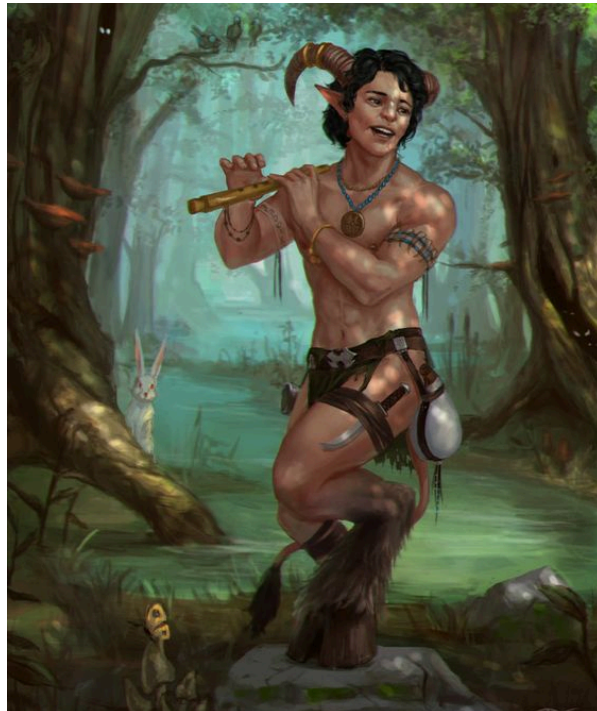


The Faun Frat House



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Notes

- [Original Satyr Gdoc](#) by QB
- Grapes grown with Lake Water and stream water.

- Winemaking
- Completed House Concept -

<http://frozenwithfear-livingwithpride.tumblr.com/post/86975554981/necspenecmetu-jean-goujon-caryatids-tribune>

the Fauns were very friendly (and very horny) individuals, constantly playing games, dancing, making music, drinking strong drink, and having sex. They were renowned for their bacchanals and orgies. They were also notorious for their mastery of sex-related magic, essentially the Black Magic of Mareth today. There were few races more adept at producing cures for infertility than the Fauns.

- Mob Follower Project involving Satyr TF Mpreg perk and low corruption.
- Game Mechanics
 - * More Fauns unlocks both sexual and non-sexual interactions
 - * Winery - Fauns will grow grapes and make wine once you unlock a certain Faun. The Winery will also be a source of income. More Fauns = more money.
 - * Building - Fauns will make camp improvements... for a price.
 - * Party/Feast scene involving the other followers

NPC Notes

faSons - A stat for the number of Faun sons you have living in the Faun House.

[bankGems] - How many gems the Fauns have saved for the PC. Once the winery is unlocked this amount is determined by the number of fauns inside the Faun House

<i>House level</i>	<i>House Type</i>
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1	Solo Tent
2	Nomad's Tent
3	Lodge
4	Faun Temple

Automatic Named sons

Vasilios -Your first born son, the eldest and leader. Vasilios's growth and confidence is tied to the number of brothers you give him. When he is alone he is irritated and restless but as he grows it becomes apparent that Legacy has named him the leader of all future Fauns. He is also the only faun that has access to a small portion of the player's memories despite them all having the pc's accent.

Vasilios is a faun version of PC as a full human but with the build of a college twink. Once the lodge is built his room is upstairs, once the temple is built his personal quarters are right next to the door. His initial sex scenes are straight forward, vanilla sex but once the lodge is built he gets some light bondage scenes and once the temple is built he gets private bath scenes.

Pavlos -Head Vinter, maker of spirits, beer and wine. Has small white stubby horns, longish hair, a fat girly bottom, slim build and his goat legs go up to his calves. Shy femboy who can take a pounding. Pavlos's sex scenes are centered around playing with and/or destroying his hole.

Stathis -The Architect and head of construction. He has long black horns and is barrel chested and pot bellied like most satyrs, his ass/chest/pits/stomach/you-name-it is hairy. He is a manly top with a secret submissive streak that one can indulge in should they promise to keep it a secret. Regularly gets destroyed by Xiphilinus once his little bro gets in the house.

