

Chapter 6B: Day 210 – Blue (Explicit)

“I probably should have read you in on it earlier, but it was all just talk before, and now we’re ready to actually make agreements.” Iniri actually seemed nervous, wringing her hands before she noticed what she was doing and stopped.

“It’s fine, I trust you. What’s going on?”

“We’ve been discussing dynastic options. Tying together the Wright and Tarnil lines would benefit us both, but...” She took a deep breath. “There is nobody in the immediate family that *I* could marry. But his grandchildren aren’t spoken for yet. We’ve agreed to betroth one of them to one of *my* children, but I need heirs first.”

“Ah.” I could be slow on the uptake sometimes, but I wasn’t that stupid. *“Which is where I come in.”*

“Yes,” Iniri said, tailtip flicking back and forth. “I *can’t* marry you; gods only know how that would affect the kingdom. If I’m doing this I can’t really marry anyone, not without actually *creating* a weakness. I feel I’m making excuses at this point but you’re also the only one who could father a child for me and there would be no question about the legitimacy.”

“You just want my babies,” I teased her. The truth was I was pretty happy about the outcome, because I’d always known Iniri needed to put her kingdom first and she’d have to marry *someone* to secure the line and grow dynastic connections. The rule of *an heir and a spare* didn’t come about just because it rhymed. But that didn’t mean I actually *wanted* to share my Companion.

“Gods, Blue, why’d you have to put it that way?” Iniri put a hand over her eyes for a moment, though that didn’t stop the color rising to her cheeks. “I just wanted to ask if that was something you’d agree to.”

“It is.” I didn’t actually get to make Iniri blush that often, and it was pretty cute. *“So long as it means we’re stepping up from sex on a merely transactional basis. I understand the marriage thing, but it seems kind of silly to keep your distance if you want me to give you kids.”*

“Yes, I—” She stopped and cleared her throat. “Honestly, Blue, I can’t imagine wanting to be with anyone else anyway, so I suppose semi-official queen-consort is a reasonable term for it.”

“More like Power-consort, maybe. I’m not sure which one takes precedence.” I wasn’t sure why I kept teasing her, save for that she seemed to be far too tense for

“Yes, well, either way.” Iniri cleared her throat again, and I noticed she was even more fidgety. Either she was more nervous than I thought or she was really looking forward to more time with me. Or perhaps both. “I’ve talked with Taelah a little bit, and you can let me choose? A son or a daughter?”

“I can. Which did you want first?” I didn’t want to suggest twins for Iniri, partly because that would possibly make the inheritance problem thorny, and partly because as small as she was, it might be hard on her. True, she had a Lineage skill that would aid in such matters, but there was no need to take the risk.

"A son. They're rare in the Tarnil lineage to begin with, and there are more options among Adrian's – Emperor Wright's – grandchildren." It made sense. Arranged marriages were basically the only way to go for nobility and dynasties, and for the most part they worked just fine.

"*Your wish is my command,*" I said, and I swept her out of the office and down to the hot springs. She blinked and then shivered softly, her tail flicking even faster.

"I didn't actually mean *now...*" she began.

"*Are you in a mood to wait?*"

"No," she admitted after a moment, then laughed. "I'm really not!"

I wasn't either. Shayma was busy giving the tour to the Chiuxatli and would be preoccupied for some time, and Taelah had a bunch of the village children tagging along after her, so I could give Iniri my proper attention. Though I had a feeling my other Companions would respect Iniri's privacy anyway, under the circumstances.

While before I had let Iniri relax and soak for a little bit, working up to actual intimacy, I could read enough of her mood to know she didn't need or want that. She'd always been rather more restrained and conservative than Shayma or even Taelah, but I had certain advantages in understanding her desires. Instead of waiting on her, I created a breeding station where she was standing and sent a number of tendrils under her dress, winding up her legs and wrapping around her body in a matter of moments.

What came through the sensory link was that Iniri was *hungry*, not simply aroused. No wonder she was twitchy; she wasn't just ready, she was dripping wet and on a hair trigger. Simply brushing along the skin of her thighs and belly sent an electric tingle through her and made her gasp.

"*So how long were you thinking about me before you asked?*" I inquired, as she moved her hands to grip the thick tendrils wrapped around her waist, under the dress she was wearing.

"A while..." She admitted, biting her lip as I reached out one tendril to grab her underclothing, using inventory to magic it away.

"*You really like the idea of having my babies,*" I said, sliding one smooth tendril between her legs, letting it caress the wet folds of her sex. Her legs actually trembled at the touch, and I had to take some of her weight with the limbs I had wrapped around her.

"It's— ah!" She gasped from the touch, pressing herself against the tendrils holding her in place. "It's been on my mind ever since I found out about Taelah's. I couldn't help it!"

"*So you've been fantasizing about me for weeks,*" I said, spreading her legs slowly and tracing tendrils down her belly, feeling anticipation burning inside her as she gripped the limbs encircling her. "*Thinking about me breeding you.*" I wasn't sure why exactly I chose the phrase that I did, but it had an obvious effect on Iniri, cheeks flushing and her breathing coming harder.

"Yes, I have!" She nearly shouted. "So stop teasing me!"

