

Helia's Tail Treatment (Penis Version) 📄

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Tags: Sexual, Helia, Corruption of Champions, Assumes Penis

Duration: 50:11

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Helia penetrates the listener with her tail during a private and lustful interlude. The listener is pinned and filled, complete with descriptions of the busty Salamander's enjoyment of this encounter. A very hot scene. The implication of future fun is discussed as she masturbates in front of you and gets off on filling you.

Elena McIvor: From the middle of Tel Adra, it is possible to see the spa. There used to be a little massage and homeopathic medicine clinic there, but the land has expanded, with the help of a local collective made up of various contractors, professionals in making people feel good, relaxed, or administering their own remedies for what ails you, sex, massage, relaxation in a pleasant environment, beauty treatments.

Or, good conversation, can all be had, at a reasonable prices, accessible to the whole community. Local artists, as it were, and every now and then they have guests. These are announced on a chalkboard, standing on an easel, outside of the front door. The building itself is a soothing stone structure, with arched ceilings, and two wings surrounding a central courtyard.

Through the front door, you can see the blue tiles, the plants and water fountains. The long, cool corridors, and the robed people milling to and fro, or having their shoulders rubbed in lounge chairs in the wide lobby. The front desk is staffed by whoever doesn't have a client at the moment. Today, the chalkboard reads, Tail treatment from a real salamander.

The salamanders are a race of flame manipulating, lizard like humanoids, but there are very few of them around now. Today, the front desk is womaned by the cheerful spokesperson of the artist's collective. Lock. The bunny girl is wearing a simple purple silk kimono, seated on a low stool behind the desk so only your head and long ears pop over the top.

Fully human features, but those bunny like ears and, you know, poofy tail on top of it. Certain features bleed through. Hi. She greets you by standing and bowing, bringing herself well over the desk. You mentioned you arranged an appointment in advance. She hands you a small and heavy wooden card. The card is slightly charred around the edges, but has four dots inked into it.

Room 4, huh? She'll be right in, when the guards are finished talking to her. Guards? Strange. Still, you made this appointment out of curiosity. What the salamander will do with her tail, well You've heard stories. Room 4 is down the wing on your right. And you tread down it, taking a robe offered to you by a catgirl attendant.

She winks, Have fun! And then steps away. The rooms all have solid soundproof doors with little windows. Privacy screens can be pulled

down behind them, but many people don't mind an audience. But, you've been assured of absolute confidentiality. Room 4 is empty when you arrive, and push the door open.

There's a screen in the corner, made of bamboo, with a pattern of waves and boats painted on it. The whole place speaks of water, an interesting setup for a creature of the heated plains to come in and give you whatever her tail treatment is. You know the tips of Salamander's tails are quite sensitive, and they are prehensile.

It could be very fun. You also know they blaze with flame from within, but they can control that. You trust the scrupulous spa attendants to only serve up safe treatments. You walk over, step into privacy, change into the robe, leaving your clothes on the bench behind the privacy screen. The air is cool on your exposed legs below the robe.

There's an underlying humidity. Which makes this kind of place you could just lay back, and look serious. Overtones of sauna, perhaps. In fact, as you move to a raised table in the middle of the room, covered with padding, you lay back on it, and feel that the air isn't that cool after all. You might only have felt that way as you came in from the hallway.

Quite warm, really. You open your robe to let yourself cool down. In fact, any clothes at all might be too warm. Do they have a sauna nearby? Is there a crack in the wall? Oh yeah, let me see everything. There's a woman standing by your bedside, at least seven feet tall, muscled, with massive breasts, a large e cup at least, barely encased in a flimsy bikini.

Likewise, the bikini bottom conceals almost nothing, and is dappled with moisture, despite the obvious drying effects of the heat emanating from this woman. She has perfect dusky skin, and bright red scales on her arms, legs, And as she turns, you can see them snaking their way down her back as well. She makes sure you get a good look, though.

There's a long, red, lizard like tail, descending from just above her butt. The tail is swaying back and forth, and she flicks her hips back and forth in time with it. Like what you see? It has flames running up and down it, but just then, they vanish. Then she runs it under your chin, teasing. You find the tail must be magical in some way because it is only Ticklingly warm.

Nothing about her would burn you. You can tell. Her red hair is pulled back into a high ponytail, but she has hands with sharp claws instead of nails, and calloused palms as though she uses her hands. They took my sword. Can you believe it? Seems I have a bad reputation. They better get it back when I go, or they'll find out why.

An evil grin as she looks down at you. Name's Helya. You might find me less professional than the la di da city folk. I wouldn't normally come into the city. That cute bunny at the front desk was walking on the planes, and I tried to stop her for a fight and a fuck, and, well She handed me my gorgeous ass.