Olympicus -Head of the Frat House Guard. He has tall standing white horns, modelesque features, is muscular and powerful without a single strand of body hair on his human

parts. He is a total switch, capable of giving and receiving and loves it even more when he gets to do both in one session.

Xiphilinus -Black Mage and historian of the house. His horns curl around his head like a ram's and his build is slim and soft, however he has a huge dick. He refuses to let any of his brothers anywhere near his hole but his daddy could potentially barge into that door marked no-entry. Proud owner of the fattest, longest cock in the house.

Matthias -Merchant, handles house finances. His horns curl around his head like a ram's and his build is lightly muscled, boy next door type. He is dominant in bed but will take a good railing if he has messed something up as "punishment"

Waltor -Errand boy that never seems to stop doing favors for his brothers, although he hasn't discovered his talent yet. His horns are tall, soft and almost handle like and he is masculine but skinny with big, puffy lips. Loves to suck cock like nobody's business, cums from being face fucked.

Optional Sons

Optional faun sons are sons that the pc can help find their talents using their relationship with others npcs.

Apollodorus -if the pc has the faun temple and Arian as a follower/lover there will be a special event where Arian will request help with a magical experiment he is conducting, going so far as to suggest one of your faun sons as the project will take a while. The pc calls Vasilios over and Vasilios has the perfect brother in mind. He goes to Xiphilinus's lab and asks for Apollodorus by name. Apollodorus's goat half is white and he seems shy, pure and chaste. Arian becomes his mentor after they complete the experiment and Vasilios has a white magic lab built for Apollodorus, one right across from Xiphilinus's black magic lab, and starts a healthy rivalry with his brother and former boss. Once faSons > 30 Apollodorus gains underlings in his lab, all chaste pure boys ripe for the picking.

Apollodorus is the picture of innocence. His horns are soft and small, his frame boyish and his eyes wide and expressive while his goat half goes up to his thighs. Once his training is done his sex scenes will involve white magic and once he has underlings they involve group sex and white magic.

Euphorbos - If faSons > 40 and the player has Pure Jojo as a follower there will be a special event where Vasilios is worried about one of his new little brothers. The boy isolates himself from his brothers and spends his days doing everything he can to avoid their revels. When Vasilios takes the pc to the boy he is quietly sitting cross legged the way Jojo does, prompting the player to ask him why he is sitting like that. Euphorbos has limited access to the ways of the old monks, a very, very small group of fauns from the past. The player can then ask Jojo if he's interested in a new student to which the monk

agrees. Euphorbos doesn't take the vow of chastity but he and Jojo teach and learn from each other, with the Mouse Monk becoming his mentor.

Euphorbos's physical stature is short but lithe. His horns are jagged and violent looking while his demeanor is quiet and contemplative, his goat half goes up to his knees. He enjoys quiet, one on one, romantic encounters that evolve into passionate rutting. He likes pushing his body to the limit.

Hipponous -izmael/Izma, trips to the lake, sexy swimmer guy. Transforms his tail into a shark's. Will let the PC sit on his face for hours.

Recruitment

*** Recruitment Scene happens as the PC wakes up, **4 days** after all requirements are met.
(Pregnancy takes 3 days, First son takes 1 day to get to you)

Requirements

- Strange/Satyr Biology Perk.
- Corruption < 30
- Rape 1 enemy on the mommy list and get it pregnant with your penis.
- Should probably include a way for females (and male subs for that matter) to get this via sex with a pure faun char, one that escaped and is living in either Teladre or Selacs.

The Mommy List

// basically any unnamed generic male npc.

