making hand contact with one of their dicks, cum spilling out of her mouth as she talked.

“Seize her,” the Saurius who cummed in her ear said.

“No. Don’t. Let this bitch in heat do whatever she pleases, I want to see this,” Richard corrected his employee.

“What?” The henchman started before quickly realizing that arguing with his boss was a dangerous path to travel down.

“I knew it. Deep down, she's just desperate for cocks. Desperate for Saurius dicks,” Richard declared. Cynthia turned her head around and looked at him, frustrated that he had said such a thing, emoting that it wasn’t the truth.

“Don’t bother with trying to prevent him from dousing you with his seed. I know what you want, well too bad, whore! You won’t get any of our cocks inside of you tonight. This will be your punishment for getting in my way... That and the fact we’ve just finished draining your accounts dry. I’ve taken all of it, your reward money from ‘*capturing*’ me, the wallet you stole, all your savings from both your jobs. We even paid a little visit to your home earlier. Had some cash tucked away under you bed for safe keeping eh? Well, not anymore, bitch. You've got nothing left.” Richard mercilessly continued. Cynthia then tried speaking, she attempted to vocally express her outrage at

what she'd just learned, but she couldn't, the amount of sperm in her mouth was too much. She stumbled when she tried talking and ended up accidentally spitting cum of all over the floor of her tiny office. Semen fired out of the final henchman's dick and roped around her lower torso, drenching her with more of the thick, white, fertile substance.

There job here now done, Richard gave the order to his men that it was time to leave. The big boss left the room and his employees followed.

“Sad, little Mommy’s princess... We took everything you had and now you won’t even get to have any of their dicks inside of you. I wonder what a desperate slut like you will do now? Should be a fun night. Of course, I suspect I’ll be seeing you again soon. I cant wait to see you crawling and begging your way up to my cock when you've got nothing left to lose,” Those were Richard’s last words before slowly walking away, getting the hell away from this shithole of an office.

With not much energy left in her, Cynthia lied down in a puddle of thick Saurius semen with absolutely no money, no exemption card and no rewarding sex. Her hungry uterus remained unfulfilled in more ways than one. All that remained was the horrible feeling of having been *used* by the henchmen as if she were nothing more than a filthy, cum stained, toy to them. And judging by how horny she still was, despite all of this mess, perhaps they were right...

CHAPTER 10: OPPORTUNITY & DISGRACE

Her ghetto apartment looked poorer and more depraved than the discouraged private investigator ever remembered it looking before. This was the first place she went after spending just under an hour at the trashed office where she pondered alone, surfing on the dark wave of the ocean that was her sadness. Moping wasn't all she did during that time though. Her womb was still starving and she was so incredibly aroused that she took the time to clean up the immense puddle of dino sperm from the floor of her office only using her tongue.

Even now, standing back in her home, the thick semen still dripped from Cynthia's lips.

Richard hadn't lied to her earlier. They had taken everything from her. Anything that had even the tiniest bit of cash value, gone. Cynthia had

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always been under the impression that she possessed nothing of value, but now, she really was left with nothing at all. No money, hardly any food in the fridge, a trashed office and a trashed apartment. Two places that she, of course, needed to pay for. Rent for her apartment was due on the first of May, which was exactly three days from now. She had no money for that. Then she also needed to pay for her hard-boiled detective office on the fifteenth of May, it was coming up real fast. Despite the shockingly poor quality of both places, they were still pretty expensive. If it came down to it, she'd have to get rid of the office space, but the way things were looking right now, she might not be able to afford either of them for too much longer.

To make matters worse, her future at the strip club, her actual job, was now completely up in the air. Especially after what had happened last night between her boss and Sebastian, the tall butler. She was supposed to be there well over an hour ago at this point. She had received no call from the club. For all she knew, she could have already been fired by now.

While randomly looking and searching through all the trashed objects on the floor of the tiny home, Cynthia accidentally laid her eyes on something specific that she hadn't seen in a very long time.

It was a framed, six by nine inches photograph of Cynthia with her Mother.

She knelt down after noticing it in a pile of trash. Her thick legs looked even thicker as she knelt, squatted down to pick up the framed picture. Her

beautiful, large, and partially unveiled ass was hovering over the floor as she leaned forward.

Now with the photograph in hands, she got a better look at it.

It was her when she was way younger. This picture had been taken ten years ago as she was barely seventeen year old. Her tits were about half the size as they are now as a twenty-seven year old, fully developed woman. However, even today, Mommy's rack was still larger than her daughters, if only by a small margin. Her Mom had shorter hair as well. The hairstyle was some kind of sleek, square layered bob haircut, but the two shared the exact, same colour. She wore a dark blue businesswoman outfit and hugged her daughter in the picture.

The glass of the frame was cracked. It had a big fissure that made it look like the two women were divided, probably caused today by Richard and his men. Cynthia almost cut her finger on the glass as she first picked up the photo. The young detective suddenly had a resurgence of memories as she gazed into the picture of her and her Mom. Some good memories, and some bad ones too... She reflected on their past relationship and thought to herself that while not all of it was perfect, she definitely missed her mother dearly.

Specific flashes quickly came back to her.

She remembered her Mother faintly opening the door of her bedroom and taking a sneak peek at the daughter inside. The Mother blushed a little while listening to Cynthia's soft moans...

It took her a few seconds to snap out of this strange memory.

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Half an hour later, the lone private investigator dropped by the club. She virtually had nowhere else to go and desperately wanted to know if she still had a job. Despite all the fishy things her boss did to her, she needed this job now more than ever. If nothing else, she had to make sure she was going to be getting this week's paycheck so that she could at least pay for one more month at her apartment.

Cynthia always tried her best to keep her two jobs separate. To keep her detective business a secret. Ironic that her more public profession was that of a strip dancer. Nonetheless, she usually did her best to change clothes before entering the strip club, as to avoid drawing attention to her detective outfit, or in this case, what was left of it. Some regular clients had inevitably caught on. Others just figured it was a costume for some kind of role play performance. Tonight though, as she entered the club, she felt like there were more suspecting eyes on her than normal. Cynthia wondered how many of them were weary of her attire. How many of them were paranoid that their wives or perhaps the police had sent along a detective to keep track of them? No. She was the paranoid one. She never paid this much attention to the men before when walking by. Usually keeping her head down and going straight to the back rooms. Her encounter with Richard and his men earlier in the night still had her on edge, understandably.

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But then, the fans soon started recognizing who she was. Not that she was the star of the club, but she had enough notoriety to stir a reaction out of most of the more familiar faces.

“Oh, it’s *The Blue Heart*. I had no idea she was working tonight.” one of the men in the crowd yelled.

“I knew she was, but fuck, that whore is freaking late! I had almost given up on the idea of seeing her perform tonight. Shit... I nearly blew all my money on the other girls... Sucks for her, I guess...” Another said.

“I’ve never seen this outfit before, Heart, is that for a new show?” A third shouted at her. Cynthia kept walking in a straight line, avoiding the patrons and instead searching for Joss, to see if he was still her boss. But on her way towards the backstage of the club, she was suddenly stopped by one of the bodyguards working there, an important member of the security, a Saurius she knew really well. It was Quentin, a Ceratops Saurius that often allowed Cynthia to close up the place, permitting her to take a much longer shower after a tiring night of work. He was honestly a good guy.

“Hold on, wait, Cynthia, what are you doing here?” He said to her, using her real name as he spoke to her. He was such a sweetheart that he never addressed her as ‘The Blue Heart’.

“What do you mean? I’m going to see, Joss...”

“Why?”

“I know, I know I’m late, by a lot, but I wanted to come and talk with the boss. I wanted to apologize for what had happened last night...” She said.

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“Cynthia... You were fired...” He calmly said to her. It seemed pretty painful for him to tell her the news, that was why he tried to remain as calm as possible while saying it, for her sake.

“What...? I mean... I already had a feeling that it might have been the case, but I wasn’t sure... You serious?” She answered.

“I’m surprised you didn’t know? He didn’t call you or anything like that? To be honest, I don’t exactly know for sure what went down between the two of you but he did mention that you were done working here. That you practically wanted him to fire you. That you basically quit. Is that true?” Quentin asked her.

That fucker...

She thought.

CHAPTER 11: CLOSED GATE

After not so delicately pushing the kind Quentin out of her way, Cynthia continued on her quest to find Joss. She scanned the crowd around her to ensure that he wasn't among them, before continuing with her plan to storm on into his backstage office. Quentin desperately tried to follow the angry detective, attempting to figure out what was going on, if she was simply unhappy with being fired or if it was something else.

“Hey, wait up! Where do you think you’re going?” Quentin questioned while following her.

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“To see Joss. What else?” She said.

“You can’t do that. You technically no longer work here.”

“And could you please tell me the exact reason why?” She asked him all while maintaining a good distance between the bodyguard that she was supposed to be on friendly terms with.

“He’s probably tired of you getting here late, over, and over, and over again... Look, I’m not happy he got rid of you. It sucks... Things are going to get awful around here without you, that’s for sure. But you can’t just barge in here and attack your ex-boss, you know?”

“Who said anything about attacking him? I simply want to talk with him.”

“Your mouth says that, but not your body language. It really feels as if you are going to burst open the door of his office, and take a chunk out of his face like an Allosaurus would or something. Look, he probably deserves it, but I ain't going to let you do that. It'll just make things worse, Cynthia.” He stated.

“Maybe. Maybe not. What are you going to do, Quentin? Stop me? Kick me out of the club? Come on now. We’ve known each other for almost four years. And I know you wouldn’t do a shitty thing like that.” She answered. After hearing that, Quentin looked down at the floor of the club while chasing after the emotion-filled Cynthia, nodded, inhaled, and exhaled.

“And I thought working at a strip club would be fun...”

Just like Quentin predicted, Cynthia burst opened the closed door of Joss's office as she rushed herself towards it. After charging inside, she looked up to find that the room was empty.

"Where is he?" She asked herself out loud.

"Are you nuts, Cynthia? He is the owner of the place. He doesn't have to be here at all times. What did you expect?" Quentin told her after finally catching up with her. The Saurius could walk pretty fast, but the private investigator was so determined to find and confront her ex-boss that she simply outpaced her friend. Quentin finally grabbed her by the shoulders in the hope of pulling her head out of the clouds.

"Where can I find him then?"

"What's wrong with you? Let's just calm down and think this through. What exactly are you going to do to him if you ever find him tonight? It pains my heart that you're leaving us, but you've got to let it go. You should probably go home, now." He told her in Joss's office.

"*Home?* They trashed it..." She barely whispered.

"Who? Joss?"

"No. Not him... Anyway, do you know why I was fired, exactly?"

"As I said earlier, while you were a darn, entertaining performer, you were late almost every day you punched in. I'm not surprised you were let go, to be honest."

“Nope. I’m pretty sure it had nothing to do with that. I only got warned a few times regarding that and I’m positive it wouldn’t have been enough. Look... You probably don’t know, Quentin, but take a look at what I’m wearing right now...” She said.

“A fedora? And a trench coat?” He observed.

“Yes. This is what I wear when I’m running investigations.”

“Investigations?”

“When I’m not here working my ass off, stripping for pervs, I tried to make a little more money by accepting private investigations. Come on, it's not that big of a secret. I even told you once, remember?”

“Yeah, I remember now, but I thought it was like a hobby or only a story or something like that... Perhaps a role play thing? What’s your point?” He asked her.

“I was recently working on a new case and I got into big trouble. They took all my money, which is why I need to keep this job here so bad.”

“Who took your money?” He asked, extremely curious.

“It doesn’t matter now... And I do not have to be a detective to detect that Joss didn't fire me just because I was late a few times.”

“Ahem... More than a few times...”

“Okay. Fine. More than a few times, but you know what I mean.”

“Sure. I’m sorry. I’m with you. Why do you think you were fired then?” Quentin seriously asked.

A beat.

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After thinking for a few seconds, attempting to figure out the best way to properly explain it to the synaptic Saurius bouncer in front of her – she suddenly got interrupted by another Saurius male who just entered the office through the same door they used – it was Joss. He closed the door behind himself to keep things private between the three of them.

“What the fuck are you two doing in my office?” Joss terrifyingly asked them. The two slowly turned to him, very surprised.

“It’s not what you think, boss. We were both on our way out. I was just coming to escort Cynthia out of the club as per your instructions,” Quentin said. He clearly wanted to save his friend’s ass right now, but didn’t truly know how.

“Don’t bother. Looks like the employee I recently fired has something to say to me. Let’s hear it. I simply hope you’re here to collect your things before never showing your tits here again, you bitch,” Joss totally ignored Quentin and turned to Cynthia.

“Well hello Joss, nice to see you too. I just have a quick question to start off for this meeting, do you often get rid of your female employees that refuse to have sex with your ugly ass or to be your own, personal slave?” She directly threw at him with ruthless efficiency, getting straight to the point.

He didn’t say anything at first.

“Woo, wait a minute, what? This is the reason why he fired you, Cynthia? Joss asked you to have sex with him?” Quentin recapped out loud to make sure he correctly understood.

“Yup. That’s exactly it. And then a tall, creepy butler came to save me in time. Or rather, kind of just in time...” She said.

“Meaning?” Quentin asked.

“Joss forced me to suck his dick. I did it but then he wanted more from me. This is when the tall, creepy butler came to my rescue, kicked Joss’s butt as if he were still a mere baby salamander. Joss left after that. I finished taking my shower then left as well. And that was it. And then now you tell me today that I was fired. That’s the entire story. More or less...” She said. After finishing to listen to her, Quentin quickly turned back to his boss in the hopes of hearing out his side of the story.

