

CHAPTER 26: THE BUS TRIP

Sensual vibrations. The feeling of her areolae and nipples getting sucked in by the interior socket of the fossil brassiere had started back at the manor and followed her all the way down here, to the bottom of the estate's long winding driveway. The private investigator chose to go solo. Her investigation and the rescue of Gerald's daughter was officially starting now as she insisted for the two men living in the castle to leave her alone. That this was now her burden to bear. They had done more than enough to help her, and she now simply wanted to get on with her work. To get her hands full and her mind off of these unfortunate personal revelations. Passing through the gates and walking quickly down the dimly lit street, she held the project Valkyrie prototype in her hands and

pressed it against her chest in the hopes of making the pain go away. The same thing Sebastian had done to her earlier. She learned from him, by watching him grope and molest her heaving chest with a purpose. At this moment, it wasn't a horrible, excruciating pain, it was more so a rather annoying, persisting, tingling, and occasionally arousing sensation. Though it made her uneasy nonetheless. Like the freaky feeling you sometimes get when your chest tightens up. For a split second, you're convinced it's the sign of a heart attack that of course never materializes. Just like it was earlier at the table with Gerald, it felt as if her nipples were being aggressively pulled towards the inside of the brassiere's inner sockets, almost as if two vacuums were sucking on them.

In spite of all this, it was not this alarming sensation that had caused her to haphazardly flee the scene. In all honesty, it had more to do with what Gerald had told her at the very end of their conversation—revealing to her that she had lost her eggs. Just like that. During her coma, they had perished in her womb while the two men had struggled to stabilize her.

There was nothing she could do about it.

At first, Cynthia was shocked by this news. But not too long after erupting out of the mansion and going outside, she realized that maybe it was for the better after all. The eggs were Joss's. She had no intention of raising kids with that animal. They probably would have turned out to be a bunch of selfish, big-cocked brats anyway... Right? And yet, she couldn't shake this foreign feeling of emptiness in her gut, for the loss of children she'd never even wanted.

Cynthia rushed herself down the unkempt street, thick with tall pine trees and undergrowth on either side, until she could finally see the nearest bus stop in the distance. Refusing Sebastian's offer for a ride, the Empire's public transport services were her only realistic ticket back into Ecstasy City, especially at this hour of the evening. Still quite a ways to go, she quickened her pace. It had been far too long since she last stretched her thick, exposed legs. For someone who had been both bedridden and pregnant over the last few weeks, she was in surprisingly good shape. She didn't usually get that much exercise, outside of her two jobs anyway. Though right now, she felt physically

fitter than she'd ever been. Could this too be the result of her changing DNA?

Her tits bounced up and down and up and down as she jogged. Hardly supported at all by the flimsy, low-cut tank top that Sebastian had outfitted her with. Not that it bothered her all that much. Cynthia was used to the weight of her "girls", having never sought support before. Not many women in Ecstasy ever did on account of the humidity and... Well, less reputable reasons. Besides, while it wasn't meant for it, the fossilised brassiere did help somewhat.

As she drew closer, the busty detective heard creatures hissing in the early moonlit woods surrounding her position. It was no rare sight to see wild animals hunting and foraging on the outskirts of civilisation. Gerald's mansion was far enough from the city that feral beasts may be lurking.

What was that...? She thought as she heard the bestial sounds emanating from the darkness.

Judging from the pitch of those calls, it sounds like it could be a couple of raptors... Or worse... An entire, coordinated pack of them! I need to hurry if I don't want to get in trouble...

She kept thinking as she quickly made her way closer and closer to the bus stop outside of the woods.

Suddenly, she was regretting not accepting that ride...

Cynthia saw shadows dancing in the woods. She was being stalked by a bunch of creatures that watched as her jog became a run. The first solid silhouette she identified gave her a big clue as to what she was dealing with...

Whbbabhbrrbh...!

But when one of them roared again, she now clearly knew for a fact...

They were *Deinonychus*. Velociraptor-like creatures that would hunt in packs and shred their victims apart in mere seconds.

Deinonychus? The old man never warned me of a species this dangerous living in these woods... She thought.

Time to step it up into a full on sprint.

Despite usually hunting in packs, only one of them came into the open, on the side of the road behind Cynthia. Only this one moved in on her. The others remained hidden in the shadows, perhaps as backup?

Cynthia made a big effort to stay calm and keep her movements steady while not dropping any speed. Showing any sign of weakness could potentially encourage the others to immediately gang-up on her, making it impossible for her to deal with them all at once. If this species wasn't so usually frightened of the humanoid races, she probably would have already been backed into a corner. Just her luck. Of course they had decided to test their chances with her of all people...

The one brave enough to take the scantily clad, bluenette on was now only a few inches away from her. Rapidly gaining ground with it's impressive speed. Convinced she could no longer escape this one, the private eye in distress momentarily spun around and quickly used Néné's Saurius dildo to hit the Deinonychus in the face.

Thud!

It worked! The Dino was taken completely by surprise and smashed in the lower jaw. It flew backwards in the air and harshly landed on the rough asphalt below. That ought to buy her some time. Pleased with herself and high on adrenaline, Cynthia turned heel and kept running. The buxom harlot was free... for now.

Just a little earlier, back at the table in Gerald's study.

"Oh..." She hadn't noticed. She hadn't even given it a second thought since she woke up yesterday. The non-pregnant detective immediately reached for her lower abdomen before stopping herself. It wasn't necessary. She knew it was true the moment she thought about it. Her fertilized ova, Joss's unborn children, were no more. Cynthia was finally free from that slimy bastard. And yet, a small part of her remained... unfulfilled. She

couldn't quite find the emotions to describe this sensation, let alone the words.

"I see..." Not too long after uttering those words, —the chest pain came back. It was the straw that broke the camel's back as Cynthia immediately fell and crumbled apart. She held herself to the side of the table for support, ramming the DNA Valkyrie against it. She almost fell to the floor, but luckily for her, she managed to use the table as an island in the middle of a sea of troubles.

"Aaahh..."

"Hmmm... It keeps hurting? Right?" The tall butler asked after hearing Cynthia struggling in pain at the table of the mansion. Sebastian quickly came to the rescue. The butler thought it was because her chest kept hurting so much, but it wasn't only that. It was the recent news that was announced by Gerald. With her DNA altered, it made sense that how Cynthia felt psychologically and emotionally could affect the prototype she was wearing. The more she was tormented, the more her body reacted to her emotional state.

“It’s nothing... I’m fine... Don’t worry... I need to go... I have to start searching for her...” Cynthia insisted.

“You should probably not leave quite, just yet. It might be a bit too early,” Sebastian answered.

“I said, I’m fine!”

“In this state, how far do you think you’re going to make it?” Gerald asked her as he stood up, helping himself with his cane.

“Look, let me worry about that, okay?” She affirmed while frantically collecting her things in preparation to leave the highly furnished study. Completely aware of it, she grabbed the Saurius dildo owned by Néné she had left on top of her chair. She had been hiding it there for some time during the meeting. She secretly dropped it into the inner left side pocket of her trench coat. Intentionally refraining from mentioning it to the two men in an effort to be discreet. Cynthia hoped to leverage her thieving skills to her advantage here. She could have come out in the open and said it was needed as key evidence for her investigation or something to that effect. Though she couldn’t bring herself to tell such an obvious lie in this particular moment.

Of course, this curvy minx had something else in mind for the fourteen-inch-long, Saurius shaped sex-toy that was as blue as her very own hair.

Just when she was about to vacate the premise...

"... Aren't you forgetting something?" Gerald passively asked her.

She froze.

She slowly turned around. Trying to play it cool. She didn't seriously just get caught, did she?

"And what would that be?"

"This..." Gerald said as he indicated toward the pile of photographs featuring his daughter. "... These pictures of her... How else are you going to correctly identify my daughter if you forget what she looks like? Huh?..."

Holy shit! I completely forgot about them... What an amateur move...

She thought as she ashamedly walked back over to Gerald and grabbed the pile of photographs that he now had bundled in his hand. Ready to pass them over to her.

“Thank you... I actually have a very good memory, so I think I would have been fine to recognize her all by myself... Ufuufu...” She was obviously lying through her teeth. In all honesty, Cynthia had a horrible memory which she perfectly well-damn knew about. A pretty huge handicap for a private eye, but she had... other “advantages” to help make up for it in the field.

She hoped simply to grab the collection of photos and leave with them, but Gerald resisted. Holding on a little too tightly, Cynthia was unable to pry them from his old, scaly hands. Meanwhile, Gerald suddenly reached for her left side pocket with his one free hand—before retrieving his daughter’s prized dildo out from within. He truly didn’t need to, to be honest. Cynthia, having not thought this through, failed to notice that the Saurius dildo was so long and oversized (compared to a human dildo at least) that it was still frankly easily visible. It stuck out of the side-pocket like a sore-thumb.

“You could have asked before taking this, you know? I’m fine with you ‘keeping it company’ during your journey. Though perhaps the photos of my daughter were a tiny bit more important

than this thing? Don't you think so?" He then kindly slid the sex toy back into her side pocket.

"I agree..." She murmured as she awkwardly blushed. She didn't know how to respond. Gerald kept pushing the dildo further down the pocket... Over and over again... He quickly realized himself that it wouldn't fit.

"Oh! I see now why you did such a poor job of hiding your brazen thievery..." Gerald declared.

"Yes, I believe that's how you caught me..."

"Then, you should probably find a better spot for it," he said as he winked at her.

"I'll try..."

He also finally released his grasp on the pictures.

"Go on, Cynthia. I'll allow this, but don't you fool around too much out there. Find my daughter at all costs." The old man instructed her.

"Don't be afraid to come back if you feel like the pain is too bad though... Okay?" Sebastian insisted.

A few more minutes of running for her life in the near dark, fearful that the pack of Deinonychus would engage her once again, Cynthia was finally about to reach the bus stop. Gerald's daughter's sex-toy freely bounced from all directions as she ran. The dildo was now attached via a strap to the side of her teeny micro "skirt". The phallic toy she used to beat back the Deinonychus frequently slapped against the side of her juicy right thing as she sprinted.

Just when she thought she had outrun the danger, she quickly realized that the courageous one from before was still after her... The one she hit with the sex-toy. Persistent little bugger. The rest appeared to be keeping their distance. Perhaps they got scared when she struck back? This one, however, kept silently pursuing her no matter what. Almost as if it had some kind of vendetta against her. Did she really hit him that hard?

Despite possessing what felt like enhanced speed and agility, Cynthia's boosted finesse could not compete with a

primal creature such as this. It would be on top of her again any second now. And this time, it would be ready for her futile resistance. She decided to stop and face him. Running wasn't the answer here, and her heels weren't made for this either. Besides, what good is making it to the bus stop if there aren't any busses around to save her? She had to at least try to think of something, and fast. But she wasn't fast enough. The fearless Deinonychus directly saw this as his chance to strike and took it. Leaping toward the delicious looking detective, he flashed his claws in her direction as he prepared to sick them on her pretty, made up face. However, as she turned to meet him, the beast accidentally stumbled face-first into her massively large chest in midair. The creature entered into direct contact with the DNA Valkyrie prototype. Upon which, it caused the brassiere to glow of dark orange light once more as if it had been activated or awoken from its slumber.

Skreeeee...!

The Deinonychus screeched and reeled as it appeared to be harmed by the mysterious light coming out of the prototype. The creature brutally landed on the hard road once again. This

time, it left a mark. It was not a good night for the poor bastard...

The Deinonychus barely moved as he was knocked onto the ground. As if it was paralyzed...

“What the fuck just happened...?” Cynthia asked herself out loud. That’s when she noticed it. As it lay there upon its side, legs spread apart, the overly curious detective couldn’t help but notice the raging hard cock erupting from it’s sheath. Thirteen inches of raw raptor meat was pointed directly at her and twitching furiously, leaking pre-cum everywhere. It would have given her newly acquired dildo a run for it’s money except... this one was real. Alive. Her eyes darted down to it’s scaled testicals, a little smaller than she had expected, but they looked just about ready to burst at the seams. Must have been packed with dense dino cum just waiting to be let loose inside of her. She blushed. Is this what it wanted? Why did it try so hard to take her, despite its kind usually being so weary of humans such as her? She thought back to her knowledge of this species... If she recalled correctly, then this was probably its peak mating season! But still, why

her? Why not one of its packs? Surely there were some females among them... Unless... Was it possible that her modified DNA had confused this simple soul to believe she was one of them? A suitable mate in heat? Oh gosh... Was she releasing pheromones now?

She then turned around, her attention suddenly caught by the sound of the scheduled public transport vehicle turning into the street at the distant corner and moving closer to her position. She began walking. Eager to reach the stop, and get that animal's erection out of her head. Yes, she had just been with Russell, but that was different! That was an emergency. Besides, he was domesticated and friendly... And massive... *Ab, stop it!* She couldn't just allow herself to be so easily seduced by anything with reptile cock... Could she!? Clearly struggling with her inner thoughts, Cynthia finally reached the nearby terminus but failed to realize that the paralysis effect induced by the DNA Valkyrie prototype had come undone! Violently assaulting her for the third time, the rabid Deinonychus leapt at her once again—only for the bus to ram his face in like the fifteen ton, steel wrecking ball that it was—sending the

comparatively insignificant dino flying comically like a ragdoll in a video game. Roadkill.

Screeching to a halt, the vehicle stopped several feet ahead of where it should have, thanks to the driver's decision to intervene and save the young woman's life. Lucky for her... The door opened. Cynthia, not fond of staying out here one moment longer, ran to the new position the bus had stopped at. She hopped into the vehicle and quickly climbed up the stairs that lead onto the main floor of the bus. The old driver looked at her.

“This one almost got you, huh?”

“Thank you so much for...”

“... Hitting him in the face with the front of the bus? No problem. The less of those things there are the better. But you've got to be a little more careful. Walking alone in the dark out here at this time of the evening is mighty risky, little lady.”

“I gathered. Thank you again...”

The driver then noticed the strange thing she was wearing over her chest under her new tank top. He wasn't sure what it was exactly. He first thought it was just a normal bra or

bikini top but quickly understood that it wasn't the case at all. He also noticed how sweaty the woman was right now. It helped him see through the practically sheer fabric of her tank top. It basically concealed nothing at all. He thought that perhaps she wasn't feeling quite so well.

She was, of course, so sweaty since she had just been running for her life.

“Hey, are you alright, ma'am?”