- Imps
- Minotaur
- Male Spider Morph
- Green Slime
- Satyr
- Basilisk
- Fetish Zealot

Upon awakening you rise with a grin, feeling especially chipper. Despite being greeted by Mareth's odd red sky and depressingly dry earth there is just something about the cosmos today that seems full of potential. As you rise from your bedroll you take a second to wash your [face] in the nearby stream. Then you hear a masculine voice say, "Uh... Hello?"

[if (hasFollowers = true) "An unusual hush falls upon your new home as a lone youthful goat man appears at the edge of camp."]

[if (hasFollowers= false) "A lone youthful goat man appears at the edge of your camp, having shattered the serene quiet of your camp."]

You ready your [weapon] to greet the uninvited guest, thinking he must be some corrupt denizen of this world. Yet the closer you get to him the more familiar his face looks. He wears a toga that covers one shoulder, displaying his gentle muscularity and one pectoral. The robe goes down to his upper calf, his goat like hooves and brown fur visible beneath the hem of his garment.

He looks into your [eyes] with an odd mixture of trepidation and excitement. It's almost as if he's both happy and scared to see you. Further examination of his face causes your stomach to clench uncomfortably. If he were a full human born in Ingnam he could almost be your twin. The

implication of your resemblance doesn't bode well, especially considering what you've been doing here.

You ask him who he is.

"Um... I'm Vasilios and uh... I'm your son." His goat like ears are pressed flat against his skull. In truth you can't say you didn't expect this to be the case. He has a familiar cadence to his speech, as if he were born in Ingnam. He looks like you would if you were a young pureblood satyr. Still the fact that you have a fully grown son walking around Mareth doesn't seem possible.

You son breaks your awestruck silence with a clearing of his throat, "I uh... I was wondering if it would be ok if I, you know, stayed here."

[What?] [No] [Yes]

What?

Your first reaction is, "Huh?" Not the most eloquent way to get more information out the boy but it works.

"I was just thinking that since you seem a lot less crazy than mom did I could, you know, stay. I was born yesterday and the world in my head wasn't so... myopic. Everything I saw while wandering around was just... I didn't like it."

You ask him how he found you.

This makes him smile, "I'm not completely sure... instinct? All I know is I was born, I became a man a few minutes later and then I felt like walking in this direction. After mom turned out to not be the mothering type I decided to go ahead and follow the feeling. When I saw you I just felt like you were... you know... my dad."

Vasilios looks up into your eyes, your mother's eyes forcing you to face the fact that this youth is the product of your sexual adventures in Mareth.

So what will you do?

{keep all previous buttons visible: What/No/Yes}

No

You look at the shy, self conscious youth and decide that you'd rather not deal with him. When you tell him this his head falls and his shoulders slump.

“Ok.” He says, sounding small and crestfallen. The awkward moment is ended when he says, “Well... I’ll uh... I’ll go.” then he turns away, squares his shoulders and marches off, leaving you to get on with your life.

Yes

You smile at the shy, self conscious youth and his lips twist to mirror yours. Of course your son can stay and any other sons you have are allowed to stay too. Yet you don’t have to say this, you just embrace the robed faun and hug him fiercely. Both of your laughter resonates and you tell him to go ahead and get settled in.

“Oh thanks dad I didn’t know what to expect. You don’t have to worry about me I’ll make sure I carry my own weight and anything I can do to help I’ll do with a smile. Thank you so much dad.”

The two of you chat about nothing terribly important. For being only a day old he is obviously very intelligent. When he says something about making shelter you leave him to it. He runs off to go gather materials with an infectious eagerness that makes your [fullChest] swell with pride.

Vasilios has moved into your camp.

Generic Faun Arrival Scene

As you greet the rising sun with a yawn you turn to see another Faun at the edge of your camp. Even from this distance it’s easy to see the family resemblance, his face causing you to recall a member of your family back in Innam. You smile at how strong your genes must be.

You watch as Vasilios calls your newest son over to his home and runs out to greet his new brother enthusiastically.