Can you believe it? She turns, and shows you the ass in question. It is magnificent. Fleshy. The scales sliding into the valley between those muscled glutes. The tail sways leisurely in front of your eyes. She continues talking. It brushes under your chin as she does, though. That girl does some kind of thing with her hands that makes your pussy squirt.

And your muscles stop. Couldn't hit her after that. Didn't want to. That cock of hers. Helya's long forked tongue hangs out as she gets lost in the reverie. You should ask her sometime. She made me promise

to come in. Besides, it looks like I get to have fun. Normally you'd have to fight me first. But sometimes a fuck without a fight first is interesting too.

It's like you surrendered at the get go. And if you did, well I never hurt something as cute as you. You feel her hand rest on your back. And indeed, despite the presence of those claws, you're utterly unharmed by the slow circle of her rough palm moving up and down your back. But it wouldn't be fair. For you to get to fuck my tight, muscled pussy.

She slips the bikini bottom aside, showing her wet sex with scales framing around the outside. The pliable lips inside look normal, except heat is radiating off onto your arm, where it hangs off the massage bed you're lying on. Or my perfect, willing, experienced rear hole. Her tail rises. She turns, and between her huge muscled buttocks, you can barely see her anal entrance, squeezing.

So you're gonna do what I like. Or I'm gonna do it to ya. She still has one hand underneath you, rubbing your back. And she lifts you a little. Effortless. Instant. Sitting you up on the padded table you're seated on, then turning you. Encouraging you to put your hands and knees down

on it. There's a pillow built into that table, and she guides your head onto it.

Face down. Ass up. Positioning you on your stomach. There's little aplomb as she makes sure to emphasize how she squeezes your arms and lets you feel her strength. The girl who stopped her on her way here really must have been top at the front desk, even though the bunny girl was so strong. Certainly she's nowhere near as massive as the salamander who is licking her lips with her forked tongue.

You think you can see steam coming out of her mouth and nose in her excitement. She seems very eager. Her tail is still brushing her neck and cheek, almost possessively. Very warm, but completely safe. It resonates the heat into you, pushing it out of your muscles, and leaving you limp and loose and happy with the situation.

You just let her take control as she stands over you. It seems she's intent on it anyway. You didn't best her in combat, and so she will do what she wants. In the heat, that seems natural. The room is built with a high, arched ceiling, so she's completely comfortable in it, but she still looms above you. And her hands, when they rest on your back now to make sure you're pressed down into the bed, well, they

emphasize the strength in those arms, the weight of her form above you.

The massiveness of her breasts practically obscures her face from this angle, and they hang there, with cute, short nipples, and massive, fleshy warmth, radiating her presence, above you, looking down. She rubs the tail against your cheek. This is going inside of you. She pushes the tip a little more firmly against your neck.

You feel a little blast of pleasant heat. Removing any tension or discomfort, she grins. A wolf grin. We're both going to love it. She pushes you down, making sure you're flat on your stomach. And then, with your head resting on that padded pillow, she begins sizing you up with her powerful hands. The contrast of her bouncing breasts and plentiful rear, with her muscled and chiseled arms and legs, abdomen, it's all visible to you.

She begins to speak. Best part is, you get to watch how hot it makes me. You're lucky. Mmm, most of my conquests are wreathing in the dirt and unable to get a good view. But you've had that handy table and I can stand to the side. Fuck. I don't get to do this very often. I'm always too turned on after the fight to leave my pussy out of it.

And she does stand to the side, though she's not precisely leaving her pussy out of it. Salamander is running her hands over her sex now, instead of using them to position your body. It doesn't seem like she could help it. Tongue hanging out, hips gyrating in circles, tail laid across your body. It feels so warm.

Your head's turned to one side, laying on the pillow as you are. And she stands in plain view. Helya then pulls your robe aside. Leaving your buttocks exposed. Your lower body, plainly in view. You feel the nearness of her heated skin. You hear the enthusiasm in her voice. Not fair either, for you to be the only one naked, I guess.

She then, finally reaches up and pulls off her bikini top with practiced ease. Allowing her huge breasts to bounce free. You got a glimpse before, but now you see them in all their glory. Yeah, like the look of that, don't you? Look at this hot body. She does it again, bouncing them, but then she runs one hand under her breast, hoisting each and letting it fall with that pliant bounce.

The other hand is still shoved down the front of her bikini bottom, but she pulls it aside, revealing the wet crevasse within. A perfectly

smooth, bare pussy with its dripping lips. She's incredibly wet and turned on. She makes sure you have a good view. The scales which run down other parts of her body, coat her forearms, her legs, her tail, are softer and smaller where they ring the hole of her pussy.

Out of the way and slick with her wetness, they attractively frame her sopping cunt. She is truly sopping. So wet. Her fingers are now free to move in more unrestrained ways, thrusting deep inside her body, curving intensely. Her lower body is shuddering. She knows how to bring herself off, and she isn't holding back.