“Yeah, sure, I just got almost killed by that Deinonychus...”

“No. I mean, what is that you're wearin'?—”

“—I'm fine! Thank you.”

“Um, okay, but what is that thing? What are you wearing under your shirt?” He asked while pointing at the strange prototype, super curious.

Almost immediately after he asked the question and pointed at what she was wearing on her chest, she nervously closed her trench coat, hiding the brassiere as much as possible.

Of course. I forgot that damned pervert, Sebastian had intentionally given me this low-cut top in order to make things

more difficult for me... She thought, biting her lip. The idea of her being in this exact position was a lot more exciting in her head earlier on. But now that she was actually confronted with the reality of having to hide this darn prototype for real, she realised that her sexy outfit was probably just going to be more irritating than anything she had naughtily hoped for...

She then took out her bus pass from the left pocket of the coat.

“It’s a bra. Why? Never seen one before?” She violently spat the words at him.

“What kind of bra is that?” He said, totally laughing his ass off.

Cynthia quickly moved the bus pass in front of a scanner displayed on the right end of the vehicle dashboard.

Ting.

Scanned and successfully identified.

A bar was lifted, and she was automatically allowed into the passenger zone of the vehicle.

“An old-school one,” she replied after dropping her pass back into the pocket of her coat. She then made even more

efforts to hide the brassiere from the driver and the other passengers in the hope to receive the least amount of attention as possible.

“Alright. Welcome aboard!” He pleasantly shouted as Cynthia dove deeper into the bus, trying to find an empty, available seat that she could take for the long ride ahead of her.

The vehicle was nearly completely full. It was to be expected. After all, it was peak commuting time. Many on this bus would be on their way home from work, perhaps some were even heading in to start a long and grueling night shift. Cynthia remembered the feeling. The vehicle was filled with Saurius and Urzax folks, not many Humans aboard. This specific region of Ecstasy City was a Saurius heavy region after all. Cynthia being a Human obviously attracted a whole lot of attention from the other passengers. Lots of Saurius and Urzax men turning their heads towards her, now focusing their eyes on her lewd and vulnerable body. Try as she might, the trenchcoat didn't cover much. All the ogling eyes could attest to that. Still, better that folks think she's acting a little strange than finding out she's wearing imperial contraband. Not that

any of these ruffians would have a clue what the prototype was. Still, one could never be too careful. People always say the Empire has eyes and ears everywhere...

Not too long after entering the bus, Cynthia had started to feel her ovaries burning. She was getting signals from her own body that she was already primed to make babies again. The fertile detective felt the first of many ovums being fired down one of her fallopian tubes. That didn't take long. By the time this bus ride was over, she'll have loosed so many eggs into her uterus that even a single drop of Urzax or Saurius cum could prove fatal... She hadn't felt this in a very long time... Ever since she was impregnated by Joss...

That night in the club felt like such a long time ago now. She'd gone without experiencing this tingling sensation for so long, that she was shocked to discover that she had actually missed feeling it! That deep in the recesses of her mind, she actually liked feeling this way. Was this also the result of her changing DNA? Or was she really just as hungry to be bred as every other slut in Ecstasy?

One thing was for sure, the ultimate arousal was back.

Perfect... Exactly what I was trying to avoid: attention...

A decent amount of space was currently available to her at the center of the passenger zone for her to stand during the commute. But of course, she knew perfectly well that if she chose to stand on public transport, then by imperial law she would be publicly opening herself up for molestation by any licence holders. Which was something the hard-boiled detective wasn't too keen on regardless of whether she was trying to conceal the prototype or not. Unfortunately for her, the other option didn't seem to be as available right now. She looked for an empty seat but was unable to find one at first glance.

“Hey, girl, why don't you stand up at the center of the bus with me? I would totally love to keep you company if you know what I mean,” an Urzax man said to her with a large welcoming smile. *Kindly* greeting her aboard. Plenty of other men gave her the exact, same smile but he was the only one outspoken enough to actually talk to her.

“Thanks. But no thanks,” she said while biting her lower lip once more, secretly wishing she had the luxury to play this “game”. It really had been too long since she last climaxed.

Every single interaction she had, had since Russle had only turned her on more and more. Building her back up again. She was long overdue for an orgasm. She toyed with the idea of letting herself be seduced and touched by this stanger, but knowing full well the type of person she was, she knew that this was very dangerous. Cynthia was the sort of girl to get easily distracted and side-tracked when feeling horny. This didn't used to be so much of a problem when she was only interested in Humans and found every Suarius and Urzax she crossed paths with totally repulsively. But now... Fuck! They **all** looked so damn hot to her... Another wave of ova released.

“Are you sure?”

“Um, yeah...”

“I'm a license holder.”

“So? Many other people are as well. What's your point?” She told him as she kept digging for an empty seat. Meanwhile, she felt the bus moving, The driver slowly closed the door of the vehicle and it was a done deal. The ride was about to begin for Cynthia. She couldn't be looking for a seat forever. She had to make a decision. Either she chose to stand

up with the horny men all around her, facing the music, facing the inevitability of getting banged in the bus, facing reality like a good girl. Or, keep searching for an empty seat in the crowd of passengers till eventually getting surprised by imminent molestation. Either way, sex was on the horizon.

Was it going to be rape or not?

It was up to her to decide.

The same Urzax guy who just spoke to her kept slowly advancing in the bus as she was desperately looking for an empty seat. Just like an army of ants, many other men in the vehicle followed the main Urzax who pursued Cynthia. Without meaning to, he was leading the charge of this group. She couldn't decide if this was better than being out with the Deinonychus or not...

The detective was running out of time. Once they reached her, she would be theirs.

She kept hiding the fossil brassiere with the help of her trench coat. Though clearly, that was quickly becoming the least of her concerns.

“You don't understand, I'm a license holder.”

“Whatever. I don’t care. I-I don’t want to have sex with you, stranger.” All talk.

“But, you don’t have the choice. You’re currently standing on the bus. You know what that means? Right?” The Urzax persisted.

“Of. Fucking. Course. I fucking know what it means! Everyone knows what it means!” She shouted without even looking at him. Not allowing her eyes to waste even a split second as they darted around looking for a way out of this.

“Well then, get ready. **Or not.** I’m coming for you either way,” he said while quickly taking his semi-erect cock out of his pants. *Crap! I want to look... J-just a peak... No! I have to keep searching for a seat before...* Meanwhile, two of his friends blocked Cynthia from the way she had come during her vivid search for a free seat. Sadly for her, she could no longer advance and she could no longer retreat. She understood the situation she was in right now. She slowly turned around and realized that despite having only very recently hopped onto the bus, the molestation process was already about to begin. At least five men, three Urzax and two Saurius were slowly closing the

distance. A couple of women who were fortunate enough to be seated occasionally looked at Cynthia with wry smiles. Some of them seemed to be feeling sorry for her, others simply enjoyed watching the show while being protected with water-cooled dildos in their holes.

“You look very appetizing, Blue. I cannot wait to see what you’re hiding underneath that thick coat,” the Urzax stranger who took out his dick said to her as he started to stroke it.

This is it, bub? She said to herself as she finally gave in and examined his hybrid Dino penis dangling very close to her, at belly level. Growing harder and larger every step of the way. Covered in a unique assortment of bumps and crevices that she knew would make her moan with absolute pleasure as he bred her in front of all these people. *Oh fuck!*

The stranger was just about to reach her position in the bus, to touch her with his leathery half-Human, half-Saurius hands when someone suddenly intervened – one of the seated girls right next to the now horny detective stood up, placing

herself between the stranger and the private investigator – acting as a shield for Cynthia.

“That’s okay, I feel like getting up, anyway. You can take my seat,” the young girl who just got up offered to Cynthia. This girl had red, dragon-fruit eyes and medium-length, smooth and chic, fiery orange hair. The girl was a Saurius. She had apple green skin; sharp, white teeth; and had a spiky tail. Her skin has scales, but still looked incredibly soft. She looked super cute. She wore a pink sweater with a perversely short skirt

“A-Are you sure?” Cynthia asked her.

“Yeah, take my seat.”

“Um, okay...”

You don't have to ask me twice!

Cynthia quickly took her seat. Despite the fact that this random girl had just kindly given it to her, she totally felt like she had just stolen it from the poor young saurius.

As she sat down, the water cooled dildo that had just been inside her savior was now waiting for it’s new master. She quickly hitched up her skirt and pulled her purple-ish-pink

thong aside so that she could insert the gyrating sex toy inside of her pussy right away.

Squish!

The glans section of the dildo slid inside of her with ridiculous ease thanks to how wet she had become. She came almost instantly, squirting a bit all over the back of the seat in front of her. She covered her mouth with one hand and steadied herself with the other. The last thing she wanted was to cause more of a scene, and for her pursuers to see and hear how much of a slut she really was. *Far out!* Had she really been **that** turned on by the idea of these men? If this was her new norm, things were going to get tricky from now on...

Sensing her climax, the sex toy stopped vibrating and simply focussed on cooling Cynthia down. It was humid enough on this warm summer night without all of this sweat and “sex-musk” in the refiltered air of the bus. This was always her favorite part. Though she usually never set the dildos up so high that they actually made her cum on a regular journey. Tonight however, even without the vibrations, just the initial

insertion was all it had really taken to push Cynthia over the edge.

Meanwhile, the stranger who had recently taken his dick out had already started to touch the young Saurius girl's body. His friends followed and formed a mob all around her.

"I kind of wish I had a Human girl instead, but this works out too..." This was the last thing she heard coming from the Urzax stranger before he started touching her big, jiggling breasts and disappeared with her into the crowd of lusty, perverted passengers.

"Let's take care of you, license holder. I want your friends to watch closely while you skull fuck me with this monster of yours," was the last thing she heard coming out of the girl's loud and apparently wide open mouth. While she was *touched* by what she had just done for her, Cynthia quickly found herself very busy with the sex-toy as she felt more of the cold, fresh liquid being injected up into her vagina, causing a followup micro-orgasm. She blushed and quietly moaned as she tried her best to keep the trench coat closed so no one would get too good a look at the prototype.

CHAPTER 27: CASE ON STAGE

The search for the missing daughter had officially begun. Once she got into town, Cynthia Widdowfield immediately made her way over to investigate the local, outdoor theater that Gerald had informed her of. The last known location visited by Néné Langstorm. She was still a little shaken up by night's earlier events, but thankfully the public bus' water cooled dildo had done its job and literally helped her '*cool down*' and relax. As an added bonus, now that she'd finally had a decent orgasm, the perverted private eye could finally get her mind out of the gutter... For a little while anyway...

The specific theater that Néné had last been seen at, was located at the center of a large, outdoor carnival venue.

A theme park.

Circus was the key theme of these grounds.

Soon after arriving, the curvaceous private investigator realized that she might have been a little too late... The place was deserted. A bone without any meat. A carcass of the animal the carnival had been only a couple of weeks ago. Cynthia was more than familiar with this particular locale. She had visited this part of town many times before in her life. Even marvelled at the spectacle of this place in her youth from outside the cold, steel bars and wiring that made up it's perimeter fence. She never had a proper chance to have fun here as a child, so she made up for it by visiting for the first time a little over five years ago. Even as a grown woman, she still had fun back then. The carnival was filled with different attractions for children and adults alike. Outdoor theaters, a bright ferris wheel, food and gift stalls, novelty competitions, petting zoos, carnival rides and much more. It had the lot. Even these carousels with plastic dinosaurs in place of horses. Of course, those were primarily on

offer for the children. The adults had *The Whorehouse*, *Bukakke Fountain*, *Uncle Rick's Dungeon*, *Glory-Hole Mountain*, live shows all day round, and of course their very own 'petting zoo'. Yes, the 'The Pierrot Sanctuary' carnival grounds were a very popular place to hook up with strangers, or alternatively, fun for the whole family!

Pierrot was actually the mascot of the place. A giant sign out front featured him as an absurd cartoon caricature. Pierrot was a Saurius clown. He wore creepy makeup and a colourful outfit that perfectly suited his slender body.

This was the only time Cynthia had ever seen the carnival dead like this. Visibly abandoned like an unwanted child. The power was, of course, completely turned off. Just as shut down as most of the 'sanctuary' was. The park had a strange, chillingly cold, ghostly vibe to it. It was an odd feeling given how hot the night had seemed earlier.

It was nearly half past eight by the time the blue haired detective stood outside the padlocked front gates. Essentially pitch black save for what was caught in the shimmering moonlight from above.

The carnival without any lights at night was one of the spookiest places Cynthia had ever seen. It didn't look like anyone had been here in weeks. The grass was overgrown, trash overflowing from the bins and the stalls were in disarray. This was odd. Sebastain supposedly had come here to retrieve some initial evidence a few weeks back. Could the whole place have been closed down ever since then? Did this have something to do with all of these 'missing persons' cases? Well, scary or not, Cynthia had no choice but to proceed. She wasn't going to get the bottom of this by loitering around outside.

The top of the fence was covered in barbed wire, so that was immediately out of the question. The thick detective squatted down in order to better survey her remaining options. There was a small gap between the bottom edge of the gate's rusted steel bars and the muddy earth beneath them. It would be a tight squeeze for such a voluptuous woman, but Cynthia was confident that she could make it. Disrobing slightly, she removed her trenchcoat and fedora, they would only hamper her progress here. Folding the coat up, she placed her hat on top and stashed them behind a trash can. It was unlikely that

anyone would pass by at this hour, but the last thing she wanted to change was some pervert stealing her clothes. The rest of her outfit was all so tiny and tight fitting that it wouldn't really have made any difference. Not that she would have dreamed of going in naked. Sure, she was a little more *adventurous* these recent days, but she still had some shame... Probably...

Going prone, she began her crawl under the fence. If anyone was watching, they would have gotten a nice view of her fat, thong-clad ass from behind. The full whale tail. Luckily for her, she was just slim enough to squeeze in under the gate as predicted. While her lewdly proportioned breasts and butt managed to make it *a little* more of a challenge for her, she was ultimately able to slide at least the first half of her body through to the other side of the park's entrance without any problems.

Flock. Flock. Flock.

Her big titties and large behind accidentally generated soft impact sounds as her flesh rubbed up against the thankfully rounded undersides of the metal gate polls. It didn't hurt her, though the cold surface of the steel edge gave her a

powerful chilly feeling that she felt for a couple of minutes after entering the theme park.