“Is this true?” Quentin asked Joss after he maintained his silence.

“She was late for work. Again. You know it better than I do, Quentin. She is always late. I tolerated it for nearly four years and she was *still* late again this week. At this precise moment, I am one-hundred percent within my rights to replace her with another employee that would get to work on time. However, I proposed something to her. A legitimate deal. Her flesh for her job. She wasn’t forced. It’s as simple as that.” The vicious Joss said, recounting the events in his own words.

“Besides, you’re not fully grasping what’s being said here! This cunt was faking her medical condition this whole time! Every licensed Saurius in this club could have been enjoying her sweet body for years now. Can you believe it? I ought to turn her into the Empire. She should be thanking me that this is all I’m doing to her!”

“Okay, so what? You're going to blackmail her now? Is that what's really going on? Look. I don't know too much about this stuff, but it sounds like if this is true, then it's a matter for Cynthia and the Empire officials to work out. It isn't your place to go sticking your nose in the private affairs of your employees. Come on boss, it looks like she's willing to put whatever happened between you two behind her. Just apologize to Cynthia and give her job back. And try not to pull something so scummy ever again. Understood?” Quentin firmly stood up to his own boss, completely in defense of his friend. Hearing Quentin talking to him like that simply caused him to laugh a little.

“Look around you. This is a strip club. *My* strip club. It's not a farm where we happily cultivate the field growing vegetables. Right? Do any of you see vegetables around here? No. We entertain people with sex. If you work here and can't show up on time once in a while, either don't bother to come in or be prepared to have a little bit of fun with the owner of the business as fair punishment. That's all. Nobody was *forced* to do anything here. Should I remind you two that the laws of the Empire support me on this one. In the amendments to the Inter-Species Reproduction Act?” Joss explained while raising both of his arms in the air, gesturing to the place around him to support what he was saying.

“And which one is that? They're always amending that damn thing...” Quentin asked in return.

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“The one about employer’s rights in workplaces, of course. In extreme cases of female employees not meeting reasonable expectations, a male Saurius employer is freely allowed to *quote on quote punish* with sex instead of straight up firing that worker. And since we are all working in a perfect place where sex is King, this makes even more sense. Don’t you think?” Joss said.

“She works here to get customers aroused. Not you,” Quentin quietly answered to him.

“I don’t care about you, muscle brain. So, Cynthia... *If* you are still interested, here’s one, final chance for you to keep your position here. Accept to have full on sex with me tonight before we close the place. Not just a simple blow-job. Do this and you’re back on the team. What do you say, whore?” Joss surprisingly, kindly offered the private investigator.

“Don’t bother, man. I already know what she’s going to say. She’s quitting and so am I. We won’t work with such a jerk ever again...” Quentin said before getting suddenly interrupted by Cynthia herself.

“I accept.”

Joss smiled, and soon opened the door of his office, showing her the way out in a veritable ‘ladies’ first’ pose.

“After you.” He said.

“What? Are you serious, Cynthia? He’s a monster. Why would you agree to have sex with him? This slime ball is going to make you have his kids!

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Why would you accept to keep working for a exploitative bastard like that?” Quentin yelled out loud, shocked and furious.

“Because I fucking need the money to survive. I would like to have the opportunity to eat this month if Humanly possible. Besides, now that I've lost my exemption card, it's only a matter of time before some random stranger knocks me up anyway, so what difference does it make? I'm ready whenever you are, boss,” she declared.

CHAPTER 12: THE SHOW IS ON

“Now, before we proceed, you do understand that you are accepting to be

bred by me tonight? Not at a later date, but before the end of the night. You won't be leaving this building until we have mated. Understood?” Joss confirmed while escorting Cynthia out of his office as he made sure to leave Quentin behind.

“Sure. Whatever. That works.” She asked.

“This is going to be very special. I want to make it unique... Profits have been down these last few weeks, hard to tell why, but I think we need to mix

things up a bit... That's where you come in, Heart. I need you to get us through this rough patch,” he said.

“Well, I can try a little harder... but it's not like I'm even the most popular girl you've got, right?”

“Sure, but no matter who it is, Saurius, Urzax or Human girls, it just seems to me like the usual stripping acts aren't enough any more. That's why I'm hoping to propose something a little different to our *bored* audience tonight.”

“What do you mean? And how boring can a strip club get?” She asked.

“Oh you'd be surprised, Heart. Though I wouldn't expect a dull bitch like you without any business knowledge to understand that,” Joss said to her with a changed expression on his face. He never did like it when his girls annoyingly questioned his motives. His favorites were the ones who simply obeyed his every command. Cynthia had always annoyed him this way, among others. However, her body had always been just too good for the lecherous Salamander to bring himself to get rid of. He managed to force a smile after answering her. Joss didn't want to risk blowing this golden opportunity when he was this close to his prize.

Bright neon lights from the interior of the club kept flashing all over the couple as they walked together, stepping out from the backstage of the establishment and crossing over into the front of it where most of the beautiful performers were. Tonight, Cynthia would have been the sole

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Human to work at the club. All the other dancers currently working at this precise time of night were Saurius ladies.

Green and blue neon lights flashed brighter on Cynthia as she now stood next to two large crowds of patrons.

“Okay. While I'm not quite sure what you have in mind, you want me to go on stage now, right? I guess we'll do it after, huh?” Cynthia asked Joss. They could barely hear each other with the thundering music that currently reverberated throughout the club. The music that was being played tonight was pretty unusual for this place. While the club was mostly filled with the sounds of modern pop, a totally new sound was in the air tonight. A piece of much darker music. A synthesized, darkwave, borderline horror-like style that surprisingly amped Cynthia up more than her usual coffee or energy drink would.

“What?” Joss asked in return, unable to hear her pretty voice, buried under the loud music.

“I said: What do you want me to do first? Dance or sex?” She yelled, though no-one but Joss could hear her.

“Look, you've agreed to my terms all ready, right?”

“Yes... And?”

“Well then, that means you're still working here and you're late as fuck for your shift you dumb broad! Go on and get ready. We'll be starting a special late-show in 10 minutes.”

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"O-okay... Thank you, boss." Cynthia turned to leave, before asking one last question. "What about the sex though? I didn't think you'd want to wait until after?"

"Oh trust me, slut. I can't wait at all..." After that, Joss simply stared at her with perverted eyes and smiled at her with the biggest grin Cynthia had ever seen.

In the backstage of the club, The Blue Heart stood alone in one of the very small dressing room reserved for performers. It seemed as if things were looking up for her. Sure, she'd have to fuck her gross boss, and probably bear his kids too, but she would still have her job. With the money she'd make, she could afford to keep both of her places. She didn't want to get pregnant of course, but she meant what she had said earlier. Joss had a disgusting face, body and personality. His dick wasn't at all bad though, especially for a Saurius of his size. He was also pretty rich. If she was nice to him, maybe even married him, then he would look after her. Plus, if they were married, he would be the only Saurius she would have to sleep with so long as she continued to produce his offspring. All things considered, now that she had no exemption from the I.S.R.A., it would definitely be better to give herself to Joss than to stay single and allow just any random stranger with a license to use her as they saw fit. This could just work... A small price to pay to keep most of her current life-style in-tact.

The Blue Heart had completely removed all of the striking clothes that made Cynthia Widdowfield, the beginner, wannabe, hard-boiled detective she kind of was. But Cynthia was not here tonight. It was no longer her.

Only The Blue Heart remained.

After observing her own reflection in the many mirrors around her in the dressing room, taking an unsure look at her naked body, not in a vanity way, but rather in a complex, self-conscious, self-judging way, she turned around. Her big butt now facing the many mirrors. The naked Blue Heart looked down at a 'brand new' stage outfit Joss had dropped for her on a stool. She had worn many, different, performing outfits for work, but she had never seen this one before.

She picked up a piece of the costume, a pair of long, bright, *frosty blue* colored gloves that could potentially cover her entire forearms. The rest of the outfit still lied on top of the stool before her. Of the very same flashy, frosty blue colour, there were long, high-heeled boots, a skirt, bikini underwear, and a strange corset type top.

After looking at it for a little while, The Blue Heart started putting on some of the clothing elements before her. She started with the high-heeled boots. She slipped her right foot inside one of them, laced it up, then did the same for the left.

Thunk, thunk, thunk, thunk...

She walked on the solid wooden floor of the dressing room, testing her performing walk with these new boots she had never tried before.

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After developing a sensual sway to her walk, she grabbed the odd corset that was resting on top of the stool. She placed it in front of her naked torso and took a look at herself in front of the many mirrors before her to help visualize how this outfit might look like on her.

The corset had two big, heart shaped holes for her nipples. It seemed almost tailor-made for her, the way it matched her exact dimensions and uniquely shaped areolae. Perhaps it was.

After getting dressed, The Blue Heart quickly tossed the cum stained private investigator outfit aside. Her time was almost up, and she needed to get out there, but she noticed something had fallen from the inside of her trench coat. The picture of her and her Mother that she had found earlier. It was the only thing she had salvaged from her trashed apartment. The photograph was no longer framed. It was loose. Unprotected.

She squatted down on the floor, picked it up, and held it close to her face once more.

Memories kept flowing back to her.

She remembered what her Mommy did for work way back when she was only a child. Her Mother was a businesswoman. A decent and hardworking one too.

But one time, when *Daddy* brought young Cynthia with him to go pick Mom up from work, the two made a surprising discovery. In her small office, visible through the crack of the door, the two saw Mommy getting fucked

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doggy style by her boss. She remembered that she seemed to be deeply enjoying it.

This was one of the final moments she had spent with her Father...

Back in the club, despite the unique musical ambiance of this night, the crowd was not at all pleased with tonight's performances. All of them were bored. Many were soon about to leave. Most already had... The remaining audience was a mix of Humans and Saurius. If they weren't drinking, they were having conversations with each other since they currently had nothing to look at, no performers were on stage right now.

It was dead.

Most of the strippers had finished their shifts and simply were too tired to continue dancing for a crowd that no longer appreciated them. Not that they were lacking for talent, rather that the men seemed less interested as of late. Times were tough in this part of town. Joss was probably right about this state of affairs. Business was bombing yet again. This was exactly why he had wanted to change things up tonight for this special performance...

“And now, to close up the night dear, loyal, patrons, we proudly present to you the long awaited performance of your favorite human girl. Please make some noise for The Blue Heart!” The announcer yelled as she stepped out onto the stage.

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The bright, frosty blue high-heeled shoes that went up to her knees, the long gloves that stopped near her elbows, a skimpy skirt that barely covered her bikini style panties, the corset that did a very poor job at hiding her belly. While the corset had giant holes for her nipples, they were currently covered by the pair of trusty pasties that she had retained from her previous show. The ones that Sebastian the butler had returned to her. Additionally, The Blue Heart also wore another accessory to go with her costume, a mask. A masquerade mask. Not something a hero would wear but rather something phantom thief would don. The mask itself was of a dark, navy colour while the foreground was beautifully decorated with sparkling, *winter mood silver* stripes all over it.

Her arrival on it's own did absolutely nothing to excite the crowd. She was several hours late after all, and the club didn't usually schedule performances this late into the night. The Blue Heart still confidently walked up to one of the metal poles over at the edge of the stage very close to where the patrons were sitting. She smiled at them while most barely looked at her. They were getting tiered, and had blown through their money hours ago. It, of course, saddened her to see that she wasn't making quite the impression she originally thought she would. But then, something else surprised both her and the audience alike. It was the sound of the announcer's voice once more, which rarely happened after the dancer had been introduced.

“And now, as a last minute change to our program to close tonight's performances, we would like to welcome the owner and manager of our

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sensual club... Here comes, *Joss The Boss!*”The announcer yelled, filled with energy in his voice.

What?

Just like the announcer said, Joss, walked onto the stage and joined The Blue Heart.

CHAPTER 13: PREVIEW

Of course, nobody in the crowd applauded. Why would they? They didn't even seem too thrilled to see The Blue Heart herself, let alone the greasy little man who followed her out onto the stage. Why would the owner and main manager of the club even want to go on stage, anyway? He walked up to the announcer that was nearby, who handed Joss the microphone so that he could address what remained of tonight's patrons. Several of them were still quite amendment about leaving, ignoring the onstage theatrics as they gathered their things. Only fifteen or so men remained seated, eyes peeled just in case this show was actually going somewhere after all.

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“What the fuck is this?” The Blue Heart muttered to herself under her breath, just as confused as the audience before her.

As soon as Joss grabbed the microphone from the announcer’s hand, the loud music suddenly stopped. The silence was eerie.

“Thanks, trusty announcer. Hello and thank you to all the valued patrons who have graced us with their presence tonight. Especially to those ten or so of you remaining seated and ready before me right now. For those who aren't familiar with me, my name is Joss. As the owner of this fine establishment, I'm the one calling the shots around here and as it just so happens, I figure it's finally time we mixed things up a little... I'm always trying my hardest to provide you all with the best value for you credits. Always striving to be the number one club this side of town. I know that none of you here tonight are stupid...” Joss said.

Um, yeah, some of them probably kind of are...

The Blue Heart thought to herself while listening to her boss’s speech.

“... This place isn’t the only strip club in town to have your fun at. You fine gentlemen could have gone anywhere tonight, but you chose here. And for that, you deserve to be rewarded for making the correct choice!” Joss continued. It seemed rather obvious to the Heart that Joss was simply sucking up to the crowd. Surprisingly though, it appeared to be working on them. At least they were listening attentively now.