Her tail is long enough she can keep herself in plain sight while she does whatever she intends to. But she turns around, taking the pussy she's fingering out of sight. Showing you her rear, raising her tail, bending forward at the waist. This way you can see her pussy once more, her fingers sliding in.

And her asshole above, just underneath the huge lizard tail, just barely visible. The little pucker is squeezing in time with her finger thrusts into her pussy. You can tell she's receiving intense pleasure from deliberately squeezing all her muscles at once. Fuck, you don't know how much you're gonna love this.

So you get both pleasure and a show out of it. One of her hands reaches for a bottle on a nearby shelf. There are cabinets all over the walls of this room, and they all have locks. The open shelves have lubricant, sexual and otherwise. You wonder what sort of things they keep locked up. You can see her tail as it comes up in front of her face, moving away from your body.

Instead of laying warmly across you, she looks at it, shivering. You can see her tongue hanging out, inside profile, as her greedy fuckhole continues to suck on her fingers. She's holding the bottle, and she pours the lubricant onto her tail. If you bested me in a fight, normally I'd use my tongue on your ass.

Don't get me wrong, I like losing. I feel like the loser should be a bit humiliated. Hmm, but if I have to pick one of my favorite things, I'm calling the shots. This treatment's all about the tail. She wiggles her hindquarters again, raising the tail to show you. And you see a particularly strong squeeze of her pussy lips as she has a small orgasm and lets out a panting, ecstatic sigh that interrupts whatever thought she was about to express.

Her asshole clenches tight and shudders in time with a rolling of her hips that extends into a serpentine movement of her belly. Everything about her screams sex, desire, and unrestrained, good natured fun. I'm mighty proud of it, too. She wiggles the tail, and then she begins to pour that lube and pump her own tail up and down a little with her hands.

She's jerking her hand along it as far as she can. Eventually, the tapered tail is too wide at a certain point, so she slathers the lube with her palms, briefly removing slime slicked fingers from her cunt and mixing that with the lube on her tail. She's keeping her body low, so you have to stare. Well, you don't have to, but you feel like you need to, as you get more and more turned on, and she likes the eyes on her because she meets yours, with lust evident amid the high and horny expression on her face.

She's no longer thinking with her head. She may have stopped finger fucking her cunt, but she does shiver. As if in pleasure, while touching and jerking off her tail, making sure she's nice and lubed. She pours a little over your buttocks, too, turning around and taking that gloriously muscled and tight cunt, that squeezing, winking, eager rear hole, out of sight.

And she begins working her tail gently over your lower body, spreading the lubricant absolutely everywhere with it, while she focuses her hands on your butt. The combination of her natural heat and the slick oil. Produces a warming effect, even though the stuff seems to be just ordinary lubricant. She likes the look of you glistening like that.

Her tongue is hanging out. She pants, in a more pronounced way than she was even while masturbating. The tail must be one big erogenous zone from the way she's periodically dipping parts of it between your legs, rubbing them on your hot hard cock, or brushing the tip over your butthole. Oh, yeah. Damn, this is gonna feel good.

I bet you're nice and tight in there. Look, she moves the tip of her tail to and fro, showing how flexible it is, making sure you see. And then she darts it back to your backside. Playfully, she slaps the tip down, leaving a tiny red mark on your lubricant, and making you jolt on the table. I am gonna hit all the right spots.

Just thinking about it, mmm. She reaches over and pours more lube against the entrance, doubling up. Her hands pause to rub your buttocks and thighs while she's down there. One hand grabs your dick.

Almost enough to want this inside me, but you're gonna have to work for that. Maybe someday. The lubricant is quite warm, even poured right from its source.

Apparently the bottle being in Helya's hands does that. And yes, those hands are even better. Hand jerking your cock while the other lightly massages your butthole. Just teasing and checking for pliability. I know we should do more spa stuff or a rubdown or something, but I can't wait. She leans in, her hot breath on your ear.

This was all an excuse to fuck helpless clients anyway. She licks your earlobe. How does it make you feel? Knowing I can't wait, knowing I want this into you so hard. Her dirty talk has a definite effect. You feel that arousal creeping into you, adding to the scent of lust and need in the air, which previously had entirely come from her wet tongue.

Pussy. That smooth slit is soaked. You know even though it's out of sight, you hear slick, wet, squishing sounds and wonder if she's already slid her tail into you, but no, it's all her. When she pulls away with the last smooch on your cheek, leaving heat behind, you see one of her hands is between her legs again, going harder than before,

industriously working three fingers in and out of her smooth, warm snatch with audible sounds from the pure volume of the aroused juices.

