

Antinov's Day Off

By [Kai](#)

A non-canon story commission for [Shero](#).

Antinov belongs to [Kai](#)
Ashira belongs to [Shero](#).

Antinov, unlike many Avalonians grew up far from home. He'd ended up in the Zeiophine system for much of his early life, attending the local branch of the Imperial academy there at the behest of his mother. On the other side of things, Ashira was a homegrown Zeioph woman. A free spirit dedicated to pleasure and recreation. Ashira had grown up under her own mother, shaping her into a rather nurturing female. And on a chance encounter, the two would wind up crossing paths.

A young Antinov, tired from a long day spent at the academy, would end up taking a trip to the entertainment district just outside the capitol district of Zeiophine Prime. Of all the bars he could have walked into, Anti was lured into Ashira's by her sweet song. Most might not have an appreciation for Zeiophine song, but Anti did. The young Avalonian took a seat across from the stage and listened to the rather large pink Zeioph intently.

The song of a Zeioph isn't much to listen to on dry land, but the bar Anti picked was made for a mixed clientele. The stage was comprised of an aquarium like tank equipped with hydrophones to broadcast to the rest of the bar. The rest of the bar was set up as a mix of pool, wet-bar and some seating around the side. Antinov himself kept out of the water but intently watched Shira sing and move her body flirtatiously.

The crowd was fairly light at this point, only a dozen or so other patrons, and about half as many staff including the live show. Antinov ordered a citrus-like liqueur, native to Zeiophine culture. As one can imagine it's as potent as the castic natives that invented it, a mix of sweet and sour with quite an intoxicating kick. It doesn't take more than two glasses before the young Avalonian is quite tipsy and finding himself lost in Ashira's song.

The large pink Zeioph takes notice of her avian-esque admirer, focusing those big eyes of hers on Antinov. As Ashira starts her next song, she begins to adlib a bit, singing about the young Cadet who'd caught her eye and quite notably flirting with him as she does. Drunk as he is, Anti falls right into it, hypnotized by her curvaceous body swaying and the sound of her voice. Of course it only pleases Shira to have the young male in the palm of her hand so.



Of course Ashira rumbles in Delight as the bird begins to enjoy himself, she wanted her meal to enjoy his fate. Antinov teases and caresses her uvula and works his body firmly against her tongue. Soon the hot musky spire of the Avalonian's erection would start to tantalize Ayshira's tastebuds, getting a pleased rumble from the large female. Tasting that building arousal, Ashira's hands would wander down her front to cup her breasts and rub over her belly. Eventually her hands settle on her groin, groping and teasing her pseudo-maleness as her tongue works to tease and please the bird in her mouth.

Ashira's mouth waters over Antinov, slathering him in hot ropes of saliva and sheets of drool as he plays within. The little bird so caught up in excitement he doesn't notice that the big Zeioph keeps inclining her head more and more. Anti doesn't notice she's working him further and further in either, not until an eager growl sounds out from Ashira's stomach. Anti momentarily snaps back to the reality of the situation, just before the fishy lady lets out a rather long, deep belch.



Ashira brings a hand up to her mouth, covering it as a long, hot belch erupts from her gullet and chuckling softly to herself. The big pink Zeioph was rather needily stroking herself off to the feeling of the Avalonian prince squirming inside her. Ashira would pout a bit as his vivid movements give out, robbing her of some pleasure. But Ashira wouldn't let her impending orgasm slip away so easily.

The Zeioph firmly grasps and squeezes her sac with one hand while continuing to vigorously stroke herself off. Ashira focuses on the full feeling of her stomach, and imagining Antinov's pleasure inside. And with that extra stimulation she finally reaches orgasm, firing out thick mildly luminous ropes of infertile spunk. The first few splatter all over Ashira's chest and belly, but she soon takes her shaft into her mouth and swallows the rest.

Down in Ashira's belly Anti is bathed in her thick spunk as it mixes with the other stomach contents. The musky fishy aromas and flavors added to her stomach bring some renewed wriggles, further adding to the Zeioph's pleasure. Anti was so perfectly positioned that the large mouthfuls of cream Ashira was swallowing pour down over him until they fill the remaining free space in Ashira's stomach.

As Ashira pulls off her spent shaft she'd let out a hot spunky belch, ropes of her own sticky mess connecting her jaws lewdly as some dribbles over her lips. The Pink Zeioph's luminance fades