“And that brings me back to tonight's event. A very special performance where we'll be trialling something unique and fresh. A preview of a new,

interactive show that I hope to be providing you fine folks with once per week from this point onwards.”

Man he enjoys the sound of his own voice! Am I even going to get a chance to do my routine tonight? Gosh I hope I'm still getting paid for this...

“Tonight. The Blue Heart here will not only be entertaining you with her graceful moves. No. You'll also get to watch her have sex, with me, right here, live on this very stage!” Joss announced.

What!?!?

The fifteen remaining men in the club slowly started getting excited, some were even cheering, though others were clearly still skeptical.

“But that’s not even the best part! As you may know, The Blue Heart has never had sex with a Saurius before! There was a little mix-up with some medical condition, but it turns out that there was nothing to worry about this whole time! Now that that’s a thing of the past she will now be available for more intimate performances. But tonight, for the love of all her loyal fans here in this very room, she is willing to provide you with a special treat. A once in a life-time show! Her first, official penetration with a Saurius cock will be exclusively viewed by you... Right now!” He concluded before handing back the microphone to the announcer. The synthesized music suddenly came back. The fifteen patrons got more excited. Some of them cheered and yelled very loudly, fully re-energized. Joss turned around and walked straight towards the busty, blue haired stripper.

I never signed up for this... What an asshole... I only agreed to have sex with him privately... didn't I? Shit! If I knew he was planning to do this, I would have asked for a large, upfront payment of credits at least... Fuck... Since I've already accepted, I probably need to go through with this in order to truly get my job back. Also, the men that are watching me right now would probably hate the fuck out of me if I chicken out of this. They would stop watching me perform or at the very least stop tipping me. Damn it. Having the job back is useless if the clients aren't interested in me!

She thought as Joss finally reached her position next to the metal pole she had chosen earlier when first stepping out onto the stage.

“You ready now, whore?” He asked her.

“You’re an asshole. You never mentioned that we would do something live like this.” She casually confronted him on stage while keeping a sensual aura about her so that nobody in the club would notice that she was currently furious with her boss. She was essentially putting on a fake face, a mask for the viewers. Of course, the actual, physical mask she was wearing as a part of her costume, helped quite a bit with that.

“Heh, well, I wanted it to be a surprise after all. Sucks that your butler is no longer here to rescue you like a little baby,” he viciously threw at her while smiling.

“I’m not a baby. I don’t need anyone to rescue me from the pathetic likes of you!”

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“Prove it then...” He said while quickly removing his jeans, dropping them to the floor. He grabbed and pointed his already hard cock at The Blue Heart. He softly fapped while smiling at her and then at the fifteen men in the club who all encouraged him with their cheers.

“Suck it, baby,” he demanded as she simply stared at him, still not entirely convinced that this was the best course of action. But whatever, it was too late to back down now.

“Very well. But you seem to be forgetting that this is my shift. My show. My stage right now. Let’s do things my way.” She kept confronting her boss while behaving very sensually, dancing around Joss, winking at the viewers. Instead of sucking his cock right away like he had ordered, she spun around him, stopped in front of his long, throbbing dick, turned around, bent over, and aimed her big, firm butt directly at his reptilian shaped glans. Slowly but surely, she backtracked in her walk, in her sensual dance till her generous ass finally made contact with the twenty one inches of Saurius cock meat that protruded from her boss’s groin.

His glans hit and rubbed all over her large buttocks. Despite everything, despite all the backstabbing and blackmailing, The Blue Heart endured, she seemed to be enjoying this very specific moment. Just a few hours ago, her womb had been thoroughly prepared for inter-species breeding. Plenty of ova had already been released when she was surrounded by Richard's hired thugs. The fact that her ovaries hadn't tingled in quite some time, only further confirmed the idea that she had remained at maximum fertility even up until

this point. There wasn't a whole lot she could do about that now. The thought barely crossed her mind. She had long since resigned herself to this fate. She grinned as she voluntarily presented her ass to her boss's disgusting cock. Ripe for the taking.

However, Joss didn't simply stand there doing nothing for too long. He soon pushed his hard dick right between her buttocks and slid himself all over her beautiful butt cleavage. Instead of getting another blow-job from her, Joss found himself hot-dogging his employee. It started out slow, but when The Blue Heart understood what he was doing, she simply started moving her ass faster and faster until she was twerking at full speed on Joss's dick. If the salamander's member wasn't so long, it might have appeared as if she was already being penetrated by him from the audience's perspective. Instead, they could clearly see the tip of his long, Saurius penis peeking out from between the Heart's massive cheeks and covering her butt in the lubricative substance that leaked out of the crevices in his shaft. Getting her genitals all wet for what was about to come next...

The stripper-turned-prostitute was yet again reminded of her past. Of the time she'd caught her mommy having sex with her own employer, just as she herself was doing now. She'd even ended up pregnant there as well. Funny how life can come full circle sometimes.

CHAPTER 14: FINALLY COMING ON

Following a live session of hot-dogging that lasted for at least four and a half minutes straight, the fifteen audience members remaining in the club were getting very excited and almost restless in their anticipation for the inevitable intercourse to come. Some of them shouted out loud, expressing their interest in seeing the lovely employee getting penetrated by her boss sooner rather than later. The Heart's big boobs were currently hanging in the air as she was bending over in a way that positioned her butt a little higher than the height of Joss's cock. She bent forward so far that her thick, pasty covered nipples could almost brush against the floor of the stage. They definitely looked like huge

cow udders as their intense weight brought them closer and closer towards the ground.

After a few, additional seconds of thrusting his long cock through her cheeks, Joss lifted her skirt up and moved her bikini underwear out of the way of her vagina. He finally had a nice view of her dripping wet, juicy pussy.

“Look at you, Heart... Your slutty pussy is salivating with sexuality. Oozing with the urgent need for my reptile cock. You can no longer lie to me, whore. You can’t convince me that you have no interest in feeling a Saurius inside of you. I think it goes farther than you just desperately wanting to keep your job,” Joss said to her while observing her vagina.

“It’s not what you think... I never had any interest in any species that wasn't Human, but... Something happened to me earlier and I was teased...” She tried to answer as best as she could while feeling the cold night's air on her now exposed vagina. Knowing that her pussy was now unveiled turned her on even more than she already was. Not because getting undressed was such a special thing for her, obviously not since the Heart was used to stripping in front of crowds much larger than this small gathering, no it was for a different reason... Her boss was probably soon about to have her. And while this was something she had been against for as long as she could remember, she had now come to accept this as what she had to do.

Keeping her job was this important to her, especially after everything that had just happened tonight. So she might as well try to enjoy this instead of lamenting it.

“Teased? Who teased you?” Joss asked her, curious to hear what she had to say. Despite the chit chat that only the two of them and the nearby announcer could hear, it didn’t prevent Joss from going through with what he had set himself out to do. He kept the skirt of his employee pulled up as high as possible before suddenly inserting the middle finger of his right hand into her sweet pussy.

Even if it was just a finger, this was the first time this buxom sow had been vaginally penetrated by a Saurius male in many, many years.

Just when she was about to answer Joss, The Blue Heart was interrupted by the fingering and choked a little, obviously surprised with the large size of his Saurius finger. To her, his sticky finger felt comparable to that of an average human penis sliding into her vagina. This long, slippery finger more or less easily slid deep down into her pussy with the lubricative assistance of the female pre-cum caused by her tingling ovaries. With a Saurius being closer to her uterus than even the henchmen back at her small, hard-boiled, detective office, her reproductive system could hardly get any more excited in anticipation. His middle finger dove deep and eventually hit the back of her vagina, tickling the entrance to her womb as she finally moaned for the first time tonight. Though there was plenty more of those still to come. The Blue Heart blushed some more as she moaned louder and louder. Meanwhile, Joss seemed to be having a total blast, he grinned and laughed.

“So? Tell me. Who teased you earlier?” Joss insisted for her to tell him the whole story despite already knowing full well how hard it was for her to form words with his hard finger prodding around inside of her.

“Ambushed...” She was barely to say out loud.

“What? Louder.” He said while adding his right index finger into her pussy without warning.

“... I was ambushed by a couple of people...” She mustered while moaning some more.

“Who?” A third finger came into action. His right index, middle, and ring fingers were all deep inside of her, penetrating the horny employee.

“... Criminals... Richard and his men...” She said.

“Richard Backbone?”

“... Ufuufu... Yes... Ufuufu...”

“I know him well. Oh, man, oh, man, you got yourself into some big trouble, huh? Especially if you messed with his money. Well, at least now I have a better understanding of why this job means so much to you. You'd only stoop this low if he's suddenly taken everything from ya! Ha-ha! Remind me to thank him later, okay bitch?” He said while laughing some more

“... Y-yes. boss...”

“Alright. Let's get to business.” He said as he truly surprised her this time by pushing his fully erect Saurius cock into her slippery pussy. The Blue Heart's eyes grew bigger, wider as she first felt what was happening as the

three fingers were replaced, with impressive speed, by the much bigger, threateningly large male member.

The patrons in the room went crazy. A Saurius male and a Human female having sex on stage live before them? Not to mention that the Saurius in question was actually boss of the woman? It was enough to get anyone interested.

The Blue Heart's face was ironically a bright red.

As Joss slid himself inside of her, he quickly unlaced the special corset that was keeping her enormous breasts restrained. The leathery piece of clothing was quickly discarded into the audience as her tits were set free. Her huge, pasty covered udders quickly began to swing back and forth in timing with the boss's aggressive thrusts. Building up a lot of force, they even began to fly under her bent over torso and almost reached between her two, wide open legs as the intensity of this mating increased.

Joss now had his two, freakishly large, carnivorous hands all over her hips. He held them in such a way that The Blue Heart wouldn't be able to escape, even if she wanted to. Though judging from her current body language, she simply had no intention of leaving this stage anytime soon. The time for resistance was over long ago. Now was the time for breeding! This sentiment was quickly reinforced by her employer who violently forced his way inside of her womb. There was no way she'd survive this fucking un-fertilized if he unleashed his sperm inside of her like this!

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He pushed so far against her pussy that it almost caused her to fall over. Luckily, she caught herself mid-fall by quickly grabbing the metal pole that she used to dance from earlier. This saved her from hurting herself on the surface of the stage, although... Perhaps her gigantic, cow udders might have helped her receive a softer landing. Who knows? It had in fact worked out like that once or twice before...

She held herself to the pole using both of her hands as the viewers noticed that the shape of Joss's dick was starting to be visible through the stripper's belly. The dino glans was generating a huge, skin bulge protruding from interior of her womb which truly caught all the onlookers by surprise.

During the intense moaning of *The Blue Heart*, Joss turned his head around, looked for his club announcer, and waved him closer. Up until now, the announcer had simply been standing there, just as shocked as the members of the audience. He slowly approached Joss as he kept banging his employee.

"Yes?"

"The microphone!" He shouted at the announcer before snatching the object from his hand.

"You all enjoying the climax of our performances tonight?" Joss asked the viewers still present. Most of them clapped and responded positively to the question.

"Okay. Now... I've just got one very important last minute question... Would you like me to impregnate this cock hungry slut or not? Let me know.

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Please stand up if you want me to shoot my load inside of her womb,” Joss yelled.

This last statement truly resonated with her because this was exactly what had happened to her Mommy a few seconds after getting caught with her employer many years ago. The Saurius man screaming out loud. Her Mother moaning. Him, strongly ejaculating deep into her Mother’s vagina. Tons of thick, white sperm aggressively overflowing from her juicy breeding hole. Even after all these years, the Blue Heart could still recall the overpowering stench of that man's jizz.

CHAPTER 15: THE VOTE

Almost immediately after hearing the question that the owner and manager of this club had just asked them, the fifteen, remaining patrons started looking at each other, murmuring amongst themselves as they remarked on this peculiar turn of events. They had all but forgotten about their drinks by this point, leaving them unattended as they were starting to understand why Joss had referred to this show as an interactive one.

What? Is this a joke? He's really asking their opinions?

In less than ten seconds or so, most patrons currently present in the club slowly stood up. Some of them even clapped and cheered, encouraging the

boss of the club even further. Only three patrons had remained seated, though they now looked unsure after seeing how popular the option of seeing their beloved Blue Heart impregnated right before their eyes was with their fellow audience members. The announcer who had recently lost his microphone and stood next to his boss could only smile while observing what was happening on stage. He was part of it in a way, standing only a few feet away from the stripper. The pleasant smell of her juicy pussy filled his nostrils. He wished he could have a taste of it for himself. Either with his mouth or his dick. It wouldn't bother him which. The announcer was Human, but he was into women from all species. This was practically a dream job for him, despite the late hours and how non-lucrative it was at times. After the many patrons stood up from their seats, the announcer tried to get his microphone back, but failed to do so. Joss the boss wasn't entirely done with it just yet.

“So, let's see... Wow. Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve... Twelve votes for *yes*. That's interesting,” he said while holding the microphone with one hand and counting the votes with the other. He did all of this while keeping his extremely erect cock inside of Heart's vagina. He wasn't currently fucking her. Instead, simply keeping his huge, pulsating member nice and warm inside her fertile breeding hole.

“Urgh, I didn't expect to be doing this in front of so many people... But whatever, let's get it over with. Just let me swap positions first. I don't want to be making direct eye contact with a group of my fans while our children are being conceived! Let me pull out and turn around first at least!” The Blue

Heart said before being interrupted by something that awkwardly prevented her from pulling Joss out of her pussy. She didn't know what was happening. She wasn't currently in a position to see what the problem was, but she could tell something wasn't right. A faint sensation she hadn't noticed until now. Despite Joss's wretched cock being the only point of contact between the two of them, it wasn't budging an inch as she tried to unsheathe him from herself. It was as if her boss's dick was stuck, deep inside of her cunt!