Her butt is shaking. Her muscular abdomen is tight and covered in that lubricant covered in oil. She shines red in the water aspected confines of the spa. Her butt is shaking, still. Her face is flushed, her tail is warm, resting across your buttocks. Her other free hand is massaging her breasts. One on her pussy, one on her breasts.

Pinching her own nipples so hard she winces, and letting the massive mammaries bounce for your enjoyment. At this rate she's gonna get off or get you off with the show before her tail even comes into play. A bigger orgasm than the one you saw resonate through her gyrating hips and tightening rear hole can't be very far away.

You notice that during all that she locked the door, shut the privacy screen. There's nothing to interrupt either of you, only losing yourself in the moment, as you did when you lost track of just how quick she'd been coming, and if what she was doing to Mmm, ready? Ooh, ooh. I'll try to go slow, but God, I need this too.

The desert wasn't the kind of place I wanted to fuck in, so I haven't done anything all morning. And I'm so turned on from the walk in. Lots of good looking people, and especially with a cute piece of meat like you laid out. How could I do anything but dig in? Her hand rubs over your back, the one that was pinching her nipple a moment ago.

It doesn't seem anything's gonna keep her from grinding her clit into the palm of the other hand, digging her fingers into her pussy. She's sighing, groaning, digging into her own pleasure. The hand on your back, once more you notice the delicacy. How she moves the claws so carefully, using her knuckles more than anything else.

Despite the brash bluster, she really isn't the type to hurt anybody except in the fun ways, which you reflect on as the tip of her tail slides inside. She really doesn't seem able to restrain herself, but fortunately the combination of her heat and the sheer lubrication of you means she slides in effortlessly.

She stops it after just a little bit. Less than an inch. You feel the delicious spread. It was surprising how easily she went in, and now she is inside your rear. Just the tiniest bit. You experimentally squeeze

your ass, feeling your cock jump in sympathy. And she moans. Her tail is sensitive. She's inside you.

Her tail is inside you. She's moaning from the tightness of your ass, even around the very tip. But maybe the tip is more sensitive, as it is with you. Your muscles have relaxed. The heat making it feel like the lube is warming up inside you. And her tail squirms around, wiggling in a circle, to widen your hole.

Then she pulls it out with a pop. You groan and buck on the table, spasmodic. The suddenness of the lubricated extraction shocks you. Yeah, let me see you squirm, let me see. She sounds a bit out of it, as her pussy squeezes on her fingers before your very eyes. Her tongue drools down onto those splendid tits, trailers of her saliva, filling, coating, her mouth, then her breast, then dripping over her rock hard abs.

One hand is once again touching her nipples. They're short, cute, but they are large, the areolae in particular. She's moving from one to the other. It does not appear she needs to aim the tail to have it touch the right spot. Again, she slides it back into you. Just the very tip. And she exploits this to go deep.

The moment you relaxed when she slid out of you, the tip of her tail rubs your walls, finds a certain spot. No unfocused thrust, this was deliberate. She has already found a place that feels different from every other. She begins to push and rub. Ooh, yeah. Clenched tight on me, that's good. I can feel everything.

She moves her tail in and out, pistoning slightly. You feel the lubrication being rubbed in and are grateful for it. But then a warmth that invades and spreads through you, eases all the tension out of your body anyway, and temporarily drives all thought out of your mind. Especially with the show you're being given.

She's right in front of you, her back bent like a bow, her eyes smoldering, staring right at you, her tail widens somewhat, tapering as you get further along it, but she's only going far enough in to hit that spot you felt stimulating you before. The tip of her tail is fixed on it, as though stuck to it.

Its sensitivity lets it feel differences in texture, and find just the right way to make your eyes close. Your voice cry out. Your body convulse in a peculiar, invasive pleasure that is inescapable, just as

she's inside you. The pleasure she's forcing on you is in there too, and the grin on her face says she knows it.

Looking down as she is, her pussy gushes and her stomach convulses. We feel two inches of her tail inside. Oh, yeah, love. Fuck, you're hot. Tight. Wish I could be rougher maybe next time, but I don't want to break that table. Gotta get you used to it. The tail is very warm. It clearly gives the woman pleasure to use it.

And you as well. To slide it in and out of you. She's reacting as if she were pumping a sexual organ in. Gyrate her hips. And then she sits. Then she lays on the floor on her stomach. Laying in plain view with her ass up. Her pussy pulsing on her digits. Her asshole clenching. You can see it cause the tail has to go high enough to get up and in you.

She's laying in plain sight. In your view so you can look down. She's very tall, there's very much of her to see. She flops over on her back, those breasts falling backward with gravity a little. You think about the fact that she considered how best to entice you. One breast falling to each side, you see the cleavage between.

You want to bury your head in there, need to stay where you are though. Presence of tail inside you is pinning you down, it tells you that. Her hand is between her legs working away, her wetness pooling as you get a floor show. She pulls herself up to her knees, groaning, seeming to barely manage the muscle tension.