What was hurt, unbeknownst to Cynthia, was actually her ultra mini skirt. As it turned out, one of the edges was a little rougher than the others and some of the weak fibers of her skirt strap got caught in it. Without even realizing it, the snared material was pulled loose as she wiggled the remainder of her huge ass through the gap beneath the fence. Her brand new skimpy skirt, already damaged. Already hanging together by a literal thread...

Here I am. Once more.

She thought, as she picked herself up off the ground and dusted the crusty flakes of mud and grass from her cleavage. Good thing it hadn't been raining lately... Cynthia took a quick look around the haunting, abandoned grounds before strongly inhaling and exhaling. She sighed in desperation and displeasure.

I would rather go sit in a bar than be back here, reliving old memories. Buried memories from the past that definitely came back to her as she placed a toothpick between her lips and

slowly advanced deeper into the almost labyrinth-like tent corridors of The Sanctuary. Before long, Cynthia passed in front of a big cotton candy stand which drew her attention. She casually turned her head to it as she remembered some of those old images from her past.

Through all the repressed flashes and series of images she saw, she remembered little kids asking their parents for cotton candy at this very same stand, clear as crystal, all those years ago. The parents caved in and purchased their children the colorful, fluffy treats. During that moment, a young Cynthia Widdowfield stood on the other side of the imposing fence that separated her from the amusement park.

This was one of the many times she had ventured this close to The Sanctuary as a kid, but obviously couldn't quite partake in all of the fun inside this cheery place. Admission wasn't all that expensive to be honest, but it didn't make much

difference either way. Whether it was ten credits or one hundred, her mother never allowed her to take any spare change from her tightly guarded purse. And Cynthia had learned the hard way what happened to those who stole from Mrs Widdowfield. No mercy, even towards her own daughter...

Her little, pale face remained in the looming shadow of a tall tree by her side that mostly prevented carnival goers from noticing the insignificant, lonely girl on the other side of the fence.

Even if the shadows failed to conceal her entirely, it was almost impossible to make out her face clearly, on account of her dirty blue bangs that hung in front of her eyes. If anyone had bothered to check on her, and pull them out of her large green eyes, then perhaps they would have spotted a single glimmering tear as it dripped down her soft, rosey cheek.

With one hand, no, barely three fingers, she held one of the many square wire loops of the fence. From this perspective, it was as if she were a prisoner. Yet she was free to live outside this cage of wonders.

An employee of the park eventually looked around after attaching a whole bundle of balloons to a metal pole. The Saurius employee who was working as a clown for the park stretched his back and yawned before noticing the little girl staring at the balloons he'd just tied up.

He saw her for the very first time.

But quickly lost sight of her when a large crowded tour passed in front of him, eager to get to the next stop on their venture. He desperately tried to make his way through the crowd, but it took him half a minute to get another view of the tree behind the fence. By the time he managed to circle around the crowd, the little girl he had seen was gone. Only the lonely tree remained behind the fence.

Later on, the curious clown employee of the park found her.

He had to leave his workplace and search the surrounding area during his break, but he did it.

Young Cynthia was sitting on a green hill three streets back from where the mouth of the carnival was located. While decently distanced, the height vantage created by the outcrop

served as a perfect lookout to observe the many going-ons of The Pierrot Sanctuary from afar. When the clown finally found her, he saw her back first. Her face was still hidden from him in a weird way. The clown frowned. The fake, makeup smile he wore on his face depressingly made the Saurius man look even sadder. He remained far from her at the bottom of the hill and tried to make as little noise as possible, not wanting to scare her.

Despite not having had a tremendous amount of time to see her under the tree back at the park, he knew it was the same little girl. He was adamant. He could feel and share her sadness. He guessed correctly that the young girl desperately yearned to get into The Sanctuary and he simply felt bad, miserable for her. It reminded him of his own childhood.

A few minutes had passed since the clown first tracked young Cynthia down. She never noticed he was ever there. The future detective washed away the tears from her little face in an effort to end these blue times as she stood up. When she first turned around and attempted to slide down to the bottom of the hill she had used as her vantage point, she discovered a bunch of pink balloons waiting for her at the base, attached to a

heavy, metallic box in the grass. Ten balloons slowly and gracefully twirled and fluttered in the air with the help of the faint breeze that occasionally blew Cynthia's unkempt hair and stained, yellow polka dot dress around. She observed the balloons in awe before finally sliding down the hill on her bum.

She grabbed the metallic box and opened it.

Three whole sticks of cotton candy were waiting for her inside. All different colors and flavors.

She blushed.

Cynthia had never heard or seen anything. She never had any idea that the clown from the park had come looking for her. It wasn't until a few weeks later that she pieced it all together.

This was what she saw in her head. What she remembered when she first laid her eyes on this run-down cotton candy stand in the park as a twenty-seven-year-old woman.

She also recalled that this day was not so long after her parents had split up following her father uncovering her mother's affair with her boss...

A little later in the evening, roughly at the center of the park, Cynthia first stepped on the hardwood floor of the theater's stage. The very same one that Néné had visited all those nights ago. The theater was trashed. Viewers had thrown their food leftovers all over the place before leaving.

I still don't get it. What happened here? Just how long has this place been deserted?

She thought as she slowly spun around at the center of the outdoor stage, looking around in the hopes of uncovering any kind of trace from the white haired Urzax daughter.

While her memory might be shoddy, her eyesight was certainly not. And ever since she got out of the mansion, she had noticed things even more clearly from afar than before. *Another side effect*, she figured. From a distance, she noticed something on one of the back rows of the exposed auditorium. On one of the many wooden benches that surrounded the stage like the amphitheater that it was. Something she remembered Gerald telling her about. She quickly stepped down from the stage, walked up the stairs at a decent pace until she reached the nearly exiled line of seats towards the end.

Bingo. Cynthia had correctly recognized the item she had spotted from the stage: a pair of destroyed panties. Extremely similar to the ones she had seen the daughter wearing in one of the photos that was gifted to her earlier. Meaning that there was a high likelihood that these were hers. She would have confirmed her suspicions immediately, but the excited detective would have to wait until she was reunited with her trenchcoat where the pictures had been stashed. But Cynthia was pretty confident. Like ninety nine percent sure. She wouldn't have forgotten these cute panties so soon. They were a pale pink, with lace embroidered on the crotch in a string bikini cut. Ironic, considering that these were the type that you tied together at the hips. Tearing them off like this was totally unnecessary in every conceivable way since one competent tug would have caused them to come undone. Though, she supposed some folks just liked the rush of power they got from robbing someone of their clothes... Perverts!

Honestly. It could be anyone's panties, but this looks way too similar to the pair I saw from one of those photos. It's too big of a coincidence to ignore it. She thought as she inspected the torn

up pair of panties on the ground. *Whoever did this must have been in a real hurry to bone her! So that rules out... Nope, pretty much every guy in this dirty city would have been capable of this. Many women too!* Especially given how cute Gerald's eighteen-year-old daughter was. Even Cynthia might have had a hard time resisting the urge to strip her bare and take her! The underwear was also stained in what could have been baby oil. It looked like the surrounding benches had been covered in the stuff too. All dried up by now of course. She could tell because of the faint glittery residue it left behind. A unique property of the *Mountain Clean* brand that Gerald supposedly purchased for his dear daughter. If true, then this would match up with the empty bottle that Sebastian had recovered in his earlier visit to this site. The detective grinned as she bent over to retrieve the knickers by their stretched and severed waistband. Pleased that she had located a potentially vital clue this soon.

Before she could do any further probing into the surrounding area—a strong and intimidatingly bright light blinded her for a few seconds—almost immediately causing her to quickly shield most of her face with her delicate fingers. The

powerful source of the brightness flashed deep into her retinas which randomly triggered one more memory from this place.

Another encounter with the clown employee of the park. Their second meeting. Well, technically their first one didn't really count... Young Cynthia had come back to The Pierrot Sanctuary a few weeks later. She went back to the same fence, under the same, looming tree. She waited there for hours until the clown showed up again at the same balloon stand as last time. Once again, it took awhile for the employee to notice the little girl under the tree but the two eventually shared eye-contact.

“It was you? Wasn't it?” Young Cynthia directly asked the saurius man, a little later on once he'd had a chance to take a short lunch break from his job.

“The balloons?” He answered. She slowly nodded in response.

“Did you like them?” She nodded once more.

“Alright. Then I'm glad to have made your day... Well, you should probably get going though... Do your parents know that you're out here?”

“Parent...”

“What?” He asked her.

“My Mom... I only have my Mom now... My Dad is gone...”

“Oh, I’m sorry...”

A beat.

“Hey, I could maybe... Well, I could potentially get you a free, one-day pass for the park next week. Would that be something you’d be interested in? I mean, only if your Mom is okay with it, of course. I would also make sure that *she* could get in for free as well,” the nice employee kindly offered her after a few, awkward seconds of silence.

“Are... Are you sure?” She asked, very curious and wide-eyed.

He nodded as he smiled at her. Any normal kid might have been creeped out at this large, hulking reptilian clown flashing his pointed teeth down at her from his painted face. But Cynthia didn’t care one bit. She blushed and smiled. Ecstatic. She might actually get to go inside and experience this place for herself! Overjoyed, the young girl threw her arms back

with a happy little wail as she let herself fall over into the soft shrubs behind her.

“Hey, be careful!” The concerned clown exclaimed. Though Cynthia never heard him. She was lost in her own adventurous mind again as she dazed up into the sunny sky and became temporarily blinded in it’s warm sparkling rays...

The images and the flashes ended.

Cynthia felt less blinded as she progressively grew used to the strong light illuminating her face from across the row of benches of the open amphitheater. She opened one of her eyes and lowered her fingers from her face.

“Hands in the air!” She heard as she realized that the powerful light that had been blinding her was actually a flashlight pointed directly at her face. A Human man was holding it, drawing closer but stopping a few paces out for safety. At least until he figured out who he was dealing with here. It was the night watchman. Cynthia had a lot of trouble

looking at him due to the light, but could at least make out the shape of his chubby body.

“What are you doing here? Who are you?” He kept demanding from her.

“Cynthia Widdowfield. Private investigator. Now take this fucking light out of my face.” She ordered him. And he did. He quickly and nervously lowered his flashlight. He looked at her, contemplated her beautiful body, gazed at her breasts and finally noticed the obvious pair of torn up, stained panties clenched tightly inside the palm of her right hand. The watchman also noticed the Saurius dildo that she had carried all this time, still hanging from the left side of her hip, strapped to the recently *damaged* waistband strap of her new micro skirt. Since the strap had been slashed on the opposite side of her hip to the dildo, it’s weight put a lot of strain on the last, poor remaining thread that struggled to hold everything together. But it was only a matter of time...

“Sorry... Am I interrupting you? Were you in the middle of something? Especially with what you have there in your hands and strapped to the side of your hip right now... Are

you some kind of perverted panty thief?” The night watchman said to her, partially laughing. His night shifts were usually extremely boring, but with what he found tonight, there was nothing boring about it. He was rather incredibly intrigued by the scantily clad woman before him.

“What do you mean?” Cynthia then looked down and saw the dildo, now remembering that she was still carrying it with her. *Ab*. She could see how there may be some misunderstanding here.

“Oh, yes, well, it’s not what you think, it’s not mine, I don’t need this...”

“You mean you took *it* from someone else?” He said, all confused.

“Yes. No. Well, yes... But it’s a part of my investigation.”

“Oh, right! You just said something about being a detective... Is that so?”

“Yes...”

“Well, sadly for you, I can’t let you do any more “investigating” around here alone, little lady. The park is closed.

It's strictly private property until further notice. *And* if you want me to be real honest with you, I'm not too sure I believe your story here. You don't look a bit like someone that would make it very far in the business of private eyes. Heck, with that getup, you look like someone who should be swinging round poles for money right about now. Or worse. Why don't you come clean and tell me the truth? Huh, sweetheart?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, that you came here in secret, in the dark to... Well, **fap** with this toy of yours... It's fine. I won't put you in jail for something like this. I swear." He said, chuckling some more. His tubby belly jiggled as he did so.

"What? How would you even take me to jail? You're a watchman. Not a cop. And I wasn't fapping!"

"If you say so..."

"What happened here? From what I recall, this place never really closed down for too long. Certainly not this close to Summer time! I've never seen this place so trashed either."

"It's none of your business, you hussy. Now come with me. Let's get you out of The Sanctuary before you make an

even bigger fool of yourself,” he commanded her. *A hussy, huh? Who does this tub of lard think he is?* No matter what, the night watchman still had his flashlight directly pointed at her majestic breasts. The bleeding light aided him in his efforts to peer through the stretched out, sheer material of her khaki green tank top. To no avail though, as the DNA valkyrie prototype was unfortunately blocking his view of her heart shaped areolae and thick, erect nipples. Cynthia now knew for sure that the employee was hiding something from her. And noticing his current line of sight, and an emergent bulge in his navy blue trousers, she had an idea or two about how to loosen the lips on this “tough guy”. *Ufufu. I see... Well if it's a 'hussy' he wants...* Discarding Nene’s panties for now and peeling back her tight fitting top until one of her massive tits spilled out, the cunning and lewd investigator began sensually unplugging the fossil brassiere’s sockets from her left nipple as the night watchmen ogled her in disbelief. Tonight was his lucky night.

CHAPTER 28: INTENSIFIES

The motivated detective fully revealed her left boob to the night watchman who was blocking her road to the answers she was hunting for. Unplugging and disconnecting her tit from the organic, ancient-looking piece of clothing proved to be a slightly painful, yet still pleasurable experience for her.

Cynthia's breast jiggled, defying gravity as it's thick nipple wobbled free from it's imprisoning socket. She attempted to lift her tank top higher up in order to expose the remaining tit, but was unable to best its impressive weight. Eager to set the snared melon free, the promiscuous detective shook her chest from side to side until the bouncy jug slipped free. Satisfied, she rolled her top up above her heavy boobs and gave a smirk as she noticed the darting eyes of the watchman widening like crazy. He couldn't fathom the sheer concept of

what was unfolding in front of him during tonight's shift. With how this low-paying job had been explained by his employer, he had envisioned receiving visits from a few teenagers trying to have some fun, roaming around the park after hours. Not a fully grown woman flashing her titties at him! What was going on here?

“How's the view, hon?” Cynthia asked, winking at the dumbstruck man who audibly gulped. “Tell me what I need to know and I'll unplug the other nipple. Maybe even let you have a squeeze if I like what I hear.”