Faun House Camp Passage

[if (faSons = 1) “Your son Vasilios has erected a single tent just outside your campgrounds. It looks like a small brown cone with smoke rising from the top. Next to his humble dwelling there is a small shrub of quickly growing grapes that shine like rubies. You doubt he can do anything special with just the single plant though.”]

[if (faSons > 1 and faSons <= 10) “Under the leadership of your son Vasilios your faun offspring have medium sized, segmented tent just outside your camp. Next to their tent is a garden of grapes that shine like rubies in the light of the sun. There is one plant for each of your sons.”]

[if (faSons > 10 and faSons <= 20 “Under the leadership of your son Vasilios your faun offspring have created a lodge from gathered wood and stone. The simple dwelling stands outside the edge of your camp. The fauns inside are a rambunctious group of youths but the noise level is tolerable... mostly. Next to their dwelling is a flourishing garden of ruby colored grapes whose vines climb the side of the lodge.”]

[if (faSons > 20) “Under the leadership of your son Vasilios your faun offspring have built a grand home of flawless marble for themselves. The structure is a shining white temple with beautiful pillars and great stone archways. White statues of dancing fauns, beautiful mermaids and merry centaurs decorate the outside, some of which are very lewd in nature. The lush garden of grapes your sons maintain creeps up one side of the building a ways, the robust grapes shining like rubies in the light of the sun.”]

Button: [Vasilios]

Vasilios

[if (faSons = 1) "You find Vasilios outside his tent looking up into the sky. When he hears your footsteps he turns towards you, pulling a small lust dagger from his belt in response. When he sees that you're his visitor he calmly sheaths the poisoned blade.

"Oh... Hi Dad... what can I do for you?" He asks, seeming a little down in the dumps and obviously on edge considering he just pulled a knife on you."]

[if (faSons > 1 and faSons <= 10) "When you approach the medium sized nomad's tent you find Vasilios talking with another Faun. He is animated, happily conversing with his brother until you clear your throat to get his attention.

"Dad! Hi!" He says, grinning from ear to ear as he waves his little brother off. Your other son gives you a grin and a shy wave before he disappears into the tent. Once the two of you are alone Vasilios asks, "What can I do for you dad?"]

[if (faSons > 10 and faSons <= 20 "You walk up the stone porch of the lodge your sons have built. Vasilios is outside with two of your other sons. The two younger brothers listen intently as Vasilios gives them instructions, telling them to perform a task and answering their questions.

You don't have to wait long as one of your sons points you out to their eldest brother. Vasilios then turns towards you with a grin. He opens his arms and gives you a tight hug before saying, "Hello dad, what can I do for you?""]

[if (faSons > 20) "You walk up the stone steps towards the large obsidian door to the grand home your sons have built. The doors open upon your approach and there sits Vasilios. The half naked faun is reading, sitting on a comfortable sofa obviously used for receiving guests. At his feet one of your younger sons sits, chattering away with his big brother as he reads some list off. When you speak your younger son rises and embraces you with strong arms. He bids farewell to Vasilios and exits via one of the doors leading out of the room.

"Hey dad." Vasilios says with a warm smile."]

All Possible Buttons

[\[Talk\]](#) [\[Sex\]](#) [\[Winery\]](#) [\[Construction\]](#) [\[Leave\]](#)
[\[Party\]](#) [\[Group Sex\]](#)

Talk (V)

Requirements: None

You tell Vasilios you wanted to speak to him.

His eyebrows rise as he waits for you to elaborate.

[\[Fauns\]](#) [\[Home\]](#) [\[Brothers\]](#)

Fauns

You ask Vasilios how much he knows about Fauns.

“Well...” He says, scratching his scruffy chin thoughtfully, “I actually know a lot about my race to be honest... where do I start though? To understand faun culture you have to understand our religion. Aside from the great tree the fauns served only one other deity. He was a spirit of pleasure, love, fertility, virility and carnality known as Baphomet.