She tried pulling on it again, this time as hard as she possibly could. It still didn't work, but as she turned her neck around she was caught in the gaze of her slimy employer who stared directly into her deep green eyes.

"What are you trying to do, dear employee?" He said to her with a repulsive smirk.

"Didn't you just hear me? I'm pulling out. I want to change positions. I'd like to at least try to share this moment with the father of my children, rather than this crowd of strangers as you breed me from behind like simple livestock!" she argued.

"Heh, you really think you're worth more to me than that!? Dumb cow! You really crack me up, you know that? Well, I'd sure love to help you out, whore, but you'll just have to bear with it! Once my penis latches onto your insides, it ain't letting go until it's done with ya," he responded.

"L-Latches on? To my insides?" She was very confused, but attempted to take a look anyway, hoping to see what he meant. Many types of Saurius genitals and reproductive techniques varied from species to species.

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Something like this, however, was new to her. She leaned forward as much as her body would allow her to and used both of her hands to move her big breasts out of her eyesight. One hand for each tit. Although she finally managed to spread them far enough apart to each side in order to see between her legs, she still failed to see anything out of the ordinary. It must be something on the inside.

“That's exactly what I said, Heart. Keep up! As males from my species approach climax, our genitals start to secrete a thick, adhesive substance. You might have even tasted a bit of it last night? I've been told it has a pleasant flavor to it... In any case, if you leave it lodged deep in a bitch like you for long enough without moving it, it will start to stick to the walls of your pussy and womb, trapping you in place. It's rather handy for making sure the job gets done right, don't cha think?”

At this point the suction from his stationary, twenty one inch member was becoming unbearable for The Blue Heart... in a pleasurable way. The longer Joss went without thrusting, the greater the effects were as she felt her insides clamping down and constricting around his sticky, rock hard penis. It was ecstasy for her and her thirsty womb.

“F-ffffuuuuuhhhh! SHIT! Forget it then. Ahhnnn! J-just hurry up and unload that disgustingly thick sperm inside of me already! I can't take it any more!”

“With pleasure, slut! Not like you even had a choice in the matter, this one is for all those loyal fans of yours that voted for this! Remember to thank them afterwards,” Joss teased while forcing his massive, reptilian cock even deeper inside of her womb than ever before. The short, salamander Saurius grabbed her hips, stood up on his toes, and fucked her defenseless uterus as powerfully and aggressively as he could, pouring all of his energy into it. The intense interspecies mating brought her to tears of pure joy. She blushed again. She moaned again. The viewers clapped and cheered. They seemed to be really enjoying this part of the show right now. Many were enthusiastically stroking their hard members as well, in anticipation for what was about to come next. When The Blue Heart opened her mouth very wide, kept it that way, and stuck her long tongue out of it for her loudest moan yet, Joss ultimately ejaculated deep inside of her. Inside of his newly re-employed worker.

Spurt. Spurt. Spurt. Spurt.

Multiple, strong, cum-shots were fired directly inside of her now stretched womb. Billions of virile sperm cells raced straight towards the handful of unprotected ova that had been patiently awaiting this moment ever since being first released earlier in the night. They never even stood a chance...

From her awkward position, The Blue Heat had a little bit of trouble correctly seeing what was happening, but she already knew. She briefly saw a great amount of white, dino semen flowing out of her pussy.

It was done.

Her eyes widened again as her mouth finally closed. She felt the overflow of semen breaking down the adhesive bonds that had kept Joss's cock attached to the wall of her vagina as he appeared to have finished ejaculating, completing his orgasm. A few seconds later, her boss had finally, fully pulled his now semi-erect member out of her. His job was done here. Since the pregnancy had all but been ensured, he was finished with his toy for now. He let go of the tight grip he had on his employee's hips. Surprised by this, The Blue Heart accidentally forgot to stand on her own without anyone holding her in place and she fell. Once again, she luckily caught herself, grabbing the metal pole in front of her. She was saved. Exhausted, she slid down to the floor into a squatting position and prepared herself to feel the colossal amount of Saurius sperm gushing out of her – except that didn't happen at all – nothing came out of her. The small amount of cum that flowed out of her earlier hadn't remained a fluid liquid for too long, it had already changed. The semen that had started to leak out of her just moments ago had coagulated, forming a solid substance that blocked access to and from her pink, raw pussy. It was the strangest sensation for her. While the reptilian cum that tried to escape had become hard and dense, the semen trapped inside of her remained as a fluid and maintained the shape of her boss's wonderful cock. She could even feel the collective movements of Joss's active sperms thrashing around inside of her. This was nothing like she had experienced with human men. Though it was ever so slight, it was hitting her

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in just the right spot to keep her stimulated. It was like having a vibrator stuck inside of her, but in liquid form. It was absolutely sensational for the recently impregnated stripper...

Still supporting herself with the help of the pole, she tilted her head down to try and see it for herself.

The solidified plug was also partially transparent, to the point where The Blue Heart could see behind it, the liters of thick, liquid cum constantly sloshing around inside of her as if it had a mind of it's own. "What is that? What is this thing?" The Blue Heart said, all panicky.

"It's your seal," Joss soon responded to her, placing the microphone back in front of his mouth as he said it, making sure to provide an answer to both the excited onlookers and the horny, pregnant slut that squatted down on the floor of the stage before them with her legs spread wide open for all to see.

CHAPTER 16: THE SEAL

Still panicked, the stripper carefully tried touching the edge of the organic, pulsating, vaginal plug in the hope that it could be dislodged or re-liquefied if she acted fast enough. However, she was too late! This "seal", as Joss had referred to it, was as hard as a rock! At least on the outside. Inside, it was a thick, slimy mass of reptile cum. In the end, touching the thing ended up being a massive mistake for her. It caused the still liquid collective to violently move, penetrate, and fuck her more powerfully with it's intense vibrations, almost as if The Blue Heart had bothered it while it was minding its own business, doing its job, fertilizing every vacant ovum in her womb.

“What is it really? It’s twitching,” she asked again.

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“You seriously don’t know what it is, detective? Oh right, I had almost forgotten... You’ve never had sex with a Saurius before. Correct?” Joss said.

“Shut up, Joss! Just explain what the fuck this gross thing is exactly?!” She demanded.

“He-he, I already told you, slut. It's just a simple seal,” he answered her once more after finally lowering the microphone he previously held in front of his mouth. He paused his announcing and entertaining voice to directly communicate with his employee.

“A seal? It’s moving... It’s fucking me right now...” She said.

“Exactly! Feels great right? Lots of bitches I’ve bred told me it was the best part of our night together.”

“I don’t care! ! It's freaking me the fuck out. It's like it's alive or something! Yuck! Get it out. Get it out now!” She ordered him.

“I can’t. Some of the smaller species of Saurius have trouble competing with the larger ones when it comes to raw fertility. To compensate, my species is among those whose semen coagulates when in contact with the air. It forms an impenetrable seal that keeps my active sperm on the inside and keeps other males out. Once the seal is in place, it will stay fixed in there until long after my sperm is collectively certain that their job is done. Don’t tell me you’ve never heard of these things. It’s all common stuff. Things you should have been taught in the public school system at least.”

“Oh... I was never interested too much in school...” She answered.

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“Um... You didn't have to be 'interested', Heart. They usually cram all that Sex-Ed crap down your mind, whether you ask for it or not.”

“Well, I was raised in an area more remote than this and mostly studied in a non-Saurian, non-Urzan, school. An establishment exclusive to Humans.” She said.

“Whatever, bitch. Too bad for you I guess,” he said, shrugging his shoulders.

“Urgh! Fuck this! I'm done here...” The exhausted stripper whispered to herself while getting up from her low, squatting position. She helped herself with the metal pole, using it as support until she stood tall. She then slowly started to waddle off the stage. She wasn't going to stick around and be humiliated in front of this many of her fans any longer. She had played her role, and Joss treated her like dirt. Sure, he degraded her, calling her names like most males did, but she was used to that. No, it was something about the way he did it, the way he belittled her and kept her in the dark. He didn't trust her let alone care about her. The Blue Heart was just another plaything for him. Joss didn't take anything seriously. He probably didn't even care about what would happen to their kids after they were born. She wondered if it was even still possible for her to live like this? To live in a relationship with an ungrateful bastard like that! Still, right now at least, she needed his money...

Meanwhile, Joss had already turned back to the few people still remaining in the club. He raised the microphone up to his mouth and

prepared himself for what they could only assume were his closing statements for the night. More than half of the fifteen, remaining, patrons were getting up right now and starting to leave the place.

The night was over.

It was time.

“Thank you, everyone, for being apart of this special preview show tonight. I know it's late, but I would like to talk to you about one more thing before you all choose to leave. When I spoke earlier about changing things up and taking our club's shows in a more *interactive* direction, I promise I wasn't lying. Hopefully, after getting aroused tonight, I'd wager that a fair few of you would be interested in finishing on *her?*” He asked the viewers. It got their attention. Most of them turned back to the stage in confusion.

“That's right. Those of you that want to fap and cum all over our current performer right here, just come on up to the stage and we'll make it happen,” Joss continued. A few seconds after this announcement, two of the fifteen men walked up on stage, still looking very confused.

“What is this, no strings attached? How much is this going to cost us?” One of the two men who just came up on stage asked Joss. This one was a Saurius who grabbed and massaged his own dick through the fabric of his pants. The other person who came up on stage with him was Human.

“For you, loyal patrons that stayed here so late into the night, it will be absolutely... Free!” Joss declared. The two viewers on stage smiled. After this news, more patrons approached the stage. A grand total of ten viewers took

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the slimy salamander up on his offer, stroking their cocks while the five others had already left the club, probably a little prior to this surprise announcement. If all of them had stayed long enough to hear the news before leaving, things would have probably been a little different.

Too bad for them.

“Let’s finish this together. Blue Heart come back here. Come back on stage,” Joss said, still with the use of the microphone. He looked around for her, but didn’t see her anywhere. She had left for the exit leading to the backstage a little while ago.

“Where is that damn whore!?” Joss cursed after lowering the microphone, eventually letting it drop to the floor. He was furious that the stripper had disappeared from the plateau without his permission.

Down one of the backstage corridors leading to the dressing room, The Blue Heart tried to hurry towards her destination, but struggled to do so with the constantly twitching, pregnancy seal stuck in her vagina. The vibrations were getting more and more intense, probably in direct response to her many movements. She could barely stand, clinging to the walls as she staggered down the hall.

If I can get into the dressing room, I could lock the door and then use my phone to call a doctor or something... Maybe they can help get this fucking plug out of me. As much as I despise him, there's no way Joss's sperm weren't fertile enough to knock me up by now. I don't need this gross shit inside of

me at all! Fuck, so much of this wasn't a part of our deal... If only I could run right now...

Only a few more steps and she would have arrived.

But sadly for her, something or rather someone appeared in her way, totally obstructing the path to her objective.

It was Quentin. The Ceratops Saurius bouncer that worked at the club. She jumped in fear as he first rounded the corner in front of her, but then quickly regained her composure once recognizing her friend.

“Cynthia? What are you doing here? Are you alright?” He asked her.

“Quentin? Where were you?” She asked in return.

“What do you mean?”

“Where were you during the show?” She directly asked.

“Well... When you decided to accept Joss’s deal instead of listening to me, I decided to go outside for some air before getting ready to close the place up. I just came back from outside. Why? You wanted me to watch your performance? I’ve seen you work a lot of times before and to be frank with you I wasn’t so thrilled at the idea of seeing you having sex with the boss...” He quickly explained. Speaking very fast, to help distract from the awkwardness he was feeling at this point in time.

“Things went too far. He impregnated me live on stage, left this gross cum seal in me and as I was leaving I heard him talking about letting the viewers be a part of the show. None of this was supposed to be part of the deal!” she revealed to her friend.

“What? Fucking asshole!” He yelled, visibly deeply frustrated. He made an attempt at passing by the stripper to get to Joss but couldn’t as she accidentally fell in his arms. She still had a lot of trouble walking with the vibrating seal in her pussy.

“S-sorry, Quentin... It's the plug. I-it's pulsating so much...” She said while falling into him.

“Cynthia? Hold on, are you alright?” He said as he caught her. He then quickly got a much better look at her and noticed the permanently vibrating, solid cum plug sticking out of her naked pussy.

“Walking is... Hard... With this inside of me...” She softly whispered to him. Despite her will to get the Hell out of this situation, the constant vaginally penetrating sensations she was provided by this organic dildo-like object kept her warm. While it did still repulse her, it also kept her aroused and sensually excited while never going too far, never giving her anything too close to an orgasm. Poor her...

CHAPTER 17: THE GROUP

“Here you are. You made me look for you, Hearty. Where do you think you’re going? Your shift isn’t over yet, dear employee..” Joss taunted from down the corridor, locking eyes with his stripper who had recently, fallen into his bouncer’s strong arms. They both turned to their boss after realizing he was closer to them than they first expected.

“Joss... You never said she had to fuck you in public like that! Did you seriously knock her up in front of all those people? What’s wrong with you?” Quentin confronted his own boss while hugging the quietly moaning dancer in one of his arms.

“Well, it's not like she objected much. Besides, seeding her like that wasn't even my fault! The patrons voted for it you see. And unlike this slut, I give my customers what they want!” Joss declared.