“N-Nobody. Nobody ever comes here. Nobody's ever ventured into these park grounds since they were first closed to the public... What are you doing here? What kind of investigation are you conducting exactly?” the watchman quivered at her, obviously trying his best to ignore the fact that this woman was attempting to seduce him for information. Trying his best to resist.

“Oh? What's this? I'm showing you my boob and all I get in return are these pesky little questions? Are you sure you want to pass on such a perfect opportunity?”

“I-I’m gonna have to ask you to leave. Now!” he insisted. Clearly against the ‘better’ judgement of his growing erection.

“Wow, you really don’t want me to be here, right?” She said while disappointingly inserting her left nipple back into its respective plug on the fossil brassiere. It was a strong feeling just like during the other times. She felt submerged with energy. She instantly looked up at the sky, blushed, and widely opened her mouth as she quietly moaned. It kind of felt like going out in the cold night during the Winter, underdressed for a while before coming back inside to warm up. That type of intense contrast. She sensed her body quickly getting warmer again.

“It’s t-trespassing! You are trespassing! This is now p-private property!” he fretted while slowly inching closer to her with such overly cautious body language that it made Cynthia giggle to herself.

Is this joke? What is this stupid-ass night watchmen even afraid of? Being shot or something? The only place I could have possibly concealed a weapon would have been between my cleavage and he’s already seen that. This is getting ridiculous. I

haven't done anything to put him on edge like this, she thought, as the unnecessarily afraid man caused her to chuckle at the worst of times. It only seemed to make him raise his guard alongside his eyebrow. She covered her mouth with the palm of her hand, shamelessly attempting to hide her laughter or at least muffle it a bit.

“What is going on here? Are you masturbating or something?” the man asked, quickly switching topics as he tried to make sense of the lewd noises the strange vixen had made just moments ago. He wasn't quite sure what her endgame was here, but he didn't want to screw this gig up. It didn't matter how attractive or arousing this young, healthy, fertile woman was. At this point in his depressing life, he needed the money far more than he needed the pussy. At least, that's what he currently struggled to convince himself of...

“Masturbating?” With my breasts? And how exactly would I manage that? I'm not even close to touching my crotch. I'm simply putting my bra back on since you *obviously* weren't interested. That's all,” she informed him.

“That’s not it. I’ve never said that I *wasn’t* interested. I just—I can’t just be swayed that easily. Besides, it looked to me like you were pinching your own nipple for pleasure?” he replied.

“And that’s how women masturbate according to you?” she couldn’t believe her ears. This washed up, middle aged guy clearly didn’t have much experience with women. The way he nervously sputtered out his words and avoided eye contact spoke to that. Had he even seen a woman naked up close before? Cynthia didn’t know what to make of this sweaty, overweight dude. She was much better at playing confident men who knew exactly what they wanted. This guy seemed more like a loose cannon to her. She almost pitied him, but not in *that* way. He was definitely the opposite of her type. Still, it probably couldn’t hurt to try her luck. Push him a little more and see what snaps in her favor...

“Um. What kind of bra is that anyway? And what kind of detective are you?” he continued to question the intruder as he reached for his nightstick. It was a special design that folded in half and hung off the side of his leather belt. The watchman

grabbed it and swung it very fast in the air, automatically triggering the object to unfold, making it whole.

Shrink!

The man then pointed his weapon at her, with nervous hands dripping of sweat.

“Oh? And what exactly are you going to do with that long, long stick of yours?” Cynthia antagonized. Now, this was a little more her style.

“Y-you know what? Forget it! You... You’re clearly up to no good here! I don’t know your angle, but you’re for sure going to get me fired at this rate! I’m taking you in for questioning. That way, my boss can decide what to do with you.”

“What are you on about, big guy? You need to relax. You wouldn’t be risking your job by simply helping out a detective-in-need in exchange of some—*benefits*—” Now things were getting interesting. This kind of scenario was much more familiar to the mischievous private eye. While the other two races were something still very new to her, she’d never had any qualms about using her body to extract info from humans

before. Men and women, all shapes and sizes. If it was for a case, Cynthia did whatever she could. A solved case meant cash, after all. She leaned back against a chain-link metal fence, her butt comfortably digging into it. She held onto her own chest, placing her arms in an 'x' formation, going across her soft tits. This mild physical pressure on her upper torso pushed her boobs up slightly into the air. Expanding the already deep view of her cleavage while also causing her nipples to dig deeper into their respective sockets. Her face and the rest of her body heated up because of this. The cold night breeze might as well have been sauna steam to her. It hadn't been all that long since the bus ride, but the busty bluenettes' sex drive was slowly but surely rising once again.

“Come on lady, this is over. You're a hottie for sure, but I have a job to do here. I've been instructed to apprehend any nosy individuals that show up here. On the off-chance that someone of *your ilk* actually is a detective, then I can't trust a single word that comes out of those seductive, dick-sucking lips of yours.”

“So, what now? Are you really going to detain me? Lock me up as your defenseless little prisoner with no way to resist?” Cynthia continued to tease the poor soul.

“N-normally, I’d take you to the nearest police station... But I’m alone on the job tonight... So—”

“—Aw. That must be quite lonely, then,” she latched on and ran with this angle, cutting him off to put words in his mouth and keep the atmosphere as erotic as possible. Toying with his emotions as best she could. Always trying to sneak spasms of sexual tensions into their conversation.

“It’s f-fine. I’m fine. Don’t worry about me. A-and don’t change the subject!”

“Oh but I do worry! It’s got to be such a lonely life if you’re spending your friday night guarding this depressing place all by yourself.” She leaned forward.

“S-stay back! And p-pull your top back down! If you keep trying to seduce me with all that exposed skin then I’ll have no choice but to ready my stick and t-take action!”

“Oh, please ready your stick for me!” Moaned Cynthia as she did her best porn-star impression, a voice she typically

donned while masquerading as *The Blue Heart* at her old night job. Taking a daring step towards her prey, her *brand-new* ultra mini skirt suddenly split apart into two different halves. The damage that had been done earlier by the iron gate has finally proven itself to be fatal. The final thread of her skirt's already weakened waistband had gotten caught on the chain link fence behind her. This hasty movement forward appeared to be the last straw.

The two desecrated halves of the skirt tranquilly fluttered down to meet her beautifully high-heeled feet, leaving her tiny, pink thong fully exposed.

“Oops! I swear, that was totally an accident.”

“I-I’m through with this! I warned you!” He yelled at her as he clicked down a button on the textured grip of his nightstick. It automatically powered an electrified spark on the far end of the weapon. *Double oops!* As it turned out, she was actually facing a stun baton!

The watchman charged at Cynthia and swung the nightstick at her, attacking the detective. Unable to avoid the strike, she received the powerful blow right on her chest. Dead

center on the fossil brassiere. Luckily for her, just as it had earlier with the Deinonychus, the prototype glowed and acted as a shield for her body.

Crack!

The nightstick broke in half right after rebounding off the mysterious brassiere.

Cynthia re-opened her eyes, looked up, and discovered that his weapon had been divided into two pieces. The watchman held both of them in different hands. Completely bamboozled.

A beat.

After three seconds of awkward silence and confusion, Cynthia decided to improvise and go along with the flow before he started asking even more troubling questions. Dropping to her knees, she began crawling on all fours, pretending to collect the tattered segments of her ripped up skirt.

“Would you mind helping me pick up these pieces? I feel so terrible right now. So embarrassed! I think it was wrong of me to come here in the first place. In the end, I only bothered

you and wasted your precious time,” she apologized and made up bogus excuses for pretty much everything. Completely ignoring his sudden assault and the resultant spectacle that had just occurred thanks to the DNA Valkyrie plugged in to her chest. Changing tune and playing the victim, she looked up at him from below with big watery eyes. Far from being the best actress around, she somehow still managed to catch this hopeless guy. The watchman hesitantly stepped forward and knelt down next to the woman in apparent distress.

“I... I’m sorry if I just scared you there. D-don’t feel embarrassed or bad. Everybody makes mistakes. This was just an honest accident... At least... I hope so,” he picked up one of the skirt halves and handed it out to her. “Alright. Tell you what. If you agree to leave right now, I won’t include you in the report I need to write later on towards the end of my shift. Does that work for you?” he offered her this opportunity.

“Y–Yes. Thank you! That totally works for me,” the guard was relieved. He was finally getting rid of her. Just in time too! Being this close to her, with this much of her body exposed, it was getting rather difficult to contain himself, or his

bulging erection for that matter. He'd need to jerk it real hard, later on, to get this image out of his head.

“Good.”

“Although...”

Oh, no! The nightwatchman opened his eyes quickly, this young woman wasn't through with him yet! “I can't help but keep thinking about how lonely you must be with this job...” she continued.

“N-no. I'm okay. Really!”

“Don't you wish you had someone to keep you company from time to time?” she asked him. This was when the man finally started cracking. He blushed as his raging boner almost burst out of his tight-fitting pants. She could clearly tell that this guy was a real tent pitcher for sure. *Not bad, for a human...*

“To be honest, I always wanted a wife.”

“Awww, you do?”

“I've long since yearned for a woman of my own to spend such nights with. But I don't really get out all that much...”

Taking the time to line herself up, Cynthia slowly raised her chest up as she returned to a seated position on her knees. Just as planned, the long cock bulge in his pants conveniently slipped in above the brassiere as she got up, disrupting it, causing it to wobble and twitch. Normally, such a major clothing disruption would make any bra have some sort of malfunction. Especially with how the imperial regime tended to poorly design women's lingerie on purpose. However, since Cynthia's bra was nothing conventional and the solid, metallic frame of it was held nice and tight to both her upper back and neck—the engineered brassiere, in the end, simply came very close to coming undone. However, the ever present crotch distortion that was the watchman's member had fortuitously throbbed its way between a pair of fossilized bones that made up a part of the right cup's frame and got momentarily jammed! It surprised both of them. Not exactly what she had in mind, but it'd work out all the same. Embarrassed and ashamed, the night watchman desperately tried yanking his boner out from its lodged position. And thanks to his fat glans swelling up and remaining anchored behind her bra frame, he accidentally

pulled everything with him! Taken apart from her chest: her nipples were removed from their respective sockets; the back and neck straps came undone; the prototype fell over onto the concrete floor of the amphitheatre's stand; and Cynthia's huge balloons exploded outwards and jiggled free, showing the lucky guard everything.

“Oh my!? Would you look at that! Seems that naughty knob of yours couldn't keep its hands to itself! Ufufu...”

“I... I am so sorry ma'am. I don't... This was entirely an accident, I swear! I was only trying to... But it didn't really work... Let me help fix your-” but then, before the flustered man could even finish his sentence, the mischievous Cynthia swiftly unzipped the zipper of the man's pants and fetched for his obscenely erect, fat cock inside, pulling it out through the opening of his underwear. His girthy, eleven-inch long dick was now in the open. Staring at Cynthia's pleasantly surprised face as she was sitting on her knees. *I knew it! I suspected this tubby, old lecher was packing some serious heat. Just goes to show why you should never judge a book by its sweaty, repulsive cover!* Holding

his member in the palm of her right hand, she rubbed and masturbated his thick cock with a genuine, lustful passion.

“Oh, I don’t mind accidents. I’m causing them all the time. I am terribly clumsy, after all. Some would even say that I am, myself, an accident!”

“Who... Who said that?”

“Hmm... Mom and Dad of course!” She revealed with an innocent grin on her face.

“Uh. For real?” he asked after an additional moment of confusion.

“Ah! Look at you, all weirded out! That was a joke, silly. Nothing more,” Cynthia laughed it off.

“O-oh. Okay, but... P-please, you shouldn’t be doing this. You really are going to get me in trouble!”

“Shhhhh... Nonsense! Right here, right now, I could become anything your heart desires. Would you like to take me as your very own doting wife?” she said as she grabbed her own jiggling tits and wrapped the guard’s member with them, making flesh collide against flesh. She leaned forward to rub his one-eyed monster across her chest, titty-fucking the nervous

guy. Her tank top was still rolled up above her breasts, sitting there. “Or would you prefer having me act as your personal cum dumpster?” she continued planting perverted fantasies in his easily malleable mind.

“Oh fuck... It... It’s been decades since I last experienced the touch of a real woman... I had almost forgotten how it felt. To have someone else touching my penis. Damn it! Your tits are so soft,” she kept fucking him with her breasts, going faster and faster as the watchman finally let the two halves of his broken nightstick drop from his sweaty fingers. The blue-haired woman leaned forward again and licked the tip of the man’s dirty cock with her tongue, lubricating his member during the intense titty-fuck. She stuck her tongue beneath his thick foreskin and helped peel it back to reveal some caked-on stigma. It was intoxicating in both good and bad ways. Clearly this unkempt slob was due for a good dick cleaning! Luckily, the lewd private investigator before him was happy enough to oblige... So long as she could get her rocks off too! However, as the discarded nightstick pieces rolled around the ground like

unlikely sex-partners, the guard suddenly ejaculated, shooting his gooey semen all over Cynthia's face, neck, and chest.

“Ah! Did you come? Already!?”

“It... It feels so amazing. I finally busted my nut all over a real woman!”

This man hadn't emptied his balls in so long that he briefly lost his footing, having to quickly sit down in a hurry before he fell and injured himself. He needed a good minute or two to recover his strength. Cynthia licked her lips clean before sensually crawling on top of him, towering over the guy. She was slightly irritated that he came so fast. Perhaps she shouldn't have expected so much from this guy after all? It had been a while since she'd been with a guy his age, but even then she didn't remember their loads tasting so... Stale. She moved her nose right up to his in order to get more personal with him. She held him in place with a good grasp on his arms. With her shirt still rolled up, her sperm laced breasts freely bounced all over the place. Since her skirt had been taken out of the picture quite a while ago, she now only had her pink thong left to cover her genitals. His plump glans rubbed the exterior of her underwear

as she grinded on him, hoping to coax a little more action out of him. She lusted for physical contact with her now wet pussy, but the middle-aged man was getting softer by the second. Her beautiful, thick legs encompassed his inflated torso on either side. His heavy breathing told her all she needed to know. Cynthia sighed.

“Then... Since you’re done already and the fun is over, how about we cut the bullshit? Tell me what’s up with the park?”

“I... I can’t tell you,” he murmured.

“Tell me and I’ll let you go without informing your employer that not only did you totally fail at your duties here but that you also came in like two seconds.”