Some served him by traveling the world in great nomadic tribes. We spent our days singing, dancing and fucking. That is... when we weren't planting grapes or making one of our legendary wines. Those of us who didn't travel built great white stone temples with grapes growing across the immense white pillars. The temples were gathering places for all people whether they served Baphomet or not. In those days the people were always glad to see a faun because, in our religion, there were no priests and no heathens because glory to Baphomet was not in worship or ritual, but in giving and receiving pleasure... Then the demons came.”

You can see where this is going. Such a culture would be the perfect target for the sex crazed demons. All one would have to do is join in on the drinking and fucking and they'd be able to corrupt every faun they laid eyes on. When you say as much Vasilios nods.

“Yes, in the end our openness and love of all kinds of pleasure proved to be our demise. The fauns welcomed the demons with opened arms and spread legs. They easily poured their poisonous corruption into our souls and we drank it in like the finest wine. The feasts and love of mutual pleasure slowly diminished. All that was left was a species wide insatiable lust as great as any demon's. That is how fauns became known as satyrs.”

Vasilios clears his throat before continuing, “It also destroyed our women. You see the corruption caused the men to just want to breed and create new holes to fuck. Then it warped the bodies of our women into baby factories. To give birth became the greatest ecstasy any of us could ever hope to feel but combined with the epic virility of the males their wombs would be filled to the breaking point. The numbers of our women quickly fell until there were none left. Then the satyrs, using black magic, augmented our cum so that it can impregnate any form of creature, male or female and that is how they've managed to avoid extinction”

After a few moments of silence you ask Vasilios how he knows all of this.

His sad expression dissolves into a grateful smile as he answers, “Because you're my dad. Thanks to you I'm not a Satyr. When the last great followers of Baphomet found out what the demons were doing to their people they sought help from the temples of the only other deity

they served. In the Temples of the World Tree they sought aid from the Viridian Priestesses of Marae. With their help they created Legacy."

Your eldest faun son squares his shoulders and speaks with an air of importance, honor and nobility, "Legacy ensures that our culture will never be lost as long as there is still hope that a faun will be born. Through growth, self reflection and community we discover our talents. Discovering our talent gives us accesses to memories within legacy to guide and teach us about other fauns with our talents. For example If a faun has a talent for words he can close his eyes and read verse after verse of faun prose or poetry. If he is an architect he can see the things we've created and the techniques that built them."

"Legacy was the last will and testament of the old fauns and thanks to you I can access a good portion of it. So It wouldn't be unreasonable to say it's your fault I'm this awesome." His joke is bittersweet but you both chuckle anyway.

You ask Vasilios if he serves this Baphomet.

Vasilios shakes his head, "No. Like many of the demi-godlings Baphomet fell fighting the demons. It is one of the few memories all Fauns will experience regardless of their talents. Baphomet sought to educate the demons and fell prey to their evil just as we did. He fell to a great demon and it devoured his crystallized soul. Baphomet became a great demon until he turned against the demon that made him only to be destroyed by her in the end."

[if (corruption < 30) "You reassure Vasilios. You don't know what the future holds yourself but you tell him that there is hope even without Legacy and with the fall of their God.

Vasilious smiles, "Thanks to the satyrs magic every faun will grow to adulthood in a matter of moments. Through self exploration and community we become aware of our talents and mature psychologically. Through our talents we access Legacy and it is through Legacy that we will keep the culture of our people alive." Vasilious wipes an unshed tear from his eye, "Thank you dad, thank you so much for being who you are." Once he finishes he wraps his arms around you, squeezing you tightly for a moment."]

[if (corruption > 30) "The two of you chat for a while before you excuse yourself, leaving and thinking on what you've learned."]

Home

You ask Vasilios how much he likes his home.

[if (faSons = 1) "He answers with a shrug, "The tent's fine. It's easy to hunt and gather supplies. The camp has all the water I need. The tent has all the sleeping space I need but, to be honest, I get a little lonely sometimes.