Then she stands completely again, but with a shaky, lusty wobble to the whole maneuver. Fuck yeah. She seems very enthusiastic. She moves, rubbing with her hand, giving you a show. She's clearly doing it for her own reasons and her own pleasure. Her tail begins moving now, pushing against the front of your body, eliciting a peculiar, needy sensation.

You need something, you want something, but you don't really have the words for it right now. But she knows what she's doing. Orgasm is approaching, but an unusual one, as if it were coming from somewhere different than normal, a spreading numbness throughout your entire lower body, trembling and trickling into your system slow.

You're turned on, but there's a kind of freedom and liberation in just surrendering to her tail as it explores you with prehensile precision. Finding the right spot, and inducing leg shaking, stomach clenching joy, and climactic, releasing escape that you can no more deny than you

could deny you are laying there under her watchful gaze, her looming over you, feeling like a conquest for her, which you are.

Approaching your mind and your body is the realization that she's no disinterested professional, she's here. And enjoying this, and going to keep going for her own pleasure, until the both of you are spent. A realization she's pursuing it for her own sake, and will regard this as a pleasant carnal memory, rather than anything business like, or required of her.

That is also thrilling in its own right. She's moving, she's out of your view a little, but in your mind you can still see her pussy dripping. Actually Let's be a little more rough here, love. The door's locked. The bunny girl told me they can't hear anything out there. Here, reach back and spread yourself open a little more.

Yeah. You feel her muscular hands grab your wrists and move your palms back. She pushes your fingers inward, and you grab to keep yourself spread, so she can get a better look and better access. Her tail slides out of you, all the way out, leaving you devoid of those pleasant sensations, leaving you emptier than you were.

Helping you realize how much you wanted more. How much you needed that indulgence. You're keeping yourself spread, but she's not done. She's just making you feel the delay. She's moving, climbing above you on the table. Straddling your rear. Rowing her pussy against you at your tailbone, actually. You feel her wetness.

Her juices as the tail slips between her legs as well. Nestled between her thighs, against her outer lips, and then it goes downward from there. And inside of you. It's certainly long enough to stimulate both of you at once. And she's an expert in using her appendage to give maximum pleasure to both of you.

Her clit rubs on her tail. Her lips smooth around it. You hear the wet report and look over your shoulder to see the hot sight of the salamander girl mounting you. Her breasts bouncing. Her tail positioned both to pleasure her and fill you up with the tip at the same movement. She rocks her hips seeking pleasure.

And in so doing, causes her tail to slip just a little more deeply into you. You're keeping yourself spread, so you feel the delicious squeeze and gape of your ass. Well lubricated as the tail explores inside. Finds all the right spots. But now that you can no longer see her, because you

have to nestle back into a comfortable position, close your eyes, grit your teeth, try to hold the pleasure back, there's a new element.

She is above you, looming directly over you. Her hands descend to rub your back. But for all this seems like an innocent massage, a tender moment. You know she's much taller, much stronger, and emphasizing the strength in her arms. And when the tip of the tail finds a certain vulnerable internal spot, you become more aware of everything, and unaware of anything but the tail, at the same time, of your tightness around her tail, of the fact she's enjoying this, and also enjoying her conquest over your form.

Everything is obvious, and easy to understand, and very perfect. The door is closed, and she seems very conscientious even though she is rowdy and brash. No one will ever know except you and she, and she takes the time to slowly fill you. Even as the controllable tip of her tail tilts toward the front of your body and begins to rub that spot in slow, insistent circles.

Like that, love? Go ahead and push back against it. No problem if you do. She begins smacking her hips into your buttocks now. She continues riding her own tail, but she's emphasizing the voluptuous curves of her

body against your form, pinning you in place insistently, with her breasts against your back, riding you doggie style.

And she leans far enough forward to put her mouth next to your ear. Even though those huge breasts are between you and she. You can let go. Indulge. Lose yourself. Rut with me. Come on. You don't need music or a deep tissue massage. All you need is a massage in one special place. She begins moving forward, contrasting what she's doing with a proper spa procedure.

Forward and back, she seems to be losing herself in her lust. Repeating over and over, with her tongue hanging on your shoulder, slurring her words. Let go. Come on. Her tail touches you again, rubbing firmly in a special spot inside that makes your eyes cross. Yeah, right where she mentioned. Go ahead, raise your hips a bit.

Press back onto it. Let me fill you up, feel my tail. You like it, don't you? Maybe sometime you'll get to ride me. I wonder if I can put that in the menu. Mmm, the best fuck in the land. Mmm, though you're coming in a close second, go ahead, clench. Go ahead, come. I won't stop even if you come, cause I'm gonna keep going till I'm spent, and that takes a long time.