“Wh-what!? You... Shit! Okay. Okay. I’ll talk...”

“I’m listening,” she smiled.

“It’s The Sanctuary’s owner. He closed it a few weeks ago,” he said after getting his breath back.

“And this ‘owner’, this boss of yours, is a Saurius Man by the name of *Pierrot Pio*?”

“Y-yeah. That’s the guy, but how-”

“And why has it been suddenly closed down?”

“He... He didn't say anything to me. I'm just a simple night watchman after all. A recent hire too! I did hear some rumours about the park getting destroyed soon, or the land getting sold to someone else... But I don't know anything concrete, I swear! C-can you please leave now?”

“I see. Where can I find your boss?”

“Huh!?! M-Mr. Pio? I... I mean... *Underground*,” he whispered.

“What are you saying?” she said, super confused.

“I think he-he's been staying underground most nights. Beneath the park's administration building... But... But what's it to you? You're not going to rat me out anyway, are you!?”

“Oh please! I'm not that petty. I've simply got some questions that need answering, and I'm obviously not going to get anywhere with a pathetic chump like you...”

Cynthia was done with him. She let him go, stood up, retrieved her brassiere from the ground and wore it again, inserting her nipples back into their sockets. She then pulled down the khaki green tank top before finally spinning around

on her heels. Slowly and calmly, the sensual detective walked away from the completely baffled man who was still lying down with his back pressed up against a bench of audience seating and his flaccid dick hanging bare, still dribbling with seminal residue. Cynthia unintentionally swung her wide hips from left to right, left to right in a loop like a slut. This was a beautiful view of the anxious night watchman. He stared at her back as she left. Seeing her big, thong-clad ass swinging around without a skirt covering it quickly got his blood pumping again. *That whore! How the fuck did I let her get the better of me like that!? Stupid boner! And now she's going to try and meet with my boss? Regardless of what she says, how the fuck is that going to make me look? Get up, you idiot! You have to stop her at all costs!*

The guard started to pick himself up, but accidentally stumbled and placed his grubby hands all over one half of his broken nightstick. To his literal shock, he discovered that the stun function still worked...

As Cynthia ventured into the heart of the carnival grounds, she soon found herself standing outside the front of the administration building that the night watchmen had just mentioned to her. A rather foreign looking concrete construction among the ground's sea of pop-up stalls and tents. It seemed rather odd that Pierrot would be working out of the basement here at this time of night. Didn't he have a home to return to? Perhaps he was actually living here? Or maybe, he was simply up to something nefarious that warranted such a level of secrecy? Well, only one way to find out for sure.

Grasping onto a metallic door knob, the bold private eye turned it only half way around before discovering that it was indeed locked. *Typical!* But perhaps this was a good opportunity for her to test out something she'd been curious about. Every now and then she appeared able to muster forth temporary instalments of enhanced strength thanks to her recently modified DNA. It wasn't usually up to her to decide when it was available to tap into, but she had a feeling she could learn to harness it in short bursts if she really focussed and applied herself.

Resting one of her high-heeled feet up against the reinforced double doors, she really put her back into it, pulling with all her might. She tried to think feral and animalistic thoughts, hoping to evoke some sort of inner dinosaur spirit. Trying desperately to imagine herself as a ferocious, wild Dilophosaurus: the species her DNA had been merged with. The very same species whose fossilized skeleton was currently strapped around her bosom. Nothing... Something didn't feel right. Perhaps she was approaching this all wrong? Cynthia tried her best to remember what it had felt like those few times before... And that's when it hit her. Cocks! Huge, erect, reptilian dicks that wanted to have their way with her. To fill her every hole. To mate with her and make the hot, fertile detective all theirs. The vivid imagery of every single Dino, Saurius and Urzax penis she had ever encountered flooded her mind's eye as she felt a familiar strength rise up inside her. Confronting thoughts that she had battled with for years, Cynthia did her best to discard all of her negative feelings on the subject and accept who she really was. What she really wanted to do with these immaculate slabs of masculine meat!

What she wanted them to do to her... Ovaries ablaze, she grunted as she gave the doorknob one final yank. The reclusive force only seemed to materialize for a split second, but it worked. Her efforts were rewarded as she forcefully pulled the shiny handle directly from its socket and stumbled back a few paces in disbelief. Like clockwork, the knobless door slowly clicked and swung open as if to beckon her inside. *Whoa! I can't believe that actually worked... Although I already feel just as normal as I usually do. I wonder if this thing has some kind of charge or cool-down period? I probably should have asked Gerald some more questions about this whole thing...*

Tossing the busted doorknob aside, Cynthia tried her best to calm herself after that little 'erotic episode' before taking her first steps inside the dimly lit building. Now wasn't the time for such thoughts, regardless of how she really felt. If she didn't compose herself quickly, she'd be all riled up in front of Pierrot. The old saurius man had been like family to her. The last thing she wanted was to ruin their long-awaited reunion with her increasingly perverted hormones. Wandering into the dusty foyer, the horny detective looked around for signs of a staircase

or elevator, something that would take her down to the basement level. This supposed *'underground'* area beneath The Sanctuary where her old friend was apparently dwelling.

Wishing she had brought a flashlight, Cynthia squinted at a bunch of signage above the empty receptionist's desk.

Hmmm... Looks like there might be some kind of service lift down the hall to the right? I guess that's my best bet then. Hopefully, I don't need some stupid key card or something... Just when she was about to turn heel and strut her stuff down the adjacent corridor, the half-naked investigator was brutally struck over the head from behind by something incredibly painful—the broken stun baton—both halves. The night watchman had never lost sight of the curvaceous woman. He lurked in the shadows, following in her footsteps all the way here. Observing her. Waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike. The now paralyzed detective had simply been too busy exploring, investigating, and nonchalantly swinging her wide, child-bearing hips and beautifully rounded ass from side to side to notice him stalking her. She had completely underestimated this opponent.

This was what you got for not paying attention to your surroundings and behaving like an ignorant slut under imperial rule...

Cynthia landed harshly on the surface of the receptionist's desk before sliding down onto the tiled floor. Gritting her teeth and letting out a soft groan, it took her a good moment to recover from the two powerful electric shocks she had received, momentarily stunning her. Behind her, the night watchman towered over the defenceless intruder. With one half of the damaged nightstick in each sweaty hand, it was apparent that both ends remained fully functional and ready to dish out the punishment that this buglaring bitch obviously deserved.

“You thought you could get rid of me that easily, you whore? I see that trespassing and indecent exposure wasn't enough for a degenerate like you. Now you're breaking and entering too? Unacceptable! I'm clearly within my rights to reprimand you for this indecent behaviour!”

“Ahhh! N-no fair! Striking a lady from behind like that... What a brute! Ufuufu! Just when I thought you were

down for the count, you come back for more. Mmmm... Colour me impressed, big boy.” In spite of the pain, she was honestly aroused by this surprise turn of events. Ever since fusing with the DNA Valkyrie prototype, Cynthia had evolved into a far more submissive person by nature. She was unable to shake this overwhelming urge to get dominated by her superiors. The effect was of course more potent when faced with Dinosaurs, Saurius, and Urzax males, but even Human men could excite her just enough to put her in the mood if they played their cards right. And this persistent old slob had just revealed his ‘royal flush’ to the easily swayed bitch-in-heat.

“What are you saying, slut?” he clearly heard the minx, but couldn’t fathom the idea that this was actually turning her on. Cynthia slowly turned herself around while remaining on the floor. Her back was now lying down on the cool tiled surface of the foyer.

“You know exactly what I’m saying, tough guy. I submit.” She said, once again voluntarily lifting her tank top, but this time pulling it over her head and casting it aside. The detective in ‘distress’ then quickly yanked the DNA Valkyrie

prototype from her heaving tits, setting her nipples free from their restrictive plugs.

Thump! Thump!

One after the other.

She then threw the device away so that it was out of her reach. Didn't want that silly old thing or its mysterious powers interfering with her incoming disciplinary action. Cynthia placed her forearms right underneath her large breasts. Supporting them. Projecting them higher into the air.

“How about you try out those two electrifying sticks of yours on these two naughty girls right here? Huh?”

“He-he! You truly are a nasty slut!” The watchman loudly declared as he leaned forward and squatted over her.

“Aw. You have no idea how wet it makes me when someone talks to me like that. Ufuufu,” those last few sentences caused his already erect member to stand even taller than it had earlier. The watchman no longer lacked the confidence he was missing with his first boner. This engorged dick meant business.

“Well of course it does! I might not have been with many women before now, but I know your type!”

“Oh yes. Especially coming from such a strong and dominant man like you,” to be honest, this was a bit of a stretch, even for her. Cynthia still had a hard enough time getting over his ugly mug. At this point, she was being driven almost entirely by lust and the idea of this erotic fantasy of hers. She had to role-play quite a bit in order to get beyond their lack of natural chemistry. So under normal circumstances, it would have been unthinkable of her to hold him in such high regard. But the way this man came back and surprised her with his weapons, it made her feel at his mercy. She was wet. Extremely wet. Her pink thong was flooded with her sensual fluids. She couldn't resist an innate desire to procreate even if this particular man just simply wasn't her type.

“Well. Take this, whore,” he said just before jabbing the two halves of his nightstick against Cynthia's unprotected nipples, activating their static electricity function as requested. He shocked her nipples alongside the rest of her breasts.

“Ahhhhhhnnnn! Ufuufu. Hhah! I love it,” she moaned at the top of her lungs, enjoying the hell out of it. The electric power of the stun baton pieces wasn't set to something so high

that they would actually hurt her. Just high enough to make her sweat and squirm. She was being teased on a tremendously brutal level. The man occasionally pumped up the voltage here and there in order to get more passionate and fruitful reactions out of her. And it worked like a charm. She moaned a lot louder whenever he made the shocks more powerful. Even squirted so powerfully that it seemed to phase right through her panties. He laughed his ass off. He was having a blast as he discovered this new kind of attraction that he never knew he possessed. He watched as Cynthia began masturbating herself during this shocking process. She quickly pulled her drenched thong to the side as she reached for her erect and raw clitoris with her sweaty fingers. Blushing, and with her eyes sealed shut, she was fully immersed in her own depraved little fantasy.

After a few minutes of continuously shocking her titties, he moved one of the two nightstick halves lower on her body, down to her crotch. He pointed the tip of the muted baton on her swollen clitoris and rubbed it in a circular motion for several seconds before nudging the shock value on, but only just. Slightly teasing her with a really weak charge. Wanting to

be in control of everything during this power trip, he insisted on taking over the stimulation of her genitals for himself. Not that Cynthia minded one bit. Besides, she had other matters to attend to. While continuing to shock her clitoris, the perverted man moved the second baton piece up to her lips and slid it inside her mouth, down her throat without warning. He moved it back and forth, pretending that he was forcing her to perform fellatio on a dick. Except that this dick was far more dangerous than anything she had ever taken between her plump, glossy lips.

“Suck on it!” And completely willingly, she did. Just as ordered, she deep-throated the broken nightstick, role-playing that it was indeed a lovely, smooth human cock. Never failing to let out muffled moans among other obnoxiously lewd and sloppy noises, and she worked. Thus far, the watchman had refrained from activating the baton’s stun feature while it was in her mouth. He was undoubtedly tempted to do so though. He kept hovering his fat thumb over the button, lightly brushing it as she sucked on the stick, but never pressed it. Cynthia totally feared that he eventually would. But it was all

part of the fun. Part of the thrill. He stopped holding the baton half that was pleasuring her clitoris and left it resting in the middle of her crotch at an angle. He wanted to have at least one hand free. One hand free to rub his girthy, erect cock which had never been placed back inside his pants since the horny detective had initially unleashed it. He furiously jerked himself off as Cynthia sucked on the stick in her mouth.

By that point, Cynthia had already come two times. Due entirely to the static electricity being discharged upon her defenceless clitoris. It was honestly more enjoyable than any vibrator she had used in the past. Though perhaps that had more to do with the context of this particular encounter... At long last, the watchman finally stepped closer to her and introduced his hard cock into her mouth, sharing it with the deactivated nightstick half. It appeared she had indeed done a thorough job earlier, as his ridged glans tasted far cleaner this time around. Now she could really enjoy playing around with his musky foreskin without any risk of gagging. Because of the two phallic invaders, Cynthia's mouth was stretched open extremely wide. Tons of her own saliva over-flowed and ran all

down her own neck, breasts, and most of her upper torso. With one of his hands-free, he went in to grab and caress her big boobs. However, her tits were still statically charged from the shock treatment they had received earlier. Combined with the increasingly overwhelming amount of saliva getting splattered all over her breasts, caused the chubby man to accidentally jolt himself when making the first contact. For a split second, you could even see the blue, electrical discharge erupting out from her extraordinarily stiff, wet nipples. It was a beautiful sight to behold. Nothing like anything the middle-aged watchman had ever witnessed before. But that also meant that he sadly couldn't touch her chest that much, though mostly out of unwarranted fear. This night guard was not nearly as brave nor thrill-seeking as his buxom victim, now just as sweaty as he was. Although he was faring much better than earlier, it took him everything he had not to let her steal his precious load from him almost immediately. Though with the way her slippery tongue was swirling around his glans, it was surely just a matter of time.

The heavysset man ultimately ejaculated down her throat just over two minutes after the stick rubbing against her

clitoris made her cum for the third time. The dirty and messy blow-job was ultimately too much for the watchman to handle. Without any warnings, he came inside her mouth. Grabbing her head with both hands to make sure she couldn't escape. Not that she had any intention of betraying him like that. When he was done, he let go of her deep blue hair and pulled *his* baton, along with the inanimate one, out of her sloppy mouth hole, taking a step back to admire his best work yet. Despite being set free, Cynthia kept her mouth wide open, no matter what, in order to show him the glorious results of her top quality service. She kept his pool of deposited semen firmly intact inside her mouth for several seconds longer before finally swallowing everything like a good girl.

Tired, the watchman slumped down onto the floor next to her. He had a large smile on his face as he struggled to regain his breath. He was head over heels in love with this woman. He wanted to make her his, no questions asked.

“That was awesome. I don't even remember the last time I had sex. Cumming two times in one night wasn't something I still thought I was capable of, but a bad bitch like

you really brought it out of me. I need to have you in my life... I think I will take you up on that offer from before. I'm going to take you as my wife!" he told her.