[if (hasfollowers = true) "It's not like the camp is empty or anything. I just sometimes wish there was someone like me here. I get a little stir crazy at times but it's cool, I go for a run or head into camp for a talk and the lonely feeling is gone."]

[if (hasfollowers = false) "There isn't anyone to talk to when you leave which is fine I guess but I'd like it better if there were more people here."]

You tell him you're sorry. You're unsure about whether or not you can do anything about it.

His face brightens, "Well... I'd love a little brother. I'm sure he'd find the camp just like I did. Plus more fauns means more man power so we'd be able to expand the camp and help out a bit more."

His eagerness makes you smile as he talks about how much he wants a little brother."]

[if (faSons >= 2 and faSons <= 10) "He answers with a face warping smile, "I'm happy. We needed more room than my one tent had though so we built a bigger tent."

You look at the large black tent, noting how it seems constructed so that more sections can easily be added when needed. [if (corruption < 50) "That being said the tent is shabby and has holes here and there. To be honest it's not much of an improvement to the camp but since Vasilios is proud of it you decide to keep this sentiment to yourself."][if (corruption > 50) "That being said the tent is ugly as all hell. The only good thing you would say about it is that the few holes would let you watch if someone were fucking inside."]

"The poles were easy we just got wood from the forest and treated it with a mixture we make using tree sap and jizz. The spunk mixture keeps the beams we make from rotting so we don't have to replace them. The Canvas is easy to make, we just weave goat hair of which," He smiles and spreads his arms to indicate his legs, "... we got plenty." He chuckles at his joke, "To be honest It falls out pretty easily when we want it to though. We usually just collect it off the floor."

Vasilios continues to chatter about nothing in particular. He seems almost giddy. Its as if the more little brothers you give him the more happy he'll be. Seeing how your faun sons make your eldest happy puts a smile on your [face]. He's a good big brother and you're happy he was born first. The two of you continue to chat for a while about nothing in particular before the conversation runs its course and you take your leave."]

[if (faSons > 10 and faSons <= 20 "Vasilios answers with a quiet grin, "I'm great. Now that we've made a bigger, better home things seem to be settling into a good pattern. At first I thought the group tent would be big enough but someone," He gives you a pointed look, "...keeps inseminating random guys. Not that I mind. I'm finding out I have a talent for keeping

my brothers together. Plus if they're here with us they're not out in the world being corrupted." [if (corruption > 30) "Vasilios stops to give you a worried look but holds his tongue."]

"Regardless I'm happy you let me stay. I think having both of us here makes it easier for the other fauns to find us. Most of the guys have had very little contact with the outside world. They're born, they grow up right away and then they come here. They don't make stops or even interact with their mother like I did. So I won't betray that trust. I will put them to work, I will keep on the right track and I'm pretty sure I can handle more so make as many sons as you want dad and together we'll put them to work and keep them out of trouble."

[if (corruption < 30) "You have to agree. Having your sons nearby where they can both stay out of trouble and contribute to your camp is the best thing for them. You and Vasilios speak at length about some of the random, inconsequential happens of the past few days. Soon the conversation has run it's course though and you take your leave."]

[if (corruption > 30 and corruption < 70) "You shrug. It's cool if they don't want to become satyrs but you can't say you would mind if they did. As if reading your mind Vasilios changes the topic to some inconsequential happens of days past. Soon the conversation has run it's course though and you take your leave."]

[if (corruption > 70) "You openly disagree with Vasilios and watch his ears fall. He listens patiently while you explain the joys of the world outside your camp. Once you're finished you leave him with his lesson. If he listens great but if he wants to keep your sons here in camp you can't say it disappoints you. After all you can't say having a bunch of tight holes and swinging dicks so close to camp doesn't have its advantages."]

[if (faSons > 20) "Vasilios answers with a gracious smile, "I love our temple. Thanks to the guys it has all the capabilities of the old temples. The style is a bit less extravagant but that's because..." He gives you a meaningful look, "...we never know when we might have to expand the building."]