“Are you for real? What kind of fuck-wit excuse is that? You won't get away with this!” Quentin yelled while squeezing The Blue Heart tighter.

“Okay, I'm not going through this shit again, muscle head. Here's the deal: Hearty, come back up on stage, properly finish your shift by letting our dear viewers finish on you, and you'll get paid nicely for your hour of work tonight. Don't accept, then you'll walk away with nothing at all! And I'll fire your ungrateful boyfriend, Quentin right here.” Joss threatened her. After blinking for a couple of moments, considering Joss's ultimatum and her current situation, she finally turned to her boss.

“Fine. I'll do it. Just wait for me.” She accepted.

“Are you kidding me?” Quentin furiously yelled in the corridor.

“I don't want you to lose your job because of me...” She said looking up at him, still in his strong arms.

“I don't give a shit about this job, Cynthia. Do you seriously think I'm gonna keep working for this swine after this? Let's go. We should leave this place right now.”

“No. No. No. You are in shock and you don't know what you're saying. You need the money just as much as I do, Quentin. And allowing them to fap and cum on me is nothing compared to what already happened tonight.”

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She said while moaning a little louder than before. The vibrating seal testing her limits without bringing her any closer to an orgasm.

“Shock? Girl, what are you saying! You're the one that isn't thinking straight right now.” Quentin corrected her before she left his arms, dropped to the floor, and started crawling towards Joss. Making the boss grin fiendishly once again.

Finally, back under the bright, neon lights of the club, The Blue Heart knelt on the floor at the center of the stage. Joss kept an eye on her from a distance while the ten audience members that had patiently waited for so long gathered around her, dicks in hand. Quentin was nowhere to be seen...

The performer had been stripped of her skirt and panties earlier as she bred with Joss, but still wore her boots, gloves, pasties, and mask. And of course, she still had the active pregnancy plug in her vagina. To her, it felt like a slimy dildo was fucking her senseless while everyone around her watched.

Two Saurius pushed their semi-erect cocks against her big, cow udders. They pushed the heads of their dicks against the blue, heart shaped pasties. The only thing preventing the group of men from having real access to her nipples.

“Can we strip this bitch a little more?” One of the two asked the club's Boss.

“Yeah, we want to see those naked titties. Are we all good to remove these pesky pasties?” asked the other Saurius.

“Sure. Go ahead.” Joss said. But before any of the Saurius or Humans on stage could have the pleasure of doing the honors themselves – The Blue Heart had already taken care of it – sensually peeling them off, one after the other.

Slip. Slip.

After removing the two nipple covers, she plastered them right on top of the two twitching, Saurius dicks that had been pressing up against them earlier. "There, how's that? I think they look better on your hard, scaly cocks anyway," she rewarded them. Unable to resist, the two dicks spouted some pre-cum from the tips of their respective glans. The seminal fluid nearly ended up on the stripper but fell short and splashed on the floor only an inch or two away from her. While the two pasties remained firmly fastened to the tops of their dicks, the two Saurius rushed towards her, pushing their hard glans against her now naked nipples. The two enjoyed it immensely. They masturbated for a while till they prematurely ejaculated all over her heart-shaped areolae.

Twitch. Twitch.

They were spent. The excitement had gotten the better of them.

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“Good job, big boys, but now make some room for your replacements.” She said while moaning, totally enjoying the constant, vibrating penetration of the vaginal seal.

Two Humans took their places. One of them pushed his penis in her left armpit and took pleasure in fucking it while caressing her left boob which was, of course, still covered in thick Saurius sperm. The other Human simply went straight for the kill and rammed his cock inside her mouth, forcing her to suck on him, which was not a part of the deal Joss had made with them earlier. As was often the case during this night, The Blue Heart was confused. The slimy salamander seemed less fazed though. Nodding at the other patrons awaiting their turn who looked to him for approval. They had it. Seems as if everything was on the table at this point in the night. In less than a minute, the ambitious Human ejaculated inside of her mouth. He pulled out and left. With the night she had, had thus far, Heart had no intention of swallowing. She intentionally spat everything she had stored in her mouth all over her big tits. Almost as if it was becoming a theme to dump their collective loads onto them. The other Human came shortly after while fucking her left armpit, sadly shooting all his precious semen onto the floor behind her. He left as well.

Only six patrons were left now.

Five Saurius and one Human.

Oops, no, never mind... The last remaining Human had also, already ejaculated while masturbating as he was staring at the horny, blushing,

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moaning stripper that he had once idolized. He was way in the back of the group of viewers and accidentally managed to shoot his sperm through the crowd, luckily hitting her alone. His cum-shots messily ended up all over her right leg. Right on the skin of her thigh, just above her boot.

Five Saurius males remained.

Two of them quickly took their position at her sides. Two seventeen inch long dino penises rested comfortably on top of her head. She was so horny right now that she decided to grab both of them.

One for each hand. She started masturbating them while the remaining three Saurius gathered closer to her. One of them managed to maneuver into a free spot right in front of her.

He slid his rock-like sexual member between her magnificent rack.

Roughly grabbing her two, slimy, cum covered jugs, this smaller Saurius made up for his size with the intensity and aggression of his thrusts. Pre-cum constantly oozed out of his dino cock as the glans peeked and hid between her giant breasts.

The two Saurius that the stripper was hand-jobbing eventually *came* to their conclusion and ejaculated all over her big boobs as well.

It was now becoming a little more official than earlier. This depraved group activity was becoming a bukkake almost exclusively reserved for her lovely breasts.

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CHAPTER 18: NO WAY OUT

With the colossal amount of work The Blue Heart had done already to finally finish her shift, she still had three boys to get through tonight. Three Saurius gentlemen that waited and waited to have their way with the colorful, masked stripper. With the owner of the place virtually tolerating anything for this rather out of the ordinary performance, the remaining male Saurius took it upon themselves to obtain even more from this evening than was originally offered.

One brontosaurus bred Saurius circled around Heart, suddenly lifted her up a bit, lied down beneath, between her long legs, and rubbed his cock all over the exterior of her juicy ass. A shorter Galliminus bred Saurius simply walked up to her, aggressively grabbed her face and started to kiss her while

rubbing the tip of his member all over her right side-boob. Finally, the third Saurius who was from a Stegosaurus breed took his place between the horny sow's giant tits, plunging his lengthy rod amongst the mass of pale flesh as the performer grasped her chest from either side to support his efforts.

The Brontosaurus Saurius had a beautiful view of the vibrating, pregnancy plug. He observed it twitching as he kept rubbing his long cock all over her booty. At one point, he even tried using his member as a tool to move the plug around, desperately attempting to dislodge it in the hopes of taking it's place inside of her soaking wet cunt. Although he was fully aware of how securely these pregnancy plugs were usually fixed to the interior of their victims, he still figured it might be best to try. Just in case it was beginning to loosen up early. While his efforts were not constructive, something pretty interesting happened when he awkwardly, and poorly played with the plug, trying to push it around with his hard glans. Instead of finding a way to pull the plug out of her vagina, he accidentally pushed it deeper into her.

Almost immediately after performing this accident – The Blue Heart found herself feeling a ton of pain coming from the interior of her pussy and screamed in agony – oops, she really felt it. The Brontosaurus Saurius appeared to feel a little guilty at first, but persisted nonetheless. Despite the intense, painful scream she let escape from her mouth, The Heart didn't see anyone moving a muscle to check if she was okay. Probably because her scream was quickly followed by more and more sexual moaning. At this point

in the night, the line between pain and pleasure was running pretty thin. The Brontosaurus Saurius truly went with it after hearing her moan some more as he simply kept pushing the plug with his horny cock. Sadly for him, it was no longer working. The pregnancy plug wasn't getting a whole lot deeper than that. It was stuck. Well, even more stuck than it was just moments before.

The pushing against the plug then turned into some simple rubbing against the fine, pink lips of her moist pussy.

He basically masturbated himself while enjoying the sweet, sweet corporal feeling of rubbing the lips of his glans against hers. A sharp, malicious stare from Joss at the other side of the room let him know that he was starting to take things a little too far with this action. However, the fact that the club's boss had yet to intervene informed the bold Saurius that he would not be reprimanded so long as he was quick. When the stripper's moaning grew louder and louder than ever before, the Brontosaurus Saurius felt like his time was coming soon. He masturbated some more while pushing his cock as strongly and as deep as '*Sauriously*' possible against the base of the pregnancy plug.

He soon ejaculated and shot four distinct, cum-shots all over the exterior of her ass and labia.

Some of his warm semen coincidentally ended up slowly descending till it reached the base of the plug. His jizz was so hot right now that it eventually melted into the organic seal made of Joss's cum. If this had happened sooner,

a few of his sperm cells might have had a real shot at fertilizing one of the many ova inside her womb. But they were too late, and their numbers were not strong enough to have any real impact either way.

Soon after his ejaculation, the Brontosaurus Saurius fully lay down beneath The Blue Heart and decided to rest for a little while...

The Galliminus continued to violated her mouth with his tongue, while finding a soft, gloved hand tightly surrounding his rigid dick. The hand-job seemed to be a great experience. The Galliminus was getting a ton of sweet attention from the now, exhausted performer. She was heavily motivated by her unexpected night of work but soared to the point of potentially falling unconscious at any moment now.

An intense eye-contact between the Galliminus Saurius and the stripper heated things up as she progressively fapped the beast, faster and faster.

Although his member continuously spouted a thick coating of pre-cum, the main contributor to the speed of this hand-job had more to do with the pair of gloves worn by the Blue Heart. In particular, the material found on the palms of the gloves was a unique synthetic material. It was certainly very slippery, but it had a coarse texture to it at the same time. These gloves had been custom made for Joss's new 'business venture' with his girls. They were designed with hand-jobs in mind. More specially, they were especially crafted to provide maximum pleasure to the extremely hard surfaces of most erect Saurius dicks.

Crushed under the intense pressure and pure ecstasy of the hand-job, the Galliminus expectantly ejaculated into The Heart's hand. Three cum-shots were fired from within her palm, before swiftly escaping the reach of it. This soon caused the dense wads of cum to splash all over her big round boobs.

However, part of the final strand of semen accidentally dripped down onto the Stegosaurus Saurius's member. For the first time since they all got up there, the atmosphere suddenly felt a little awkward. The Stego quickly turned to the Galliminus and obviously let his displeasure known, albeit only through the angry expression on his face. His Stegosaurus spikes rose very straight in the air, now pointing towards the ceiling of the room.

"Sorry, not sorry, mate." The Galliminus Saurius jeered while slowly stepping back from the group on stage after finishing his strong ejaculation.

When the Stegosaurus Saurius realized that he was the only one remaining, he turned to see that Joss was staring right at him from across the room, a little impatient, as if to signify that he was almost out of time. He needed to wrap this up. Without anyone left to get in his way, he could now truly thrust with all of his might. Really putting his jagged back into it; the full length of his plated, reptilian cock repeatedly entered and exited the slimy pocket between the Heart's two colossal jugs. With his fat glans smacking her on the chin, the worn-out stripper couldn't help but moan as the stench from this large Saurius' powerful member was wafted through her nostrils. Under any other set of circumstance, the Blue Heart was positive it would have made her sick... But not at this moment. At this moment, the

dirty, unwashed scent of this beast's penis did nothing, but turn her on. Getting close now, the huge titted whore braced herself for the action to get even more hardcore. Much to her surprise, he let go of her breasts instead and began furiously rubbing himself as he too prepared to ejaculate. As if by some strange act of instinct, The Blue Heart opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue, waiting to receive his load. But she misread his intentions. Aiming for her beautiful, wet rack; he shot his thick seed all over it. The long ropes of semen just seemed to merge and blend with the already existing layer of sperm that covered this messy bitch's upper torso. It was finally over.

The bukkake was complete.

By the time Joss had reached the stage, the Stegosaurus Saurius, the last of the club's remaining patrons that night, was already on his way out. The scheming salamander stood above his employee, looking down upon her drenched, used & abused body. Now lying face first in a puddle of dino cum, the fatigue stripper could still be heard moaning softly to herself. After all of that, she was beyond desperate to reach an orgasm of her own, but clearly lacked the energy to take care of it by her lonesome. He couldn't tell if he was disgusted, or turned on by the state she was currently in. His own sperm reserves were quickly being replenished though. Perhaps he could go for another round?

Meanwhile, The Blue Heart felt herself passing out...

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CHAPTER 19: REBELLION

While Cynthia had barely managed to remain conscious, she was still **completely drained of both energy and vitality.** She couldn't pick herself up from the sticky puddle she had fallen into, but was at least able to roll herself over so that she could continue to breath normally. Her entire upper torso and face were drenched in semen, and her loins were dripping a mixture of Saurius cum and her own ejaculate onto the freshly stained floor. The pregnancy plug kept vibrating as she desperately tried to ignore the unbearable sensation it inflicted upon her.

With only, one eye still open, she saw Joss standing motionless above her. Just when it looked like he was about to finally say something to her –

Quentin appeared out of nowhere behind his own boss – quickly placed one, strong arm around his neck, and imprisoned him in a headlock.

“What... What’s going on...” She was barely able to push out of her mouth.

“I should have done this a long, long time ago...” Quentin said.

“What the fuck is this?” Joss yelled.

“... Quentin...?” She kept whispering.

“... This is the last time. This is going to be the last time you’ll ever have to endure such awful things from this man.” Quentin spoke directly to the seemingly broken girl before him.