"Err... Well, technically I did say that, but you do realize I-

"Shush. I wasn't **asking** you. And don't think I'm through with you just yet." He staggered back onto his feet. "We're just getting started here, slut! There are still so many things I want to do to you before this night is out. I don't care how raw my cock gets. So how about it? Why don't we try something with these for round three?" he said as he indicated towards a couple of items secured to the side of his belt. Two rolls of duct tape and a coil of rope. *This fucking guy...* Cynthia thought, biting her lower lip. While she did actually have some urgent investigating to do, she couldn't help but be lured in by this fat man's growing confidence. Could he even make it one more round? She was curious to find out. Besides, seeing these two items had given her an idea...

"As a night watchman, why would you even need all of this kinky shit in the first- You know what? Forget it. You're the

boss here and I'm game enough to give you a chance to make your case. So how about this? I will accept your proposal under one condition."

"Tch! Like you'll have a say in the matter when I'm through with you. Fine. What is it?"

"I'll agree to marry you... So long as you can successfully knock me up before this night is over!" She proudly announced.

"A-are you—serious!?" he slurred his words quite a bit there, blood already pouring back into his plump, red shaft.

"Totally. Right here, right now. You're an older gentleman after all, and I do want kids of my own. I can't just end up with some worthless, impotent guy after all," she confirmed.

This fool is so easily manipulated. At his age, with that level of health, there's no way this guy's fertility is high enough to match mine. He's got no chance in hell! He'll run himself completely rugged in no time flat while I get to let loose and see just how much mileage I can get out of this pathetic guy before he croaks! She schemed.

“Alright, you filthy wench. I’ll accept your challenge, but with one condition on my end as well.”

“Ufuufu! Is that so?” she struggled to conceal her wicked smirk.

“This impregnation is going to happen,” he paused, taking a spool of duct tape and quickly unrolling it, making a loud, rubbery screech. “My way.”

“Mmmmmn, yeah. I like where this is going, big guy.”

Chapter 29: REUNION

Seeing it coming, but unwilling to do anything about it, the horny detective's wrists were quickly bound together with the length of rope. Her mouth was then quarantined with a large, uneven piece of duct tape. The middle-aged man was holding her in his arms. Holding her soft, thick thighs, while lifting her up into the air, her back resting on the interior wall of the administration building's foyer. She wrapped herself around the fat watchman's body with what free limbs remained. Her right leg placed on top of his left shoulder. Her left leg under his right arm, deep into his armpit. His full eleven inches plunged deep into her pussy as soon as her underwear had been tossed to the side. Cynthia's breasts jiggled like crazy as she received his bulbous dick in rapid succession. The man's tongue was sticking out of his mouth, drooling. Fucking such a buxom and beautiful woman on his shift was like a dream come true. Especially since she made the deal to become his wife alongside being kinky enough to fulfill his newfound bondage fetish.

In only a few minutes, Cynthia's ravager was already breathing heavily and sweating up a storm. If his musky stench wasn't overbearing enough before, then it certainly was now. He probably shouldn't have chosen such a difficult position to plow her in right from that start. He was, by his own admission, no expert when it came to sex. Though while the blue-haired vixen could tell that he was desperately struggling to maintain his pace, she at least appreciated his tenacity along with the intensity behind each thrust. Harshly slamming into her cervix with an acceptable frequency and strength. He was certainly doing his best to be as rough with her as he could, even if it was ultimately short-lived... Again. The night watchman's poor stamina must have been linked to his questionable state of health. With his chubby belly rubbing up against her well toned abdomen, she felt his body begin to tremble as the inevitable approached. The voluptuous harlot let out a low moan as her current partner put everything he had into a strike so deep that his heavy balls slapped against her thick outer labia. The guard throbbed inside her soaking cunt, squirting out his dirty seed all over her inner walls, inseminating his would-be wife.

Cynthia wasn't necessarily attracted to this man, nor *his* relatively short dick compared to any Saurius or Urzax. She was, however, totally into the fact that she had been tied up, taped up, and made love to so vigorously by a man that truly thought he had a shot at impregnating her. Even though he clearly had no right or hope to...

“There. I came! You're stuck! You're stuck with my kid! Haaahh! You'll be. My wife now? Right?” he asked her while panting for his breath. He slowly stopped supporting her weight and let her slide down to the floor again. Though it was no act of kindness. He simply didn't have the energy to hold her up for any longer.

She tried responding, but couldn't. With the piece of tape covering her mouth, she could only mumble.

“Oh! Right,” he quickly peeled the adhesive strip from her mouth, hurting her a little. Not that there was any way to avoid that.

“Ouch! Th-thanks.”

“So, what were you attempting to utter?”

“I was trying to tell you that I don’t think I’ll ever be your wife,” she revealed to him. Taken aback, rejected, he stepped away. Pulling his wet dick out of her sperm-oozing pussy at the same time.

“How come? Why? You said—”

“—Not wanting to hurt your feelings, but I highly doubt you’ll ever be able to impregnate me at this rate,” she interrupted him.

“Huh? And why is that?”

“Because, I can’t feel a single thing in any one of my active ova. Nothing. I don’t think your sperm even got close to landing their mark. This is your third ejaculation of the night, Mister. It’s hard to believe that your loads are going to get any stronger than this...”

“What are you saying? That I’m good enough for you? But... But you promised!” He backed off, needing a moment to recover and take this news in. Getting tired of his whining, Cynthia lowered her arms and compressed her wrists against the rope while twisting. Normally, she wouldn’t be able to break free on her own, not without fantasizing about hunky

Saurius men surrounding her with their gargantuan cocks, at least. Channelling another short surge in strength, the genetically enhanced woman quickly tore through the bondage, freeing her hands along with herself.

“Sadly, this has nothing to do with what I want. If you’re unable to knock me up with an intimate fuck like that, then I don’t see the point in continuing. You’re not going to get any better before dawn. You should just be satisfied that you were able to get this much mileage out of our interactions. Plus, I **do** have an investigation to return to,” Cynthia crouched down, retrieving the severed lengths of rope from the ground. Still, seemingly exhausted and confused by his own apparent infertility, the watchman barely reacted or even realized what she was attempting. Cynthia walked up to him as more of his semen flowed out of her vagina. There was a decent amount of it, despite the lack of concentrated, virile spermatozoa. Very sensually, she moved her head up to his and kissed him one more time, while taking his arms by force with her Urzax strength and tying up **his** wrists with one of the rope pieces. The man tried defending himself, but it was too late.

By the time Cynthia was done with him, she had also bound his feet together and duct-taped his mouth. He didn't put up much resistance at all. Perhaps he had finally given up and accepted his place?

“Sorry I wasn't the one for you, big guy. Though who knows? Maybe if you work on yourself and get some practice, you'll have better luck next time... **IF** we ever meet again. Don't worry though, I won't be telling your boss about us. So get some rest while I go downstairs to meet him,” she said as she began to leave the sorry man alone in the dark. The sexually charged investigator was in the process of collecting the scattered pieces of her outfit from around the foyer, thinking of how she would open her upcoming conversation with Pierrot when she suddenly heard a noise behind her. The screeching sound of tape being removed. Cynthia stopped. She dropped what had been gathered and turned around to discover the guard had already freed himself from the awkward position he had just been confined to by the sultry madame. What was this? A fourth wind? Had she weakened the strands of the rope that much when she tore through it earlier? Or was this guy actually

that strong? Perhaps she should have learned some better knots... Regardless, he stood behind her at the entrance of the hallway that led to the elevator. Angry. Totally unwilling to let her pass. He was fully erect and ready to assault her once again. Cynthia realized that she had mistaken his earlier signs of cooperation for what was actually the preservation of his strength for this escape attempt. He was still breathing heavily, and sweating like crazy, but she had no choice but to admire his sheer perseverance and willpower. This was one *'tough-guy'* that wouldn't be dealt with so easily. She'd have to drain him completely. Taking a deep breath, the naughty private eye gently brushed her hair back and wiped her own sweaty face clean. She puffed out her huge chest and strutted back towards her enemy in a seductive manner, confronting the big watchman.

“Did you really think it would be that easy to get rid of me?” he menaced.

“I was just thinking the exact same thing. Colour me impressed! It'll be at least a couple of minutes before I can try harnessing that strength again. Though once I can, I could

probably use it to knock you out cold, but... Well, to be honest, I admit that it's not particularly fair of me to write you off completely on our deal. I keep underestimating you, and you keep surprising me in return. Who knows? Maybe you can surprise me some more? I have my doubts, but I'll keep them to myself from now on. So no more fighting. No escaping. No Resisting. Go at it for as long as you can. Try as many times as you need to impregnate me. Dawn is your only limit."

Standing right before him now, Cynthia teased the chubby man by softly touching his damp, hairy chest with her delicate fingers. She leaned in closer, standing on the tips of her toes as her massive tits squished against his. "Or at least until your body gives in for good!" She sensually whispered into his right ear before proceeding to swirl her tongue inside.

"Heh! You're on, bitch!" he immediately slapped her big ass in return. He seemed to have enough spunk left in him. Enough to keep her turned on and moaning at the very least. There wasn't a hint of hesitation in his voice. Not even thinking twice about it. Did this cocky bastard seriously still believe he had a solid chance in hell? Not that it really mattered at this

point. Regardless of his actual prospects, this horny *bluenette* was willing to accept everything he had to throw at her with open legs.

The clock struck eleven. The thick, sweaty pair were currently lying down together on top of the large wooden desk that was the dimly lit lobby's centrepiece. Making the nastiest love they could. The man was behind her, his fat cock still digging deep into her juicy pussy. Cynthia's right leg was being lifted super high in the air as he virtually had all the time in the world to fuck her until he eventually managed to knock her up. Or until his body gave out. Even for talented, professional porn stars, attempting to fuck someone for over eight hours straight with little to no break was an incredibly daunting, borderline impossible task. Something this dumb tub of lard hadn't exactly considered at the start their deal. Though to be fair, he figured he'd have her pregnant with his kid well before now. At this point, Cynthia had been letting him fuck her for the past thirty

minutes or so. During that half-hour, he had come twice inside her, direct cream pies. And she was *still* not pregnant. He was incredibly frustrated, but that paled in comparison to his stubbornness. He seemed to be fuelled by anger more than passion or perversion at this point. Almost like he was fucking her more to prove a point than anything else. Even though it was still rough sex, and Cynthia adored rough sex, she couldn't wait to get back to her case. The intensity was still there from time to time, but the "highs" were becoming less frequent. She was actually starting to get kind of bored. Yes, it was decent enough sex. But in the end, it was just the bare minimum needed to satisfy her. Now that she was more accustomed to sex with hulking, savage, dino-beasts, that is. And those brutes didn't even know the meaning of the word "restraint". This sex was only "rough" by human standards. She just wasn't feeling this. At some slower times between ejaculations, she even found her eyes half-closed. It was getting rather late after all. That was the only redeeming feature of this guy at the moment for her. His huge reserves of stamina, and incredibly short refractory period. She would still hold up her end of the bargain if the

watchman managed to pull this off. But she secretly hoped he wouldn't. He'd really helped put things into perspective for her tonight. With her enhanced body the way it was now, after how much it had been stretched out and violated by all sorts of gigantic reptilian cocks, it was getting hard for her to imagine living married to a human now. At least as far as the sex was concerned... *Gosh! What am I even thinking about? Just how far have I fallen in such a short period of time!*

“How are you so certain that my sperm didn't manage to knock you up earlier?” he asked her, taking it easy in between some slow thrusts.

“Seriously? Didn't you know? For centuries, females from each species have had a strong mental connection with our reproductive system. We can all feel our own ovulation and fertilization. They're both unique sensations... I don't know if a guy would be able to understand them. But the point is that I'd know instantly if you'd been successful. Though I can't really say for certain what's wrong on your end. I have no idea if your sperm are strong enough to swim all the way to my ova and fully penetrate their cell walls. And I've got plenty of them

active right now. I ran into a bunch of Saurius and Urzax earlier, so I'm highly fertile tonight." He kneaded her tits with each hand as he listened attentively, hoping to pick up some kind of miracle hint that would help him out. But he was starting to look a little defeated. "Oh, I'm really not trying to discourage you here. I sure hope I'm wrong! I would totally love for you to make me your wife and force me to have your children," this was a clearly total lie. She just thought that some light encouragement would help him pick up the pace again and get this over with. "Maybe if your first two loads of the night had been directly secreted into my pussy you might have had a chance..." she continued talking to him while he kept pumping his cock into her.

"So you don't believe in me, huh?"

"Not really, but I am excited to see just how far you can go!"

"Hmmp! Oh, yeah? Then how's this!"

On that note, he resumed fucking her as strongly and as rapidly as he could. Even surprising her with a couple of thrusts. Squeezing hard, a bit of excess milk from her previous

pregnancy dribbled out of her jiggling jugs. In spite of everything, he certainly was improving with each attempt. She had cum once or twice herself, but there had to be a limit on how far he could make it in a single night on pure determination and grit alone...

A little over two hours passed. And yet, he was still fucking her. Though they'd both needed a little break here and there. A couple of empty water bottles lay scattered around on the floor beneath them. The nearby vending machine was all out now, and the exhausted night watchman didn't want to waste any energy making the trek down the hall for the restroom's tap water. The man came a total of five times since eleven PM, and she was *still* not pregnant. The more time went on, the more he was dangerously close to running out of fuel completely. Even with them working overtime on production, he had almost nothing left inside his balls. He was most likely entirely out of semen to give to her. However, the last time he

ejaculated inside her, about twenty minutes ago, he had come extremely close to knocking her up. He had given her everything he had. His load successfully reached the back of her womb that time, but unfortunately, the weak sperm within weren't strong or persistent enough to break the barrier defending each ovum, and he failed to fertilize her. It didn't work. Again. However, what had changed was the frequency of which he had made her cum. He was really getting the hang of sex at this point. Not to mention that even Cynthia's stamina was being tested by this hour. From time to time, in the height of her climaxes, she actually found herself secretly hoping he would impregnate her hungry womb. But each time, she was met with disappointment. And in the afterglow, that feeling dissipated. Over and over again.

“Oh gawd! I almost thought you had me that last time! But no, still nothing. It sucks. But you know what?”

“Wh-what?”

“I honestly feel like you are getting better at it. Slowly, sure, but it's kind of weird though.”

“... Why’s... th-that?” He struggled to even form the words.

