

DNA VALKYRIE



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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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thanks. Are you sure it’s all fine?”

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

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

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

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

“Is this for me?”

“What?”

“Your junk...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER 1: NEW AGE

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?”

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

“Interested in a manly Ankylosaurus bred Saurius?”

“Like you?”

“Like me.”

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

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

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

“What is it?”

“You never said your name...”

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

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

“Richard. Why?”

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

“How do you know...?”

Click. Click.

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

“Hey, what is this?”

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

“Who are you? A cop?”

“Nope. I hate cops...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER 2: PRIVATE INVESTIGATION

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.

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

“One sec.” He said to her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“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

DNA Valkyrie

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 dapped and cheered for

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DNA Valkyrie

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."

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“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.