“... What are you talking about, Quentin? Everything is fine. I’m fine. In the end, I pretty much volunteered for all of this... I want the money. I need the money. Don’t hurt the boss...” She said, still unintentionally maintaining her whispering tone. If she had more energy, she would have used it.

“You don’t get it, do you? He has done this to many other women who worked here. Trust me, Cynthia! I have been a bouncer here for a while and I’ve... seen things.” He argued.

“... Look, I cannot speak for the other strippers who worked here, but I am personally fine with the way this has worked out. I don’t mind having to get a bit physical every once in a while if it means I get a bonus. You don’t understand. If I don’t get to keep this job, I’ll be homeless soon...” She desperately explained. She attempted to sound angry and convicted, but her pleas just came out as pathetic whimpers.

“As I said earlier, you must be in shock right now, Cynthia. That’s why you’re saying these things at the moment. You don’t deserve this. You deserve better. You are more than just a cheap prostitute, you’re a private investigator with dreams and a passion that I don’t usually see from the other girls that work in this disgusting place. And from what I can tell, you’re one of the only independent detectives around that isn’t already bought out by police departments or crime lords. This is precious. Really precious.” Quentin encouraged her to focus on her much less lucrative gig as a private eye. Performing at the club was tremendously more appealing from a revenue point of view and all of them knew it.

“You’re fucking crazy! Let go of me, you thick skulled freak!” Joss screeched, all panicked as he started to feel himself running out of air.

“Not yet,” Quentin responded. The semen covered performer was desperate to help Joss talk his way out of this. To prevent Quentin from doing something irrational that she knew he’d regret. But she simply didn’t have the willpower to argue any longer. She could feel her remaining open eye start to strain.

Fuzziness.

As if a transparent, dirty, and foggy filter had been cast over her eye.

It was hard for her to see.

But she still managed to make out Quentin turning around with Joss still trapped in his headlock. The bouncer brought him towards the exit that led to the back-stage, down the corridor near where the dressing room was.

DNA Valkyrie

For a strip club bouncer to be rebelling against the owner of the place, it was as if a fiercely loyal knight had suddenly turned against his king in the name of justice. That was the feeling Cynthia got from this current display, though she couldn't see it herself.

When the two promptly left her field of view, the performer tried to play the hero for her wretched boss. She tried to get up from the floor. It took her a while, a few minutes of trial and error, but ultimately succeeded to stand. Walking was very difficult for her with the constantly, vibrating, organic, pregnancy plug still comfortably jammed inside of her pussy.

Come on... You can do it..

Slowly and awkwardly, she traversed the stage, stumbled towards the exit leading to the back-rooms and turned the right corner. Even down the corridor, she couldn't see Quentin and Joss. They were long gone. She was too late.

She kept trying to walk in the corridor, eventually crashing down onto her knees. Demoralized, that she hadn't been able to do anything to prevent this, but determined not to give up. She forced herself to keep going through the sluggish method of crawling.

Half-way down the corridor, Cynthia finally caved, and gave in to the idea of taking at least a short moment to recover inside her dressing room as she passed by. She was able to crawl to the foot of the stool on which her detective clothes were clumsily draped across. She appeared to reach for them, but was instead aiming for one of her trench coat's many pockets. Cynthia

DNA Valkyrie

took something from it – the photograph of her and her Mother. While the last time she had laid eyes upon it was by mistake, it was certainly no accident this time. Sadness engulfed her. She would have erupted into tears if she had the strength left. Her mommy, despite their differences and troubled past, was very dear to her. Right now, she was in desperate need of hope and the woman who generously took care of her since she came into this world brightly gleamed with an aura of it.

She held the picture close to her chest while staring at it...

Before finally collapsing on the grimy dressing room floor...

Cynthia woke up an hour or two later.

It was early dawn. The day was soon about to begin. The sun was already rising. While there were no windows in the dressing room, the door remained wide open, allowing for quite a lot of sunlight to seep into the room. As she awoke, the abandoned performer noticed that she no longer had anything lodged in her vagina. The pregnancy plug wasn't there anymore. She could no longer feel it. Quickly reaching for her pussy, Cynthia accidentally fingered herself with her index finger in her rush to confirm her suspicions. That was unexpected, though it probably shouldn't have been. Her labia had of course been loosened quite a bit during the night's events. At least her vagina was now empty and free once again. Well, except for the

finger she had just jammed in there. Looking around, she was soon able to locate what remained of Joss's pregnancy plug between her large, thick thighs. It was no longer vibrating and seemed to have decreased in size somewhat, as if it had melted during her sleep. She touched the strange lump of organic matter with the tips of her fingers and discovered it had become all gooey and slimy. It was completely different from the sturdy, solid state it had been in when it first latched onto her insides a few hours ago. The stripper finally stood up, changed back into her private investigator outfit, and made sure not to forget the picture of her with her Mom.

Before leaving the club, she turned the entire place over, frantically attempting to find any amount of cash from Joss to pay for her night of hard work. There was a safe inside of his office, beneath his desk. Though she was unable to open it, she did manage to find a couple of dollars in one of the draws. It wasn't much, but she took it.

Most of the region had swapped over to using a digital currency of imperial credits, but run-down areas like this still traded in paper money most of the time. With the right connection, you could still purchase everything you needed the old fashioned way. She searched the rest of the place for an additional twenty minutes but failed to find any more cash.

Fuck...

It had become very obvious that she now had to find Joss and Quentin to get her money. She had no idea if she would still have the opportunity to work in this place in the future after rescuing her boss. Hell... She wasn't

DNA Valkyrie

even totally sure she wanted to save Joss. However, she definitely wanted to get paid at least. What she'd do with him after getting her money was not her number one concern right now.

It appeared the sun was not the only thing on the horizon this morning. Cynthia Widdowfield had a new case to pursue.

But this busty, cum-stained, private detective needed to hurry. With rent for her apartment and office due very soon, she was quickly running out of time...

CHAPTER 20: FAILURE

After almost an entire week of searching and investigating for clues regarding the whereabouts of Joss or Quentin, it soon became clear to Cynthia that this case wasn't going to lead her to anything useful. The trail had gone completely cold before she'd even gotten a chance to pick it up. It was as if they'd just up and vanished that night. She frequently went back to the strip club, but no one ever showed up there. It was a ghost town. The place was all boarded up now to stop the homeless from taking refuge there. Seems like whoever Joss had leased the land from had repossessed it. It would likely stay this way until they found a new buyer. In the end, she ran out of time and lost both her apartment and her detective office.

DNA Valkyrie

Just like she had feared would happen two weeks ago, she was now officially homeless herself. She hadn't had much to eat either. Times were pretty grim. After having basically failed for so long, back to back, she was starving for any kind of good luck as she decided to sit down for a moment at a local park. After brainstorming for a while, Cynthia finally turned her mind towards the only reasonable option that she had left. While assisting that old, dying Saurius and his tall, creepy butler with their "missing persons" case wouldn't really help her directly, it might be her only decent way of making enough money to get off the streets. It was either that or sell her body. Something she even more reluctant to do now after her first attempt. What did that get her? She got knocked up, used as a cum dump by a group of men, and then deserted without any of the money she was promised or even the comfort of her friend, Quentin. She could really use a friend like him right about now. However, by abandoning her like that to exact his own revenge on Joss, he had basically just made everything worse in the short term. Some friend he turned out to be...

Cynthia rubbed her bloated belly. It was weird, it hadn't been that long, but she already looked several months pregnant. Ever since she was a little girl, she had wondered what it would feel like. She had envisioned all your typical side effects: morning sickness; cravings; lactation; feeling the growing fetus kick from within. This was nothing like she had imagined though. Instead of one, moving human slowly growing inside of her, instead she had multiple, motionless, eggs growing at a rapid pace. She didn't really

experience any of the negative side effects, but that only made it feel even stranger to her. She had started to feel a bit of moisture in her black, tank top though. Probably a bit of premature milk, but she had yet to check for herself. Cynthia had been so busy dealing with Joss's disappearance that she hadn't really stopped to figure out how long she had until she'd be entering labour. Originally, she figured it would be months away, but with how fast her eggs were growing, she wasn't very sure anymore. It was clear to her now that she should have paid more attention to this sort of thing in school. It had just never occurred to her that she'd actually end up giving birth to any children let alone multiple Saurius offspring. Just another reason she had to focus on getting some money and a place to stay, and that old man Gerald had offered her both.

Cynthia had at first turned down the case to find his allegedly abducted daughter. While they had promised her a large sum of credits, the blue haired detective had refused them on the basis of not wanting to get involved with the dangerous, underground sex trafficking ring they believed she had gotten mixed up in.

This was still an incredibly dangerous case and Cynthia was concerned about the eventual ramifications, but things were pretty horrible for her right now anyway.

How much worse could her situation possible get?

DNA Valkyrie

Later that day, Cynthia finally found herself back outside the colossal building where the tall butler, Sebastian, had taken the freelance detective on her first visit to the estate. Gerald's manor. She hadn't seen anyone guarding the gates outside, so she was easily able to walk up to the two front doors of the mansion. Unfortunately, it was locked and despite how many times she knocked, nobody ever answered. It appeared that no one was home.

Obviously not satisfied with this boring outcome, Cynthia decided to take matters into her own hands. She reached for something in her trench coat pocket that would disguise her a tiny bit – the dark blue and winter mood silver masquerade mask that had been apart of her custom made stripper outfit that Joss had prepared for her 'special performance'. Despite everything that had happened, she did like the skimpy, 'Blue Heart' themed costume. She wasn't going to just leave it in the club after everything she had been put through. At least that was one thing she had managed to salvage from that night. Well, except for the corset piece, she didn't have the space inside of her trench coat to take that with her...

As for the mask, she now gracefully and sensually slid it into her face before climbing up some thick vines to one of the very high windows of the mansion. Luckily for her, the specific window she had selected was unlocked and ta-da! She was now inside the large, extravagant house.

While Cynthia was far from being a burglar, her detective skills and experiences had forced her to cross paths with many gentlemen, phantom

thieves. She had investigated, confronted, faced-off, and caught several burglars in the past.

Though she enjoyed playing the part of a stealthy criminal to avoid attracting attention from the outside world, now that she was safely inside, she no longer had any reason to keep up the act.

“Gerald? Sebastian?” She called out loudly. Her voice echoed throughout the many rooms and corridors of the building. Truly nobody seemed to be here right now. She saw no one inside and no one replied to her calls either.

“Anyone?” She kept yelling out loud. Still no answer.

“I know it has been a couple of weeks since you invited me here, but I wanted to let you know that I've now changed my mind about working on your case... If your daughter is still missing, of course...” Once again, no response. Cynthia then decided to look around. She wasn't here to actually steal anything from these guys, but she needed the money now! If they weren't around to give her the case anymore, and were dumb enough to leave a window open, well... They certainly had plenty of expensive looking items that the private investigator was sure would fetch a high price from somebody. This was new ground for Cynthia, of course. She didn't usually resort to things like this, but if stealing meant she could eat properly again then it was worth it to her. She considered it to be a necessary evil to her survival.

After searching the place for quite some time while making sure to keep calling out Gerald and Sebastian's names, she quickly went to the large

bedroom in which she met the actual owner of this luxurious place. Nobody was there. Gerald's deathbed was empty. Was this a sign that time had come for the old, Saurius man? Maybe, she still kept looking. Though at this point she was more focused on the estimating the value of any trinkets she found along the way...

Sadly for her, most of the mansion seemed devoid of anything portable enough to pinch. There was a lot of elaborate furniture, glittering wall decorations, and Jewelled ornaments, but nothing small and valuable she could discreetly grab to bring with her. She eventually wound up in a corridor that appeared to lead towards some kind of lavish kitchen. Well, if she couldn't steal something to pay for her food, perhaps she could just eat her fill while she was here instead?

On her way towards the manor's kitchen, an odd door caught her eye. She had almost missed it, truth be told. It was half hidden behind the building's central stairwell. A fairly plain, dark wooden door with flakes of timber splintering off of it, complete with a rusted, copper handle. Truly unremarkable compared to every other door in this place. Which was exactly why it stuck out like a sore thumb to the keen eye of a true detective. Her instincts told her to open it.

What she found hiding behind it truly impressed and mesmerized her at the same time. There was a golden elevator. An elevator that was seemingly constructed in order travel downwards, beneath the surface level of the mansion.

DNA Valkyrie

Almost immediately after opening this out-of-place door, the mysterious elevator slowly opened up for Cynthia. She had probably just walked past some kind of hidden sensor that triggered the machinery. She then took a long look at the interior of the elevator.

Hey, why not? Who knows what kinds of interesting things I might be able to find down there...

Ding-Dong.

The doors of the elevator opened up again. Gone was the luxurious, royal, monarchic esthetic and looks of the mansion. The underground space was in fact a giant laboratory. The walls of the place were a somber silver colour. Tons of sterile scientific and medical instruments garnered the many table tops of the surprisingly clean lab.

Now, if she could just find some kind of box or crate to carry out as much of this expensive looking gear as she could, then she'd be set for a while. She no longer called out the names of the house's inhabitants. At this point, Cynthia had steeled her resolve to loot as much as she could, as quickly as possible. Stalking the rows between the benches, the long, uncomfortable silence was suddenly broken by a thud caused by something making a nervous movement behind Cynthia.

DNA Valkyrie

The private investigator slowly turned around and discovered what appeared to be a strange animal sneaking up on her. While it definitely looked like a beast, the term ‘animal’ was to be taken a little lightly with this thing. This creature slowly and carefully crawled between two, towering glass tubes. It moved closer to the busty, masked detective.