“Because it’s making me feel as if I’ve been training you or something,” she chuckled. “I’ve never done that with any man before. It’s just amusing is all,” the night watchman kept fucking her slowly, as he had been, for a few more minutes before coming to a full stop and ceasing all movements inside her pussy. He stopped thrusting his dick into her. “H-hey? What’s happening, guard-dude? Plus, it has been a while since you last shot anything inside of me. Are you okay?” not receiving any form of reply, she turned her head around and noticed that the smelly, sweaty guard was now asleep while flopped over, hugging her from behind. Totally unconscious. She had done it. She had broken him. In spite of this obvious conclusion, Cynthia had started to actually believe that she would never be able to fully wear him out. She waited a minute or two longer, just in case he suddenly woke up with another rush of adrenaline. But it wasn’t meant to be. Pulling his no longer hard and extremely red-raw cock from her pussy with ease, Cynthia hopped off the wooden desk. She staggered for a

moment after not having stood for quite some time, on top of feeling a ton of useless sperm spilling out of her. It ran down her legs and collected in a gluey pile down on the tiled floor.

She watched him sleep for a bit while wiping herself clean with his own discarded shirt. He looked cute to her. She smiled. In the end, he had given her perhaps the best human sex she'd ever had. Perhaps before everything in her life had been flipped upside down, she could have accepted ending up with a guy like this. But now, it was clear to her that she'd struggle to be sexually satisfied by a human husband. How she felt about that deep down was an entirely different story, and something she'd have to come to terms with some other time. For now, she could finally continue her investigation. She contemplated securing him in some fashion before she left, but decided against it in the end. She'd promised not to resist him, so if he somehow managed to recover and find her once again before dawn, then she had no real reason to refuse yet another attempt. The busy detective fetched her clothes once again, and left him.

Fully “dressed”, Cynthia finally made her way down the hall to the elevator she had spotted earlier. She pressed the button. Waited for the cart to arrive. Entered. And then watched the doors slowly close on her as she tapped the downwards arrow on the control panel. It was half past one in the morning, and Cynthia still had a lot to get done.

Cynthia explored the basement of the building, striding quickly now (to make up for lost time) from room-to-room to find the person she had originally come here to see. Her high-heeled shoes made a carnival of loud, clicking noises as she paced through the large, maze-like basement. Breasts bouncing strongly despite the brassiere and extremely low-cut tank top doing their best. Not to be outdone, her thong-clad ass gyrated softly with each step too.

Even though it should have been uncharted and new territory for her, she couldn't help but recognize many of the surrounding sights.

I remember the colour of the walls. And the tiles on the floor. I've come here before. I'm sure of it. I think—I think this is where he actually used to live? she recalled as she explored the area. She found lots of nostalgia inside the various storage rooms that contained boxes of outdated park decorations such as signs with clown heads on them and huge wooden advertising panels with the mascot of the park on it: 'Nuts', a peanut themed character for children.

Cynthia was standing in one of those rooms right now. Square in the middle of it with those colourful, yet very dirty and rusted park memorabilia all around. Surrounding her.

Oh, right. I remember this guy, thinking back on the old mascot. She blushed when she realized that Nuts actually had huge balls poorly hidden under his pair of loose shorts. Something she hadn't noticed when she was a kid. She looked around the room, searching for something, searching for any kind of clue that might help. If Pierrot did live down here, then there must be some personal belongings hidden around somewhere. Perhaps they could fill her in on his potential motives. She looked under every nook and cranny until she

finally managed to detect something noteworthy inside a dusty old box.

A journal.

She opened it. It was one of his, her dear old friend's journals. Their relationship had been an odd one now that she thought about it, but Pierrot had been someone that helped her go through a lot during her rough childhood. Judging from the dates in there, it was well over a decade old. Back when Cynthia was still just a little kid. After flipping through the book, she arrived at the last page to find a printed picture of her as a child and the owner of this journal together, hanging out. Taking a selfie. The photograph was pasted to that final page. Cynthia smiled. She hugged the book after closing it. Though she did feel a little guilty. She didn't even recall the last time she had spoken with him...

All of a sudden, she heard something coming from a nearby room. A strange, ominous continuous banging as if someone was bashing violently against a wall. The blue-haired detective carefully came out of the storage room, journal in hand. She slowed down, taking her time to look around and be

as careful as possible. Not wanting to come head-to-head with another creep or something like that. It was easy to track down the source of the banging as the noise never ceased during her search. When she found the specific room where the sound came from, there wasn't any light in it. It was completely dark. The noises finally stopped as she stepped inside. Through the darkness, she could make out the faint silhouette of a figure. A large immobile Saurius man.

“It's you? Right?” Cynthia asked as she slowly and nonchalantly walked in the dark basement of the park. She moved towards the man dressed as a clown. With his back turned to her, she was unable to get a clear look at him.

He didn't respond.

“The man from my past,” she continued speaking to him while slowly inching closer and closer in the darkness.

He remained silent once more.

“The clown from my childhood,” she kept going.

He kept his mouth shut no matter what. Cynthia walked right up to him and raised her left hand with the intention of touching his shoulder.

“... Pierrot...” The private investigator murmured to the man just before she made first contact.

Almost as soon as the clown heard his name—the lights came flashing on, and he quickly spun around to reveal what he was doing. Unveiled what he was hiding in his hands—a pistol. A strange, candy themed, colourful handgun with a plastic syringe protruding from the end of the barrel. He raised the weapon in the air and pointed it towards the detective. With this sudden change, Cynthia never had the opportunity to touch the man’s shoulder.

The clown Saurius grinned maniacally.

“... *This... Name...*”

“Holy fuck! What’s wrong with you?” She shouted as she first saw the weird weapon and threw up her hands in surrender. The journal accidentally flung from her grip amidst the panic, scattering across the floor behind her.

“Get out. This is my park,” he grunted. “You won’t take my park away from me!”

“Pierrot, it’s me! Cynthia! The little girl! Don’t you remember?” She tried to reason with him.

“I said: *Get out of my park.*”

“I was looking for you. I wanted to talk to you.”

Click!

Bang!

Pierrot, the clown Saurius pulled the trigger of the gun and outright shot Cynthia, the grownup kid he had tried to cheer up all those years ago. The plastic syringe was ejected and struck the frightened detective’s right arm as she quickly pivoted, jutting her arm out in front of her in the hopes of shielding her upper torso.

Once the syringe had pierced the surface of her beautiful skin with its sharp needle, the “hard-boiled” investigator discovered what was contained inside. The contents of the fired *bullet* was actually *semen*. A concoction of Saurius sperm.

“What the hell is this? Oh, fuck!” Cynthia yelled in confusion, pain, and distress. “This is *condensed blood semen*, isn’t it?” she noticed a light red colour permeating throughout the mostly white mixture, recognizing what it was. She’d heard of it before.

A rare kind of Saurius sperm, produced only by some, that has various effects on “lesser species” such as Humans, including partially manipulating and bending their minds. This strange type of semen usually travels through blood cells. This is bad. This is terrible! Cynthia thought, starting to panic as she observed the syringe jabbing deep into her arm.

“I told you to get the hell out of my park,” he insisted.

“Why did you do this? I’m not here to take the park away from you. It’s me, Cynthia. And I don’t get it? How do you have blood sperm? It’s an illegal substance. And extremely expensive! There’s no way you could have afforded something like this,” she shouted at him.

With the cum awkwardly but surely transfusing into her veins, Cynthia accidentally dropped to her knees in front of the clown. Her big boobs almost jumped out of her skimpy top as she fell to the ground. Getting lower made her realize that Pierrot already had his penis taken out of his loose clown pants. Pierrot was from an Apatosaurus breed. His cock was long and thick although it had a strange, awkward curved shape to it, exactly just like the base of his neck and head. His magnificent

dick was twenty-inches-long and his reptilian balls extremely wide and heavy. The pair of trousers had a special hole in the front of the crotch area especially created for needs such as going to restrooms or even something a little kinkier. Despite still being very much hard, it was made extremely clear that Pierrot had just recently ejaculated. The tip of his glans still had a decent amount of sperm slowly dribbling off of it.

Cynthia took one more look down at the sizeable amount of jizz within the interior of the syringe, the cum mixture that was currently mixing into her blood at an alarming rate. She put one and two together.

The majority of the semen inside the syringe was obviously *his*.

Probably mixed up with a tiny amount of *blood sperm*. The substance was extremely difficult to find and ludicrously expensive, so he must have had to add in some of his own cum to dilute it. It probably wouldn't be enough to tame a Saurius woman, but a mere Human? Absolutely. What a cheap pig.

The syringe quickly emptied itself before Cynthia even had the chance to take it out of her arm. She eventually did, a few seconds after it had run out of jizz to inject.

“Saurius *blood sperm* injected right into the bloodstream of a Human woman has the effect of breaking her mind. You’ll become my puppet now,” Pierrot declared to her, resting the spent pistol down on the workbench beside him with one hand, and stroking the length of his massive shaft with the other. Getting it nice and ready for his soon-to-be willing partner.

In only a few seconds, Cynthia’s eyes started flickering. She looked a little sleepier than she did a moment ago, although her pupils were now rather dilated. Then, she slowly leaned a little closer towards the clown she was kneeling before and pulled his big, fat, Saurius cock into her filthy mouth. Pierrot didn’t have to lift a finger. She was doing all of the work. It was *all* her. He petted her head as his glans slid right into her mouth like a knife into butter. Her large, wet lips only helped the fast

process of inserting himself into her. This clearly wasn't her first rodeo with a cock this impressive.

The blow-job had officially begun.

Three blow-jobs in one night? What is this? A blow-job themed park now or something? She questioned *airheadedly* with her last truly free thoughts.

It was *never* forced upon the detective. It actually only took about three or four inches of his fiery, savage cock passing down her throat for her to feel such extreme arousal that she broke, accepting everything that was happening to her. The Saurius *blood sperm* had already completely tamed her mind.

The sexy doll breathed through her nose. Closed her eyes. Blushed. And slowly moved her head back and forth. The clown kept stroking her beautiful, blue hair. She continued doing all the work, all willingly. Cynthia tasted the residual sperm he had previously shot out of his dick that remained on his glans and upper shaft. She took all of it with her tongue and swallowed everything. It quickly travelled down her throat. She could taste the salty, delicious taste and thickness of it. A world of differences with the guard she had tasted outside which had a

lot less flavour to it. He was only human, after all. Simply based on its taste and density, she knew Pierrot's sperm would knock her up if he were to come inside her. If he were to unload in her womb, this would be disastrous for Cynthia. Tasting it set off her ovaries like crazy. She felt her womb bubbling with passion as one more ovum was fired down each fallopian tube. She had already released a ton of them earlier while being chased down by the pack of deinonychuses, and then later on the bus. But *this* was something different. The night watchman had never made her feel this way in all the hours they'd spent together. And she'd only been in Pierrot's presence for a little over two minutes!

After swallowing the leftovers from his past, recent load, the young woman finally re-opened her eyes again. She immediately and exclusively laid her sweet, lovely eyes on the Saurius that had been staring at her intently ever since the beginning of this blow-job. Cynthia used her delicate hands, her smooth fingers, to rub his penis during the fellatio, stimulating him much more that way. Her tongue worked wonders from the inside too. She slobbered, drooled and

gagged, but never took the mighty cock out of her slutty mouth hole. She even picked up the pace after a minute or two. Showing off just how much of a blow-job expert she'd become in a few short weeks. A natural talent to be sure. This was what she was built for. What she was meant to do.

A few additional minutes into the depraved sexual activity that was unfolding beneath the park, Cynthia suddenly noticed that the part of her arm that had been hit earlier had slowly changed over time. Her arm now had a large, rounded lump on the side of it. Curious, Cynthia momentarily stopped masturbating the clown Saurius and softly poked the squishy-looking bump with her index finger. It almost automatically triggered the bump to squirt a tiny amount of white semen, right in the middle of her face, primarily at the centre of her forehead. It then slowly slid down onto the top of her nose.

“Cum overload. My bad,” Pierrot chuckled. Obviously making a false apology. “Hold on! You were able to squirt some semen out of the injection site? This shouldn't be the case. The *blood sperm* should have removed all of your free will as a

Human. By now, you should be nothing but my mindless cocksleeve and that pimple should have totally coagulated and started to dissipate. Why the fuck is it taking this long!?,” he started to fret again. Pierrot was now panicking even more than he already had been when Cynthia first showed up. She withdrew his cock from her throat momentarily.

“It hurts when I touch it. It’s burning me,” Cynthia admitted what she felt to her new master.

“This is because you are not supposed to touch it, you dumb bimbo! You should be bound to leave it alone! Normally, any other Humans would not be able to move as much as you are after being injected with *blood sperm*. You shouldn’t even be able to talk at all! It makes no sense whatsoever,” Pierrot went on and on about not understanding what was happening. She stopped touching and poking at the nasty, erotic, twitching lump for the time being because it clearly hurt too much. Not wanting to upset her “owner” she quickly gobbled down his dick once more. Turning her eyes up to Pierrot as she resumed her sucking, she made intimate eye contact and even seductively winked at him. A little apology for being such a troublesome

slave just now. Seeing her staring up at him like this turned him on more than ever before. It was enough to make his already gargantuan cock swell up even more inside her throat. But she could take it. She was a good girl. A perfect, obedient, slut exchanging eye-contact with him while sucking vigorously on his dick was like a delicious candy treat for him. Especially when that perfect, obedient, slut just so happened to be the cute little girl from his past, all grown up and flowered into a fine, fertile bitch in heat.

Looking beyond his eyes, Cynthia found herself taking in every detail about his painted face. It was almost too much information for her possessed, bimbo mind to process. Though she did find one detail to be particularly peculiar for some reason. She didn't know why, but it screamed out to her as something unusual. She observed that Pierrot wore a strange device sticking out from behind the back of his head. An accessory she didn't remember noticing years ago with the rest of his clown outfit. The device was of a dark, golden colour with fake, metallic fangs all over it. They made it look as if the

back of his head was being bitten and devoured by a jaw full of dinosaur fangs. Every few moments, a little LED light on the side blinked red...

What is that? Cynthia managed to ask herself. Poking at the inflated cum bump earlier could have possibly helped negate some *blood sperm's* power over her. Just barely, she seemed able to form inquisitive thoughts of her own again.

Noticing that his cum dump had suddenly slowed her pace, right when things were heating up, Pierrot grabbed a fistful of her hair and pushed down on the back of her head, taking the initiative for the first time.