Vasilios seems both happy and calm. You can see the maturity that leading his brothers has instilled in him.

"You've given us a place where we can flourish and thrive. You've sheltered us from harm. You've made me a big brother to so many awesome, and sometimes not so awesome, guys. I wouldn't trade them or you for the world dad."

[if (pc has had sex with Vasilios) "He hugs you tight, so tight his erection goes belly first against you. The sexy guy holds you close and thanks you, you don't miss the way he grinds forward. You give the horny man a quick smack on the ass which lets him know you get the message and he pulls away, beaming."]

[if (pc has not had sex with Vasilios) "He wraps you up in his arms, hugging you tightly and thanking you again and again. You smile and return your eldest faun's affection."]

Sex (V)

First Time {

You tell Vasilios that you're horny. His ears turn red almost instantly.
"Well... um... sir. I'm sure

Repeatable {

You tell Vasilios that you're horny. His mouth spreads into a grin

Winery (P)

Requirements: faSons >= 5

{First Time Only}

You ask Vasilios about the grape plants you've seen outside, wondering if there's a reason the fauns decided to grow grapes.

"For wine." Vasilios answers, head tilted to the side in confusion, "It's sort of a Faun speciality but before Pavlos came we didn't really have an interest in doing anything with the grapes other than eating them. When he arrived it didn't take long to realize his talent was in winemaking. From the vine to the bottle he just has this innate ability to produce fine wine but I'll let him tell you all about that." Having said that Vasilios waves you inside.

[if (faSons > 10 and faSons <= 20 "The door swings forward into a reasonably comfortable home. The furnishings are simple pieces made of wood and there is very little in the way of decorations. One of your sons sits in a simple wooden chair as another kneels in front of him, swallowing his brother's dick with loud slurping noises. As you follow Vasilios down the hallway leading to the back of the house you hear a few voices in the room to your left. As you pass you notice a few of your sons playing cards in a room filled with bedrolls.

Vasilios leads you past all of these and out the back door where you see a satyr overseeing the making of the wine.

Several of your sons are dancing around in a giant bucket, crushing grapes as they are tossed in. The dancing fauns are laughing and joking, as merry as can be. Everyone here seems happy.

"Dad, this is Pavlos." Vasilios says, chest swelling with pride.

Pavlos seems shy. His much shorter than Vasilios and his hair is long. He is a bit more shapely than most of the other fauns and his voice has a slightly feminine quality to it. If you didn't know better you'd say this son was a daughter!

"Pavlos can be shy at times but there's no one in all of Mareth that makes grapes as good as he does."

The evident pride in Vasilios's voice cause Pavlos to blush and grin self consciously.

When you ask him about the wine Pavlos finally looks at you with those familiar eyes, "Well... uh... we make wine this way because it is a bit more fun. Everybody washes before hand and when we're done doing that we set it to ferment. Once its ready we enhance the wine using black magic that gives it healing properties. Then we bottle it and give it to Matthias who goes to a town in the desert to sell the wine and buy supplies and things we need."

You ask them how much money they make doing this.

Pavlos smiles, "Quite a bit actually. Matthias keeps a portion of the money we make in a vault specifically for you. He has the skill and know how to do such things but... it was my idea." You tell Pavlos you like the way he thinks and rub his head. His shy smile twists and becomes even bigger.

You thank Pavlos for his time and he gives you a shy but hopeful grin, "You're welcome dad."]

[if (faSons > 20) "The door swing forward into a splendid foyer with marble floors and great stone columns. There are doors leading to rooms on the lower level and a great staircase leading upstairs.

As you follow Vasilios you don't miss one of your big, strong aggressive sons pounding one of the smaller, more submissive ones into a wall. The small boy is so loud he sounds like he's being murdered but the thick jizz drooling out of his foreskin covered cock tells a very different story.