It was only about three feet tall, but this thing looked incredibly feral. It didn’t have any skin, fur, feathers, scales or anything of the sort. This creature was entirely made of bones. No, the colour was off: a dark bronze tinge. You couldn’t exactly classify these as ‘bones’ any more. They had become fossilized rocks a long time ago. The skeletal beast had no organs at all. It was a theropod. It stood on its two hind legs. Its two front arms were short, but made up of extremely long and sharp, rock-like claws. It had a long tail, a slightly rectangular head with two, big, characteristically distinct crests on top of it. It also sported a set of carnivorous, dangerous-looking teeth. Despite its very small size, this animated skeleton was actually the fossil of a Dilophosaurus. A child one that is. It stared at Cynthia with an obvious appetite for her.

What? What is this?

The animated fossil slowly stepped closer to her. The Dilophosaurus was now only six feet away from her.

“What the fuck is this?” Cynthia said out loud in the dark laboratory. She was completely caught off guard by the mere existence of this thing. Sure, the Saurius people were descendants from dinosaurs, and there still existed

DNA Valkyrie

some original species of dinosaurs in this world, today. But this? It was like seeing a possessed corpse come back from the dead to haunt her. It was something completely derived from a supernatural realm. She was petrified.

Still caught off guard, the animated fossil had plenty of time to pounce at the pregnant detective and begin it's ferocious assault on her. It was sadly too late for her to dodge or avoid its attack. The Dilophosaurus leapt forward, latching onto her beautifully thick body, using it's front claws to dig into her black tank top. Unfortunately for the skeletal beast, Cynthia's large breasts heaved and bounced with surprising force as she stumbled backwards in shock, preventing the creature from penetrating her skin as intended. She bumped her big, rounded ass against the side of a table behind her, stopping her from awkwardly falling backwards, but limiting her options for escape at the same time. This fast, staggering action from her caused the animated fossil to stumble himself. The full weight from one of her gargantuan boobs accidentally smacked the small creature from above forcing it downwards. It's sharp claws easily shredded the thin material of the buxom broad's tank top, completely severing it right down the middle as it struggled to hold on. Her trench coat was also pushed away on both sides in the process.

Boing! Boing!

Both of her big titties were fully revealed through this action. They heavily bounced up and down. The animated fossil saw them from an extremely close-up view as it quickly resumed it's ascent of her lewd body. The Dilophosaurus opened its bony jaws even wider before chomping down

of her right nipple. Cynthia shrieked as a few droplets of milk began to secrete from the puncture marks. It appears she was lactating after all, though only a tiny amount.

Being the busty cow that she was, the terrified detective violently shook her heavy jugs from side to side in an attempt to dislodge the zombified corpse and throw it across the room. Instead, while thrashing it about, the tip of the fossilized tail slapped into Cynthia's left nipple. But it didn't stop there. The sharp, thin tip of this impossible being's bony tail fully inserted itself inside of the nipple, penetrating it directly from the center. The skeletal creature didn't appear to have any sexual intentions when doing this. It almost appeared to be some kind of accidental sequence of events! In any case, she now had both of her thick, lactating nipples physically connected to each end of this thing!

Bright, amber coloured lights then suddenly came out of both of her nipples and the interior of the animated fossil. Cynthia couldn't help but to let out a curdling scream out of both fear and pain.

CHAPTER 21: DNA

The flickering, glowing, amber coloured lights continued to radiate out from within both her thick nipples and the skeletal creature that had latched onto them. A blinding flash suddenly filled the previously dark laboratory. Cynthia couldn't see for a moment. She had to close her eyes, or risk losing her vision entirely due to the light's blinding intensity.

One...

Two...

Three...

Four...

Five...

DNA Valkyrie

Five seconds trapped in darkness as she forced herself to keep her eyes shut. She felt the bright, amber light slowly fading even though she still had her eyes tightly closed.

A mere glimmer.

The trespassing detective determined that it was now safe enough for her eyes to finally reopen them.

From what she saw, the amber light had totally faded away and the lighting inside the empty laboratory had returned to a dull, dark ambiance.

What just happened?

With no trace of the rabid creature anywhere in sight, Cynthia finally looked down at herself, at her own body. She discovered that the skeletal Dilophosaurus was still here with her. More or less. The bony Dinosaur was mostly gone.

Rather, it had changed.

Morphed into something different.

The private investigator no longer had a living animal attached to her boobs, she now instead had a rigid, lifeless, skeletal bra.

For the longest time, in months, almost a year now, Cynthia was surprised to find herself wearing a bra. It was, of course, far from intentional. As a woman, she wasn't against it, it was just that she thought her breasts were so large that putting one on each morning was kind of a waste of time. The larger her boobs had grown, the more precious time it took her to cram them into ill-fitting bras. Not to mention that Cynthia was poor as fuck.

DNA Valkyrie

Even the cheapest, most poorly constructed bras honestly cost hundreds and hundreds of credits. High prices that the Empire strictly and purposely set so that breasts had a lessened chance of going unseen by the perverted, watchful eyes of the male citizens. Easier visibility and accessibility to them helped the the men of the Empire feel more confident, therefore boosting reproduction rates among the population. In the end, Cynthia didn't mind the permanent sensation of having her breasts enjoying the freedom and pleasant liberties of remaining unconstrained.

But now, things had changed.

She was wearing a bra.

At first, she figured that somebody must have placed one on her exposed tits while her eyes were still shut.

But what tipped her off to the truth, was the strange appearance of the bra itself. It was of the exact same, rusted, bronze colour that the living fossil had been. The right compartment of the bra had the shape of the Dilophosaurus's skull designed on it, while the left side featured the creature's stubby arms & sharp claws with it's tail bones wrapped just beneath it. Two nipple sockets could be seen on each side. They were probably there to allow much better comfort for her swollen nipples to rest while wearing the bra. The fabric of the cup's interior side was unlike anything she had ever felt before. It was certainly not the usual polyester and spandex blend she was used to. Instead, it was made of some kind of cool, rock-like element that gave her the impression of an armoured bikini that

some fantasy knight might wear. Despite the chain-mail, armoured vibe she was getting from it, she was surprised to notice that this very unusual piece of clothing was extremely soft and light.

What is this?

As anyone stuck in her shoes would, of course, do, she tried desperately to remove this seemingly alien construct from her chest. She pulled on it as hard as she possibly could and while she managed to partially peel it off her skin, a pair of tenacious elements ultimately stopped the busty detective in her tracks... Her nipples. They were firmly stuck within the sockets of the unusual bra. It appeared there was nothing she could do. The more she pulled on it, the more it stretched her nipples forward, teasing and accidentally providing her with a faint sensation of pleasure. Warm droplets of milk continue to seep out with every tug. But the pleasure wasn't enjoyable enough for her to justify allowing this this parasite to continue covering her breasts anymore than that.

After staring at the fossil bra for a while, she saw the bright, amber coloured light coming back. It beamed out of the bra itself, directly from the two nipple sockets. The lights flickered with a new intensity as Cynthia felt a rush of fear wash over her once again. All by themselves, her huge boobs bounced up and down as the lights kept jerking around in a visibly uncontrollable frenzy of madness.

“What the fuck is this bra? Where did it come from? What's happening to me right now?” Cynthia asked out loud in panic without actually

expecting answers to those questions. Then, after all the lights flickering and tits bouncing, her chest suddenly began causing her pain. Or rather, her rocky bra itself appeared to be the source of this new sensation. She knelt down in agony. She grunted. Things were getting sour for her.

Desperate for help, Cynthia crawled back to the elevator that allowed her to access the seemingly secret, dark laboratory from under the mansion. Once back upstairs, she got out of the elevator and frantically crawled all over the first floor of the establishment. Her goal was to travel across it to eventually reach the front doors. Getting out of the mansion and finding help outside of it was the only hope she had. As she slowly crawled, she could only feel the extreme suffering that radiated from her chest. The pain had since spread to her head in the form of a migraine. She no longer had any record of how much time had passed since she first reached this floor. It seemed to take her several minutes to traverse spaces that should have taken mere seconds. Perhaps she was blacking out without realizing it?

When she seemed to be getting closer and closer to the two front doors, she was surprised to hear someone suddenly opening them. Someone was now entering the place.

It was Sebastian. The tall Human butler that worked for the owner of this mansion.

He opened the doors and entered without noticing Cynthia at first.

She was crawling so slowly at this point, that her movements didn't even register in the tall man's field of vision. He headed straight for the central stairwell and began to ascend to the second floor. How long would she remain paralyzed like this if she couldn't alert him? Would she die? Cynthia had no choice but to call for Sebastian's aid and deal with the consequences of her illegal trespassing later.

“Butler!” She first tried yelling at him but found herself unable to do so. The chest pain she had right now appeared to be too strong and damaging for her to scream. All she could muster was a soft whimper, too quiet for Sebastian to hear. She felt like she was being stabbed in the lungs, or at least it's what she imagined this sensation to be comparable to. Whatever this was, it seemed to be crippling her body one step at a time. She had to act now or it would be too late.

“B-butler.... Butler...” she managed a faint yet strained whisper. Practically inaudible, but it was a sound nonetheless that caused enough of an echo to stop the tall butler in his tracks. He definitely had heard something.

“Butler... Butler... Butler...” She continued to murmur softly while desperately trying to crawl closer and closer to him.

“*Butler...?*” Sebastian quietly said to himself in sheer confusion after clearly hearing the word this time.

DNA Valkyrie

“Here... Here...” She whispered to him a little louder. Sebastian quickly turned his head again and finally saw her lying down, crawling towards him near the stairs.

“You? Here? What are you doing here?” He said before running down the stairs like a fireman about to save a woman’s life from a Hellish blaze. He basically jumped off the last steps and came to her rescue, kneeling down beside her.

“Cynthia? What happened? And wha—” But then, midway into his sentence – he finally noticed what the private investigator in distress was currently wearing – the Dilophosaurus bra.

He frowned.

He had immediately recognized this unique piece of clothing. Desperate as she was for answers, Cynthia could remain conscious no longer...

Several minutes later, Sebastian stood over the unconscious detective. He had carried her into the same, large, royal-like bedroom that the owner of the mansion had been resting in on her first visit to this place. Cynthia was lying down on her back on the same hospital type bed the sick Saurius man was lying on last time.

Sebastian was hard at work, attempting to stabilize his busty patient. Thankfully for Cynthia, he was a fully qualified physician who had a unique

understanding of her current condition. It was clear that the tall man was much more than a simple butler.

Hooked up to several medical machines: Cynthia's trench coat; shredded tank top; detectable miniskirt; high-heeled shoes; and fedora hat had all been removed from her. While she still wore her bright blue thong and her masquerade mask, which was strikingly strange in of itself, what took the cake was that she was still wearing the fossil bra. Yes. It was still attached to her large breasts.

Sebastian had undressed her almost as soon as he placed her on the bed. He had absolutely no problem doing so. To be honest, he was still fairly shocked that this strange woman had returned to them once more. The way she clearly let the two men from the mansion know last time that she wasn't interested, firmly made him believe that they would never meet again. And yet, here she was. The butler, like most men, personally found the detective to be a gorgeous woman. Especially during the time he first laid eyes on her at the club. Despite his noble actions, she had in fact managed to turn him on that night. And now, things seemed even more exciting. It was much more personal. He was all alone with her in the bedroom. Getting the privilege to undress her quickly caused his cock to grow at a rapid pace. He was fully erect by the time most of her clothes were on the floor and he had begun his attempts to pull the fossil bra off her chest.

He failed, just like Cynthia a little earlier.

DNA Valkyrie

As Sebastian was hard at work (and in his pants), he was sadly interrupted by his boss, Gerald, the sick Saurius man that owned the mansion. He was barely able to walk as he entered the room, using a cane to move around.

The cane itself had a pretty flashy appearance to it. Most of it was of a bronze colour, a similar shade to the Dilophosaurus bra Cynthia was forced to wear. The tip that touched the floor faded into a more reddish tinge, while the handle grasped by the reptilian hands of the old man was a detailed, metallic-red ornament in the shape of a Spinosaurus' head.

"Master! You shouldn't be up right now! You're too sick. Too frail. You should go back to the lab and rest down there." Sebastian fully switched his attention to his boss.

"I'm not tired..." Gerald responded while getting deeper into the bedroom.

"What are you doing here, master?" He asked, forced to accept his presence in the room.

"I want to see her..."

"I'm taking care of her..."

"I know. So she truly did infiltrate in the mansion while we were gone?" The old, sick Saurius man asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Like a burglar?"

"Yes, sir."

"She's even wearing a thief's mask."

DNA Valkyrie

“Yes, sir.”

“I thought she was supposed to be a professional detective.”

“Yes, sir.”

“What did the surveillance cameras reveal to you?”

“Um... It appears she only came back here in order to rob the place. She entered through a window and explored a small part of the lab before being assaulted by one of our Valkyrie prototypes. One that had apparently escaped its cage...”

“And? Has their DNA been successfully fused?” Gerald asked.

CHAPTER 22: VALKYRIE

Cynthia Widdowfield remained in a stable, but comatose state for the next

~~week~~. She didn't eat, and she didn't have to be fed either, even through ordinary medical means, because the fossil bra was doing all the work for them.

It was feeding her.

Which was pretty ironic considering how hard she'd struggled to obtain something to eat since losing her job and home. Now that she was basically 'linked' to this brassiere she was unconsciously able to access an exclusive buffet of nutrients twenty-four-seven. All of this was being done through skin

DNA Valkyrie

contact with the mysterious 'Valkyrie' prototype that had fused itself to her massive breasts.