She begins rubbing her breasts on your back in circles. You feel their massiveness, their sheer surface area, and her pointed nipples and now her juices flowing copiously with the arousal. And then when she rolls her hips and lets her tail stir inside you, it makes her juices, which were touching it, paint your buttocks a little.

And still she continues. The movement of her tail is unceasing. And when her body shudders in pleasure, which it does frequently, it makes her tail vibrate a bit. Moving within you. A completely alien and peculiar sensation, but a pleasurable one. Oh, I can see you overthinking it. She clicks her tongue.

You've got me for another little while, don't worry, I'm not gonna leave you unsatisfied. I'm gonna use you, love. Past the point where you can stand. I'm gonna leave you erect. Overfucked mess. All of this is just right. I'm loving it and I want you to too. I want you to feel just as good as I do. Take my fucking tail.

I know I'm a great fuck, but if you're coming to this place, you must have a lot on your mind. A lot of stress. You people need to learn to let go. Rut a little, fuck a little, fight a little. Come on, I'm here to help.

For all her brash bravado. She seems to have some insight into what it is to be truly satisfied.

Or at least into losing oneself in the sex for a little while. One of her hands moves in front of your face, her large palm covering your eyes carefully. The other's on the small of her back. She's raised herself up into a kind of kneeling, standing position behind you. One foot up, the other knee down.

She's steadying herself, hand on your back, other hand over your eyes. She leans over you then, looming over you in fact. If you were standing, You might have a chance of escaping her grasp or fighting back, if you wanted to. But she's in charge, and she's enjoying the ability to put you in a somewhat escapable, still pleasurable position.

Her conquest was assured from the beginning. The salamander begins moving, her warm body against you. Now, leaning over you, her breasts still pressing into your back. The hand on your lower back keeping you arched, so that her tail slides against the front of you more easily. It's plain she's enjoying all contact with your body.

She's panting and drooling a little. It's more obvious with her right against you. You hear her suck her tongue into her mouth, to stem the flow of saliva. Between her legs, her juices flow. Coating her tail, and in particular the part of it resting across your legs. She's using it as weight, a bit of extra restraint to keep you reminded of where you are, not that you need to be told.

Then she begins gently increasing its heat, moving it in all the right places, sending something, the equivalent of a resonating hot stone massage through your lower body, when in reality it's coming from within. Pinpoint pressure just using her tail, her breasts, Her body. To deliver a heat that eases away all tension and leaves you in her grip.

Her pressing. Searching. Invading, rubbing the tip of her tail on just the right spot, grip. Her own arousal, your arousal and stimulation, they mingle. Hers is just as attractive and titillating to you as your own. But her presence is so undeniable, implacable. Even more so when you're robbed of your sight, everything is darkness but you feel it all.

Feeling her, feeling her breath in your ear, hot, insistent, evincing her own arousal, her breasts against your back, her tail inside of you, the crescendo and song in your head, the wetness of your needy, desirous,

squeezing ass around. Her tail, lubricated with her juices as well, her juices dripping down your tailbone.

She is just ahead of where her tail's penetrating, occasionally rubbing back into her own tail, moving into her pussy's folds, you can hear it, which makes her quiver, a full body experience, you feel her form. Shivering too, just like yours. Both of you in the grips of an intriguing kind of fever. She smooches the back of your head earnestly, kissing down your neck.

From her position, she then can lean down to one side, smooch the back of your head along the nape of your neck, and then put her voice right by your ear. Her lips suddenly kiss me. After all, I'm doing all the work. A surprising request given her dominance and the ostensible professionalism of the situation.

But she means it. She turns her head, arcing around so her lips meet yours. Flexible. Her disheveled ponytails come undone a little. She rubs her lips against you with her eyes closed. Extends her tongue, forces it into your mouth, exploring it in a deep, invasive, searching, desperate attempt to bring the two of you even closer.

You feel the scales of her arms rub your shoulders because she's wrapped those arms entirely around you, engulfing you in a hot, inescapable, peculiarly intimate embrace. Her massive breasts are rubbing most of your back. The nipples are pointed, perky. Her scales are soothingly smooth, actually. There's so many of them so close together they do feel soft.

Warmer than the rest of her, though. All thought of the cool, breezy, water aspected rooms and halls of this place. You feel close to her, wrapped in her, you're in effect under her, within her grip. Her arms around you, her thighs on either side of you as her tail slams in and she grinds. You're in a sauna of lust filled up with her and wrapped in her and that's it.

That's all you can take, you think you're gonna have to tap out. Except then you hear her say, Now hold on, I'm gonna really cut loose now, you deserve it. She apparently considers this fair warning. Her arms are wrapped around you, folded in front of your chest. You have no hope of squirming free even if you wanted to, especially since her tail has looped around your legs before entering you, keeping them hot and relaxed.