“What are you slowing down for, whore? Hurry up! Finish what you started!” Pierrot ordered her, beginning to thrust into her with his hips too. He was tired of waiting. He desired to feel the full length of his twenty-inch shaft jammed down her throat. Still under the effects of the *blood sperm*, Cynthia organically complied, allowing him to eventually force himself down balls deep. It was a snug fit to be sure. Resting there for several moments with his heavy ball sack draped across her beautiful face. He couldn't see it, but her eyes soon rolled

back as she started gagging even more than before. To her master's surprise, she frantically started tapping on his upper things with both hands. A signal that she needed air. "What the fuck is this!? Why is a part of her still resisting? Did she expel too much of the substance before it was absorbed? No even before that she was-" The slapping on his thigh got harder. Borderline violent. Which was also odd to Pierrot given that she was Human. Disgruntled, he leaned back and slid his soaking wet reptile cock out from her throat. Cynthia fell from her knees to her hands, gasping for oxygen. The long-necked, Saurius annoyedly tapped his oversized clown shoe on the floor as he waited for her to recover. What was he to do? He didn't have any more *blood sperm* to give her. He didn't want this getting "messy". But if that's the way it had to be...

By the time she had filled her lungs, Cynthia forgot why she had even protested in the first place. A little voice at the back of her head was shouting something faint at her, though too faint to make out. At least when compared with the overwhelming feeling of embarrassment she was being urged to feel at letting down her new Saurius owner. Wishing to quickly

make amends, she stood up. On her tippy toes, she reached up to pull his neck down towards hers and kissed the old man on his lips. Passionately, their tongues swirled and rubbed against one another in a twister of love and perverted motions. *Now this is more like it!* Pierrot thought. *Perhaps it's just taking a bit longer for the effects to properly kick in...* Even more aroused and horny that he already was ten seconds ago, Pierrot aggressively grabbed her dark khaki-green tank top by the cleavage seam and pulled on it as strongly as he could with both of his giant hands—tearing it apart—letting the many pieces fall to the surrounding ground. Down to her DNA Valkyrie prototype, the clown saurius tried ripping it off her chest using his strength as well, but was unable. He had trouble understanding why this odd piece of lingerie was so durable to begin with. But then, he noticed that her nipples were tightly nestled into narrow sockets. Seeing this, he pulled on the socket on his right, freeing it and partially undoing her bra with a brief flash of golden light that he didn't question in his fit of lust. Just like a wild animal, Pierrot went down on her one exposed nipple and pretended to chew on it for the longest time before sucking on it. As her

master devoured her exposed tit, Cynthia grabbed his Saurius cock in the palm of her right hand, rubbing and masturbating him while he sucked on her nipple. Since she was having an affair with a Saurius man, one she knew from her childhood at that, this triggered a lot of sensations inside her. It made her feel something on an emotional level. Her feelings were all weird. Messed up. She was head over heels for the most part. She wanted nothing more than to serve. But that little annoying voice was still there. It seemed like it was trying to express how morally wrong this was. Cynthia didn't understand, but it kept nagging at her. She couldn't silence it. It wanted her to play around with that strange, cum filled lump on her forearm again...

While Pierrot was totally distracted by her charms and milky breasts, Cynthia as subtly as possible reached out to pop the pimple on her right arm. She had bargained with herself that her master would come to appreciate a “naughty” girl who stepped out of line and required “punishment”. Though it was still a mental and physical challenge. It was as if her body didn't want her to do it. She tried pulling her hand closer to the target,

but her left arm was held in place as if by an invisible person's grip. But then, at that moment, the nipple that was still in its socket glowed its typical orange-copper colour. It glowed bright. And then, slowly, but surely, Cynthia was able to fight against the restraints imposed by the *blood sperm* circulating throughout her veins. She reached the swelling on her right arm, squeezed it with her fingers, popping it with a burst.

An oddly huge amount of semen was squirted out of it—ironically—at the exact same time, Pierrot ejaculated and shot a huge load as she was masturbating him. Relief. Unleashed. Cynthia was released from the mind control caused by the *blood sperm* as a fresh batch of regular cum splashed against her belly.

Instead of wasting any more time acting as his slave, Cynthia quickly let go of his dirty, dino dick. Aggressively, she grabbed the strange, golden mechanical device with the dino fangs lodged in the back of his head and tried forcing it out of his skull. Pulling on it as hard as she possibly could. Whatever the fuck was wrong with her old friend, it had something to do with this thing. She was sure of it! Sadly, the device was digging too deep into his cranium. She wasn't able to get very far at all

in the little time she had. It didn't take long before Pierrot lifted his head, fully standing up and towering above her. Noticing exactly what that sneaky woman had just tried to pull! He slapped her hand away, disrupting her, staring at her right in the eyes. Confirming for himself that she had somehow regained full control of her body and soul.

Oops, she thought when she saw firsthand how mad he now was. She stepped away from him. Backing off as much as she could while keeping calm and remaining as careful as possible.

“W-wait! Umm... Whatever it is that you're thinking right now. It's... Errr... It's n-not that!?” she blabbered out, in a pathetic attempt to reason with him.

“So, you somehow escaped the control of the *blood sperm*? How did you manage to pull off something like this?” he asked her, dangerously getting closer and closer toward her.

“I- I don't know. I legit don't know,” she didn't lie about that, technically. She had no idea why a tiny part of her subconscious was able to remain lucid during her temporary

enslavement. Her only guess was that it had something to do with the DNA Valkyrie prototype again...

“It doesn’t matter. I’ll make you my slave again, *my* way.”

“What does that mean?” and before she could finish her sentence, the clown Saurius came up to her, grabbed the back of her head just like she tried doing earlier with him, and kissed her like a pig. Lips to lips. His filthy, long saurius tongue inserted in her mouth. Poisoning her with his lust. The truth was that he didn’t need his *blood sperm* to make this slut his. He french-kissed her while stripping her bare. Peeling off the remaining half of her bra as if it were the wings off a fly. Soon, she would be left with nothing but her high-heeled shoes. He always kept kissing her and making his tongue swirl all over the interior of her mouth and throat as he undressed her. Even when it came time to tear off her delicate thong. That one, minuscule, pinky-purple thong that had been soaking in her overflowing pussy juices this whole time. He took a great deal of intimate, personal pleasure tearing it apart as he brutally peeled it free from her body. And that was it. Her brand-new

outfit that she had only received earlier in the afternoon. Now completely ruined and unwearable. It hadn't even been nine hours yet! Hopefully Sebastian had ordered more than just this one set of clothing for her... Not that she was too concerned with what she'd be wearing right at this dangerous moment. On the contrary, she was much more concerned with the fact that this violent brute would soon be wearing **her** about his oversized cock!

Only once bare did he cease kissing her and take back his tongue. Now, it was time to finally have her for real. He lifted her up with ease, carried her into one corner of the room and pushed her weak, human body against the wall. Her legs were already fully opened for him. She just couldn't help herself. Obscene fluids accidentally squirted out from her pink vagina, lubing up his dino dick. He aimed at the right spot and shoved his erect cock up into her pussy as he kept holding her in the air with his old, but still quite strong Saurius arms. She came immediately.

He fucked her. No. He **blasted** her pussy with barbaric might and power. You could tell this senior, Saurius man

hadn't had a nice, young pussy like this in forever. He was unleashing everything he had on her. Everything that was left inside of him. He pumped her cunt with a sharp velocity, unlocking a ton of different stages of pleasures in her. It was night and day with the sleeping guard up above. He hadn't done that much for her in the end. But *this* Saurius down here, this was a **real** fucking! She completely loved it. Pierrot was right! *Blood sperm* or not, he was going to make her his if she didn't resist. And fast! She could already feel another climax coming on. At this rate, he was going to trap her in a never ending orgasmic cycle. If she was going to act, she needed to time it perfectly during one of the afterglows. She couldn't rely upon herself to focus at any other point. His sagging, but quickly replenished saurius balls kept bouncing up and down. Constantly, harshly slapping the entrance of her butt-hole while fucking her. Cynthia couldn't speak much during this moment. She found herself moaning like the whore she now was at the top of her lungs. The few times she remembered the objective of her mission, she tried shouting for him to snap out of it, pleading with him that this was wrong for them. But it

was a lost cause. There was no getting through to him. At least, not while that darned jaw device was latched onto his head. And then she was back, moaning, enjoying everything that the clown had to offer her. In no time, he would probably ejaculate inside and impregnate her. And not just pathetic attempts like with the guard outside. If this savage unloaded inside of his bitch, he would undeniably knock her up with plenty of strong Saurius offspring. Even at his advanced age.

This was when she knew she had no choice. As much as she secretly desired to be tamed by him and turned into his broodmare, it just wasn't right! Especially when this wasn't the man she knew. Not really. She had to try one last time to get out of this situation. To pull the golden, mechanical device from the back of his head. As the Saurius clown kept fucking her, harder and harder, she came violently once more, before quickly focusing and leaning forward. She reached for the device and tried to grab it. It took her a few tries, but she ultimately managed to wrap the fingers of her right hand around. Taking possession over it as the Saurius was busy fucking her as quickly as he could. Building up to his next climax so that he could seal

the deal. Cynthia proceeded to yank on it. Just like last time, it was tough as hell to dislodge from his skull. But she still had her ace in the hole. If she was unable to resist the desire for this rapidly approaching impregnation, then she would just have to embrace it! Fuelling her enhanced strength with the incredibly lewd and taboo feelings she was having for this older man from her childhood. Vivid mental imagery of Pierrot *cumflating* her womb and planting his still virile seed in each of her fertile ova was so stimulating for her that it was hard to maintain focus. But all Cynthia needed was just one more split-second outburst from her inherited Dino DNA to win this fight. She pulled, pulled, pulled, as hard as possible until she was eventually able to do so.

Plock!

It made a loud noise when the jaw of dino fangs was finally pulled free from his cranium. She did it. She did it! The lewd investigator held the mechanical device in her right hand while smiling ear-to-ear. When it was fully removed from his head, she broke it into pieces, crushing it with her surge of

strength before it ran out. She was so happy she had been able to take it off of him. Opposedly, Pierrot quickly stopped smiling his creepy smile and accidentally fell down on top of a table behind him. Taking his huge, throbbing, inflamed cock with him. Cynthia was unfortunately dropped to the ground in the corner of the room. She was okay though, landing on her big, thick butt. However, Pierrot was not.

He ultimately writhed about while clutching his own head with both hands. He screamed in pain after hitting the surface of the table with his back.

“My head! My head!”

“Pierrot! Pierrot! Are you alright?” She said while struggling to her feet and rushing to his aide. She reassuringly placed one hand on his shoulder, doing what she had originally meant to do earlier upon first meeting him. She was here to help. To do whatever he needed without question.

“No! My head! My head! You need to give me more *head* and it’ll help!” He kept screaming. Surprised but well-informed by what he just said to her, Cynthia bent over and continued the blow-job she started earlier. Since he had

been mere moments away from ejaculating, the old Saurius man's raw penis was engorged all the way up to its absolute maximum size. It was quite the challenge, but nothing the slutty detective and her plump, bimbo lips couldn't handle.

She gobbled & sucked his hard dick once again for a few minutes longer. This time it wasn't about pretending to be a sex-slave or to play any game for the sake of distraction, it was about helping this man she had known in the past. She even did her best to take him all the way, just like he had wanted before when they were each under various forms of mind control. Gagging on his Saurius member and caressing his balls a bit longer ultimately proved to be enough for the old clown to ejaculate for a third time today. Pierrot unloaded right into her mouth, spraying his fresh, warm semen down her throat. Cynthia, cumming herself, took every drop of it inside her stomach and didn't let him out of her until he was finally done. With her belly inflated, her womb seemed depressed, having been deprived of its greatly anticipated reward once again. Cynthia herself, however, was especially relieved. The fact that she had so intensely fucked with Pierrot was embarrassing

enough. Bearing his children on top of that would have made it far too awkward to stand!

Not too long after taking his member out of the interior of her mouth, Pierrot slowly started getting back to the Saurius. Cynthia remembered knowing when she was a kid. The pain he felt in his head began to fade once he had gotten some more “head”. He sat on the edge of the table he was previously lying down on.

“Do you feel any better?”

“Yes. I feel better now... Is that really you?... Cynthia...?” she simply nodded as a response as she wiped away the remains of his load that accidentally exited her mouth and had gotten all over her thick lips.

“... I can’t, I can’t believe it. Seeing you again after all that time. What are you doing here?”

“Investigating the case of a missing person. What happened to you?”

“It’s all dark and foggy but I remember getting attacked. They put this strange device in the back of my head and I then no longer felt like myself. They wanted me to close the park for

some obscure reason. I said no. They ultimately stole the deed from me anyway I think. It's all so terribly fuzzy..."

"Who did that?"

"*A Saurius*. One that could fly. Probably one from a Pteranodon breed if I recall. You just said that you are looking for someone that disappeared?"

"Yeah. The daughter of my client. A young, rich girl. She came here one night and was never seen again. I was hoping you could help me. I thought you might know something since you've been working here for decades at this point. I still can't believe you managed to become the legit owner of this park after all these years."

"More or less. Like I just said, this guy took it away from me, closed it, and... Oh, no! It's been scheduled for demolition next week..."

"Fuck! That's right! I heard that earlier from the night watchman..." Cynthia was reminded of.

"Did the daughter of your client have white hair by any chance?"

"Yes. That's exactly right. Why?"

“Because if the person you are investigating the disappearance of is the young lady I have in mind... Well, I might have seen her.”

“Where?”

“She was with the flying Saurius that beat me up, did this to me, and stole the park. She was with him. She looked like his associate or the like.”

“... Is... That... So...?”

“Yes...”

“And did you hear where they were going?”

“I- I don't... Wait. The only place I remember them mentioning was... Ah! *Rusted Fangs street*, downtown...” but then, his head started hurting again, just like earlier. Pierrot wasn't feeling well at all. The device had done something deeply disturbing to him. At his age, he probably couldn't handle all the adverse effects very well. It was going to be a difficult recovery. Trying to make him feel a bit better, Cynthia got up and went to fetch the journal from the floor. *His* journal. She knelt down and handed it to him.

“I found your journal earlier. Do you remember it?”

Pierrot opened it up and flicked through the pages. A gradual and far less creepy smile spread across his face when he reached the final entry. The old, dusty selfie that the two of them had taken together, all those years ago. Much fonder years indeed...