Of course, it wasn't real food that was being transferred to her through the pores of her nipples. Or rather, it was energy. Nutrients of pure vitality that came in a liquid form colored 'powder blue'. When examined up close, this liquid looked like a mix between milk and semen. A abundantly thick substance. The transferal method in play was virtually the reverse of producing and secreting maternal milk out of a woman's breasts. It was seeping inside instead of leaking outside. The liquid, while administered through her breasts, didn't stay isolated there for long. It was evenly distributed throughout her blood stream to her whole body as would be the case with normal food once digested.

As a result, Cynthia now looked healthier than she had one week ago, despite a serious lack of exercise due to her bed ridden state. Truth be told, her circumstances had caused her to lose several pounds of weight over the days leading up to her 'invasion' of Gerald's Manor. But now that she had a friend to take care of her, she had regained most of the weight she had lost. She looked great.

Though being in this suspended state did no good for the development of her fertilized eggs, Cynthia's body had still made some progress on that front as well. After this week alone, her tits, hips, and belly were all visibly larger.

Her dark blue and winter mood silver masquerade mask had finally been removed from her face. She was now wearing a hospital-looking outfit that

DNA Valkyrie

was specifically designed to be fully transparent so that her body could be easily seen underneath. It consisted of a transparent t-shirt and pants. Alongside her usual blue thong, the fossil bra could be perfectly seen beneath the top so, in case of a medical emergency, Sebastian would instantly notice if something was wrong.

It was now three-thirty-four in the afternoon on a Friday. Cynthia was currently being fed again by the rocky brassiere. Sebastian knew all about the Valkyrie prototype's life-support functions. He was in the bedroom with her, monitoring her health.

There it goes! Feeding her again. He thought as he suddenly heard jerking, squirting noises coming from her chest. Sebastian was writing notes on a pad as he noticed the noises. He quickly turned his head towards the patient to check if everything was okay. He was often afraid something would go wrong during the feeding process in particular. But for now, everything seemed to be proceeding within the bounds of a successful fusion process. Or at least, more successful when compared to any other patient they had observed. He was afraid she would at some point get overfed which would cause some issues regarding how much her breasts could ingest in one day. Overfeeding was a strong possibility at this point. Luckily for Cynthia, her boobs could clearly take a lot. This was something Sebastian learned pretty quickly over the last few days. He had also observed that the feeding process would usually occur within the same window of time each day. Three-thirty-four seemed about right to him.

“How is she?” A masculine voice was heard through a speaker near the butler. It was Gerald.

“Not so well...” Sebastian quietly answered.

“What did you say?”

“The prototype is taking over her. She’s done well to make it this far, but she won’t be strong enough to regain consciousness if we let it carry on for too much longer.” He said with a clearer and louder tone in his voice this time.

“But she survived until now. We can’t afford to lose her. We went through this together multiple times before,” Gerald insisted.

“I know, I know, but despite having survived a lot longer than the others, we have no guarantee she’s going to make it all the way. I think it’s best if we intervene...”

“You said it was feeding her.”

“Because it is! It has been feeding her for the past few days, but here’s the thing. It is beginning to overfeed her. She is currently being injected with way too much Dinosaur nutrients. I believe it’s thanks to the size of her breasts that she’s been able to take it this far. However, at this rate, she’ll—”

“—She’ll what, Sebastian?”

“She’ll overdose with the nutritive, dino semen she’s being fed through her nipples...”

“You’re right to be worried about that, but I’m afraid you’re underestimating the size and overall mass of our new subject... Take one

more look at her breasts! Be realistic for a minute. We've never had someone like her before. Her tits are huge. About ten times the size of the other ones. It matters. Her breasts can store a lot more nutrients than our past subjects. It's a fact. It gives hope," Gerald tried to be as positive as possible.

"It's true, sir, but..." The butler confirmed while turning around to face and look at the busty patient.

"... But...?"

"...There is something else I haven't mentioned yet that I just recently discovered," Sebastian kept saying.

"What is it?"

"She's pregnant, sir..."

"*Pregnant?*" Gerald said, astonishingly surprised.

"Yes, master..."

"Um... What can we do? Can we save them all? Can we save Miss Widdowfield and her...?" Gerald nervously asked.

"I'm afraid that would be impossible, sir."

"I see... Then I agree that the best option would be for us to interrupt the process. Do whatever you can to try and save them, but she must survive. She must remain our priority."

"Understood," Sebastian said while slowly walking closer to Cynthia's bed.

Nightfall.

After working on her for the entire day, Sebastian did another reading of her scans. The data in front of him confirmed his suspicions. Her coma was finally about to end. The butler had warned his boss that her awakening was imminent. Gerald was currently sitting on a chair next to her while Sebastian paced around the room, working from station to station to make sure her 'return' would be as soon and as smooth as possible.

Gerald watched over her for a long time and at some point finally saw her moving her eyes. They twitched. She was just about to wake up.

"Sebastian!" He said to his butler that obviously did a lot more than his title indicated. He stopped and looked at Cynthia as well. She ultimately woke up. The first thing she saw while opening her eyes was the old, Saurius man.

"Welcome back." He said.

"What... What happened...?" She softly asked.

"How are you feeling my dear?"

"Like shit..." She responded.

"It should get better soon. We are working on that part," Gerald informed and tried to reassure her.

"Answer me... What happened?" She asked once more.

“Well... According to our surveillance cameras, you infiltrated the mansion through a window, *obviously*, and entered the laboratory. There, you attempted to steal—”

“—Shut up! Stop! I remember now. It wasn't an *infiltration*, I actually had no intention of stealing stuff from you... I'm not a thief. I catch them. Sometimes... No. I wanted to talk to you. I changed my mind. I want to take the case,” Cynthia impolitely interrupted the old Saurius.

“Is that so?” He answered, curious.

“But then, I was attacked...” She suddenly stopped herself from talking as she started to remove the transparent, medical shirt she wore. She didn't want to keep this tight piece of clothing on her body. It made her feel as if she was suffocating. She finally removed the shirt and accidentally threw it in Sebastian's face as she was not paying attention. Now sitting upright, her big, freshly released boobs bounced from right to left but with more resistance than she had initially expected. That's when she felt it, the soft yet rigid fossil bra that was still attached to her chest. It momentarily emitted the same bright, amber light as before when the shirt slid off of her body.

“What the fuck is this? It is *still* attached to my tits? How?” She quickly started panicking as she yelled in the bedroom.

“I'm sorry to announce that it has roughly been a week since the accident in the laboratory. It was a big mistake. I personally want to apologize for it. It seems like one of our last prototypes had escaped its cage... But despite all the

bad things that came with the specimen you're wearing right now, there are some unique advantages that came with it as well..." Gerald told her.

"Like what? Look at me! It won't come off!" She yelled at him while desperately trying to tear the fossil brassiere off of her chest. It never worked.

"We secretly engineered multiple prototypes like the one you are linked to right now. They were all meant to be connected to heavily sick patients. Men or women. Human, Saurius, and Urzax. We had wearable fossil bras for females and physically augmented, rock jockstraps for the males. The prototypes were meant to save those patients from their terminal illnesses. Someone like me for example. But instead of helping them, they all severally worsened their situations. None of them were in any sate to survive the bonding process. Some of them died within the hour after initial contact. In retrospect, it was a terrible idea that we had completely abandoned. But then you show up, you make a connection, and you're still here. Alive and well," he explained to her.

"I don't feel 'alive and well' at all..." She said while coughing and still trying to take the bra off of her chest.

"You should probably stop attempting to remove it from your body. It's useless. Only one thing can make it go away. Only one, single thing can make it automatically fall off your chest," Sebastian informed her as he stepped into their conversation. By now, he had, of course, removed the transparent shirt from his face.

"What is it?" She asked.

DNA Valkyrie

“A powerful orgasm.” He answered.

“What?” she responded, all confused.

“It was built to respond to the sexual activities of the patient. Satisfy yourself, and in doing so you will satisfy the prototype at the same time, therefore, making it release its grasp on you,” Sebastian kept explaining to her.

“It’s that simple?” She asked.

“But there’s something you still need to know... This project of ours was labeled as *Project Valkyrie*, and this process, if successfully completed, would have brought you untold benefits. However due to... ‘complications’, we had no choice but to intervene before the final stages. In your current state, if you keep this brassiere away from your chest for too long, your health would then be at a huge risk. It could easily deteriorate to a critical point,” Gerald hurried himself to tell her.

“Why?” She asked.

“Because due to this prototype you’re wearing right now, your biological identity has been tampered with. You’re no longer the same. You’re no longer Human. Not fully that is. You have been crossed with Dinosaur-infused DNA. And if you don’t wear it enough, this new Dinosaur side of you is going to take over. Right now. While wearing this bra, there is a balance being maintained—” Sebastian explained her before getting interrupted with Cynthia violently hitting the wall behind her with her first. She immediately showcased her new new found, enhanced strength by

making a huge hole in the wall. Most of it was now cracked with large fissures.

“—Take me somewhere where I can fuck something so I can take this thing off.” The angry Cynthia growled at them as they observed her. Sebastian, a little taken aback by this sudden display, quickly stepped away from her.

“What do you mean? You want to fuck someone at this very moment?” The butler asked her, wanting to make sure that he had heard her right, that she was ready to have sex this soon.

“You just said it yourself. I need an orgasm to take this off. So... Care to help me with that part?” Cynthia was on the offensive. She asked Sebastian for sex and it automatically confirmed his theory that she would make a speedy recovery. As Cynthia stared at him with assaulting eyes, Sebastian awkwardly gulped, backing away some more. He had no idea if he even had the right to have sex with one of Gerald’s subjects. Even thought it would have been for strictly medical reasons.

“Um... Forget it if you’re not interested!”

He was, but had no idea how to communicate it, especially with his master sitting right there, seemingly unfazed by this display of sexual assertiveness from their patient. “How about toys then, huh?” She asked.

“Don’t stand there doing nothing, Sebastian! Hand them to her now!” His superior ordered him.

“Right...” The butler fetched a large steel tray from a nearby table and placed it on Cynthia’s beside cabinet. There were three huge sex-toys on top of the tray. Three dildos. One red, one yellow and one green all about the same size. She reached for the green toy first.

“Dildos... True sex-toys... It has been so long since the last time I had my hands on one of those. I still remember when The Empire suddenly imposed their horrifying tax boost on all sex-toys one day. It was a sad day... I could no longer afford to keep mine let alone purchase new ones” She said as she quickly opened her legs extremely wide. Tearing a hole in her thin, transparent pants and pulling aside her thong to make way, she started rubbing the tip of the green dildo all over her clitoris, teasing herself for a bit... To an onlooker, she might have appeared insane, but Cynthia was genuinely happy to have private access to such a tool once again.

“I remember that as well. Particularly brazen of them, that was. Obviously part of their plan to incentivize reproduction and bolster the number of offspring being born... Speaking of offspring... No. No... Forget it... Now is not the best time...” Gerald stopped himself in the moment. He then ceased talking and contented himself to gaze at the beautiful detective masturbating as she slowly slid the dildo inside her pussy.

“What do you mean? What were you about to say?” She was no longer entirely listening right now. She was a little preoccupied.

“Nothing. He wasn’t about to say anything. But since you brought it up, I too recall soldiers being sent to confiscate large numbers of the restricted

items during the implementation of those tax laws. Quite a waste of resources if you ask me, The Empire is so over-the-top with the enforcement of their laws. Ironic considering how corrupt their police and armed forces are. I heard there were even some districts where the possession of such toys were banned altogether, regardless of whether you could afford to keep them or not. Though that was just a rumor...” Sebastian desperately tried to change subject to make sure Cynthia wouldn’t learn about her miscarriage just yet, especially when she appeared to be in an oddly aggressive state right now. Luckily for them, she was completely lost in her masturbation. Her face quickly flushed with red as she grabbed a second dildo from the plate, the yellow one. She also slid it into her vagina, right underneath the green one. Cynthia, riding on a high of lust, tried to reach for the third toy, but wasn’t able to from her position. She was lying a little too far from it as the remaining dildo accidentally rolled away from her.

“Need a hand?” Sebastian said as he picked up the red sex-toy and held it in front of her, helping her as best as he could. Her eyes glimmered as she decided to open her mouth and lean forward. She swallowed the red dildo as the butler kept it steady in the air, keeping it aimed in her direction. Of course, while this did nothing to physically stimulate her, this lewd, over-sexualized display performed in front of these two men, practically strangers, did wonders for her libido. She closed her lips around it tightly and began sucking on it as she constantly pushed the two others in and out of her pussy. Naturally, Cynthia couldn’t contain her arousal causing her to moan

uncontrollably. Gerald perversely watched. He looked incredibly entertained. It had been a long time since this old man had last had the pleasure himself. Cynthia's vagina and throat quickly self lubricated the toys, causing them to become slippery and easier to use. Although she was enjoying herself, something seemed off. She'd been at it for a while now, yet still couldn't quite feel herself edging any closer to her desired climax. Usually, she was able to build up to a solid rhythm of ecstasy with her fingers by this stage. It was almost as if her pleasure receptors had become... Numb.

“Because of your recent comatose state, you might be having a bit of trouble reaching an orgasm right away...” Sebastian declared as he kept holding the red dildo in the air for her to passionately suck on. He had been watching her eyes to make their situation seem more professional, and in doing so had detected that she was experiencing some difficulties.

“Hummm, indeed. But that does give me an idea... Perhaps we should introduce her to him...” Gerald asked himself out loud.