I was half tempted to keep playing with her anyway, but I could feel that she was really desperate, having worked herself into a state even before calling me. My tendrils held her tight as I parted the lips

of her sopping wet pussy, sliding a thin breeder into her, making her squeal and clench down around me. Despite how tight she squeezed, it didn't stop me from slowly driving deeper until I was almost pressed against the entrance to her womb, leaving her gasping and on edge from the feeling of me inside her.

Then I expanded the tendril, going from simply being inside her to filling her, stretching her pussy all at once. Iniri threw back her head and moaned as she came instantly, her orgasm lifting her onto her toes and making her arch against the limbs I was using to hold her up. I hadn't even undressed her yet and she had no interest in taking the time for it, her depths milking at me as she hungered for more.

"Oh, come on," she complained, when she could speak again. "Don't just stop there! I don't want to be able to *walk* when we're done!"

"Don't worry, you'll be too full of my cum to want to," I told her, sliding the breeder out before thrusting back into her depths. The smooth friction made her moan as she arched against the limbs holding her up, toes curling from every thrust. I kept her legs spread, body straining and on tiptoes as I filled her, my cock molded precisely to her depths as I took her. As she started to get used to me inside her I changed the breeder's shape, altering it to drive hard against her most sensitive spots.

The dress hid things but did nothing to muffle the wet sounds of my breeder hammering into her, every stroke sparking hot pleasure. She gasped and grunted as I fucked her, fingers white-knuckled as they gripped the thick black coils around her waist and chest. They were rather un-queenly noises, but neither of us cared. For the moment I didn't do anything fancy, simply filling her with hard, quick thrusts, a steady rhythm that drove her back upward toward her peak, toes curling as she arched against me.

I throbbed inside her, feeling her delicious tightness around me as she sucked in a breath and then came a second time. Though I could have kept going, her desperate need to be filled reached across the link and instantly sent me over the edge. Iniri stood and shuddered as I flooded her depths with seed, clawing at her dress and moaning.

"Get this off of me," she demanded. "I want to see." I laughed and used my inventory trick on the rest of her clothing, leaving only the Torc. Black flesh cushioned her as she sank down, leaning back and looking down at where I filled her, stretching the lips of her sex.

"Did you do it yet?" She asked.

"Not yet," I told her. I had the feeling that if she were genuinely ready, the option would have popped up, but she was clearly too needy to be done.

"Then don't stop!" Iniri insisted, and I laughed again and wrapped more tendrils around her body, gripping her horns and stroking along her back, making her shudder. This was a different Iniri than before, and probably not one I'd see again, since she wasn't likely to be quite so pent up in the future.

I resumed slowly, since despite her demands she was quite sensitive, giving my cock small, soft ridges while I stroked against her skin. I trailed down her neck, tracing along her collarbone while at the same time running one tendril down the base of her spine, along her back to the base of her tail, circling around to slide back between her legs.

Her breath caught slightly each time my ridges rubbed against the most sensitive spots inside her, pulses of arousal that meant soon enough she was ready for something more vigorous. She reached out to squeeze the limbs I slid around her fingers, holding tight as she watched me fill her and focused on the feel of me inside her. Once she started to climb back toward orgasm I slid out a smaller tendril to circle around her clit, rubbing it slowly while I filled her.

She wasn't interested in having anything in her mouth, solely concentrated in the breeder driving into her sex, hips arching as she pressed back against the thrusts. Soon enough she was gasping again, the hot stimulation of her clit combining with my relentless thrusts to make her squeeze around me, inviting me deeper.

"Again! Give it to me again!" Iniri demanded, and it sparked a sudden surge of pleasure as my breeding tendril shuddered and filled her with seed, making her moan and orgasm herself. It seemed that if she wanted it badly enough, she could make my breeding station respond however she wanted. I certainly didn't mind, since I could handle it. There were no mortal limits to my flesh.

She bit her lip as black seed dripped from her, and wriggled her hips to make me start thrusting again. Though she did appreciate the touches I ran down her arms and legs, or across her chest and her horns, they were distant concerns compared to me filling her. I didn't worry about any exotic shapes or stimulations, instead just focusing on the steady rhythm of pleasure.

While she enjoyed it, of course, she urged me to cum more often even than she did, until the results splashed her legs and the floor with every thrust. Iniri clung to my tendrils, gasping and panting and slowly relaxing into a blissful glow as I kept flooding her body. I was almost lightheaded, nearly overwhelmed by the constant insistence on orgasms but enjoying every surge of hunger that coaxed me into filling her. Eventually we reached a final crest, with my breeding station absolutely dripping with seed and Iniri an absolute mess, and the overlay appeared as Iniri's hunger was finally satisfied.

There were no new options, not that I was expecting any, so I selected [Genesis] once I'd recovered some of my faculties, paying close attention to the feedback. I wasn't sure whether it was just because this was the second time I'd used it, or if I'd gained some extra proficiency with that sort of feedback by playing with Climates, but I could figure out a bit more of the patterns involved.

Male was easy enough to determine, but I could also sense some things that seemed to be related to the Lineage skills. They weren't genetic, not exactly, but this wasn't a completely magic-free process to begin with. I was pretty sure I could also locate some part was related to me, though I wasn't entirely certain it was anything biological. There was obviously something weird with dungeons and organics to begin with, so I wasn't surprised that it seemed odd. I finished my adjustments, which were mostly to make sure everything would be good and he'd be healthy, and committed the pattern.

"*You have an heir,*" I told Iniri, who was only marginally awake.

"Thank you, Blue," she murmured.