And the tip buried inside you moves a little deeper, spreading you, bringing you completely full. Her gripping hug pins your arms to your sides. You lay on the bed entwined in her. She's grappling and wrestling you as much as she is loving you, but there's nothing but pleasure in the warmth of that moment.

When she moves and squirms against you, you moan. You can't help it because her tail is pushed a bit deeper, but it's still slamming that same spot. The middle section of the tail is rubbing that spot while the tip stirs and twists as deep as it can safely go. She moans too, panting ever faster. You feel her massive breasts pushing and then pulling away from your back.

Those giant globes are pliant. Sticking to you, each tit huge as can be, and every deep breath changing the volume and movement of her chest against you. Like that? Here. You feel her slightly pointed incisors just barely graze the back of your neck, marking you. You sting, but you're sure she didn't really bite, she just made you aware of how close and how strong she is.

Then she leans in and kisses the same spot. Hard. Sucking as she does. When she pulls away with an audible pop, you're sure there's a little

mark left there. A mark on your neck, free of charge, she declares before slapping her thighs against your butt again. She must consider it quite a privilege for you to get to have pleasure from her.

And she's got a point. Then you feel her getting off from the vibration of the impact, clenching and spasming against you. From coolness in a deliberate marking one moment, to a completely uncontrollable shivering. She's making her tail shake and quiver inside you, but that's the only conscious thing she's clearly doing.

The rest of her is a twitching, spasmodic mess, squeezed against you. Oh! Moaning, gasping, having her breaths shortened. You move your hips back against her, enhancing her sensation. Capitalizing on the moment where you can take control, everything is wonderful, a spreading pleasure originating from what her tail is doing, vibrating and pushing that spot.

But also from the general state of being warm, and in her arms, and aggressively stimulated, and aware she came because she was tail fucking you, and grinding herself off while in connection with her body. Your body, together, relaxing. Especially your muscles. The treatment

did relax your muscles, which are getting warmed from the inside out by her nearness, her quivering, her searching tail, her closeness.

She gives you one hell of a heated massage with a fuck alone. While that's basically what she's doing, her body is strong, so when she slams her hips into you, you feel it like more than a massage, but the padded bed provides nice support. Her breasts are on either side of your head. Big enough to obscure all vision.

You in her cleavage. She's moved her body forward above you. She's now straddling your lower back instead of your butt. Her tail is still inside you, though, squirming, twitching, pistoning. The ceaseless movement and stimulation is close to exhausting you. With its wonderfully pervasive, surprisingly dominant pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, she's now pushing that numbing, spreading pleasure into you, in a way which shudders and vibrates outward from your core, meeting the tail coming the other way.

Welcoming and eager to be fucked, your body's pushing back into her unthinkingly, an instinctive reaction instead of the deliberate attempt to heighten her pleasure. An automatic response for you to seek more. The memory of her body. The memory of how she feels against you is a

constant reassurance. You are unable to tell if you've already begun to climax, if you came a long time ago, but you know the pleasure is so great you're just gonna squirm into it.

Let her do what she wants in this blissful transport. A true transport of ecstasy. She can do whatever she wants because you're somewhere else. A place inside your head where the essence of her contacts you. And whatever she wants to do, as long as you get to keep enjoying it, you're in a safe, quiet place, isolated from the rest of the world, viewing your body from above, yet viscerally feeling its every tremble.

The only sound is the two of you smacking and joining. You trust her to stop when she wants to stop, and to continue long enough for either of you. You feel her sweat on your form. Most of her is flesh, the scales are the exception. And the flesh of her breasts, her brow, pressed against the back of your neck.

Her arms still encasing you. The only sound is the two of you smacking and joining still. She torments you with her tail. You feel the warmth of the valley of her cleavage. She presses your head between her breasts. And she continues to torment you, over and over. Leading to a

stimulation you've scarce felt before, never felt before, with a precision great enough to make you focus on it.

To wrench your mind around with a cognitively disarranging bodily intensity. All your mind, all your memories of this moment fixated on the wonderful prehensile precision, her long tail going precisely where she wishes it. It's tapered tip moving inside you, and she seems to be loving it too. Every now and then you'll feel one of her legs kick or her thighs twitch against you in the aftermath of her pleasure, pleasure from within.

One of her hands slips downward. You feel it against your lower back and how she's diving fingers into her own wet pussy once more. Her body begins to rock back and forth, arching against you, and she moans, Yeah, yeah, take it, take it, remember it, love it, fuck yes, fuck. She's on edge, she's about to cum again, and the insistent way she's pushing inside of you and forcing pleasure into your mind, says she wants you to cum too.