You continue on to pass a few of your sons wrestling, yet another group seem to be huddled around one who is demonstrating some mystic skill, you pass by one of your sons rimming one whose ass is drenched in the cum of four spent boys giving eachother high fives... and there is so much noise you know the walls have got to be enchanted. From the walls above you hear crashing, fucking, yelling, arguing, fucking, music and, of course, more fucking... just regular stuff for a house full of pent up boys in Mareth.

Vasilios leads you past all of these and out the back door where you see a satyr overseeing the making of the wine.

Several of your sons are dancing around in a giant bucket, crushing grapes as they are tossed in. The dancing fauns are laughing and joking, as merry as can be. Everyone here seems happy.

"Dad, this is Pavlos." Vasilios says, full of pride.

Pavlos seems shy. His much shorter than Vasilios and his hair is long. He has a feminine grace and shape, a submissive boy like him must be very popular in the house.

"He can be shy at times but there's no one in all of Mareth that makes grapes as good as he does."

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When you ask him about the wine Pavlos finally looks at you with those familiar eyes, "Well... uh... we make wine this way because it's a bit more fun. Everybody washes before hand and when we're done doing that we set it to ferment. Once its ready we enhance the wine using black magic that gives it healing properties. Then we bottle it and give it to matthias who goes to a town in the desert to sell the wine and buy supplies and things we need."

You ask them how much money they make doing this.

Pavlos smiles, "Quite a bit actually. Matthias keeps a percentage of the profits in his vault for you specifically, he has the resources to do so but it was my idea." You tell Pavlos like the way he thinks and rub his head. He shivers and smiles big.

You thakn Pavlos for his time and he gives you a shy but hopeful grin, "You're welcome dad."

{Repeatable}

[if (faSons = 1) “Your son Vasilios has erected a single tent just outside your camp grounds. It looks like a small brown cone with smoke coming out the top. Next to his humble dwelling there is a small garden of quickly growing grapes as red as rubies. You doubt he can do anything with just the single plant though.”]

[if (faSons > 1 and faSons <= 10) “Under the leadership of your son Vasilios your faun offspring have medium sized nomad's tent just outside your camp. Next to their tent is a garden of grapes. You count two plants per son.”]

[if (faSons > 10 and faSons <= 20 “Under the leadership of your son Vasilios your faun offspring have created a lodge from gathered wood and stone. The simple dwelling stands outside the edge of your camp. The fauns inside are a rambunctious group of youths but the noise level is tolerable... mostly. Next to their dwelling is a flourishing garden of grapes.”]

[if (faSons > 20) “Under the leadership of your son Vasilios your faun offspring have built a grand home of white stone for themselves. The building is a shining white temple like structure with beautiful pillars and a great stone archways. White statues of dancing fauns and merry centaurs decorate the outside. The lush garden of grapes your sons maintain creeps up the side of the building and extend into a well irrigated and maintained yard. Their home is truly a work of art.”]

[Collect] [Wine]

Collect

{Requires that there be at least 1 gem in the bank} {Every hour the player gets 10gems x [FaSons]}

You ask Pavlos for your cut of the profits. He yells, “Waltor!” A skinny faun runs into the room with cum dripping from his lips. He looks a lot like your mother, “Give dad his cut of the profits.”

Waltor wipes his face on his robes as he exits the room. When he returns he puts a bag of gems into your hands.

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Wine

** Only available once a day.

You ask Pavlos for a bottle. He goes over to an cabinet and grabs a bottle to hand it to you.

Construction (S)

Camp Improvements

- Beds for all

A modifier that modifies all camp members blurb to include new furnishings.

- Pike Fence

A material defense that improves the camp's defensive potential

Group Sex

* Group sex is designed for PC interaction with generic unnamed Faun sons.

Leave

Party

Requires 20+ faun sons

You ask Vasilios if he and his brothers would like to throw a camp wide party.

“Of course dad.” Vasilios says as before snapping his fingers.

A faun who towers over Vasilios answers his summons with a, “Yes sir?”

“Dad would like for us to throw a party for the camp Dean... would you get the wine for me please?”

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