Regardless of whether you already have, or how hard, or any other factor, yeah, come with me, come, come. She's growing hotter, just a bit hotter, her whole body. She arches into you, and the pressure of

the heat is as memorable as the mark on the back of your neck. She removes her hand from your lower back.

She begins rubbing her wet pussy against you. From the way her knees and thighs are clenched tight around you, she's already coming. This is just adding more pleasure for her, letting her exert her conquest again a second time, your own mind. Awash in pleasure. You remember she gave you permission to come, but really you felt so good already that it all blurs together, the euphoria slowly.

Her tail is worming its way out of you. You feel her muscular body rising up off of you, still with one hand on your back, keeping just the tip in, telling you to stay where you are. She picks up a towel, vibrating her tail, still telling you to come. And she wipes the towel slowly over your body, rubbing away mingled sweat and her juices.

Leaving you clean, you feel renewed. The coming, the vagueness, the whole body sensation. Her tail pops out and is gone. The pleasures stop, but your body has been set toward chain reactions that happen and happen and vibrantly, stunningly come. Keep you happening on that bed, laying there. The pleasure remains, she continues patting you dry.

I'd let you rest with me a while, if we were somewhere else, but they'll need the room eventually. I'm actually not gonna make any more appointments today. I'm gonna head out for a bit. I'll come back later, maybe just talk to that hot fuckbunny at the desk. Thanks, love. That was enough for me. She does keep patting you dry, winks at you, makes sure you seize it, leans down.

Smooches you hardily on the lips. No mere peck or transitory smooch. She's marking the inside of your mouth with her tongue, so you taste her, smell her, remember her, rubbing and exploring everywhere, invading, rushing over your gums and teeth, the scent of her, the feel of her. Tangling your own saliva and tongue and sucking on yours.

Sucking your saliva into her mouth, prehensile forked tongue, exploring, running over your teeth, sucking on your tongue in turn, making sure you take turns. She does. And she lets you get one last look at her toned form when she pulls away, Toweling off her bare pussy, taking a while to get all the fuck juices out of there, Her huge breasts, wiping away sweat and your saliva, you barely remember sucking on them but you must have.

She adjusts her ponytail, and then the salamander dons her bikini top and bottom once more, With the same practiced ease with which she removed them. See you again sometime. I'll stop by more often. Good change from the planes, but you should come out and meet me at home. You hear water running from a spout.

She's washing her hands, but your eyes have closed. Your hips are bucking as if you were fucking. You're cock hard between the bed and your belly. Doesn't matter if you've cum, doesn't matter how you've reacted. Whole body is still cumming, still mindless. Steam is rising from her hands, filling the room.

Making it more sauna like. She towels off one last time. Quietly opens the door. Shuts it quickly behind her as she left the privacy screen. You didn't hear it roll up. This gives you sufficient time to slowly come back to your senses. You thought she might want to show her conquest off to everyone. But the whole process was oddly respectful and through the haze of pleasure and the warmth of yourself, you remember that she mentioned the planes.

If you did drift off, well, there are plenty of other rooms and someone would wake you politely if they needed you out. For now, you're safe,

warm, drowsy, over pleased, still moaning now and then, resonating with lust and aftershocks. Not to mention the image of that cute, muscled salamander girl, her big breasts, her riding you, filling you with her tails, showing off for you.

You're certain she enjoyed it as much as you did, if not more. And there may be opportunities in the future to share in similar lustful interludes and escape yourself in safety and privacy, for a while. She's sincere and honest. There was no fakery in what she did to you, or in what she said. And the mark on the back of your neck is still tingling.

She enjoyed filling you with her tail. She enjoyed warming you up, helping you forget your troubles. And she really would have let you doze off on her chest if it had been possible to do so. Who knows what else she'll do during other visits. Well, only went away to find out. Or go find her at home. Have her come again, let her work her magic on your body in other ways.

How warm must it be inside her body. You remember her dripping slit. Her squeezing, practiced butthole. How hot must it be to make her come instead of passively being used for her pleasure. Though you did

give as good as you got sometimes. Well, anything's possible, but for now, you'll need to find the energy to make your legs work.

Slowly work your way out of the spa. Change. Head back to camp. Return another time. Shivering that quivering pleasure, as it sets you on edge and leaves you there. Laying on the bed. Groaning. Drooling. Cumming. In your juices. A hand sliding between your legs. It's impossible to stop it, because the image of her in your head is just too much.

As you slowly rise, you Spot something on the table by the door. Near the shelf she got the lube from. There's a little scrap of Well, it must be hide. And on it, scratched in charcoal, there's a map. You can see where Tell Adra is. You can see the vast expanse of the desert. And yeah, there's an X on the other side between two particular hills.

The only hills. On broad, flat plains, really. She left a map.

For the style guide used to create this dyslexia-friendly formatted script, credit to Christina [Torbrook whose original guide is here.](#)